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THE INGLENOOK

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January, 1906

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE



AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

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Union Pacific Railroad

Omaha, Neb.

THE GOVERNMENT WILL RECLAIM 50,000 ACRES

Big Irrigating Ditch Near Reno, Nev., to be Opened Saturday, June 17.

[Special to the Record-Herald.]

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, June 11.—Near Reno, Nev., next Saturday, exactly three years since the national irrigation act became law, the first of the government irrigation canals designed to transform the West will be flooded. In the presence of distinguished representatives of science, engineering, legislatures, state and federal, and a great throng of settlers the water will be let into a system of canals just completed by means of which 50,000 acres of Nevada's arid land will be reclaimed. The event marks an epoch, for it is only one item in a colossal plan of land improvement, the greatest the world has ever seen. It means the ultimate reclamation of 100,000,000 acres of arid land.

The portion of the Nevada project now completed is known as the Truckee-Carson system and consists of a canal thirty-one miles long to carry the water of the Truckee River to a mammoth storage reservoir on the Carson River having a capacity of 286,000 acre feet (an acre foot equals one acre one foot deep). Directly below this reservoir two canals having a combined capacity of 1,900 cubic feet per second will lead the water of the united streams out upon the plains, where 200 miles of small ditches will distribute it in all directions over an area of 50,000 acres.

The whole project hinges on the storage of flood waters. The engineers are using all the natural storage basins where the water is most readily impounded in the construction of dams. In the Nevada region there will be seven or eight such reservoirs, large and small. The largest of them is Lake Tahoe in California, which is fed by the ice-cold streams from the Sierras. This lake lies in the drainage basin of the Truckee River and millions of cubic feet of water can be dammed up in it to be let down as needed for irrigation.

The work of the Nevada project so far has been accomplished under the direction of Government Engineer L. H. Taylor and supervised by Frederick H. Newell, chief engineer of the reclamation service. For the initial part of the work in Nevada, $2,740,000 of the reclamation fund was set aside by the Secretary of the Interior. When this sum is spent at least 100,000 acres will be supplied by canals.

The reclamation act provides that the farms in the Nevada project shall be forty acres each near the towns and eighty acres each elsewhere. The original cost of a homestead to the settler is about $15—the amount necessary to file and record his claim. Before the title to the land passes to him, however, the government asks that he pay back the amount expended for reclamation, which in the Nevada project is $26 per acre. The settler must reside upon his land, water it from the government ditches and pay the amount charged against his farm in ten equal annual installments.

Stop Off at Reno, Nevada,

And investigate the irrigated Government land. Call on Mr. H B. Maxson, U. S. Engineer, for information.

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(To Sterling, Colorado,)

South Platte Valley

AND RETURN

First and Third Tuesday Each Month.

C. S. Morey Makes Remarkable Prediction in Regard to Beet Growing Here.

"Colorado as a beet sugar producing state will soon leave Michigan far in the rear, if the present developments continue."

This assertion was made this morning by C. S. Morey, head of the Morey-Boettcher syndicate. He has just returned from a trip to the East. While there he made arrangements for the transfer of one of the largest Michigan factories from Saginaw to Sterling, Colo. The new factory will have a capacity of 600 tons and will give employment to hundreds of men.

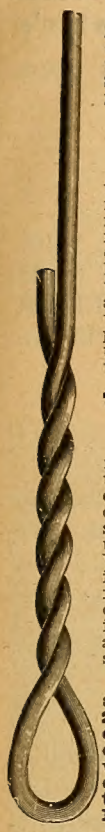
This will make the seventh beet sugar factory in the South Platte Valley owned by this syndicate.

The Union Pacific Railroad

Which is known as "The Overland Route," and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line. Call on or address a postal to your nearest ticket agent, or GEO. L. McDONAUGH, Colonization Agent, Omaha, Nebr.

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THE SINGLE LOOP ADJUSTABLE TIE.

There is no better bale tie made for the simple reason that these bale ties are made of the best steel wire on special automatic machinery, designed and made especially for the single loop adjustable tie. We guarantee the quality and if you are in need of bale ties for hay, straw, etc., etc., you can make no mistake in sending your order and we would again urge every customer to send their order in at once.

These Special Offer Prices are for Bundles Containing 250 Ties and in Ordering Specify the Length, the Number of Wire and the Price and we will Know just what is Wanted and will Fill your Order at these Special Prices Quoted Below.

Length of Ties, feet	Made of No. 16 wire	Made of No. 15 wire	Made of No. 14 wire	Made of No. 13 wire
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6½	.65	.75	.84	.99
7	.69	.81	.91	1.09
7½	.74	.85	.95	1.17
8	.77	.89	1.02	1.24
8¼	.78	.92	1.05	1.26
8½	.79	.94	1.07	1.31
8¾	.82	.97	1.11	1.34
9	.83	.99	1.13	1.37
9¼	.84	1.01	1.15	1.41
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9¾	.89	1.05	1.21	1.48
10	.91	1.07	1.23	1.51

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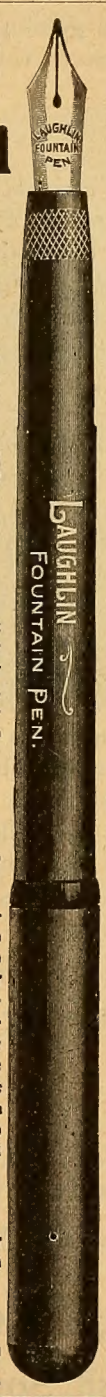
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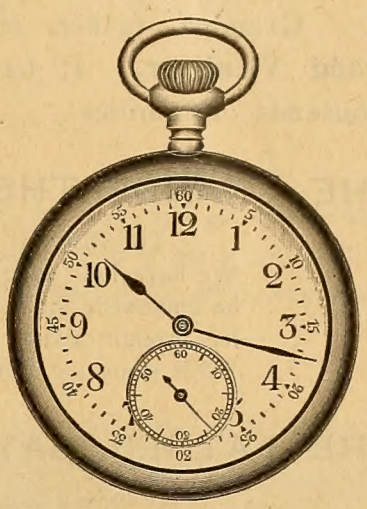
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EVERYBODY IN THE HOUSE

Grandpa, father, mother and children appreciate the merits of **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer.** It has become the established home remedy in thousands upon thousands of families.

THE GRANDFATHER SAYS:

The BLOOD VITALIZER has now been our family doctor for over twenty-five years. We have four daughters who are married and it is the doctor in their families too. It would be impossible for me to tell you of all the many wonderful cures the BLOOD VITALIZER has brought about. I am getting old in years, but an occasional dose of the BLOOD VITALIZER keeps me quite active. Yours truly, John Teppner, Sparta, Wis.

THE FATHER SAYS:

We have a daughter now six years old who was sick almost since infancy. She had no appetite and looked very poor. The doctors we consulted said her blood was thin and weak. We tried their prescriptions, but nothing helped. Then we started with the BLOOD VITALIZER and she commenced to pick up right away. People who see her now do not think it is the same girl. Yours truly, Frank Harbeck, Edwardsville, Ill.

THE MOTHER SAYS:

We have found the BLOOD VITALIZER most excellent. It has been used by nearly all members of our family. My husband suffered from stomach trouble for thirty years. He has been completely cured by the BLOOD VITALIZER. It certainly does all that is claimed for it. Yours very truly, Mrs. Jacob W. Arbaugh, Mondamin, Iowa.

THE CHILD SAYS:

"I don't want no doctor; I want dranpa's medicine; then I'll get well." Mr. Wm. Mittelstad, of Weyauwega, Wis., writes and relates the following incident anent the above saying: "I have a little granddaughter, a little over four years old, who was taken suddenly and seriously sick. We were consulting about calling a doctor, when it seems she heard us, for, turning her head on her pillow, she said: 'I don't want no doctor; I want dranpa's medicine; then I'll get well.' We followed the little one's suggestion, gave her the BLOOD VITALIZER and in twenty-four hours, thank God, she was so much better that we were relieved at heart. We continued the medicine and she was soon as well as ever."

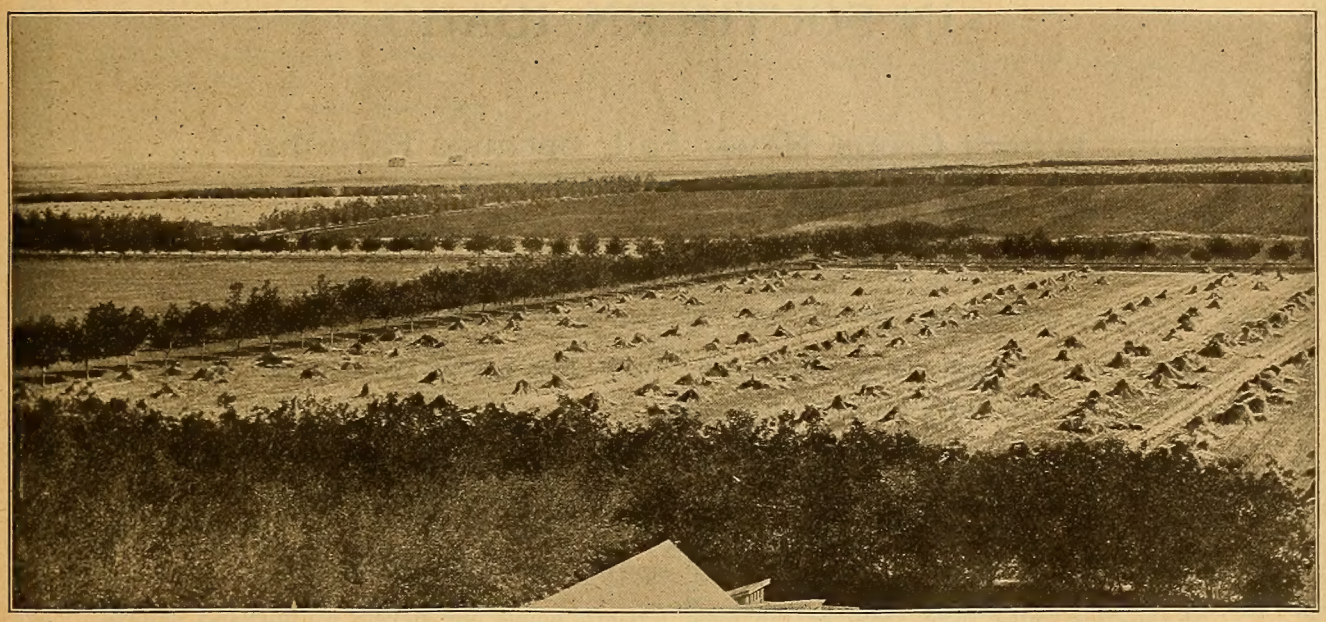
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Unlike other medicines it is not to be had at the drug store. **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer** is supplied direct to the people through specially appointed agents. If you know of no agent in your neighborhood, write to the sole proprietors,

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.,
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THE LAST WEST

You are familiar with the saying of Horace Greeley: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." The land now available in the Western States at a reasonable price is not worth while. We come to you with something that is worth while. "Save the best for the last" is an old saying, but we are proving it to you to-day, when we talk about the last "West."



A Harvest Scene in Canada.

For three years we have called to your attention Western Canada, where there are broad acres of fertile land ready for the plow. Many of the Brethren have heard our call, and are now enjoying the harvests.

We own and offer for sale thousands of acres of land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our prices range from $5.00 to $20.00 per acre on easy terms. In some of our districts homesteads of 160 acres each can be obtained for $10.00 and three years' residence.

Is this worth while to you? If so, write to-day for particulars.

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DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio,

for Particulars.

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Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley also yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry.

The climate is healthy; winters short and mild. We solicit the homeseekers to come and investigate these valleys before locating elsewhere. Parties wishing to visit Idaho may also take advantage of the very low rates authorized to Portland and return on account of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, on which liberal stop-over privileges are allowed.

Exposition rates from some of the most Eastern points for tickets to Portland and return (not including trip through California), are as follows:

Omaha & Kansas City,	$45.00
St. Paul & Minneapolis,	45.00
Chicago,	56.50
St. Louis,	52.00
Peoria,	53.00
Dayton, Ohio,	62.50

Tickets will be sold daily to September 30th, with final limit of ninety days from date of sale, but not beyond November 30, 1905. Stop-overs will be allowed on the Oregon Short Line at any point going or returning within final limit of tickets, but on return journey tickets must be deposited with the agent at point of stop-over.

Settlers' cheap one way rates will be in effect September 15th to October 31, 1905.

S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.
J. E. Hooper, Agent, Oakland, Kans.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. & T. A.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. JULY 4, 1905. NO. 27.

MAKE THIS A DAY.

Make this a day. There is no gain
  In brooding over days to come;
The message of to-day is plain,
  The future's lips are ever dumb.
The work of yesterday is gone—
  For good or ill, let come what may;
But now we face another dawn.
    Make this a day.

Though yesterday we failed to see
  The urging Hand and earnest face
That man calls Opportunity;
  We failed to know the time or place
For some great deed, what need to fret?
  The dawn comes up a silver gray,
And golden moments must be met.
    Make this a day.

This day is yours; your work is yours:
  The odds are not who pays your hire.
The thing accomplished—that endures,
  If it be what the day require.
He who takes up his daily round,
  As one new armored for the fray,
To-morrow steps on solid ground.
    Make this a day.

The day is thine; the time is now;
  No better hour was ever here—
Who waits upon the when and how
  Remains forever in the rear.
Though yesterday were wasted stuff,
  Your feet may still seek out the way.
To-morrow is not soon enough—
    Make this a day.

—The Pittsburg Observer.

❖ ❖ ❖

SNAPSHOTS.

BY MARY I. SENSEMAN.

Self-deceit is self-ruin.

❖

Be larger than your body.

❖

One's biggest enemy is oneself.

❖

Half the whole truth is untruth.

Don't mistake a whim for a principle.

❖

Be never dissatisfied, but ever unsatisfied.

❖

Self-pity is menial service to a petty nature.

❖

A Christian cannot be swayed by circumstances.

❖

Weeds spring up, and wither; oaks grow, and endure.

❖

We don't actually have trouble unless the trouble has us.

❖

The weakest bulwark is self; the strongest one, the Holy Ghost.

❖

So-called independence frequently proves to be merely selfishness.

❖

We sometimes get our rights by requiring somebody else to relinquish his.

❖

It is a self-evident fact that, if we theorize everything, we do not practice anything.

❖

What was can never be again. Please God, may we find in it more consolation than regret.

❖

Success is not in mastering self by means of circumstances, but in mastering circumstances by means of self.

❖

We are unhappiest when we are too lazy to keep our standard of living up to our standard of how to live.

❖

The sins with which most of us least concern ourselves are those of omission and commission against our bodies. The lack of concern must certainly precipitate the twofold punishment, life blighted on earth and in heaven.

Rural Route No. 3, Covington, Ohio.

FOURTH OF JULY AMONG THE INDIANS.

BY O. H. KIMMEL.

It was my good fortune to attend an Indian Fourth of July celebration on the Fort Peck reservation in Montana in July, 1903. The celebration was conducted exclusively by the red man, in which he infused his primitive Indian customs.

The people residing in the eastern and central sections of our country which "Poor Lo" has long since vacated, are rarely permitted to see the quaint red man, and of course cannot expect to see a tribe without invading the region where they still exist. And when we read or think of them we are constantly picturing them as practically civilized and Christianized; but when we invade the Indian's country we soon realize that such is not the case. Though educational and Christian influences are brought to bear upon him, yet for all this he is still the wild red man of America who still adheres to his tepee, his blanket and his great pipe.

The principal participants in this celebration were the Dakota Indians, a division of the great Sioux Nation. Their present home is on the Fort Peck reservation in Valley county, Montana, a large and resourceful tract of land on the banks of the Missouri. They were assisted by visiting Indians from neighboring reservations in the United States and Canada.

Preparations for the gala day had been going on for weeks. Whole families moved their tepees to a beautiful tableland by the side of the Missouri River just outside of the agency; these tepees were arranged in a large circle perhaps two miles in diameter, thereby enclosing the entire celebration grounds with tepees. In this circle were hundreds of tepees and residing in them were perhaps fifteen hundred Indians who had assembled for celebrating purposes.

The morning was spent largely in racing, such as horse racing, potato racing, squaw racing and various other kinds. One interesting feature was a "roping" contest in which several Indians unsaddled their horses and turned them loose in a circular enclosure made by the spectators; then each one proceeded to lasso his horse, resaddle and bridle and mount. The one who was first to do this was declared the winner, and received some kind of a prize.

About noon a full dress parade occurred in which several hundred Indians participated. Each one was profusely decorated with paint, eagle feathers, beads, wampum, beautiful blankets of flashy colors, and gorgeous costumes. They were all mounted and some of them had their horses decorated as gorgeously as themselves, and a few had quaint figures painted on their ponies. They rode in a circuitous route around the grounds and were as silent as death save one or two who were blowing little tin whistles.

After luncheon the doleful sound of the tom-tom was heard from a brush enclosure in the center of the grounds, and soon we saw Indians in very beautiful costumes emerging from the tepees in all directions, going toward the enclosure from which issued the music. In a few minutes a goodly number of the red men had assembled and more tom-toms began to sound and immediately we found ourselves gazing at a real Indian grass dance.

Each Indian who dances is elaborately dressed, and ridiculously striped with paint; some paint part of their face one color and part another; all wear nickel or silver bells and sleigh bells belted around their bodies, arms and ankles. These jingle with each motion and step, and the musical sound of the bells is quite a contrast to the doleful thud of the tom-tom.

The chief was conspicuous and had an honored place among the dancers. His costume was very pretty and I was informed cost several hundred dollars. Most any kind of a flashy article is used to adorn and decorate the Indians' bodies in these dances; among other things I noticed beads, wampum, feathers, mirrors, tin plates, bright hatchets, knives and rifles.

The tom-toms are placed in several places in the enclosure, and around each kneel as many Indians as can get around, who vigorously beat them with their tom-tom sticks, uttering at the same time a kind of "hi-yi-hi-ya" sort of a sound which they call singing. This song seems to be without change and is sung to the time of the beat of the tom-tom, which is also unchangeable and about as regular as the tick of a clock. These red men are capable of keeping time with this primitive music by step, motion of the bodies, by jingling bells, and other ways. When the tom-tom ceased to issue out its doleful sound the Indians seated themselves in a circle at the edge of the dance grounds. Several had pipes which they lit, smoked reflectively a few puffs and then passed the pipe to the one next; several pipes going in this way soon gives each one present a coveted smoke. After smoking in this way for a short time the red men resumed their places in the dance.

It seemed quite strange to us, but it is nevertheless true that only the men dance and the "good squaws" and Indian girls look on. After the men have finished the women then take their turn on the grounds. The younger Indians and those possessing some white blood do not altogether depreciate the white man's dance and, I have been told, they frequent those places of amusement when it is possible to do so.

The dance lasted several hours and when it was about half over the participants were seated and soup was served to those who desired it. The soup was served in tin cups from which it was drunk. I do not know how it was made, but I am certain that the meat it contained was the flesh of the dog.

Indians are dog lovers and canine eaters. I was

informed by some of the settlers that dog meat is highly prized by the red man and that he longs for the flesh of this faithful friend on special occasions. In going over the grounds in and around the tepees I saw several of the canine family in preparation for the soup kettle, so my own eyes confirmed the truth of the statements of the ranchmen with whom I conversed upon this subject, and also proved that the reservation Indian of the northwest to-day is following the habits and customs of his early ancestors.

Camera fiends were present! Where is a place that they are not? Many were trying to persuade the Indians to "pose for a likeness," and others were taking their chances at "shooting" any way at the red men. One young lady with a lovely smile was heard to tell the chief that he looked "just awful nice" and that she "so much wanted him to stand for a picture," but the surly old chief refused, with a grunting dissent. (Indians, like all savages, are shy of the camera.)

We left the celebration grounds before sundown to wend our way to the ferry, and through the plains to the ranch home some ten miles away. The Indians continued their celebration until late at night and for some days after the Fourth, but gradually the tepee circle disappeared and Poor Lo was once more on his prairie home.

On this reservation I consider the Indian still a savage. He dreams of the good old buffalo days and the elderly ones, I was informed, are sometimes moved to tears at the thought of the disappearance of those times. He does not take kindly to the "white man's education," feeling that it makes him discontented with his lot in the world. Nevertheless, the reservation school is doing him much good and he is gradually absorbing its blessings. Through its influence he is taught mentally and physically, even to the extent of making his own clothes or saddle. As time passes he may continue in civilized acquirements and may assimilate the Anglo-Saxon enlightenment and religion, and be a living blessing to his race, and stand independent as a people of the world.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

❖ ❖ ❖

CRUSTACEANS.

THESE are jointed animals, which are covered with crusts or shells, that are of a leathery or horny nature; they are composed of quite a number of joints and appendages, the latter of which are so formed and arranged as to be used as organs of locomotion, antennæ, eyes, jaws, claws, feet, paddles and tail. They breathe by means of gills, as the fishes do. A great many of the animals that belong to this division, live principally in the water, and others are found on the land in damp places.

These animals have the peculiar characteristic of being able to repair injuries that they may have received; if a leg or any other appendage becomes broken, another like it soon grows again. Another characteristic is that they often cast off their shells; this is necessary to the growth of the animal—for if the shells were to remain, it could not grow any larger than to fit the capacity of the shell. It is shed in an entire piece, and often looks like the perfect animal. After the animal leaves the shell, which it does by coming out of a rent in the back, it is very soft, but it increases in size, and in a few days the shell hardens.

After a lobster comes out of its shell, two hard, stone-like places can be seen on the sides of his body. Those are supposed to contain the material out of which the shell is formed; for, as the shell hardens, they rapidly disappear. When the shell is to be cast off, the animal shrinks away from it, and can then readily crawl out. They have been known to effect their escape by slipping away and leaving the shells for the astonished fisherman. Sometimes, when caught, they will voluntarily cast off an appendage in the hand of the person holding them. The crustaceans move by walking sideways, backwards and forwards; and by climbing over rocks and weeds at the bottom of the water, by swimming and leaping.

They are nearly all rather small, but a few grow to a considerable size. The greatest variety is found in the salt water. They furnish food for man, and the inhabitants of the ocean—some species of whales draw large swarms of these animals into their huge mouths, and then eject the water. They have the power of enduring a great deal of cold and can even be frozen in ice, and come out as active as ever, when the ice melts. Lobsters and crabs are caught in traps made of basket work which will allow them to enter, but not to leave. These traps are sunk upon rocks on the shore and baited with refuse fish.

Great numbers are caught on the shores of Norway and Scotland, for the English markets, where they are carried alive; and hundreds of thousands are obtained annually from Massachusetts for the American market.—*School and Home.*

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EARS FOR SHIPS.

SHIPS will soon have ears—ears that will hear the approach of a torpedo boat that the captain cannot see, or that will hear the sound of the fog bell or the waves beating against a dangerous rock on a stormy night. These electrical ears are more sensitive than human ears, because the sounds they will hear are sounds which travel under water, a medium which transmits sound better than air. It is this superiority of the water as a sound transmitter that has brought about the new invention.

SUNSET ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Bulsar, India, March 17, 1905.

Dear Editor Nook:—

It has been said by some, and even photographers have told me, that the sun could not be photographed by or with an ordinary camera. This I have proved to be erroneous, as the accompanying picture will also prove. This picture was taken on the Mediterranean Sea, and the point of land running out beneath the sun



Sunset on the Mediterranean Sea, over an Arm of the Isle of Patmos.—Photographed by W. R. Miller.
All Rights Reserved.

is an arm of the island of Patmos; this makes the picture of double interest. I find the photographic field full of interest, and failures.

Palestine proved to have the cleanest and clearest atmosphere in which to take pictures; India the most doubtful. I have taken some three hundred, thus far, and hope to continue at Calcutta, Hongkong, Port Arthur and in Japan. I trust I may send you an article or two, illustrated, from Port Arthur. My health is materially improved since in India, and all our missionaries are quite well, happy and busy.

Yours in His Cause,

W. R. Miller.

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THE MALEFACTOR'S INFLUENCE.

BY GRACE LONGANECKER.

"None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." When the benefactor dies his influence still lives; what he was, what he did, that lives after him.

When an evil man dies, a criminal, his influence still lives; what he was, that lives after him. In proportion to his sphere in life, so will his influence be. The drunkard who loafs around, without friends, always in search of a boarding-place and money to buy drink, does not wield an influence as great as a wicked king who rules a nation. But a curse follows each which will multiply itself in accumulating evil.

How can a youth say that he will do what he pleases a part of his life and live in restriction the remaining part! And can the malefactor not realize it is not only his fate he is sealing, but numerous others, perhaps?

The evil which he does is not buried in the coffin. It can not be bound, it will go where it will. As a pebble is dropped in a stream, it affects one wave and this affects another.

A man's character we might say is immortal; for the earth may conceal the body but character walks on, it lives. Mahomet, Napoleon, Arnold, Luther, all yet live for evil or for good, and so do all our lives, in their small sphere.

How terrible to meditate on the evil influence of a malefactor, living after he has been crushed to earth! How pleasant to think of the good who have gone, who like the setting sun, leave a faint light behind that others may be influenced to a grand and noble life!

Hartville, Ohio.

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A STORY FOR BOYS.

"It was the best boy's story I ever heard," was what a lawyer said of the one I am about to relate to you:

"We have had a good many boys with us from time to time," said Mr. Alden, the senior member of a large hardware establishment on Market street, Philadelphia, "as apprentices to learn the business. What may surprise you is that we never take country boys unless they live in the city with some relative who takes care of them and keeps them home at night, for when a country boy comes to the city to live everything is new to him, and he is attracted by every show window and unusual sight. The city boy, who is accustomed to these things, cares little for them, and if he has a good mother, he is at home and in bed in due season. And we are very particular about our boys, and before accepting one as an apprentice we must know that he comes of honest and industrious parents.

"But the best boy we ever had is now with us, and a member of the firm. He is the one man in the establishment that we couldn't do without. He was thirteen years old when he was apprenticed to us, and

he was with us for eleven years, acting as salesman. When he first came we told him that for a long time his wages would be very small, but that if he proved to be a good boy his salary would be increased at a certain rate every year, and as it turned out when, according to agreement, we should have been paying him $500 a year, we paid him $900, and he never said a word himself about an increase of salary. From the very onset, he showed he had an interest in the business. He was prompt in the morning, and if kept a little overtime at night, it never seemed to make any difference with him. He gradually came to know where everything was to be found, and if any information was wanted it was to this boy, Frank Jones, that every one applied. The entire establishment seemed to be mapped out in his head, and everything in it catalogued and numbered. His memory of faces was equally remarkable. He knew the name of every man who came to the store to buy goods, what he bought and where he came from. I used often to say to him, 'Jones, your memory is worth more than a gold mine. How do you manage to remember?'

"'I make it my business to remember,' he would say. 'I know that if I can remember a man and call him by name when he comes into the store, and can ask him how things are going on where he lives, I will be very likely to keep him as a customer.'

"And that was the exact case. He made friends of buyers. He took the same interest in their purchases that he took in the store, and would go to no end of trouble to suit them, and to fulfill to the letter everything he promised.

"Well, affairs went on in this way until he had been with us for eleven years, when we concluded to take him into the firm as a partner. We knew that he had no extravagant habits, that he neither used tobacco or beer, nor went to the theater. He continued as at the beginning to board at home, and even when his salary was the very lowest, he paid his mother two dollars a week for his board. He was always neatly dressed and we thought it was very probable that he had laid up one or two thousand dollars, as his salary for the last two years had been twelve hundred dollars. So when we made him the offer to become a partner in the business, and suggested that it would be more satisfactory if he could put some money into the firm, he replied,

"'If ten thousand dollars will be of any object, I can put in that much. I have saved nine thousand four hundred dollars, and my sister will let me have six hundred dollars.'

"I can tell you that I was never any more astonished in my life than when that fellow said he could put in ten thousand dollars, and the most of it his own money. He had never spent a dollar, or twenty-five cents, or five cents, for an unnecessary thing, and had kept his money in bank where it gathered a small interest. I am a great believer in the Bible, you know, and always kept two placards in big letters up in the store. On one was this text: 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is much'; and on the other, 'He that is diligent in business shall stand before kings and not before mean men.' And Frank Jones' success was the literal fulfillment of these texts. He had been faithful in the smallest things as in the greater ones, and diligent in business. That kind of a boy always succeeds."

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ARCTIC HEATHEN.

Prof. Mylius Eriksen in a lecture in Berlin has described some of the queer things done and seen by the recent Danish exploring party in the north of Greenland, of which party he was a member. They reached Cape York in April, 1903. Great cold was experienced, from which the explorers suffered severely. They rubbed their skins with vaseline and never thought of washing, because the water was scarce and because the accumulated crust of dirt formed a good protection against the cold. On the journey to Melville Bay the expedition had discovered numerous remains of houses and stone towers and other indications that these regions must have been permanently inhabited in former times. As no natives were found at Cape York the expedition went on farther north and encountered a party of heathen natives on the Sander Islands. Their stone huts were smeared all over with blood and pieces of flesh, and entrails were lying scattered about the floors. In the huts snow was being melted in tin cans by means of blubber lamps in order to provide drinking water.

Manslaughter is by no means uncommon among the heathen natives, according to Prof. Eriksen, but invariably leads to a kind of vendetta between the relatives of the murderer and those of the murdered person. Again, if a young married man or his wife dies the surviving party has the right to kill the small children should he or she not be in a position to guarantee their maintenance. Aged persons, on the other hand, are willingly supported by their relatives. Children are never beaten or punished, no matter how badly they behave. The Eskimos explain this custom by saying that the children have no power of understanding, and therefore have no idea of wrong and punishment.

Polygamy is unusual, as there is a scarcity of Eskimo women. In spite of this, however, the professor met several men who had two wives. The exchange of wives is very frequent. Wives must obey their husbands, otherwise they are beaten. Husbands maintain that their wives must be beaten several times annually to prevent their desire for supremacy in the household from becoming too persistent.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

INSECTS, AND HOW TOLD APART.

BY MARGARET O. REPP.

THERE are a great many kinds of insects and a great many ways in telling them apart. The insects are a step higher than the worms and *Crustacea;* they have three body divisions; the head, thorax and the abdomen.

Moreover, the insects differ from *Crustacea* in breathing in internal air tubes which open through spiracles along the sides of the body.

The six-footed insects have wings also. In the insects there are about seventeen or eighteen body segments. There are four in the head, three in the thorax and eleven in the abdomen.

Insects can be told apart by their wings; some have two pairs of wings, one pair of which is hard and called anterior wings, while the other pair is soft and called posterior; the anterior wings in this case serve for protection for the posterior, while others have two pairs of soft membranous wings, and some with only one pair. Sometimes these wings are covered with scales and are striated with veins as in the butterfly. Generally both pairs of this kind are used for flying, while those with one hard pair are not used for flying, for in the order *hemiptera,* at the base, some of the forewings are thickened. Some insects never fold their wings; for instance, the dragon fly.

Of the winged insects there are two types: First, those in which the jaws and maxillæ are free, adapted for biting, as in the locust or grasshopper; and, second, those in which the jaws and maxillæ are more or less modified to suck or lap up liquid food, as in the butterfly, bee and bug.

In order *Hymenoptera* to which the honey bee belongs, the mouth parts are peculiar. In most insects the mouth parts are fitted either for biting or for sucking. In the bee we find both sorts of structures. Mandibles are present and sometimes are strongly developed. But the food of the honey bee is liquid, and the tongue is the conspicuous organ. The two maxillæ, with the two labial palps form the sucking tube, within which the cylindrical tongue moves up and down.

The eyes of insects differ a great deal. Some have five eyes, two of which are compound and three simple; the front of a compound eye in some way represents a simple eye; with all these eyes the insects have they cannot see very well with them, but the ocelli enable them to see; others have but two pairs of simple eyes, while there are still others with only one pair of simple eyes.

In order *Orthoptera* insects have three pairs of legs. The length and strength of the hind legs fits it for powerful jumping, but the first and second pairs are used for crawling mostly.

In order *Odonta* there are three pairs of legs which are weak, used merely for perching. Order *Hemiptera* has three pairs of legs also, but very different from the *Odonta* or *Orthoptera.*

The insects differ very much in structure and in development. Some insects are hatched like the chick, that is, they have the same form as their parent when born, while others pass through a series of changes called metamorphosis; every time they change their form to different modes of living the change may be great or small; in some the egg produces a larva and afterwards when this is grown, it turns into a pupa. This then passes through a quiet period and from the pupa issues the imago. In this kind of insects we have four forms, first the egg; second, larva; third, pupa, and fourth, imago. An example for this is the butterfly.

All insects pass about the same number of changes in life, either while in the egg or after, as the shell stays over some longer than others.

Under class *Insecta,* which all insects are under, there are nine orders of which each have different characteristics.

Order I *Thysannra,* small, wingless insects. Order II *Orthoptera,* for example: the grasshopper. Order III *Odonta,*—dragon fly. Order IV *Hemiptera,* for example, the squash bug. Order V *Neuroptera*—antlion. Order VI *Lepidoptera,*—butterfly.

Union Bridge, Md.

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SAVINGS BANKS.

BY D. Z. ANGLE.

SAVINGS banks are helpful to a community, not alone for the small amount of interest they usually pay to depositors of moneys, but they tend to encourage and insure habits of economy and accumulation in young and old. As the bank pays interest only as a rule on time deposits, the boy who has his dollars deposited there remembers the interest he is expecting, and though he often sees things he wants to buy, concludes to wait until his interest is due. Before he draws out his money when that time arrives, probably he is head over heels in work and has forgotten all about the enticing articles he wished to purchase. Thus he works, adds to and his nest egg keeps growing. This satisfies him somewhat, and is a preventive to gambling and speculating. He can't so readily spend his cash for trivial and unnecessary things.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

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THE ARGENTINE REVOLUTION.

A YEAR has not yet passed since the principal country of South America—the empire of Brazil—underwent the ordeal of a revolution, by which the emperor

was expelled, the empire was abolished, and a republic was created in its place.

And now, within the past two months, two more revolutions have shaken the order of Spanish-American republics to the south of us. In the little State of Salvador, one president was murdered, probably, to make way for another, and this was followed by a brief war between Salvador and the neighboring State of Guatemala.

But a yet more important revolution was that which broke out on Saturday, July 26, in the Argentine Republic, which occupies the larger part of the southern portion of South America, and, next to Brazil, is the largest and most powerful South American State.

Of this republic Buenos Ayres is the capital; and it was there that the regular troops, assisted by the fleet, revolted against the government. The conflict was a desperate one, lasting several days. Its result was the loss of a thousand lives, the destruction of many public buildings, and the flight of the president and many high officials.

The cause of the revolt was the financial extravagance of President Celman and his advisers. The financial condition of the country had thereby become desperate. Gold had arisen to two hundred and twenty per cent premium. The cost of living had enormously increased. The country groaned beneath the burden of an enormous debt.

The confusion caused by the virtual success of the revolt was, however, soon followed by a restoration of order. The President, Doctor Celman, after some reluctance, was compelled to resign his office. The Chambers promptly met in extra session. Doctor Pellegrini, the Vice-President, was chosen President, and at once assumed the duties of that post. A new Cabinet was formed, and the republic was restored to something like order and tranquillity.

This revolution in the Argentine Republic, and its results, are matters of no small importance to the rest of the world. Several European nations are heavily its creditors, and are anxious to recover or secure the loans they have made. The bad management of the late government threatened to involve the republic in bankruptcy; the change, therefore, has been welcomed by its foreign creditors.

Besides, the Argentine Republic is important to the world as a great, prosperous, rapidly growing country. It is composed of fourteen Provinces, which were once independent countries, and of nine territories. Its agricultural and mineral resources are rich and various. The immigration from Europe into it is larger than enters any other country, the United States excepted.

The foreign population comprises, at least, one-seventh of the whole; while seventy per cent of the immigrants are Italians. It is the Europeans who have been most energetic in utilizing the resources of the country.

The form of government is similar to that of the United States. The President, however, is elected by delegates from the Provinces, and holds his office, by the law, for six years. President Celman has held office for four years, and his violent disposition cuts off two years of his term. The Argentine Senators are elected for nine years, and the representatives for four years. Curiously enough, the Vice-President, and not the President, is the commander-in-chief of the Argentine army.

Since revolutions have been more rare in the Argentine Republic than in most South American countries, and since the last one seemed to have been justly provoked, it is to be hoped that it will be able to proceed on its career undisturbed by further commotions; that its finances will be restored to a sound basis, and that the republican constitution may be preserved.—*Selected.*

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TURKEY'S TROUBLES.

The Ottoman Cabinet has been alarmed by the dictatorial conduct of Germany respecting Turkey's placing orders for arms in France. The Sultan must see storm clouds all around his horizon. "Ex-Attache" says that Abdul Hamid realizes that Czardom will be compelled by popular sentiment to seek reparation in the Balkans and in Asia Minor for the injury sustained by its prestige in the Far East. And Germany will support Russia—for an after consideration, of course. Bulgaria is armed to the teeth. And there are Austria and Italy with their ambitions. A political earthquake is likely in Albania upon any emergency. Servian marauders have provoked the Turks of Uskub province, Macedonia, to retaliatory violence. The Cretans are in a revolutionary mood expressive of their desire to be annexed to Greece, declaring that the nondescript government of Prince George has become unendurable. In Van and other parts of Armenia famine and rebellion are increasing. And the revolt in Southern Arabia, to which we referred last month, wins additional successes. The insurgents have captured various positions in Yemen and the Sultan's forces are said to have lost from four to five thousand men, a heavy loss considering the number of troops engaged. Reinforcements are demanded. The Bagdad-Mecca railway is being pushed to hasty completion in order to facilitate the transport of troops. In Macedonia an irade has been issued ordering the enrollment of ten thousand additional troops as a precaution in the event of a renewal of activity on the part of the insurgent bands in the spring.—*World's Events.*

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Freedom only leaves a man free to climb up.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

BY CHARITY BRUBAKER.

Picture Number Two.

"Oh! mamma, don't make me go to church to-day. It is so tiresome to sit still as long as Mr. Dixon preaches and anyhow I don't hardly ever understand what he says. I'll be as good as I can, if you will let me stay at home; I'm not afraid to stay alone."

Such was the plea Mrs. Neil had heard most every Sunday morning lately from her small son Jamie, who was too full of activity to sit still five minutes any place, and trying to keep quiet all through the service at the church every Sunday had become such a trial to him that he longed to get out of it just for once.

Mrs. Neil had not forgotten her own difficulties at church and at school when she was a child, and having a great deal of sympathy always for little folks in trouble, she was touched by the boy's troubled appeal. Yet she thought he was old enough to learn to sit still sometimes, and she was especially anxious that he should grow up to be a useful Christian. Truly the boy had responded happily to her wise home training, but this rebellion every Sunday morning was a grief to the young mother.

The father, kept busy trying to get an accumulation of this world's goods, usually gave little thought to the training of the boy, but was considerate in consultation when his wife wanted his help. He had heard Jamie's appeal and saw the undecided look on his wife's face, but from past experience he knew the mother was equal to the duty, so he quietly encouraged the boy to obey his mother and left the matter with her to settle.

"Jamie," she said, "you know we have planned to take part in the service to-day and we ought to go. I do not think you are old enough to stay alone, but if you will brighten up now and go this time, I'll stay at home another day with you. Maybe we can find a way that will make churchgoing not so hard on you."

"Well, I just wish there wasn't any Sunday, or I'd rather go some other place than always to church. It seems to me all that is there is for grown folks."

So saying Jamie reluctantly prepared to go with his parents, and though he knew his contrariness saddened his mother he was very insolent all the way to the church.

Mrs. Neil tried hard to be her usual cheerful self and appear as if everything was all right. Jamie sullenly took his seat as usual, with his parents, and all through the service he wanted to talk or play with some trinkets he had slipped into his pockets. When his mother quietly told him she would surely punish him, he frowned so haughtily at her she could scarcely hide her grief longer, yet she was earnestly studying what would be the best thing to do.

Nothing was said to Jamie about his conduct on the way home, but he knew well that though his parents tried to say pleasant things about the sermon and the friends they had met, they were much disturbed.

Dinner was over and Jamie began to think, "Mamma puts off a long time what I thought she would do, maybe she won't do anything. I would just love to ride my wheel, I guess I'll ask to go to see Patty Dean, he has been sick so long."

Jamie had not expected to find his mother looking so calm nor was he prepared for the answer to his request so easily given.

"No, Jamie, you may take off your clothes and go to bed for three hours."

"What for, mamma?" said Jamie, crying already, though he well knew this must be his punishment.

"Have you so soon forgotten all you did this morning?" asked his mother.

"No-o, but, oh! I just can't go to bed three whole hours in the daytime,—whip me or do something else."

"No, I want to talk with you and I want you to think about this with me."

"I don't see how I can think about it any more than I am."

"Well, what do you think by this time?" she again asked.

"I won't do that anymore," and Jamie cried piteously, hoping to be allowed to go.

His mother remained quiet, though firm. Thinking the promise had come so soon in order to avoid the punishment, she commanded Jamie to get into bed at once.

"Now, Jamie," began Mrs. Neil, "you do a great many things that please your parents because you do right. I am sure you know you have done wrong to-day, and mamma is so hurt. If you do things only because you fear the punishment if you don't do them, I think there is little if any good in the doing. You know we want to help you to do right and I hope you will see your mistake now. You want to grow up to be a good man. Now I will stay here awhile with you and I'll read some stories if you will pay attention."

Already seeing the change in the boy's face she kissed him and waited for the words she felt sure would come.

"Mamma, I am really sorry I did so wrong, forgive me. I will be so glad if you will stay with me to read, and truly I will not grieve you so again as I did to-day."

Mrs. Neil was now very happy in knowing her patience and loving interest in the child had so soon won her boy. They were both happy in the time spent reading stories with good lessons in them, and when the mother was playing the organ in an adjoin-

ing room, Jamie sang with such vigor, Mrs. Neil could not doubt that his heart was as light as hers.

During one of their bedtime talks the next week Mrs. Neil said, "Jamie, did you ever notice that sometimes some preachers do not say things just as they are in the Bible?"

"I do not know well enough myself what is in the Bible," answered Jamie.

"Suppose you read a chapter every day, and you will soon know some things. You know you have a fine memory. I will help you get started and we will have fine times talking over what you read. I am sure I will learn something."

"All right, mamma, and may I use the pretty little Bible that was yours when you were a young girl?"

"Yes, dear, the sight of that book does me good. Most of the scripture I am able to repeat now is what I learned in that little book when I was quite young."

The next Sunday Jamie did not want to stay at home. He kept his promise to read, and was soon promoted to a higher class in the Sunday school. Now as we leave him he is not without mistakes occasionally, but he knows he has a friend in his mother, for we heard him tell his playmate, "Yes, sir, some folks just say things and joke, but what my mamma says is true and she means it."

Zionsville, Ind.

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PANTHERS.

THEY ascend the immense trees near the mouth of the Columbia, which are frequently three hundred feet to the first limb, precisely as a cat would climb them, and, when wounded, will sometimes go to the very top. In one instance, I found a small glade in the forest where from the sign it was evident that two or more of them had been gamboling, and like kittens scurrying around in the grass, and then bounding against the trunk of a tree at a point at least ten feet from the ground, they had ascended apparently on the run, tearing off great pieces of bark, and leaving claw marks a foot long on each side.

Although they may in some localities spend the day in lying upon the limb of a tree, I think they always prefer rocky ledges and caverns for that purpose, where such are accessible. In San Diego, near the Arizona line, the rugged, rocky ranges furnish admirable retreats for panthers, there usually called mountain lions; and although not so abundant, they are, I think, more frequently shot than they are farther north, for reasons that will soon be explained.

Like all the cat tribe, they are partial to warmth, and days when it is rather cold in the shade they frequently come out of their lairs in the middle of the day, and lie upon the rocks near by to bask and drowse in the warm sun and as the ranges there are generally very sparsely timbered, they are occasionally discovered by hunters, when the chances of getting within shot are better than under almost any other circumstances. But for all that, they are animals that are seldom shot, no matter how abundant they may be, and their disappearing so rapidly before the march of civilization is a mystery that I can solve only by the conclusion that being such a large and entirely carnivorous animal, they are immediately affected by the least thinning out of the large game, and are driven by hunters to seek places where the rifle has not begun its deadly work; unless, as they seem to have done on McCloud river, they turn their attention to the stock of settlers. Many of them are poisoned by the sheepmen and cattlemen of the southern countries, when their visits to the flocks and herds become too frequent.

I have often seen their hides nailed to the walls of the lonely cabins of the stockmen there, and upon inquiry, found that they were poisoned in at least three cases out of four.

I am quite settled in the belief that a panther would be not much for a grizzly. It is quite possible that their superior agility might sometimes make them more than a match for a black bear, but I can only conceive of their being able to kill a grizzly by fastening upon him in a position where the bear was unable to inflict any injury upon them, as a single well-directed blow from the paw of a full-grown grizzly would crush in the ribs of an ox, and should, I fancy, leave but little fight in any panther.—*Selected.*

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RAPIDITY OF OCEAN TRAVEL.

ACCORDING to Sir William White, formerly director of English naval construction, the adoption of the explosion, or motor engine, at sea opens up possibilities of swift locomotion which exceed the wildest imaginings. The reciprocating steam engine, with the necessary boilers, etc., weighs six times as much as the explosion engine for the same power and range of action. All that is needed is a practical combination of the turbine principle with the explosion engine, which is the problem to be solved, and a degree of speed is assured approximating that of an express train on land. Even with the present mechanism, the possibilities of speed with motor engines promise to be extraordinary. Science has already produced naval destroyers capable of traveling at upwards of forty miles an hour.

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THERE are questions which nothing can answer but God's love, which nothing can meet but God's promises, which nothing can calm but a perfect trust in his goodness. . . . There is a shadow and a mystery upon all the creation till we see God in it; there is trouble and fear till we see God's love.—*Orville.*

LITERATURE.

BY ETTIE E. HOLLER.

Of books and papers there is no end. And these books and papers, the mass of printed matter which we call literature, are really the teacher, guide and lawgiver of the world to-day. It has been truly said that man is known by the company he keeps. And equally true, that a man's character is known by the kind of literature he reads. The influence of books and papers upon a man is remarkable,—they make the man. Every family ought to be well supplied with choice literature. Have only the best books, papers and magazines. "A reading people will soon become a thinking people, and a thinking people must soon become a great people."

Take away the press and the vast educating power of the school and college would soon come to an end. No one can too highly appreciate the power of the press or too deeply deprecate its abuses.

Books and papers can really be divided into two classes, good and bad. But there is one book that stands in a class to itself, it is the very best,—the Bible. Of all books ever written the Bible is first and foremost amongst them. No book ever written is so instructive, so sublime, or so full of variety, and new things as the Bible. Study it carefully and prayerfully every day, and you will find more realities there than in all the fiction the world has ever had. No home should be without it on the center table, in daily use. It is the book for the mind, the heart, the conscience, the will and the life. It suits the rich and poor, the afflicted, and the prosperous, the living and the dying. It is simple, yet grand; mysterious, yet plain; though from God, it is nevertheless within the comprehension of the little child.

Then there are the good books, papers, magazines, many of them. Every family can have a few good books and magazines. True, not all can afford many, not all can have great libraries, but numbers do not count. Do not strive to have a great library, just to have the name of having many books and papers, and get quantity at the expense of quality. But do strive to have only good, wholesome literature, and then if you can have many really good books, very well. A good book or magazine is the most appropriate gift that friendship can make. The kind of literature to read with profit is that which is true and real, that which is calculated to inform the mind, correct the head, and make the heart better, and, all told, make better men and better women. The reading of good, pure literature has kept many a young man and young woman at home of nights, away from the grogshop, gambling den, ballroom and other wicked places. Life is too short to have the mind crowded with that which is low, coarse and vulgar. Read that which is pure and elevates the mind.

There are countless numbers of books and papers that have some good in them, also an admixture of evil. Beware! do not read. Which will stick to you? The bad! If you go through a patch of burrs to get a berry, you will get more burrs than berries. No person can be so good that he can read a bad book and not be harmed. Dear Nooker, be independent and make up your mind to read only the best literature, and *read* it.

There are bad books and papers, and those that are worse than bad. Abstain from them. The world is full of this kind of literature, cheap, foul, trashy stuff, which had much better never been written. To read literature which presents false pictures of human life is decidedly dangerous. Stand aloof.

The young man who spends his nights, or even days, reading inferior literature, presenting some thrilling love story or describing some knavish deeds and wickedness, will have his mind so full of excitement and crime that he himself will become a nervous wreck, and unfit for shop, store or field; he is a nuisance in society; and, finally not finding his heroine at his work, will become dissatisfied with himself, and will do some gross crime that will end in eternal perdition.

The young woman who gives herself up to the reading of novels and story papers is unfit for the duties of wife, mother, sister or daughter. By reading that which is weak and foolish she becomes weak and foolish, and herself will be led to do wicked things, and become a good-for-nothing girl, caring for nothing but the real things she has been reading about—namely, the theatre, ballroom saloons, and that which is ungodly. Finally, her once pure soul is eternally lost. Much of the crime done to-day is caused by the reading of corrupt literature. Heaven pity the man or woman who will be deceived.

Parents make a great mistake by not prayerfully and carefully examining the literature their children read. And parents themselves should be careful what they read. Children are determined to read something. They learn to read by being in the presence of books and magazines. The temptation to corrupt reading is usually strongest while the child is in common school, and when education in the schoolroom is closing. But there may be danger all through life. What a child learns to read while young will almost invariably stick to it.

The child will find bad books or papers and get interested in the exciting stories, tell its playmates, and finally will send for a lot of cheap stuff unawares to parents, or they may even know of it. The habit is growing. They sit up until midnight to finish the story. Their brain is all awhirl. Parents see them reading. They do not know what they are reading,

but think, O well, just so they are reading, it is all right. Parents awake! Where is your child being led? Carefully and kindly examine what your children are reading while you have the opportunity, before it is too late, while they are under your own roof. Burn all the trashy literature. But encourage them to read and give them good books and magazines. Teach them the value of good reading. Get them to love to read only the good and pure, and despise the vile and impure. Save the boys and girls of to-day, that they may be the good and noble men and women of to-morrow.

Hagerstown, Ind.

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ATHLETIC COMPETITION GONE MAD.

As to the value of exercise to the human being there can be but one opinion. The element of competition in exercise, however, is probably always a source of danger, since it leads to excess of effort—to mental as well as physical strain. A short, sharp run or a long slow run in the open taken easily and enjoyably is superb exercise. But when a number of young men meet and race, each striving and straining to arrive at a certain point before the others, this is quite another matter and leads to results quite different, both physically and morally. All this is equally, or even more true, of such contests as wrestling, shot-putting, weight lifting, jumping and so on. Strange to say, the athletic sport most widely condemned by press and public, most frequently penalized by the courts, is one of the least harmful of all. That sport is boxing. Any physiologist knows that boxing is less injurious than any other form of athleticism, and that a "knock out" injures a man far less than a "weight lifting" contest or a hard quarter-mile race. These, however, are details. The point is that while exercise is necessary and beneficial, competitive exercise is always dangerous.

If this is true of a hundred yard dash lasting ten seconds, or of wrestling bouts lasting twenty minutes, what is to be said of a cycle race, such as took place recently at the Madison Square Garden, in New York? Thirty-four men, all professional athletes of known prowess, started on a six-day contest. Out of those thirty-four men in the prime of physical condition there came in at the end of the contest eight sick, injured wrecks of manhood. Some of these men averaged less than two hours sleep daily for the six days. Others are declared by their trainers to have had not more than two hours' sleep during the six days of the contest. Falls, hurts, hallucinations and other accidents marked the race from day to day. A terrific smashup, from which only two of the riders escaped, occurred just before the finish. Toward the end of the race riders were given drugs and stimulants freely. As the winner says in his published statement, after mentioning his sufferings: "It shows what a man will do when he needs money." And the money for which these poor fellows gave up not merely a week of mad, agonizing effort, but an amount of vitality, which means an inevitable shortening of their days—whence this money? From the one hundred thousand people who contributed fifty thousand dollars to the affair—fifty cents each. Fifty thousand dollars paid in that thirty-four fine, manly fellows might be injured for life—that an amount of energy sufficient to build a fine house might be used to the hurt instead of the benefit of mankind. Where is the responsibility for this waste of working energy, this injury to men, this ugly spectacle of sick, haggard, half-crazed men, riding in silly circles to see which can go round the most number of times in one hundred forty-two hours? Is it the riders? Or the promoters? Or is it the unthinking ones who, by attending such an exhibition, encourage these ordeals which mean pain and injury to their fellow-men?—*Health Culture.*

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MAKING GLOBES.

The first process is to cover the model with a thick layer of pasteboard in a moist state. When it is dry a sharp knife is passed around it so as to separate the pasteboard coat into two hemispherical shells, which are then taken off the model and united at the cut edges with glue. The hollow sphere thus formed is the skeleton of the globe that is to be.

The next thing is to cover it with a coating of white enamel about one-eighth of an inch in thickness. When this is done the ball is turned into perfect roundness with a machine. The iron rod running through the center of the original model and projecting at both ends through the surface, has left holes in the new globe which serve for north and south poles, and through these a metal axis is run to represent the axis of the earth.

Then the surface is marked off with pencil lines into mathematical segments corresponding precisely in shape with the sections of map that are to be pasted on. These map sections are made from copper plates in just the size and shapes required to fit the globe they are made for, one set, of course, covering the entire surface of a sphere. They are printed, many of them, like dress patterns, on sheets of the finest linen paper, and are cut carefuly with a sharp-pointed knife.

When they have been pasted on, the different countries are tinted by hand with water colors. There is no special rule for this, except that contrasts are sought to help the eye. Finally the whole is overlaid with a brilliant white varnish, which is of almost metallic hardness, and it will wear indefinitely without scratching and without losing its brightness.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE FACTORY BOY.

THE factory in which Sam worked employed nearly a thousand hands, and its owners prided themselves on using only the most approved machinery, and it was a custom with them to promote their own men to the important positions as far as practicable, rather than to hire from outside.

They were keen, conscientious business men, and when they found one of their hands trustworthy and capable, and showing an interest in the business, they advanced him. The promotion was for their mutual interest, they told him, briefly.

Sam was a good spinner, for much of his life had been spent among the frames, studying their needs and trying to meet them. There was not a pulley, or gear, or bobbin but was almost as familiar as his own thoughts, and he could tell with wonderful accuracy each morning, from the condition of the weather, how his work would run. A damp day would make his rollers cramp, and his ends twist and snap off in the most exasperating way, and a windy day was almost equally bad. What he liked best was a clear, cold, still air, with not a particle of moisture to gather upon the sensitive leather of the rollers, or to clog the smooth running of the ends. On such a day he could tend his twelve sides—four more than are usually allowed to spinners—and still find time for frequent peeps into the book upon his window sill.

One day the ends ran unusually bad, and Sam hurried from frame to frame in anxious attempts to keep the whole twelve sides going. Now and then a break of a yard or more would occur, and once, at the very side he was working, a roller gave a slight quiver which seemed to run the entire length of the frame, and in an instant the whole side of ends was down. It took half an hour to piece them up, and a spare hand had to be called to his assistance.

But during the half-hour Sam's thoughts were very busy. He had often wondered why no remedy had been found for these damp-day breaks, but had never imagined himself as solving the problem. Now, as his fingers flew from bobbin end to roller, connecting the broken threads, a possible solution flashed upon him, and for the remainder of the day his fingers worked almost mechanically. His thoughts were busy in rounding out and perfecting the idea that had entered his mind.

That night, after the whirr and clang of the factory had ceased, Sam sought the machine shop and the bench of an acquaintance. There he worked until the night watchman came in, shaping two bits of steel which were scarcely larger than a silver dollar, and when finally he went home, he took a file and a piece of emery-cloth to his room and worked on these same bits of steel until long after midnight.

The next day the filing and polishing were continued, as he found time in the intervals of work, and the next night the file and emery-cloth were again taken to his room and kept busy until far into the small hours.

But the third morning apparently found the invention completed, for, watching an opportunity when no one was observing, he quietly affixed it to the side that had been giving him the most trouble.

It was a good day for the experiment, for the air was heavy and damp, and the ends running unusually bad; but apparently the result was not satisfactory, for, after an hour's close watching and thinking, Sam removed the contrivance and slipped it into his pocket. That night the light again burned in his room until long after midnight.

It was the overseer's custom to make frequent tours of inspection among the frames, going up one alley and down another. If anything was wrong, or he wished to communicate with the spinner, he raised a small whistle to his lips and blew a sharp call. One day, as Sam was piecing up near the window, he saw the overseer enter his alley. He was walking with his gaze bent upon the floor, rather than in critical inspection of the sides, for Sam's work rarely needed criticism now; but as he drew near the frame which had been selected for the experiment, Sam's heart began to beat more rapidly. However unobservant the eyes of the overseer might seem to be, Sam knew that there was little that escaped their keen scrutiny.

Nor was he mistaken. As he came opposite the frame the overseer stopped and turned sharply to the whirring bobbins, bending over them as though keenly interested in something he saw. Presently the whistle went to his lips in imperative summons.

"What's this contrivance you've got here, Sam?" he asked, as soon as the boy reached his side.

"Something to keep the ends from breaking, sir," Sam answered.

"Does it work?" curiously.

"Yes, sir," modestly. "This was the worst running side I had. Now it is the best."

"Um!" The overseer bent lower over the bobbins, which he regarded long and earnestly. Then he motioned to Sam to stop and start the frame, which was repeated several times. At length, with a final "Um," which might mean anything, the overseer continued his round of inspection.

But that afternoon Sam saw the overseer again enter his alley, and this time he was accompanied by the superintendent and one of the owners. They went directly to the frame, and, as they stopped before it, Sam waited in momentary expectation of the whistle; but it did not come. After a few moments the owner and his superintendent went away, the overseer coming directly to Sam.

"Are you willing to have us put a few of your contrivances on other frames?" he asked.

"Why, of course," Sam answered, flushing with pleasure at the proposal.

"Very well. You may take your invention down to the master mechanic and have him make a dozen just like it; and you might as well stay down there and see that they are done right."

When the duplicates were ready they were placed upon different makes of frames in various parts of the room. It would give the thing a more thorough test, the overseer said. That the test more than met expectations was evidenced by the increasing cordiality of the overseer from day to day.

At the end of the week the superintendent sent for Sam to come to his office. "It is a pity that you haven't had school advantages, my boy," he began, as Sam entered. "We have a good position in the office, with a chance for promotion; but the one who fills it must be quick at figures, and a good penman. However, as you have a mechanical turn, we can give you a place in the machine shop. The pay will be even better at first than in the office, but with no prospect of promotion."

"I would rather try the office, if you don't mind," said Sam, a little diffidently, "even if it gave no pay at all. The chance for promotion would be worth more than pay, I think."

"It certainly would," approvingly. "But there is your—er—lack of education, you know."

"I'm pretty fair at figures," said Sam, modestly; "at least, my teacher used to say I was, and I study a good deal nights; and—and," hesitating and flushing a little, "if you'll excuse my saying so, I think I can write pretty well, too."

An hour later Sam was transferred to the office, at the same wages he had received in the spinning room, but with his future prospects wholly changed. Now he was in a fair way for rapid promotion.

As the practical value of his invention grew more and more evident, other frames were provided with it, until at length every machine in the shop was using it. Then, one day, the owners sent for Sam to come to them in the inner office. When he entered, he found the superintendent and his former overseer there.

"Well, Sam," the senior member said, as he turned his chair slowly from his desk, "I suppose you know why we have sent for you. I believe the superintendent has told you that the invention is proving valuable to us, and that we wish to patent and manufacture it, and to allow you a fair compensation."

"Yes, sir."

"Now we are willing to give you a regular sum for its use, or buy the invention outright and have it patented. Which would you prefer?"

Sam hesitated. He had not thought of anything like this, and visions of a hundred dollars, or perhaps more, flashed through his mind. Then he thought of his uncle.

The overseer came to his rescue. "I know about how Sam is fixed," he said, "and my idea would be for him to have a fair sum, and to use it in buying off his uncle. Of course, the old man has no real right, but Sam is the kind of boy to give up his earnings until he is twenty-one. He thinks the old man is entitled to that for taking care of him as a child, and maybe he is right. I notice that boys who have nice scruples of honor generally come out best. By satisfying his uncle for a fixed sum, Sam will have his future and a clear conscience."

"Do you think the uncle would sign a paper for a full and friendly release?"

"Yes; I know the old man, and I think I can arrange it all right and without friction."

"Good." The senior member of the firm turned to Sam. "I had intended to offer you five thousand dollars—" Sam caught his breath and allowed his fingers to fix themselves more firmly upon the back of a chair, "but, on second thought, believe I can do better for you than that. Suppose we give you two thousand down. Will that satisfy the uncle, do you think?" to the overseer.

"Yes, without doubt."

"Very well. Then, instead of the remaining three thousand, we will allow a yearly compensation of five hundred dollars for the use of the invention. That will enable Sam to complete his studies and prepare himself for the future which, I believe, may be his. Will this be satisfactory?"

"Yes, sir," Sam managed to gasp.

When the overseer returned, his face was beaming.

"The old man jumped at the offer," he said, gleefully. "He thought that a bird in hand was worth two in the bush. Now Sam can go ahead with his future, with hands free and conscience clear."—*Frank H. Sweet, in "Boys and Girls."*

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HOLD ON, BOYS.

Hold on to virtue,—it is above price to you, in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons seek your company, invite you to their games, mirth, and revelry.

THE INGLENOOK

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The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given. Club rates for Sunday schools and other religious organizations. Address as above.

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THE FOURTH OF JULY.

It is the habit more or less all over the world to celebrate birthdays. This is true of individuals as well as nations. One hundred and twenty-nine years ago to-day was Independence Day. Just what that meant to the American people is not fully realized by all; for the men of a new colony openly to declare their separation from their mother country and stand alone in the world means something. They knew it would cost millions of dollars and gallons of blood, but the yoke of oppression was too heavy. There is an inherent disposition in the heart of man to love freedom. It is natural; nothing is a better emblem of freedom than nature. The pure atmosphere, the crystal waters of the mountain streamlet, or the placid lake, the rays of the star, are all symbols of what nature loves,—purity and freedom.

A century and a quarter ago our flag had as many stripes, but not as many stars as she carries to-day. How proud she looks as her folds display to the morning breezes so many stars in her field of blue which are monuments of growth and progress. If Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and some of their colleagues, could attend some of our Fourth of July celebrations to-day, they would hardly understand what they are for. If they could hear the rattle of firecrackers a fortnight before Independence Day arrived, and the unbearable din of horns and drums, and all the implements of noise that have been invented of late years, they would no doubt conclude that Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill and Valley Forge had been forgotten, and that the people are celebrating this Independence Day only as an outing and a holiday.

Thousands of people to-day look forward to that day as one day in the year when they can be released from obligation, care and responsibility, and can have a general good time. Children are taught that this is the day to spend money; men of loose character think this is the day to get drunk; young ladies look forward to the banquet hall and to the dancing floor, and so it goes. We have gotten so far away from 1776 that we hardly appreciate the cost of our freedom.

The churches are to be commended which are endeavoring to revolutionize this Fourth of July holiday. In many places now it is customary for Christians to assemble and count the blessings that the Lord has given them in this land of freedom, of life, liberty and protection. And after meditating upon the blessings of a free government they talk of the superior freedom the Christian enjoys in Jesus Christ. The blessings that this country enjoys were not all purchased in the war of the Revolution; but there was the war of 1812, the Rebellion and others, which served to retain our freedom after it had been bought. So it is in the freedom of the Christian life. Our Master has fought the battle that purchased our freedom, but we must continue to fight in order to hold the territory which the adversary of our souls is constantly trying to take from us.

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THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

In importance to the child, next to the mother and teacher comes the superintendent. The ordinary child is one of the best judges of human nature. He usually reads as he runs. He measures according to his own standards and ideas. His mind, as a rule, is free from prejudice, malice and envy, and this enables him to see things as they are. That's why he judges so closely.

In order that the superintendent may have the most possible influence for good over the child, he should be (1) a Christian; (2) a Bible student; (3) an organizer; (4) a man of force.

A Christian.

Outside of all conditions, environments, or characteristics, the sole end and aim of each and every superintendent should be the salvation of souls, and this can hardly be if the superintendent himself is not a Christian. Indeed it would hardly be proper to have a man at the head of an organization which had for its object the salvation of souls who himself had not done anything for the salvation of his own soul. It is to be remembered again that we are speaking of the ideal and not what conditions force us to do sometimes. It is far better to have a Sunday school in a neighborhood, with a superintendent who is not a Christian, than to have no Sunday school at all.

Then again, another reason the superintendent ought to be a Christian is, because his life will necessarily be a model, for the pupils must have a leader. The superintendent who is a Christian can continually point to Christ as the Great Teacher, which the other superintendent would be unable to do.

A Bible Student.

There are several reasons why the superintendent ought to be a Bible student. The first one is that he may live properly. He ought to have the Bible as his rule of faith and practice, and he who uses it as a manual of conduct is absolutely safe. His character and methods cannot be questioned by thinking people; and even if they are questioned he is sure to stand acquitted upon investigation.

Another reason why he should be a Bible student is, that he may advise correctly. In the life of a leader there constantly come up questions for decision, and therefore he must, of necessity, have something to which he may refer as a standard. He cannot use this standard intelligently unless he is thoroughly acquainted with it. If he has a systematic knowledge of the Scriptures he has recourse to an abundance of material that will fit almost any case to which he may be referred.

In the third place he ought to be a Bible student that he may teach intelligently. He needs to have a sufficient knowledge of the Scriptures that he can teach to an end. He is a teacher of teachers. Too many teachers have a smattering of knowledge of one individual lesson as it stands alone, and not as being related to the whole system of lessons. He must be able to make his teachers see that they are constantly dealing with a fractional part of the integral whole. He must also be able, with the help of the history and geography of the lesson, to point the pupils of the school to Christ in each individual lesson.

An Organizer.

It is the business of the superintendent to classify the school. No school can do its best with all ages and grades in one class. It is not reason or logic. It is the function and the duty of the leader to classify the school as to age and qualification. It is not always possible to classify according to age. Sometimes children know more about the Bible than grown people. The successful superintendent classifies according to qualifications without respect to age; however, this should not be done without discretion. Sometimes it so wounds the pride in the heart of a man or woman to be classed with children that it renders them incapable of seeing the motive that prompted the action on the part of the superintendent. In such cases the school would lose that person, because he had not been handled judiciously.

A superintendent can easily display his ability as an organizer in the selection of teachers. If he selects them without any reference to ability, character, or interest manifested, simply make suggestions without forethought, he is entirely worthless as an executive officer. But we will say more about the teachers later on.

One of the vital functions of his office which requires executive ability is the oversight of the teachers' meeting. Here he has to teach teachers how to learn and how to teach. We gain knowledge by imparting it. And it does the school no good for a teacher to know a lot of things that he cannot impart. The school needs a leader, and can do without one no more than an army can do without a commander, and a government without a ruler.

To be a leader does not mean that one should be obstinate, overbearing, presumptuous, or commanding; but in a quiet, unassuming way do and have others do. It is no doubt evident to all that of all the qualifications of a leader *punctuality* is one of the leading ones. It is absolutely necessary that the school open and close on time. A school that does not begin and close on time is on the road to ruin. The thoughtful superintendent has no visitors in his school, but assigns strangers at once to some class in the school.

A Man of Force.

You may not believe it, but it is a fact that the very appearance of a man has something to do with him as a leader. His very presence inspires confidence. He is sociable and impartial; he is full of discernment; he sees everybody and everything and knows what is going on; he meets and greets everybody pleasantly; he takes note of every class in school; does not interrupt the teachers during the recitation, but makes valuable suggestions to them privately. He is always ready and able to commend good work, even though it be from the poorest scholar. He does not fail to praise every honest effort, even though the effort has not accomplished much. He is able to talk and he is also able to keep still. Sometimes it is more important not to talk than to talk, and he ought to be able to know how to do this and do it. He knows how to pray with the children and for the children, and do it in such a way that they neither go to sleep nor spend their time dropping pennies on the floor and whispering.

Next week we shall have something to say about his work.

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AGAIN.

You remember some time since we advertised that as soon as Brother Miller got south of the equator he would begin on his series of articles, "With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator." We have on the hook now the first article of that series from the Island of Mahe, in the middle of the Indian ocean, northeast of Madagascar. You want to read what he has to say about the smallpox and the little red ants.

Price of the INGLENOOK to the end of the year for NEW SUBSCRIBERS is twenty-five cents. There is no question but what each Inglenooker has an opportunity to enlarge our subscription list quite a good deal by telling of this offer to your neighbors.

Current Happenings

THE FOURTH.

THE daily papers will give an account, to-morrow morning, of the number of people that have been killed, crippled and disfigured by carelessness and bad judgment in celebrating this anniversary of the birth of our republic. The question is, Will you be among the number who will read the notice, or will you be found in the morgue or hospital? The answer to this question depends upon the way you celebrate the Fourth. If you celebrate the *day,* you have a fair show to be classed among the latter number; if you celebrate the *event for which it stands,* you may live to celebrate another one. We certainly hope the INGLENOOK family will be busy either in hearing or telling of the great event in 1776 that destined us to be the greatest nation in the world.

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FRANK BARKER, who was to be hanged at the state penitentiary, was reprieved for two years by Governor Mickey, of Nebraska. The reprieve will expire during the term of Governor Mickey's successor. It is claimed that capital punishment in the State of Nebraska is a thing of the past and that Barker's death warrant will never be signed. However, it is conceded that it all depends upon whether Governor Mickey's successor believes in the infliction of the death penalty. If he does, he will doubtless sign the death warrant.

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THE Young Men's Christian Association of New York City has a new gift. It is a schooner which will be used as a training school for the young men who wish to learn to be sailors. The schooner has the capacity for the training of about thirty pupils at a time, who will enjoy the various coastwise expeditions.

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RECENTLY President Roosevelt has attended several college commencements. Among these were the Clarke University, at Wooster, and Williams College. The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him at the latter place. He also attended the Holy Cross College commencement. In his address at the Williams College, he discussed public questions, advocating that the navy be built up and kept as a guarantee of peace. It is a little paradoxical to build war machines for peace.

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RUMORS at St. Petersburg have it that Kuropatkin has been captured by Nogi's army and that seventy thousand troops have been cut off. The Japanese war tactics have filled the Czar's ministers with fear. Military experts say that while they do not believe Linevitch can be surrounded, yet they do not see any possible show of a Russian victory.

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A PENNSYLVANIA limited collided with a switch engine at Lima, Ohio. No passengers were injured.

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OUR city is enjoying a ten days' summer Chautauqua, at which some of the most prominent speakers in the country are giving lectures and sermons, the honorable gentlemen, Sam P. Jones and W. J. Bryan, being among the number.

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IT is said that in New York between 1868 and 1904 the death rate from heart disease and Bright's disease increased from 13.05 to 29.62 per ten thousand population. In 1904 deaths from these diseases increased 2.42 in each ten thousand. During the week ending June 10, one hundred twenty-five persons died from heart disease.

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IT is believed by the coffee growers of Guatemala that the heavy coffee crops this year are due to the shower of ashes brought upon the land by the volcanic disturbances in the Santa Maria.

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THE eighth annual convention of Zionists, in session at Philadelphia, voted to recommend to the international congress of Zionists that Palestine be secured and maintained as the most desirable place for the colonization of Jews. Step by step, men willingly or unwillingly fulfill the prophecy of the Great Book.

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THE Chinese boycott still progresses. Six hundred Chinese students, representing twenty-six lodges, met at Tien Tsin and passed resolutions to boycott American goods, while two hundred commercial men from seventeen provinces have signed an agreement, under bond to forfeit fifty thousand taels, if any member is reported to have purchased American goods.

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THE tallest building in the world is under contemplation by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The plans call for an edifice seventy-five feet square and five hundred sixty feet high. This is five feet higher than the Washington Monument.

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MANHATTAN street station of the New York subway now has moving stairways, one for ascending and one for descending passengers, each with a capacity of ten thousand passengers an hour.

New York doctors are taking great interest in the case of a young Italian by the name of Camillo Detano, who was stabbed in the right auricle of the heart. The man was walked to the hospital by his friends, and there, in spite of a great loss of blood, he survived the operation of having the wound in his heart sewed up. The physicians now have hopes of his recovery.

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The first test of the new electric train service on the Long Island railroad has been successfully made. A maximum speed of fifty-seven miles an hour was gained. The train was composed of five cars, with a motor car at each end. The officials are satisfied that an average speed of forty-five miles an hour can be maintained.

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It may be thought by some that the Fiji Islanders are uncivilized and therefore do not know much, but when Charley Glidden, with his automobile, passed through their country they soon found pet names for his machine, which put to shame the names given the machine by our expert newspaper men. They called it the "father of old devils," "the boat on the road," and "the carriage of lightning."

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John V. Farwell, Jr., recently drew up articles of peace between the strikers and the employers. These were presented at a meeting of the teamsters' union. By an overwhelming vote the articles were discarded, and the strike is doomed to continue. The hour in which this movement was made, is known as Shea's hour of triumph. His interest is newly aroused and he is pushing the strike with more vigor.

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After a week of war panic, the French government gave notice to Emperor William that it was willing to meet his demands on the Moroccan policy. France agrees that existing conditions in Morocco shall be maintained, and the Sultan's sovereignty remain unimpaired. France either had to submit to this agreement or declare war against Germany. It is not certain yet whether England will kneel to the Emperor as France did or not.

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The department of justice has begun proceedings at Phœnix, Arizona, against several Mormons on the charge of polygamy.

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Luther Burbank has consented to experiment with the cultivation of rubber plants at his Santa Rosa, California, farm. The seeds have been planted and the plants are coming up nicely. Some of the seed was brought from Colorado and some from South America. It is to be hoped that his experiment will prove a success.

Norway remains firm for independence, while the King and Riksdag of Sweden are disposed to seek a mutual basis of separation for the two countries.

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Rivers of blood are said to be flowing in the streets of Warsaw. The populace is kept in subjection only by the iron rule of the Cossacks. The troops at Lodz refused to obey orders when commanded to fire upon the crowd.

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It is presumed that J. Pierpont Morgan will be given the work of financing the proposed system of railways for the Philippines.

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Two years have now passed since the accession of King Peter in Servia, and they have been two perilous years for him. Although he keeps his person constantly guarded by a number of dynamite bombs, whether in his carriage, on his throne or in his bed, yet he cannot protect himself against the mental agony which is seizing his life. He has now become very sorry that he has the royal power of Servia. Annoyed by troubles both of state and family, he is fast going to ruin. The cries of his people have not been muffled, when they call long and loudly for Prince Nicholas of Montenegro. Imagine the position of a monarch when his subjects are openly praising his probable successor. For many months after his accession his rest was disturbed by ghastly visions, recalling the murder of King Alexandria and Queen Draga, but now he sees no more of these apparitions; instead he is haunted by dreams of his own possible and probable assassination.

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A new game law in Missouri prohibits the selling or wearing of the plumage of game birds on ladies' hats.

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Governor Folk, of Missouri, went to St. Louis recently, to investigate the violation of the Sunday laws. He proposes to enforce the observance with the aid of the sheriff at all hazards.

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Pope Pius X is not only permitting but advising the Catholics of Italy to take an active part in the coming parliamentary elections. This policy is entirely contrary to that of Leo XIII or Pius IX.

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The eighteen-hour trains between New York and Chicago were abandoned and the old twenty-hour service was reinstalled. But the accident at Mentor, Ohio, on the Lake Shore road, was not due to fast running but an open switch, so the Pennsylvania railroad, however, continues its eighteen-hour train, and the Lake Shore again competes with a similar service.

HOME DEPARTMENT

BOB WHITE.

BY ROBT. E. ERICSEN.

The distant woods were red and gold,
The pastures brown and bare;
The redwing, with his noisy mates,
Was flying here and there.

The crows their westward way had winged
To their accustomed trees.
The milkweed down sailed slowly on
The gentle, balmy breeze.

The sky, the ruddy sun foretold
A calm November night,
When from the stubble hardby came
The cheery call, "Bob White."

And at the sound I paused to think
Of how in bygone years,
When I was but a barefoot boy
With boyish hopes and fears.

When I my evening tasks had done,
I listened with delight
To hear from out the cloverfield
The quail call, "Bob White."

When sorrow touched my childish heart,
Or fever flushed my cheek,
My mother's hand my brow caressed,
As soothing words she'd speak.

No hand can have a mother's touch
Her place no other takes,
And mem'ries of the long ago—
The Bob White's call awakes.

The southern mock bird's varied song
May please the cultured ear;
The robin, lark and nightingale
To many hearts are dear.

Gomera's birds as sweetly sing
As o'er the foamy sea,
But dearer, fairer, purer far
Is Bob White's call to me.

Illinois.

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TOWN LIFE.

BY RILLA ARNOLD.

Some one has said, "God made the country, man made the city, and the devil made the small town." No doubt many people living in small towns have often felt the truth of this statement. It is certainly the hotbed for that evil—gossip. The atmosphere is so impregnated with its germs that it is almost impossible for one to live there long without becoming infected.

One of the first symptoms is an abnormal curiosity to know all about your neighbor's business. And the conditions are such that your curiosity is soon gratified. In the small towns, in the older States at least, the inhabitants have lived there all their lives and their parents and grandparents have lived there before them. They are like the members of a large family, in one particular, they know each other's weaknesses. They know just how many members of each family have gone wrong and the mistakes each individual has made. Usually they are not forgotten, but are raked up on every possible occasion. The good they have done is often overlooked or entirely forgotten.

The women are said to be more adept at the accomplishment of gossiping than the men. Owing to the feminine temperament, this is undoubtedly true. There is this difference: While the men are sitting on the store boxes or standing on the street corners blackguarding, the women are probably at some afternoon tea or sewing society daintily tearing some one's reputation to pieces.

It is hard for a young man to accomplish much in his own town. If he tries to rise in a profession he is usually coolly received, because people do not appreciate the home product. It is hard for an old gentleman to listen to a sermon by a young minister or take advice from a young physician, when that minister or physician has been caught in the gentleman's melon patch in his boyhood days.

Now let us look at the good side, for there *is* a good side to town life. While the people are ever ready and anxious to gossip about each other, if any serious trouble befalls any of them, there are always kind hearts and hands ready to help.

The gossiping does not often come from a desire to do any one an injury. It is done thoughtlessly and is the natural result of a too intimate acquaintance with each other.

This close association with each other from childhood, in school, in church, in the store and the various kinds of work and amusements, that make up the life in a small town, creates a feeling of fellowship that can not be found in country or city life. In the country people do not see each other often enough, in the city there are too many people to be seen.

People living in towns have many advantages over both the country and city people. They enjoy the fresh air, vegetables, fruits, etc., of the country and

have better school advantages than country people; also have a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with different classes of people, thus becoming better students of human nature. Children living in small towns have more temptations thrown around them than country children, but they have less than those in the city. With careful training they should be better prepared to fight the battles of life than either their country or city cousins; they become better acquainted with men than the one, and better acquainted with nature than the other. Town children visiting in the country will not make themselves ridiculous by asking questions like city children do, nor will they be as awkward on their first visit to a city as the country child is.

In whatever environment we may live, whether city, town or country, may we all take advantage of every opportunity of broadening our minds and adding strength and purity to our characters.

Milford, Ind.

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STRETCHING.

A SPLENDID thing for the body is stretching. When you first wake up in the morning take a good, long stretch. Stretch the hands as far out sideways as possible. Then stretch them over the head as far as you can reach and at the same time stretch the feet downward as far as you can. Raise the feet and stretch upward just as high as you can and then lower the feet and legs very slowly.

When you get out of bed raise your arms over your head and standing on tiptoe see how near you can reach the ceiling. Then walk about the room while in this position. Stand on the right foot and stretch the right arm forward and upward as high as you can, while at the same time the left foot is raised from the floor and stretched outward, and the left hand is stretched backard and downward. This is a fine exercise for the whole body and is especially good for the waist and hips, making them firm and strong. Standing on the left foot this exercise can be reversed.

If you have been sitting in the same position for a long time reading, studying, writing or sewing, and the muscles have become tired and cramped, the best thing to do is to get up and stretch. Stretch the arms upward and outward and forward and backward. Lift the shoulders as high as you can and drop them. Expand the chest and breathe deeply. Or, sitting in the chair stretch the hands upward, lift the feet from the floor and stretch them forward as far as possible. Anyway so you give the muscles a good, vigorous stretch.

When one is very tired there is nothing more restful than stretching the muscles and then relaxing. Stretch the arms, the legs, the whole body and then completely relax. Stretching and energizing the muscles make it possible to relax more completely.

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INDIAN MAPLE SUGAR.

THE question has been raised occasionally whether the Indians learned of the white settlers to make maple sugar, or the white men from the Indians. According to Prof. Henry Henshaw, who at one time gave an address to the American Association on the subject, the Indians were indebted to their own power of observation and invention for their method of sugar making.

They collect the sap in birch-bark vessels, which hold in some cases a hundred gallons. They take advantage of cold April nights to freeze the sap, and in the morning throw out the ice. They evaporate it by throwing hot stones into the sap.

The sugar is eaten mixed with corn. Sometimes the pure sugar is their only diet for a month. They boil venison and rabbits in the hot sap as they evaporate it. They also make sugar from the silver-maple and box-elder.

That the Indians made sugar from times unknown is proved by their language, festivals, and traditions. Several authors of early times, telling of their visits to the Indians, mention maple sugar, and one of them, in 1756, describes the Indian's method of preparing it. The gathering of sap and making of sugar formed one of their annual religious ceremonies.—*Selected.*

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WHAT A GIRL SHOULD KNOW.

To make good bread.

To cook all kinds of meats, vegetables and fruits.

To make the nicest buckwheat cakes in the village.

To plan and make her own dresses.

To be able to milk and make good butter.

To sweep a room and never neglect the corners and spaces behind the doors.

To make the beds fit for a king to sleep in.

To read and enjoy the papers of the week, especially those published for farmers.

To be ready for company if mother is away from home or unable for any reason to do so herself.

To read and speak in public if called upon.

To be well enough posted in the everyday doings of the world to talk or write about them whenever necessary.

To read good books and to know them when she sees them.

To keep her own room in order.

To tell a MAN when she sees him and waste no time with those who are not worthy the name.

To make a good home for some man.

—*Camp News, Philadelphia.*

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

OBEYING WHEN OBEDIENCE IS HARD.

Gen. 22:1-8.

For Sunday, July 16.

I. Commanded.
   1. First Duty, ... Deut. 4:1, 2
   2. It is Hard, ... Deut. 4:6
   3. Our Whole Duty, ... Eccl. 12:11

II. It Takes Courage.
   1. Daniel's Purpose, ... Dan. 1:8
   2. Daniel Disobeying Man, ... Dan. 3:15
   3. Peter Disobeying Man, ... Acts 5:19, 20
   4. Christ's Obedience, ... Philpp. 2:6-8

III. 1. Obeying When Obedience is Hard is the Right School of Character.
   2. Advantages of Poverty—Advantages of Hardship and Self-Denial.

IV. Obedience is the Only Valid Evidence of Love and Faith and the Harder the Test, the More Splendid the Testimony.

Text.—Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.—Gen. 22:2.

References.—1 John 2:3, 4; 5:2; John 15:10; Acts 5:29; Deut. 28:1-5; 11:1; 32:46; Luke 11:2; 11:28; Philpp. 2:12; 1 Tim. 6:14; Eph. 6:6; Matt. 19:17; 1 Sam. 15:22; 12:24.

Sacrifice Made Plain.

The story of the birth of Isaac, and the love of his parents for their only child is one that will never grow old so long as fathers are willing to give up leisure, pleasure, and even the necessities of life, yes, even life itself, for their children. Then when God asks Abraham to sacrifice Isaac upon a mountain-top we begin to see what Abraham felt and suffered, while obeying God. Yet if you read the story again and again, you do not find one word of complaint, or even a move towards disobeying God. We talk of sacrifice; read this lesson over again, and then we will know at least in part what the word means.

Obeying the Letter.

"John, please bring me that package of seeds," said mother. John was busy playing, so he picked up the package and with a frown on his face, threw it to his mother; it fell on the floor beside her chair. She picked up the package and John went on playing. In a half hour she called, "John, please bring me a drink of water." "You are always wanting me to do something," said John ungraciously, and kept on playing. His mother asked him again to go; and then he brought her a drink of warm water; he did not take the trouble to go to the well. John did what his mother told him to do in each case; but what was wrong?

The Commandments.

Sometimes church members lay great stress upon obeying the commandments; and it is right that we should. Only let us be careful that we do not obey them as little John did. If we know that we have offended our brother, we should go to him, make restitution, and ask forgiveness in the name of Jesus. If we do nothing about it, and do not care whether our brother is offended or not, and perhaps say, "He can proceed according to church rules, and make all out of it he can," we are behaving like little John. When we wash each other's feet, we pledge ourselves to serve each other, and aid each other. If we fail in doing what we can for our brethren, we did not really obey Christ when we washed each other's feet.

Obey, if We do not Understand.

An old man who wanted his work done according to his own plan, hired a man at a dollar a day. Robinson, who told this story, said the man was told to turn the grindstone. He turned it a little while, then grew disgusted and quit. Another man came, and after he had turned it for about three hours, his employer approached him and said, "What are you doing?" "Turning the grindstone," was the answer. "What for?" he was asked. "That's your business," he answered. He suited his employer.

"Whatsoever He Saith unto you, Do it."

The kind master of the slave of Æsop one day gave him a bitter melon, and desired him to eat it. It was nauseous to the taste, but the slave ate it without making a wry face. His master was surprised. "What," answered the slave pleasantly, "have I received so many favors from you, and cannot I manage to eat a bitter melon without making a fuss about it?" When God asks us to do something, our wisest plan is to obey promptly and believingly. He has given us so many blessings, let us be patient when trouble and sorrow come.

Toward the Place Beautiful.

Abraham learned the sorest lesson of his life when he and the lad climbed slowly the side of the mountain; every step brought him nearer to the glad surprise God was keeping for him. A young girl may sing, "Jesus Lover of My Soul" carelessly. She does not feel the need of a shelter, her life has never known a cloud, or a gathering storm. But as she grows older, and every step in the narrow way brings

her nearer to her cross on Calvary, her own heart experiences interpret that hymn, as she sings it in pleading accents. She is learning to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Submission.

"Do thou thy will. I find
That when I wept because some barrier stood
Between me and my longings, I was blind;
For thou hadst placed it there for my own good:
And when in chosen paths I could not go,
It was to guard me from some needless woe,
Do thou thy will."

Discipline.

Abraham was a man who had true faith in God. He was comfortably situated when God told him to leave his home, his country and his kindred, yet he obeyed. When obedience does not come easy, that is the time to trust and obey, God is making something out of us then. We preferred to do something else, but the discipline of God has forced us to take up a task that is distasteful. And so we learn to submit, we learn patience, hope, and we slowly realize that there is no better way than that of heartfelt obedience.

Against Wind and Tide.

In "Pilgrim's Progress," Christian says, "If you will go with us you must go against wind and tide; you must also own Religion in his rags, as well as when in his silver slippers, and stand by him, too, when bound in irons, as well as when he walketh the streets with applause." Elijah and Daniel obeyed God when the applause was all given to those who worshiped idols. If boys and girls to-day could only be brave enough to obey God though the wind and tide are against them, what an army of true soldiers would be in training to do battle for the Lord.

Topics for Discussion.

1. Caleb Obeyed the Lord. Num. 14: 24; Josh. 14: 6-14.
2. Saul Disobeyed God. 1 Sam. 15: 22.
3. Paul's Testimony. Acts 23: 1.
4. One Act of Disobedience. Num. 27: 14.
5. Ezra Set a Good Example. Ezra 7: 10.
6. If we Love we will also Obey. John 14: 15, 23, 31; 15: 10.
7. Solomon's View of Obedience. Prov. 19: 16; 28: 7; 1: 33.

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EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Why Have a Missionary Reading Circle?

We are told to give a reason for the faith within us, and so we answer that we have a Missionary Reading Circle in our church because it fills a long-felt want. We need something to do, something to draw our attention away from self, we must live for the good of others, and the Circle emphasizes our duty toward the heathen world. The church that does not enlarge her borders is likely to suffer from internal dissensions, and fruitless doctrinal disputations; we had division with its attending troubles in our church. If the church is true to the teachings of Christ there will be no further trouble. We are to send the Gospel to those who sit in darkness, and to do this requires our time, energy and money.

Is it Essential?

If you have the welfare of the church at heart, Yes. When the members of the church have read a book like "Do Not Say," or "The Life of Judson," or "Rex Christus," they have learned that no man liveth to himself alone, that to a certain degree they are responsible for the salvation of the unsaved. They do not want to act the part of the priest or the Levite in the parable, so they must study the subject, and see what they can do for missions. And it is invariably true that the poor and the sick in the home church are better cared for where a Circle is in existence. It makes liberal givers, because they realize the necessity of giving.

Which Course of Study?

That depends. In many places it is best to choose the books out of the different courses that are best adapted to your readers. "Effective Workers in Needy Fields" and "Life of Adoniram Judson," are two books that will prove very interesting to any Circle made up of either young or old members. "Rex Christus" is a book on China that we have been giving particular attention to, as we are studying China this year. If we want to be well informed on the problems of the day a larger and fuller knowledge of China is necessary. This book gives its past history as well as its present condition. "Heroes of the Mission Field" and "A Lone Woman in Africa" are both interesting and will inspire you to do more for the extension of God's kingdom on earth. Boys and girls will find missions a fascinating study, because the heroic always appeals to them. Where will you find a record of braver deeds and nobler lives than those of the missionaries who have gone unarmed, defenseless and unafraid to the uttermost parts of the earth because of the love they feel for the poor untaught souls?

How Run One?

There are ways and means in organizations of this kind, but it is a little difficult to formulate a plan that will suit all churches. A local secretary who will keep things moving on is a very important factor. He should see to the purchasing of the books on missions. He should ask the members individually to buy one book out of our course. It may be six members are willing to each buy one book; it may be twelve want them. Then these books should be put in circulation;

(Continued on page 648.)

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter XXXV.

Lucerne, Switzerland.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

Marie tells me that she has promised you in previous letters a letter from my pen, saying something of Alsace and Lorraine. These two countries lie on a border between France and Germany. For long years they had been a part of France. The people were governed by France, spoke the French language, and, of course, expected always to be French. But the time came when this territory was conquested and taken by the Germans. In looking up the subject that I might write you concerning it, I came across a French work by one Alphonse Daudet. In this book I find the story of a little Alsatian boy which is so descriptive that I believe it represents the general condition of things in these two countries at the time this territory was changed from one government to the other. And with the help of a friend with whom I have become acquainted we are translating this little story into the English and I will give it to you entire:

I was unusually late for school that morning, and I was dreadfully afraid of being scolded, because Mr. Hamel had said that he would examine us in the participles, and I didn't know the first word of my lesson.

I was sorely tempted to play truant, and take a walk through the fields. The day was so lovely!—so bright! One could hear the blackbirds singing on the edge of the forest, and the noise of the Prussians as they exercised behind the saw mill in the Rippert meadow, both of which inducements were more tempting than rules of grammar; but fortunately I had the good sense to overcome my idle inclinations, and ran off to school as fast as I could.

As I passed the mayor's office, on my way, I noticed that there was quite a number of people in a group before the railings, who were all reading a circular that was suspended on the wall; and as it was from this source that we had learned of all the bad news that had come to us within the past two years, I thought I would stop for a moment, also, and wondered what could be the matter now. Then as I started to run away again, Wachter, the blacksmith, who was there with his apprentices reading the bill, called after me:

"You needn't be in such a great hurry, little one; you'll get to your school quick enough, I can tell you."

I thought he was only making game of me; and I ran so hard that I was quite breathless when I arrived at the house where Mr. Hamel held his little court. Ordinarily, there was always more or less of a commotion at the beginning of a class, caused by the usual slamming of desks, the hum of lessons repeated aloud in chorus, and the master's big ruler striking the desk, every now and then, and I had counted upon this accustomed confusion as an aid to gaining my bench without being seen, but on this particular morning above all others, everything was as tranquil and quiet as though it was Sunday.

Through the open window I saw my comrades already ranged in their places, and Mr. Hamel walking up and down with that terrible iron ruler under his arm. However, I had to enter some time, and you can well imagine how red and confused I was as I walked in, in the midst of that awful calm. But, strange to relate, Mr. Hamel was not the least bit angry, and only said gently, "Go quickly to your place, my little Frantz. We were about to begin without you." I put my leg across the bench and seated myself immediately at my desk, then having recovered somewhat from my fright, I noticed for the first time that the master wore his beautiful green, double-breasted coat, his fine tucked shirt frill, and the black silk embroidered skull cap that he never wore except on inspection days, and for the distribution of prizes. Furthermore, there was something quite out of the way and solemn about the entire class, but that which surprised me the most was to see, seated on the usually empty benches at the end of the room, and silent like the rest of us, so many of the townspeople. There was old Hanser, the mayor, the commissioners, and ever so many others besides, and everyone seemed so sad. Poor old man Hanser had brought with him an old ragged alphabet which was spread out on his knee, and on the top of this again were laid his clumsy spectacles.

While I was lost in wonderment as to what it could all mean, Mr. Hamel had mounted to his chair, and in the same sweet voice with which he had received me, addressed us thus:

"My children, it is the last time I am going to teach your class. Instructions have been received from Berlin that German alone is to be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine for the future! The new master will arrive to-morrow. To-day you will receive your last French lesson, and I pray you to be attentive."

These few words completely upset me. Ah, the wretches! That is what they had posted up outside the mayor's office, was it? My last French lesson!

And I, who could scarcely even write, would never learn anything more! Oh, how I now deplored the time lost when I had missed the class to go bird-nesting, or skating on the Saar! My grammar, history, all my books, which seemed so tiresome but a short time ago, now seemed like old friends with whom I was very sorry indeed to part.

And the same with regard to Mr. Hamel. The very fact of his going away where I would see him no more made me forget all the punishments, and all the ruler-thrashings. Poor man!

It was in honor of the last class then that he had arrayed himself in his best Sunday attire; and now I understood why the old townfolk had come to seat themselves at the end of the room. By their presence they too seemed to say they regretted not having come to school more regularly in their time, and it was also a silent but eloquent way of expressing their appreciation to the master for his forty years of faithful service; and to render their duty to the country which was no longer theirs.

I had reached this point in my reflections when I heard my name called out. It was my turn to recite. Oh, what would I not have given to be able to say that memorable rule of participles in a loud voice, clearly, and without a single fault, but I stood with a bursting heart and head bowed down, balancing myself on the bench, until finally Mr. Hamel spoke to me:

"I will not scold you this time, my little Frantz, for you are already sufficiently punished. That is invariably the way. You say to yourself, 'Bah! I have plenty of time. I will learn to-morrow.' And then you see what happens. Ah, that has been the great misfortune of Alsace to always postpone her instruction until the morrow. Now those strangers can well say, 'How is this? You pretended to be French, and did not know how to speak or write your own language.' However, you are not the greatest culprit, my poor Frantz, for unfortunately we have all laid ourselves open to reproach. Your parents have not sufficiently impressed you with the necessity of studying. They preferred to see you at work in the field, or at the spinning wheel, for the sake of earning a few extra sous. I, too, have plenty with which to reproach myself. Have I not often made you water my garden instead of studying? And when I wanted to go trout fishing, did I ever hesitate about giving you a holiday?"

And so on from one thing to another, Mr. Hamel spoke of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world, and that it was necessary to preserve it among us, and never forget it, because when a people become slaves, so long as they kept this language it was as though they held the key of their prison.

Then he took a grammar and read us a lesson, and I was astonished to find how clearly I understood it. Everything was so very easy.

I don't think I ever listened so well before, or that the master had ever taken so much trouble with the explanations. One would have supposed that the poor man wanted to impart all his knowledge to us at a single stroke, before going away.

That lesson finished, we took up writing. For that particular day Mr. Hamel had prepared new copies for us, upon which were written in a beautiful, clear hand: France. Alsace, France. Alsace. They had the effect of little flags fluttered around the class, as they hung on the rods of our desks; and you should have seen how every one applied himself to his task in the midst of a profound silence! Nothing could be heard but the scratching of the pens as they flew over the paper. Suddenly a May bug buzzed in through one of the

The Q. & A. Department.

open windows, but no one gave it the least attention—not even the little ones, who were employed in tracing their A. B. C.'s with a heart and conscience as though they too were still French.

High up on the school roof the pigeons were cooing softly, and as I listened to them, I said to myself: "I wonder if the pigeons will have to sing in German, also!"

From time to time, when I raised my eyes from the page, I saw Mr. Hamel sitting motionless in the chair, and looking fixedly at each object as though he wanted to carry with him forever the memory of his beloved school. Only think of it! For forty years he had been at the same place, with the little court facing him, and his class complete and perfect. Only the benches and desks were highly polished by long usage, and the nut trees in the court had grown considerably; while the hops he had planted with his own hand were climbing up on the wall, even as high as the roof. How broken-hearted the poor man ought to be to leave all these things, and to hear his sister coming and going in the room above, packing the trunks, for they were obliged to go on the morrow—to leave the country forever. And notwithstanding this, he had the courage to teach us up to the last moment.

After writing, he had history, and then the little ones sang their alphabet through. Down at the foot of the class, old man Hanser had put on his spectacles, and holding his alphabet in his hand, he sang the letters with them. It was easy to see that he applied himself with great energy, and it was so funny to hear his voice quivering with emotion like that—none of us knew whether to laugh or cry.

All at once the church clock struck twelve, and then rang out the Angelus; and at the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians, who were returning from drill, could be heard beneath our windows. Mr. Hamel, who was ghastly pale, arose from his chair,—and I don't think he had ever looked so tall and dignified before.

"My friends," he said, "my friends, I—I—" But something choked him. He was not able to finish the sentence. Turning towards the blackboard, he took a piece of chalk, and then leaning with all his force, he wrote in the biggest letters possible:

"LONG LIVE FRANCE!"

And then he remained there leaning his head against the wall, and without speaking, he waved his hand to us, as much as to say, "It is finished, dear children. Go away!"

The sentiment expressed in this instance holds good in almost every breast in Alsace and Lorraine. There has been a feeling created between the Germans and the French that will probably last for ages. This little incident increases my interest in the study of these two nations.

Most respectfully yours,

Gertrude Merritt.

(To be continued.)

✣ ✣ ✣

Is it known how many American buffaloes there are in existence, and the various herds with the number of each?

There are now said to be only 1,333 American buffaloes in existence. The herds and the number of each are given as follows: Pablo-Allard, etc., herd, on Flathead Indian reservation, Montana, 330; running wild, west of Great Slave lake, 200; in the Austin Corbin park, New Hampshire, 160; herd of James Philip, Fort Pierre, S. Dak., 90; herd of Charles Goodnight, Goodnight, Texas, 50; in Banff Rocky Mountain park, Canada, 45; in Yellowstone Park (inclosed), 40; in Bronx park, New York, 32; in Yellowstone Park (running wild), 30; herd of John E. Dooley, Utah, 30; herd of G. W. Lillie (Pawnee Bill), Oklahoma, 28; herd of Lincoln park, Chicago, 20; herd of J. J. Hill, Cardigan, Minn., 18; in the Cincinnati Zoological park, 16; herd of C. J. Lenander, Bancroft, Iowa, 10; in Philadelphia Zoölogical park, 9; Central Park, New York, 5; Denver City park, 5; Buffalo city park, 4; St. Louis city park, 4; Montebello kennels, Philadelphia, 4; herd of Frank Rockefeller, Belvidere, Kansas, 3; in parks at Pittsburg, Toledo, Rochester, Omaha, San Francisco, Winnipeg and other places, 30; individuals or small numbers in the hands of various persons, 36; in Germany and other foreign countries, 114.

✣

What is the difference of distance where the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea to where they crossed the River Jordan?

That depends. The necessary distance to travel is about thirty-two days on a camel, or in the neighborhood of six hundred miles. But of course they traveled several thousand miles on account of their wanderings. Had they been faithful and not doubtful, it would not have been necessary to cross the Red Sea at all; they might have taken a northeasterly course to the Atlantic Ocean and reached Beer-sheba with a great deal less travel.

✣

Why is it that part of the time we can see one whole side of the moon and at other times we only see a part of it?

Because of the relative position of the sun, moon and earth. When the earth is between the moon and sun, the sun shines on the moon and of course nothing prevents us from having full view of the surface of the moon toward us. But when we are at right angles we can see but one-half of the one-half, which is illuminated. Therefore we see only one-quarter of it.

✣

What are hoopsnakes?

It is a snake fabled to take its tail in its mouth and roll along like a hoop, particularly the *abaster erythrogrammus,* a harmless species of the family *colubridæ,* abundant in the southern United States.

✣

What is a good way to clean a rubber collar?

Use Bon Ami.

✣

Has pure water any taste or smell?

It is tasteless and odorless.

MISCELLANEOUS

(Continued from page 645.)

loan them to each other, because missionary information for all is the aim of this Circle. Use tact in persuading your members to read these books; some are not fond of reading, persuade them to read one of the shorter, easier volumes first. We know that the Circle has done its most potent work in the homes of our members. A book on missions read by the mother, or the father, then another read by the children, has created a new interest, a new sense of responsibility towards God. The parents give more, the children find ways of making money to help support the orphans in India, and so the good work is carried on.

How Often Shall this Circle Meet?

That again depends on circumstances. Our college bands meet once a week, and carry out well-prepared programs. But in many country churches it would be difficult to meet that often. We feel that we have come to some solution of this problem by having a missionary program every four weeks in our Christian Workers' meetings. This missionary program can be used by the Circle to good advantage. You can vary it by changing the program to include more of your reading. As time goes on we know that we can adapt this program to your varying needs better than we are now doing. We are greatly encouraged by what has been done, and very hopeful for future results.

* * *

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Born Oct. 27, 1858, in New York City.

1880—Graduated from Harvard.

1881-83—Member of the New York assembly.

1882—Married Miss Alice Lee, of Boston, who died two years later.

1884—Chairman of New York delegation National Republican convention.

1884-86—Ranching in the bad lands, Dakota.

1886—Unsuccessful candidate for mayor of New York City.

1886—Married Miss Edith Carrow, of New York.

1889-95—United States civil service commission.

1895-96—Police commissioner, New York City.

1897-98—Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

1898—Colonel of the Rough Riders.

1900-01—Vice President of the United States.

1901—President of the United States.

1904—Reëlected President of the United States.

THE PLAINT OF THE THERMOMETER.

I'm only a thermometer—a little tube of glass
Stuck up here where the busy folks may see me as they pass.
I'm like an individual: sometimes my spirits lark,
And sometimes they are in the dumps, down at the zero mark.
Mine is a thankless task at best, for when the sunbeams sizz
Folks look at me and swear because I tell how hot it is;
And when I'm down at ten below, they look at me and scold
As if I were to blame because the weather is so cold.

Now it's the sun that makes the heat, as you can plainly see,
But thoughtless folks take keen delight in blaming it to me;
They seem to think I regulate the world of heat and cold,
When 'tis a fact I simply do exactly as I'm told.
The iceman comes and glares at me when I am down too low,
The coal man fumes and fusses if I'm not sixteen below;
Nobody seems to understand my mission, which, forsooth,
Is just to do my duty and to tell the honest truth.

Some day I'll lose my patience, if folks swear at me this way,
And run way down to freezing on a boiling summer day;
Then they will come and look at me with drawn and bated breath,
Put by their hats and dusters and lie down and freeze to death.
Or in the chill midwinter I'll go up to fever heat,
Till people fall of sunstroke in the middle of the street;
You'd better treat me fairly if you would be weather-wise,
Or I'll upset all the seasons just by telling weather lies!

—Selected.

* * *

The key of yesterday
I threw away.
And now, too late,
Before to-morrow's close-locked gate
Helpless I stand—in vain to pray!
In vain to sorrow!
Only the key of yesterday
Unlocks to-morrow.

* * *

Prayer is not eloquence, but earnestness; not the definition of helplessness, but the feeling of it; not figures of speech, but conjunction of soul.—*H. More.*

* * *

He who provides for his life, but takes no care for eternity, is wise for a moment but a fool forever.—*Tillotson.*

ART PICTURES



No. 125.—Marriage Certificate.

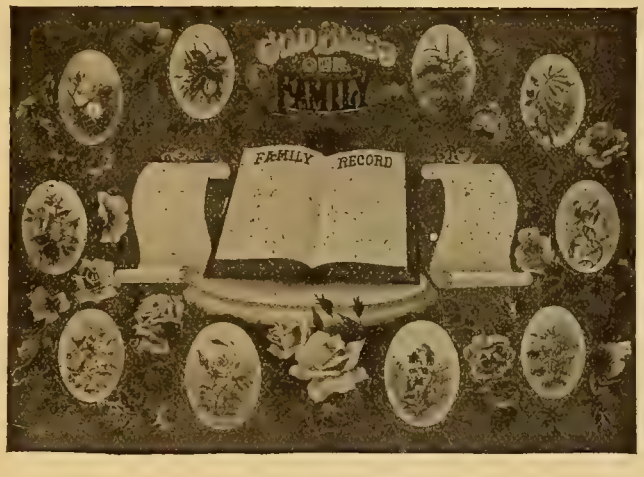
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No. 121--MEMORIAL

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We have sold more than **5,000** of these Pictures in the last two months and are still receiving many orders each day. A great many order from 12 to 25 at a time, and a number of orders are received for 40 and 50. Our customers are so well pleased that it is no uncommon thing for the same person to send us two or three orders. Size of picture, 16 x 20 inches. **Former price, 25 cts.**



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No. 121.—Memorial.

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FOR THE BRETHREN



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Since my visit to Bristol, Tenn., where I saw the great assemblage of good people and met many of them, I am more than ever desirous that the Brethren's Colony on the Packer ranch be enlarged. I desire to hear at once from every member of the German Baptist Brethren who desire a California Home, so we can determine just how much land to set aside for their colony. In all the world there is no superior land and location than that of the great Packer ranch, on the broad, clear Sacramento River. A committee of fifteen brethren visited the valley and selected a portion of this ranch for a Brethren colony, where they are now establishing their own town. They request our company to set aside the whole of the ranch for their friends. This we are willing to do, provided prompt assurance can be had that it will be soon taken. It is an ideal spot, a veritable garden. Land, as graded and priced by the committee of fifteen, ranges from $20 to $90 an acre, including a free water right and everlasting rate of $1.00 an acre for water for irrigation in abundant supply. Steamboats land almost at your door.



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Broadway, Va. 6/13, 1905.

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Yours very truly.
Wm D. Stoltz

Gentlemen Huntingdon, Pa.
Feb. 1. 1905

Filed 2/6/5 I rec'd my order from you and am pleased with it in every way. Can I buy a black jersey (sweater) front yet? Please send me prices & descriptions.
Sincerely
Juniata College, H. H. Brenneman.

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No. 2

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[Special to the Record-Herald.]

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, June 11.—Near Reno, Nev., next Saturday, exactly three years since the national irrigation act became law, the first of the government irrigation canals designed to transform the West will be flooded. In the presence of distinguished representatives of science, engineering, legislatures, state and federal, and a great throng of settlers the water will be let into a system of canals just completed by means of which 50,000 acres of Nevada's arid land will be reclaimed. The event marks an epoch, for it is only one item in a colossal plan of land improvement, the greatest the world has ever seen. It means the ultimate reclamation of 100,000,000 acres of arid land.

The portion of the Nevada project now completed is known as the Truckee-Carson system and consists of a canal thirty-one miles long to carry the water of the Truckee River to a mammoth storage reservoir on the Carson River having a capacity of 286,000 acre feet (an acre foot equals one acre one foot deep). Directly below this reservoir two canals having a combined capacity of 1,900 cubic feet per second will lead the water of the united streams out upon the plains, where 200 miles of small ditches will distribute it in all directions over an area of 50,000 acres.

The whole project hinges on the storage of flood waters. The engineers are using all the natural storage basins where the water is most readily impounded in the construction of dams. In the Nevada region there will be seven or eight such reservoirs, large and small. The largest of them is Lake Tahoe in California, which is fed by the ice-cold streams from the Sierras. This lake lies in the drainage basin of the Truckee River and millions of cubic feet of water can be dammed up in it to be let down as needed for irrigation.

The work of the Nevada project so far has been accomplished under the direction of Government Engineer L. H. Taylor and supervised by Frederick H. Newell, chief engineer of the reclamation service. For the initial part of the work in Nevada, $2,740,000 of the reclamation fund was set aside by the Secretary of the Interior. When this sum is spent at least 100,000 acres will be supplied by canals.

The reclamation act provides that the farms in the Nevada project shall be forty acres each near the towns and eighty acres each elsewhere. The original cost of a homestead to the settler is about $15—the amount necessary to file and record his claim. Before the title to the land passes to him, however, the government asks that he pay back the amount expended for reclamation, which in the Nevada project is $26 per acre. The settler must reside upon his land, water it from the government ditches and pay the amount charged against his farm in ten equal annual installments.

Stop Off at Reno, Nevada,

And investigate the irrigated Government land. Call on Mr. H B. Maxson, U. S. Engineer, for information.

Printed Matter FREE. Write to

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,

COLONIZATION AGENT.

Union Pacific Railroad

OMAHA, NEBR.

CHEAP RATES

(To Sterling, Colorado,)

South Platte Valley

AND RETURN

First and Third Tuesday Each Month.

C. S. Morey Makes Remarkable Prediction in Regard to Beet Growing Here.

"Colorado as a beet sugar producing state will soon leave Michigan far in the rear, if the present developments continue."

This assertion was made this morning by C. S. Morey, head of the Morey-Boettcher syndicate. He has just returned from a trip to the East. While there he made arrangements for the transfer of one of the largest Michigan factories from Saginaw to Sterling, Colo. The new factory will have a capacity of 600 tons and will give employment to hundreds of men.

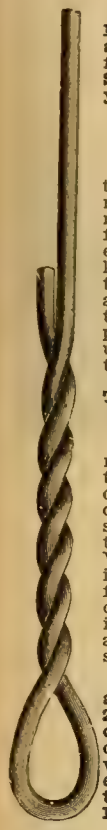
This will make the seventh beet sugar factory in the South Platte Valley owned by this syndicate.

The Union Pacific Railroad

Which is known as "The Overland Route," and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line. Call on or address a postal to your nearest ticket agent, or GEO. L. McDONAUGH, Colonization Agent, Omaha, Nebr.

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.,
Omaha, Nebraska.

Special Offer Prices for Immediate Orders.



Compare the Prices Quoted Below with Prices Named by any other Concern and you will find that the Equity Mfg. and Supply Co. is the Place to Send your Orders for Bale Ties.

DON'T DELAY YOUR ORDERS.

It is possible for us to name these prices by special arrangements with one of the largest, most reliable bale tie manufacturing concerns in the United States. The present market condition on wire indicates that it will not be possible to again buy ties at these heretofore unheard of special offer prices for this season and we urge our customers to send their orders in at once.

THE SINGLE LOOP ADJUSTABLE TIE.

There is no better bale tie made for the simple reason that these bale ties are made of the best steel wire on special automatic machinery, designed and made especially for the single loop adjustable tie. We guarantee the quality and if you are in need of bale ties for hay, straw, etc., you can make no mistake in sending your order and we would again urge every customer to send their order in at once.

These Special Offer Prices are for Bundles Containing 250 Ties and in Ordering Specify the Length, the Number of Wire and the Price and we will Know just what is Wanted and will Fill your Order at these Special Prices Quoted Below.

Length of Ties, feet	Made of No. 16 wire	Made of No. 15 wire	Made of No. 14 wire	Made of No. 13 wire
6	.62	.69	.78	.94
6½	.65	.75	.84	.99
7	.69	.81	.91	1.09
7½	.74	.85	.95	1.17
8	.77	.89	1.02	1.24
8¼	.78	.92	1.05	1.26
8½	.79	.94	1.07	1.31
8¾	.82	.97	1.11	1.34
9	.83	.99	1.13	1.37
9¼	.84	1.01	1.15	1.41
9½	.87	1.03	1.18	1.44
9¾	.89	1.05	1.21	1.48
10	.91	1.07	1.23	1.51

Remember that this Special Offer is Made by the

EQUITY MFG. & SUPPLY CO., Chicago Ill. Lancaster, Pa.

Special Excursion Rates to Colorado, Utah and the Black Hills,

Via the North-Western Line. Beginning June 1st excursion tickets will be sold to Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Salt Lake City, Hot Springs, Deadwood, Lead and Custer, S. D., etc., good to return until October 31. A splendid opportunity is offered for an enjoyable vacation trip. Several fine trains via the North-Western Line daily. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

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Via the North-Western Line. Send 2-cent stamp for summer resort literature to W. B. Kniskern, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago. For rates, tickets, etc., apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

Victor Liver Pills

The superior Family Liver Pills. Very mild in their action and act as a Laxative, by taking one before retiring. In larger doses they are antibilious Pills and cure Biliousness, Liver and Stomach troubles. A favorite among the Ladies. If your dealer does not have Victor Liver Pills you can get them for twelve 2-cent stamps by addressing

VICTOR REMEDIES CO.,
Frederick, Md.

THE WASHER THAT WASHES



ONLY

$1.83

The Biggest Bargain Ever Offered Inglenook Readers.

Do not compare this machine with other machines of similar make, that are now upon the market—it is far superior in every respect.—The lumber which is used in the manufacturing of these washers is selected stock, thoroughly kiln-dried from ten days to two weeks—finish is in the mahogany stain with two coats of varnish. It has the removable crate, a feature not on all machines of similar make.—We guarantee this machine first class in every respect. **Give it a trial.**

Price, only $1.83

EQUITY MFG. & SUPPLY COMPANY, Lancaster, Pa., or Chicago, Ill.

Yesterday and Today.

The Chicago & North-Western Railway has issued a valuable and interesting compendium of railway history in the Northwest from the time when the Indians ceded the United States the last territory east of the Mississippi up to the present day. Over a hundred pages of historic matter concerning the various roads forming what is known as The North-Western Line, well printed in strong paper covers, postpaid for ten cents. W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., Chicago.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE INGLENOOK.

HELLO, BOYS!



How would you like to carry one of these handsome, THIN MODEL, 16 size, gun-metal or nickel case, guaranteed timekeeper?

Write us at once and we will tell you how to get one absolutely FREE through answering this ad.

The president of our company carries one of these watches and highly recommends it.

Equity Mfg & Supply Co.
153 So. Jefferson Street,
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A NEW EDITION OF THE

Inglenook Cook Book

This cook book has become so popular that we were compelled to get out another edition.

We are printing it on much better paper this time and are binding it in our own bindery, insuring a much better book than previous edition.

It contains 1,000 recipes by the best cooks in the country and are all simple and practical. Many good cooks tell us they have laid all other cook books aside and use only the Inglenook Cook Book.

It is being bound in a substantial paper binding and also good oil cloth.

If you do not have a copy, send now, and you will be pleased.
Price in paper binding, each, 25 cents
Oil cloth binding, each, ...35 cents

Brethren Publishing House,
Elgin, Illinois.

Rich Colony in California On the Sacramento River

FOR THE BRETHREN



Fig Orchard, Sacramento Valley River Lands. Income, $150 to $400 an Acre. No Winter. No Summer Humidity.

Since my visit to Bristol, Tenn., where I saw the great assemblage of good people and met many of them, I am more than ever desirous that the Brethren's Colony on the Packer ranch be enlarged. I desire to hear at once from every member of the German Baptist Brethren who desire a California Home, so we can determine just how much land to set aside for their colony. In all the world there is no superior land and location than that of the great Packer ranch, on the broad, clear Sacramento River. A committee of fifteen brethren visited the valley and selected a portion of this ranch for a Brethren colony, where they are now establishing their own town. They request our company to set aside the whole of the ranch for their friends. This we are willing to do, provided prompt assurance can be had that it will be soon taken. It is an ideal spot, a veritable garden. Land, as graded and priced by the committee of fifteen, ranges from $20 to $90 an acre, including a free water right and everlasting rate of $1.00 an acre for water for irrigation in abundant supply. Steamboats land almost at your door.



Ten-year-old Almond Orchard, Sacramento Valley. Note Size and Productive Capacity of Trees. Income, $100 to $350 an Acre, Yearly.

The beautiful river of clear, pure water, with banks lined with great trees and wild vines and berries, affords recreation for boating and fishing, and the canal makes certain six crops of alfalfa yearly, worth $100 an acre. Corn, alfalfa, oranges, peaches, pears, prunes, almonds, walnuts, figs, sugar beets and all kinds of vegetables grow abundantly here, and with canal irgation there is never a failure. Success is sure. Dairy cows produce $91 each annually. Alfalfa thus will carry two cows to the acre. It is the poor man's land of fulfillment. Terms are, ¼ cash; balance, 2, 3 and 4 years. After first payment the land will pay for itself, properly tilled. Go direct to Colusa, see DeJarnett & Son, who will take you to the colony, where you will meet Wm. Platt and J. Overholtzer, ministers, and brethren building homes.

Wm. Platt and J. Overholtzer's address is Princeton, Colusa County, Cal. Write me for catalogues or any information that I may give to aid this colony.

C. M. WOOSTER,

President Sacramento Valley Land Company,

648 Market Street, - SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



How Hops Grow on Sacramento River Land. Income, $200 to $500 an Acre.

THE LAST WEST

You are familiar with the saying of Horace Greeley: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." The land now available in the Western States at a reasonable price is not worth while. We come to you with something that is worth while. "Save the best for the last" is an old saying, but we are proving it to you to-day, when we talk about the last "West."



A Harvest Scene in Canada.

For three years we have called to your attention Western Canada, where there are broad acres of fertile land ready for the plow. Many of the Brethren have heard our call, and are now enjoying the harvests.

We own and offer for sale thousands of acres of land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our prices range from $5.00 to $20.00 per acre on easy terms. In some of our districts homesteads of 160 acres each can be obtained for $10.00 and three years' residence.

Is this worth while to you? If so, write to-day for particulars.

PIONEER REALTY COMPANY,

R. R. STONER, President.

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DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio,

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HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys
Along the

Oregon Short Line Railroad

IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming
is Done by Irrigation.

Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley also yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry.

The climate is healthy; winters short and mild. We solicit the homeseekers to come and investigate these valleys before locating elsewhere. Parties wishing to visit Idaho may also take advantage of the very low rates authorized to Portland and return on account of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, on which liberal stop-over privileges are allowed.

Exposition rates from some of the most Eastern points for tickets to Portland and return (not including trip through California), are as follows:

Omaha & Kansas City,	$45.00
St. Paul & Minneapolis,	45.00
Chicago,	56.50
St. Louis,	52.00
Peoria,	53.00
Dayton, Ohio,	62.50

Tickets will be sold daily to September 30th, with final limit of ninety days from date of sale, but not beyond November 30, 1905. Stop-overs will be allowed on the Oregon Short Line at any point going or returning within final limit of tickets, but on return journey tickets must be deposited with the agent at point of stop-over.

Settlers' cheap one way rates will be in effect September 15th to October 31, 1905.

S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.
J. E. Hooper, Agent, Oakland, Kans.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. & T. A.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. JULY 11, 1905. NO. 28.

"YOU WILL NEVER MISS THE WATER TILL THE WELL RUNS DRY."

BY ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

Here's an old and homely proverb,
No one will deny,
"You will never miss the water
Till the well runs dry."

Golden summer days are fleeting,
Youth is passing too;
Time and tide will wait for no one
To begin anew.

Opportunities are passing,
Moments will not stay,
From us they are ever hast'ning,
Seize them while you may.

Face your duty as you meet it,
With a fearless eye,
"You will never miss the water
Till the well runs dry."

❖ ❖ ❖

SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

BY JOSEPHINE HANNA.

Palace cars are not run on Endeavor tracks.

❖

Purity is the heart of virtue,—love its soul.

❖

The roughness of the way keeps many a man from slipping.

❖

There is more than one big potato shook to the top of the pile.

❖

Do not prepay charges on trouble: take it, when you must, C. O. D.

❖

He who takes pains with the present will ever have less pains for the past.

❖

The road to retribution is so declining that little effort is required to reach the place.

There is a measuring line by which those who carry it are kept from evil; it is the line of "safe distance."

❖

The drunkard prohibitionist is not the hypocrite he is supposed to be, but a slave who would slay his master (the saloon) for the sake of freedom.

❖

He who allows base passions sway is as much below the brute as his intellect is above the instinct of the same.

❖

The dreadful things which have not happened have done mankind much harm, in their way: fear kills, as well as danger.

❖

The field of mercy is as wide as that o'er which are spread the senses of grief and pain. How much of it are we cultivating?

❖

Where we find superfluity, we also find deficiency; and if it be alone in charity, it is yet in the most important of all things.

❖

Industry and goodness give a cash payment in satisfaction, and their note is pretty good for the remainder coming to men who deal with them.

❖

Attend to the present: through it the past has been formed, into its hands the future must fall—thus, by it, may you have power over all time; attend to it while you may.

❖

If we knew that we had but one more day to live, the duties of a lifetime would clamor for place therein; but not knowing our allotted time, although it may be less than a day, we in the height of folly, neglect duty.

❖

Politics in the pulpit is objectionable to some,—and why? Should politics have the right to go wrong, unrebuked? That it requests the right is proof of wrong politics. Nothing else would be so presumptuous.

Flora, Ind.

1433

With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

Cruising on the Indian Ocean.

Number One.

April 19, 1905, we steamed away from the plague-stricken city of Bombay on the *Nuddea,* one of the British India Navigation Company's boats, plying between the coasts of India and South Africa. The "we" in this case refers to Brother Wilbur B. Stover, well known to the readers of the Nook as an active missionary in India, and the writer. He decided to cast his lot with us and helps greatly to make the cruise interesting and enjoyable. Nothing like having good company on board ship, or on shore either, for that matter.

The *Nuddea* is a cargo boat of three thousand tons displacement and was not built for the especial accommodation of passengers, a fact we ascertained soon after coming on board. There are but four cabin passengers for the entire cruise, which takes in the Seychelles group of islands, Mombassa, Zanzibar, Mozambique, Delegoa Bay and Durban on the east coast of South Africa, and Madagascar, a large island in the Southern Ocean. But we have a crowd of Moslem and Hindu deck passengers. These are leaving their homes in India for South Africa, attracted by the promise of higher wages and a better living. The officers of the ship are English, the stewards Goanese and Portuguese, the crew, for the most part, from India. We have in every sense of the word a cosmopolitan crowd about us. There must be at least a score of different nationalities and religions. The mixed multitude affords unlimited opportunity for study in contrasts and for reflections on the various conditions of humanity represented on the *Nuddea* which for the time being is a little world of its own.

Before turning the prow of our ship toward the equator we sail north along the coast of India to Porebunder, where a day was spent in taking in cargo and embarking passengers. Our deck passenger list was augmented by the addition of eighty-one natives who brought with them on board twenty head of cattle and about as many goats and kids. These should be properly classed among the deck passengers, for men, women, children, cows, calves, goats and kids all live together in intimate relation on the open deck. The Hindu regards the cow and her seven products as particularly sacred, and hence offers no objection to being herded with cattle. But it is a stench in our nostrils and we get entirely too much of it for our comfort.



VIEW OF VICTORIA AND THE HARBOR, ISLAND OF MAHE.

Because of these unsanitary conditions, prevailing in the Orient, the traveler is in constant danger from infectious and contagious diseases. When the cholera, plague or smallpox breaks out among these people they die like flies and it is a most difficult matter to stamp out diseases. For several months all three of these have been more or less prevalent in Bombay, raising the death rate as high as one hundred and twenty to the thousand. In the city of Chicago the death rate is as low as seventeen to the thousand.

This gives a striking contrast as to the health of the two cities.

From Bombay our ship's log showed that we traveled a distance of two thousand three hundred and fifty miles to Victoria, the capital of the Seychelles archipelago, lying four degrees south of the equator, and eleven hundred miles east of Mombassa on the southeast coast of the Dark Continent. We were compelled to remain six days in the harbor of Victoria without being allowed to go ashore. The cause of the delay was on this wise:

Two days out from Bombay one of the deck passengers was taken dangerously ill and died the next night. He had a son in South Africa and desired to visit his boy again. But death ended his earthly voyage and instead of seeing his son went down to a watery grave. His body was sewed up in a sack made of sailcloth, with heavy iron weights attached. In the early morning the propeller was stayed in its revolutions for a few moments. From the side of the ship I saw an object dart downward, there was a sudden splash, as the sea opened its mouth to receive the dead, the waters closed over the body and the ship moved on as if nothing had happened. For a brief moment I thought how typical of the shortness of human life is this burial at sea. We are born, we live, we die. For a short time our little world pauses in its onward course, there is a wound in the earth, an open grave, a downward movement, the earth is closed, the world moves on and we are left alone to be forgotten.

The day following the burial at sea we were informed by the ship's doctor that the smallpox had broken out among the deck passengers and that there was a case of what it was feared might prove to be the plague. Owing to the crowded condition of the ship it was almost impossible to segregate those afflicted with the dread disease. A not very successful attempt was made in this direction and we settled down to make the best of an unpleasant situation.

Under ordinary circumstances it is considered a very serious matter for the smallpox to break out in a community on shore. The place is at once quarantined and the greatest possible precautions are taken to prevent the spread of the disease. But it is quite a different thing to have the disease appear on board the narrow limits of a crowded ship, among passengers who by their religious beliefs are fatalists, and have not the slightest idea of the common sanitary measures and precautions to stay the malady. Those who are afflicted are Moslems and they believe if it is their fate to die with the smallpox no power on earth can change the decree. As a result they are not careful about coming in contact with those who are sick and so it may easily be carried about and the danger of its spreading is greatly increased.

And so we go on day by day and the Lord only knows what the result will be. A danger bravely met and faced loses much of its terror, and when it is met with trusting confidence in God there come instead of fear, joy and peace in the consciousness that although we may be surrounded by danger and death, yet the Lord doeth all things well. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee."

Our voyage thus far, barring the appearance of the smallpox, has been a most pleasant one. Wilbur, who by the way is not a very good sailor at best, made frequent offerings to the sea before he was able to enjoy the voyage, but after a few days he was all right and equal to the occasion. As for me I have not felt the slightest symptom of the malady of the sea.

As we proceeded southward we had a gentle breeze which greatly modified the heat. I expected, from what I had heard and read, to find the heat intense under the equator, but in this was happily disappointed. At no time did either of us suffer from the heat. Of course the almost constant ocean breeze modifies the intensity of the heat and makes both day and night pleasant.



THE VANILLA BEAN AS IT GROWS AT VICTORIA.

As we near the equator we observe that the days and nights become more and more nearly equal, and the long twilights, so enjoyable in our northern home, are altogether wanting. Soon after the sun sinks below the water line in the west, darkness comes down and covers the sea as with a great pall. For several evenings before crossing the line we have noticed the North Star approaching nearer and nearer the water line in the far-away north. One evening we watched it closely as it appeared just above the horizon and the next we looked for it in vain, apparently the sea had swallowed it up and we saw it no more while we tarried in the Southland. But in its stead we have the far-famed Southern Cross, the noted constellation of the southern heavens, rising higher and higher each night toward the zenith of the skies. And then there



PINEAPPLE GARDEN, SEYCHELLES.

are numberless new stars brought into view, and our old friend, the Great Bear, is still with us in the north and then we also have Orion showing her beautiful bands evening after evening. But the southern heavens cannot vie with our northern skies for brilliancy of decoration at night. The Southern Cross pales in contrast with Ursu Major and Orion, and many of our brighter stars are wanting in the southern hemisphere.

April 29, in the early morning, we sighted land and it was a gladsome view that we had of the group of islands forming the Seychelles archipelago. At three in the afternoon we cast anchor in the harbor of Victoria about two miles from shore. Here we awaited patiently and anxiously the coming of the health officers so that we might learn what was in store for us. We had hopes that those who were sick might be allowed to land and be put into the hospital at the quarantine station. Presently the boat came steaming alongside the ship, stopping a hundred yards away. When the officials were informed of conditions on board they said we would be allowed to anchor within a mile of the shore, that no one should attempt to go ashore and that in the morning they would give us their decision as to landing passengers. With this they pulled away and we saw no more of them until ten o'clock the next day. Armed patrol boats came out after we had taken our second anchorage and from that time until we left the harbor six days later we were under the closest possible surveillance.

In the evening and during the night refreshing showers of rain fell, but the morning of the Lord's Day came bright and clear. The mountain, covered with forests of rich green, at the foot of which nestled the embowered city of Victoria, presented a beautiful and inviting appearance. It was a quiet, peaceful day. Over the rippling waters of the bay came the sound of the ringing church bells in the quiet town. How gladly we would have answered the call to service but were hindered. A hundred yards away lay the patrol boats guarding us with Argus eyes, so that no one from the plague ship could go ashore. Presently the health officer's boat again approached us. Stopping a long way off he delivered his decision in a loud voice. To us it meant this: Our sick would not be allowed to land. The passengers for Victoria might be taken in the ship's boat to the quarantine island some miles away, where they would be compelled to remain twenty-one days in strict quarantine. We might discharge such cargo as we had for Victoria, but no help would come from the shore. Potatoes and onions were not to be unloaded. And last but not least, no one on board the ship would be allowed to land.

Zanzibar, Africa.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW "BEN-HUR" CAME TO THE HARPERS.

THE death of Gen. Lew Wallace recalls the circumstances of his first visit to Harper Brothers, with the manuscript of "Ben-Hur" under his arm. A literary note from the publishers says:

He was personally unknown to the Harpers at that time, and after introducing himself he explained to Mr. J. Henry Harper that he had written a book which dealt with the life of Christ. Mr. Harper asked him if Christ actually appeared in the story, and General Wallace replied that he did. Mr. Harper then remarked that this subject was a delicate one to treat in a novel, and General Wallace answered that if there was anything in the story that could offend a fellow Christian, he would rather cut off his right hand than publish it. He then explained to Mr. Harper that the book had resulted from a spirited controversy he had held with Robert G. Ingersoll on the subject of religion, in which Ingersoll had defeated him in argument. General Wallace went away from the discussion with a troubled mind. For some time he contemplated writing a theological work which would strengthen religious faith at the point of Ingersoll's brilliant attack. But he decided that theologians could do that work much better than he, and, besides, his desire was to reach and help the masses. He lay awake by night pondering the questions which had taken possession of his mind, and eventually decided to write a religious novel in which he could embody his understanding of religious truth. "Ben-Hur" was the result. When General Wallace had told these interesting facts to Mr. Harper he left the manuscript, expressing the hope that his own estimate of the work would be endorsed by the house. The manuscript was read in the usual way by the readers of the firm and was promptly accepted. General Wallace told Mr. Harper later on that he had written the book in all sorts of out-of-the-way places,—on boats, railroads, in carriages, wherever he had an opportunity, afterward correcting and revising with the utmost patience and care. It seems astonishing that he had never been to the Holy Land when he wrote "Ben-Hur," but worked out the minute topography of the country, as it is presented in the story, entirely from maps and reading. He once said to Mr. Harper that when eventually he did visit Palestine he was himself surprised at the absolute accuracy of his descriptions, which tallied exactly with the facts; and he was fond of telling how he found the very stone which he had imagined as a resting-place for Ben-Hur at a certain point of the story. The book was published on November 12, 1880, and for the first year the sales hung fire: it showed no signs of general popularity. Then it began to grow year by year. Translations were made in language after language. The sales still increased and everybody read it. It has now sold on well to a million copies, and, what is more striking, shows no sign of abatement. Its yearly sales are greater now, twenty-four years after its first appearance, than they have ever been. Another distinguishing feature of its success is the fact that it has never been issued in an edition cheaper than the regular $1.50 form in which it was originally published. On the other hand, fourteen luxurious editions of it have been issued from time to time by the Harpers; and its career conclusively shows that the public has accepted the book as decisively as the publishers did, and has set the stamp of its approval upon its manifest sincerity and worth.

❖ ❖ ❖

ART IN INDUSTRY.

WHAT is art?

We do not need to look in the books for a definition. Art nowadays is visible all about us, in almost everything we use. It is to be seen not alone in the pictures on the wall, in the form and ornamentation of public buildings and private houses, and in articles worn for personal adornment. It is in the humblest things we use—in the form and ornaments of the lamp at which we sit to read, in the legs and cover of the table, in the pitcher from which we pour a drink of water, and the tumbler from which we drink it, in the handle of a boy's jackknife, in the pattern of a girl's calico gown.

It is impossible to escape the application of art to industry; the farmer sees it in the design painted on his lumber wagon, and his wife sees it in the castings upon her kitchen stove and in the backs and legs of her kitchen chairs.

The making of a lumber wagon or a kitchen stove, even supposing there was no attempt to make either one of these useful articles a thing pleasant to look at, would be an "art," according to the dictionary definition; but nowadays when we speak of the employment of art in industry, we mean something else; we mean the attempt not only to render beautiful to the eye objects which are made wholly to be beautiful or pleasing, like a painted picture or a bit of sculpture, but also to render those beautiful in some degree which are made to be useful first of all.—*Youth's Companion.*

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THE art treasures of the French churches, it is said, far surpass in value those of her museums. From an inventory of church treasures, supplied to the Minister of Fine Arts, in answer to a circular calling for returns, an estimate of their aggregate value has been made, which gives the enormous sum of $1,200,000,000.

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THAT is not an act of religion which is not an act of the understanding; for that is not a religious act which is not human.—*B. Whichcote.*

MY EASTER IN JERUSALEM.

BY M. ROY MURRAY.

THIS season, commemorating our Savior's suffering and awful death and glorious resurrection, is celebrated in Jerusalem with variety and form and pomp and display not to be witnessed elsewhere. In Jerusalem Christ spent the days of Passion week and each day was marked with some memorable teaching. In Jerusalem the great tragedy of the crucifixion was enacted. In Jerusalem the crucified One triumphed over his enemies and over death itself. Never can locality and event be more inseparably connected than in the city of Jerusalem and its immediate surroundings with the incidents of Passion week and the first Easter morning. Identification of the exact spot is immaterial. The great events took place at Jerusalem, and to Jerusalem, as to the place most appropriate, Christians come to commemorate these events. The little, narrow, dark, dirty streets are filled with pilgrims and tourists, the former actuated by motives of religion, and the latter by a laudable curiosity to see the ancient city and the sights to be witnessed here during the Easter time.

The Jew comes from countries far remote. He longs here to keep the passover with the 59,000 of his brethren dwelling in the Holy City. Special trains from Jaffa bring the pilgrims to Jerusalem. Upon coming in sight of the walls of the city of David and upon reaching the Jaffa gate, where most all newcomers enter, some are so filled with emotion that they sit down and weep. One case was very sad,—that of the great Jewish poet, Rabbi Jehudi Levi, of Toledo, who wrote many hymns (especially the Elegies-Kinoth) for the Ab, under the shadow of which he met his death on this wise: All his life he had longed to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land but had been prevented until finally, in his old age, the obstacles in his way were removed, and he found himself in Palestine. He was not, however, permitted to enter "the Beloved City." On reaching the Jaffa gate he threw himself upon the ground and lay there weeping, regardless of all that was passing about him. A troop of horsemen came galloping forward toward the city, and they advanced so rapidly that, before any one could interpose, the horses had passed over and trampled him to death.

Some Jews come to die here in the city of their fathers, others come to weep and mourn because Jerusalem lieth desolate and strangers have entered into their sanctuary from which they are shut out. Others come because they love to live at Jerusalem, and here can educate their children in Hebrew, and guard them from the infidelity and atheism into which they are liable to fall under the influences of foreign civilized countries. Here meet many races and many tongues and many religions. All together we see the cultured European, the peasant, the nomadic Bedouin, the Black Soudanese, Arabians, Syrians, Egyptians, Circassians, beggars and babies. The great crowds are most interesting, they represent a very small number of Protestant Christians, many Roman Catholics and thousands upon thousands of the Greek Orthodox faith, and many oriental churches, who are devotees often very adverse to one another, but united upon the one fact and truth—that Jesus died and rose again.

The Moslems, too, meet here on holy pilgrimages at this season, multitudes of them holding that the face of the Prophet Mohammed can actually be seen. Jerusalem with them ranks second only to Mecca in holiness, and a prayer said by a Moslem, in Jerusalem, counts for a thousand said elsewhere. His pilgrimage is not complete until he has bowed beneath the "Dome of the Rock," where Isaac is supposed to have been offered. This rock undoubtedly is authentic as that on which Abraham laid his son, and which afterwards constituted the altar of burnt offerings in the temple of Jehovah. From this shrine, popularly known as the Mosque of Omar, the Moslems start in procession to the Tomb of Moses, on this side (?) Jordan.

As many as ten thousand people gather to see them start from the city and again to see them return after a week's absence. The Jew is never allowed to enter the precincts of the temple grounds, where his fathers worshiped, and also if he enters the church of the Holy Sepulchre, his life is in danger. Indeed it is not safe for him to pass the street in front of this edifice. Religious fanaticism runs very high in Jerusalem, even to bloodshed at times, and always at the yearly feasts the Turkish soldiers are a necessary part of the throng to keep the peace. Yet bad and barbaric as this is, it may not be so much worse, after all, than the dead indifference of some in our own more favored homeland who do not care at all for any religion or any religious life. It is a great privilege to be in this city and to travel in this land. All one witnesses illustrates some prophecy or truth of Scripture so that the Bible must always seem more real for what one beholds. It is not easy for me to write, but when I return to America I can tell you many interesting things—the remarkable costumes, the peculiar customs, the variety of languages, etc., etc.

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THE GREEN HERON BABIES.

ONE warm afternoon in the latter part of May, a boy with a camera was rowing down a stream in western Kansas. As he passed under the large branches of an elm tree a green bird flew out. Now this boy was very much interested in birds, and was anxious to take photographs of as many different kinds as he could. But he never destroyed the eggs

nor killed any birds. He was generally to be seen with a camera instead of a gun.

He knew that the bird he had seen leave the tree was a green heron, a bird whose nest is frequently built in trees along the water; since this bird is a fish-eater such a place is most convenient.

So the boy stopped his boat and looked up into the overhanging branches, and about twenty feet above he saw a nest. After tying his boat to a tree at the water's edge he climbed the elm to see what the nest contained. It was so far out upon the branches that it was not safe to venture along to quite reach it. But he could see some eggs of a light greenish-blue color. The nest itself was much like that of a mourning dove except that it was larger and built of coarser sticks, in fact it seemed to be just a loose pile of sticks lined with twigs.

The boy could not get close enough to take a nice picture of the eggs, but he hoped they would hatch and that he could photograph the young birds, and when he went away he was careful to remember the tree.

In about a week he returned to the elm and found, instead of the eggs, two young birds. They were very queer looking nestlings with their covering of light gray down, and their long strong beaks.

He had thought of a way to take them out of their nest and photograph them and then return them to their home, without hurting them. He had brought with him a large tin dipper and a small basket with a cover. He cut a slender pole about seven feet in length and now he securely lashed the long handle of the dipper to this. With this outfit he climbed the tree and ventured out far enough on the limb so that he could reach the nest with the dipper by means of its lengthened handle.

Then he carefully dipped into the large flat nest until the cup contained a bird; this he brought within reach and placed it in the basket. In the same way he obtained the other bird and in the basket he carried both down to the ground.

The nestlings were not in the least afraid of the boy or the camera, and he left them in the basket while he fastened the camera on to the tripod and opened it up ready to use.

Then he set the nestlings on the ground and placed an open umbrella where it would shelter the young birds from the hot sun. In their nest the foliage had protected them; and young birds need such protection, and they suffer if they do not have it.

The birds did not move from where they were placed, so the boy quickly focused on them and set the shutter of his camera for one-twenty-fifth of a second's exposure, then removed the umbrella and took the picture.

The bird babies were probably about one week old at that time. One seemed very helpless, but the other stood up straight and looked so wise that one could imagine that he was really wondering what the boy was about. As soon as the picture was taken the young birds were carefully returned to their nest in the same manner as they had been taken from it.

Some people believe that a mother will destroy her eggs or kill her young birds if a person has touched them. But this boy has handled many kinds of eggs, and many tiny birds, when taking pictures; and the rain crow, or yellow-billed cuckoo, is the only bird that ever broke her eggs because he had touched them, and no bird has ever killed her young birds because he had handled them.

The next time the boy photographed these young green herons he managed as he did the first time. And as before one bird seemed weak and the other strong; and both were just as fearless and curious about what was being done. They had grown rapidly. The mother-bird was not in sight, but had evidently fed her young only a short time before, for one of the birds spit out a whole fish. It was a very small one though.

The last time the boy went to take a picture of the heron babies they were large enough to not be afraid to leave the nest. When they heard the boy climbing the tree they hopped out and fearlessly traveled around among the network of small branches, and it was with difficulty that the boy finally caught them.

It was not long after the last photograph was taken until the young birds were able to fly from their nests and had learned how to obtain their own food. Sometimes they would stand motionless on the edge of a pile of drift, and when a small fish came near they would catch it. At other times they would stand side by side in the shallow water and dip up minnows or any other small fish that came swimming within reach of their long necks and strong beaks.

If they observed the approach of a person when they were fishing, they would fly up into a nearby tree, always being careful to alight where the leaves would hide them; and their color was so near that of the leaves that they were not readily noticed among the foliage. Perhaps this way of hiding was an instinct got by the race of the herons from living among the boys; for the green heron, as Col. Goss says, is always in bad repute among boys, hooted at and stoned and called names by them—perhaps because it destroys so many little fish.

The boy kept track of the pair all summer, but before winter came they went south where there would be no ice to prevent their catching fish to live upon.—*Viola McColm, in Little Folks.*

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President Roosevelt has received an equestrian statue of himself as colonel of the Rough Riders, the latest work of the sculptor Macmonnies.

THE KANSAS "SODDIE" AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

BY FOSTER W. CLINE.

Do all the Nookers know what a "soddie" is? It is a term coined by the westerners themselves and is a shortened term for sod house.

"Soddies" are as common in the western part of Kansas as the rail fence is in the East. They are the result of conditions and serve their purpose well. The soddie is usually made by its occupant. After staking off his claim, which is often treeless and streamless, he realizes he must have a house. Even if his purse did allow, he finds that he would have to haul his lumber from 20 to 60 miles perhaps. But he finds that the top soil of his claim, which has lain for centuries unmolested, forms a very tough, substantial coat over the surface. This with his team and "breaker" he breaks into long strips about twelve inches wide, three to five inches thick and of proper length. Then by the use of a sled he is able to transport his building material to the place of building.

Usually he builds a house about thirty feet long, twelve feet wide and ten feet high and the walls about three feet in thickness. The roof may consist of a long middle ridge pole, which has been hauled a considerable distance, smaller timbers being used as the cross pieces. This may be covered with sod, or, if circumstances allow, perhaps he has a complete wood roof. Either kind is of sufficient compactness to keep out the rain, wind or sun. The windows, usually two in number, are about two feet square. There may or may not be a wooden floor. The inside of the walls has been smoothed, plastered and given the white coat. These houses, built properly, look very neat and are comfortable, warm in winter and cool in summer. The barn and other buildings are made in a similar manner. These buildings are quite substantial and will stand for many years, usually until prosperity enables the owner to build better.

The "soddie" is no more interesting than its occupants. The question may be asked, What kind of man is this, who, often with wife and family, is willing to isolate himself, endure the hardships, suffer the droughts, etc? Is he of the shiftless class who cannot do better? It has been our privilege to visit many of these homes, and they may be called homes in the truest sense. Some of the noblest characters, truest citizens, and most devoted Christians are often found here. Many are strong young men who with the queen of the home have come west to become landowners, rather than ever be renters in the East. They are often ones who have the ambition and courage to face a little privation in order to have freedom.

The community of interests of the husband and wife bind together their actions and thoughts. The small family, often through necessity is taught the valuable lessons of economy. We know of many instances in which the industry of the wife and mother with a cow or two and a few chickens has supported the family while the total earnings of the man have gone to pay for or improve the farm.

We have seen many houses that justly may be called palaces, as compared with these little prairie homes. It has been our privilege to be in many of both of these types of material homes. We have stood in the crowded streets of our cities and have seen what we as Americans justly boast of as our modern civilization. Through these inventions we are able to hear our friend talk, are able with the stereoscope to see and visit distant places, we are able to flash a thought to a friend across the ocean. But a few days ago we witnessed a scene that brings up more sublime feelings. It was at a little "soddie." The great, round golden sun was slowly sinking in the distant west. The rays seemed to play and linger with the great sea of waving wheat, and as the sun went slowly to rest, the king of that home came in from his daily toil. He was met by the little idols of the home, their children. He came to the house, and after supper, simple, but pure and plenty, a word of evening devotion, a few words of human sympathy, and we retired for a peaceful rest. And for a while we lay meditating upon such homes, with such environment, held and bound firmly together by Christian love and we could not help but think that in such homes lies much of America's greatness and hope.

McPherson, Kans.

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DANIEL WEBSTER.

ARE there many of my farmer boys who have poor health? I am sure there are many such and I know exactly how they feel. Do you wonder in your heart why you are not as stout as the other boys you know? Do you lie awake nights sometimes thinking bitterly to yourself, that somehow you have been cheated of something that belonged to you as well as to others, that somehow you have been defrauded?

It is hard to know that you cannot do as much in the cornfield with the hoe, as much in the hayfield with the scythe and rake, as other boys of your own age. This is hard enough to endure, but how much harder it is when you hear the hired men say: "That boy doesn't earn his salt." Even this could be got along with, but how utterly discouraging to know that your father and mother have gotten into the way of thinking that you will never amount to much, anyhow. And the more your father and mother love you and the kinder they are to you, the more thoughtful they are not to give you tasks that you cannot easily finish, the more your heart aches at the dreary prospect ahead.

I do not wonder you feel so. I would do anything I could to help you, and I know of no way to lighten your load so much as to tell you of boys who have been just as badly off as you—worse off than a good many of you—who have come out all right at last, who have become great and useful men in the end.

Daniel Webster was a sickly boy—he could not do the *stunts* that other boys would have laughed at. Take courage, then, my farmer boy friend. Daniel Webster fills a grand place in his country's history—so may you!

While others were at work, younger than he, he was largely left alone to amuse himself as best he could. He could help but little on the farm, but he could play, and think and study nature. That these seemingly idle, useless days, were not wasted, that he thought to some purpose how well his after life showed when he became an acknowledged giant among men—a giant in mind, towering head and shoulders above congressmen, senators, cabinet ministers; when, as orator, politician, statesman, he outranked even the presidents of his time. If he was a frail child he was studious. He, himself, has told us that he could not remember when he could not read the Bible.

Until he was fourteen years old he had only such chances of schooling as could be found in the country districts of that day. But such opportunities as he had were fully improved.

At school there was only one thing that he was really backward in. How many of you boys are there who dare to "speak a piece"? How many of you are there, who, when you find yourself in front of the whole school, find your knees shaking, your mouth so dry that you can hardly open it, and when you do open it find that the words you have committed to memory with so much pains have run away from you, leaving you in a cold fright, wishing vainly that the floor would somehow open a hole big enough to drop you down out of sight?

It may be a consolation to you to know that this was precisely the way Daniel Webster felt when a boy—Daniel Webster, who afterward became the most eloquent orator America has ever produced Daniel Webster, whose words thrilled and swayed the living thousands who listened to him, whose glowing words will live as long as the English language lasts!

Of his boyish experiences as a speaker, Webster says: "There was one thing I could not do—I could not speak before the school. The kind and excellent Buckminster," (one of his teachers,) "sought, especially, to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation like other boys, but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and recite and rehearse in my own room, over and over again, yet when the day came, when the school collected to hear the declamations, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the instructors frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated, most winningly, that I would venture, but I could never command sufficient resolution. When the occasion was over, I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification."

If Daniel Webster shed "bitter tears of mortification" because he was not capable of a declamation, is there any boy living who cannot learn to speak before an audience if he will only persist in doing the best he can?

Daniel Webster's father was a poor man and the boy had no reason to suppose that he was to be given the advantages of such an education as he desired. When he was eleven years old there was a decided improvement in his father's financial condition. Of himself at this period he tells us:

"I read what I could get to read, went to school when I could, and, when not at school was a farmer's youngest boy, not good for much for want of health and strength, but was expected to do something." In 1795, when he was fourteen, he says:

"On a hot day in July, it must have been one of the last years of Washington's administration, I was making hay with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm tree. About the middle of the forenoon the Honorable Abiel Foster, M. C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house, and came into the field to see my father. He was a worthy man, college learned, and had been a minister, but was not a person of any considerable natural powers. My father was his friend and supporter. He talked awhile in the field, and went on his way. When he was gone, my father called me to him, and we sat down beneath the elm, on a haycock. He said:

"'My son, that is a worthy man; he is a member of Congress; he goes to Philadelphia and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he has an education. I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it as it was. But I missed it, and now I must work here.'

"'My dear father,' said I. 'You shall not work. Brother and I will work for you, and will wear our hands out, and you shall rest.' And I remember to have cried, and I cry now at the recollection.

"'My child,' said he, 'it is of no importance to me. I could not give your elder brother the advantages of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself, improve your opportunities, learn, learn, and, when I am gone, you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time!'"

This is not a bad thing for the farmer fathers and the farmer boys to carefully read. Even after Daniel Webster went away to school at Exeter to prepare for college, it was not all smooth sailing. His clothes were poor. He was awkward. He was bashful.

Some of the other boys—town boys, rich men's sons—laughed at him, and even snubbed him. If ever you were in a similar plight, remember the old Spanish proverb:

"He laughs best who laughs last." What did any of these boys amount to in after years as compared with the boy they had once laughed at?

Thanks to the wise head and kind heart of his father, Daniel Webster got his education. One of his brothers on the farm had jestingly said, more thoughtlessly than with unkind intention, I am sure—that his "father had to send Daniel to school to make him equal to the rest of the family."

Who would ever have heard of the "rest of the family" if there had been no Daniel? And if you have not already read his life, it will pay you to do so. Every life is given for some useful purpose. You may not ever become a Daniel Webster, but you can do something, be somebody, if you will.

Like George Washington, Daniel Webster found the greatest comfort of his later years in the delightful seclusion of his farm. One of the most familiar pictures of Webster shows him sitting in the shadow of the elm tree, under which he had the talk with his father on the hot July day, when his future was settled, as far as his father had the power to settle it.

If the farm is a good place to be born and raised on, and go from, Washington and Webster have shown to the world that the old farm is the best place to go back to.—*Selected.*

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AN ODD INSECT.

A DOZEN years ago, one fall when I was a boy I made a discovery.

We were harvesting the corn and the yellow pumpkins that were scattered through the cornfield, when here and there I noticed a queer sprout-like growth peeping through the mellow soil. It was out of the ground but an inch or less, was about the size of an acorn sprout, and of a lovely purple color.

I pulled up one of these purple sprouts, and you can guess my surprise when, in place of the root or seed from which it had sprung, there was a big, white cut-worm.

I pulled up another, and another, and at the root end of each was a cut-worm.

The sprouts always seemed to start from the head, and were from one to several inches long. It looked as if the cut-worms had all at once taken to wearing horns!

I can hardly suppose this was the fashion of only that season, or, if the cut-worms had no voice in the matter, that it had never happened to them before and has not since. Yet no one on the farm seemed to know about it, and I have never seen a "horned" cut-worm from that day to this.

None of these cut-worms with the long, slender, purple horns standing erect from their heads were alive.

I do not recall that I thought of the horn as something apart from the worm. It did not occur to me that the curious purple growths were plants, still less that they had killed the cut-worms—as if in revenge for the many plants the cut-worms had killed!—but I have just come on the account of a kind of caterpillar in New Zealand that is always killed by a vegetable growth very like those cut-worm horns.

This insect is one of the oddest that is known. Indeed it is hard to say, at last, if it be insect or vegetable. Its name is Aweto, but it is more generally called the Vegetable Caterpillar.

At first the aweto is a perfect caterpillar, and a big one, three and a half inches long. Until fully grown it behaves and looks like any other caterpillar.

The aweto is never found, however, except in the neighborhood of the Rata tree, a kind of laurel with large scarlet flowers. It has a queer habit, too, of burying itself several inches underground.

When the aweto is grown, a wonderful change takes place. Then the spore or seed of a vegetable fungus fixes itself in the neck of the caterpillar, takes root, and grows, without leaves, like a small rush, six to ten inches high.

The stem, with more or less curving, pierces the earth over the caterpillar, and rises, with a dark-brown head, several inches above the surface.

At the same time, the roots grow into the caterpillar, which they fill in every part, without changing its form, simply replacing the animal substance with vegetable.

After that, both fungus and caterpillar die, and become dry and hard, without shriveling.

The thing is then like a wooden caterpillar, with a wooden bulrush rising up from its neck.

Those who see the vegetable caterpillars for the first time are greatly puzzled to know what they really are.

Only a little less curious were the horned cut-worms I found in the cornfield those years ago. And no doubt those pretty, purple horns were fungus growths similar to those that destroy the aweto, and in so doing change the insect to a vegetable.—*C. P. Stuart, in Our Little Men and Women.*

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SEA LIONS.

A SEA LION is really a seal, but larger, stronger, and more ferocious. A great many sea lions are captured about the Faralones, a group of islands off the coast of California, about thirty miles due west from San Francisco Bay.

The lions come upon the beach and rocks to bask

in the sun, and while they are asleep the sailors crawl up as near to them as possible. Almost invariably the sea lions wake up when the sailors get within ten or twelve feet of them, and lift up their heads to fight. Then is the sailor's opportunity. Quick as a flash he throws a heavy canvas sack over the animal's head, and twists the sack about its powerful jaws.

The next thing to be done is to get a rope about the lion's flippers, which renders him helpless either to fight or to fly. The process of capturing sea lions alive is simple enough to describe, but it is dangerous and difficult to practice.

During a certain expedition, in which fourteen lions were captured, the scenes which occurred were very exciting. The first morning of the hunt, after three or four sea lions had been captured, one of the sailors discovered a lion whose gray whiskers and enormous size testified to his great age.

The sailor managed to get back the sack over the head of the beast, but its strength was so great and its struggles so violent that it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could get the rope over one flipper. He succeeded finally, but as he attempted to tie the other, the sack was thrown off the animal's head, and with a yelling roar, he turned and made a vicious snap at his captor. The lion just managed to catch the thumb and first finger of his left hand, tearing the thumb, with its tendons, from the hand, and taking the first joint of the finger. The sailor ran a few steps, screaming, and fell.

The sea lion, now thoroughly enraged, freed itself from the rope and sack, and advanced with open jaws toward the prostrate form of the sailor. He would undoubtedly have torn the man to pieces had not the mate, attracted by the seaman's cries, come up and shot the animal through the neck. Even then it managed to escape into the sea again. This was the only serious accident that marked the expedition.

Among the sailors was an ex-cowboy. He attempted to use his familiar lasso on the sea lions, but with very poor success, as the sea lion's head is so small, and the neck so large and smooth, that the noose usually slipped off their heads. One, a reddish-colored, rather small lioness, he did catch with his riata. Fourteen sea lions were captured in all. Among these were two superb males. These two were freed in the hold, and almost immediately began to fight. The smaller of the two was killed. His hide was torn and punctured in dozens of places by his adversary's teeth, and the adversary himself showed that the fight was a hard one.

In landing the seals at the wharf, two got loose. They look so dangerous with their upraised heads and shining teeth that the men hesitated to tackle them. They dived off the wharf-boat in a few seconds, and thus escaped.—*Selected.*

THE OLDEST LOVE LETTER IN THE WORLD.

That interesting love letter recently found among the ruins of Chaldæa, said to be the oldest communication of its kind in existence, deserves to be quoted. It was written by a Babylonian gentleman more than four thousand years ago, scratched on clay tablets, and sent to his Kasbuya (little ewe) who was at Sippara, the Sepharviam of the Bible. It illustrates the saying that happy lovers talk very much the same in all ages, from the days of Eden down to the twentieth century. Gimil Marduk—that was the gentleman's name—invokes the sun god (Sippara was a city of sun-worshipers) to give eternal life to his beloved. "I write," he declares, "wishing that I may know how your health is. Oh, send me a message about it. I live in Babylon and have not seen you, and for this reason I am very anxious. Send me a message that will tell me when you will come to me, so that I may be happy. Come in Marchesvan. May you live long for my sake." An imaginative writer remarks that in reply he receives a very short brick on which are inscribed thanks very much for his last camel load of candy and an account of a pleasant call received from a certain agreeable gentleman whom the "little ewe" met on a recent evening. But this is a cruel surmise.

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TAKE CARE OF THE PENNIES.

"'Take care of the dimes and the dollars will take care of themselves' is an old saw," said a wise man who has accumulated much wealth and is looked upon in other ways as a success, "but these days take care of the pennies. It is astonishing how much money a man can spend a year in pennies that he hardly considers as they go out one at a time. A cent isn't much, but ten of them make a dime and ten dimes the dollar that takes care of itself. It isn't so much in the actual pennies one saves by keeping the financial reckoning I suggest as the cultivation of economy and caution it begets for larger enterprises where hundreds or thousands of dollars may be involved. That is where all apparently trivial habits show their final advantage or detriment."

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In the course of a few months President James, of the University of Illinois, will have ready for publication statistics showing that college athletics ruin students for business. He claims that on the average these sports are engaged in too vigorously and that the physical body is weakened because of over-exertion. He is a strong supporter of common sense sports of college life, but is opposed to the present methods, a demonstration of which he will make in his later publications. His statements are logically reasoned.

RAILROADS.

THE history of railroads is truly marvelous. George Stephenson, the inventor (if it can be said that railroads were invented), when eighteen years old had never been to school. He could not write nor even read. His father was very poor, and he was compelled to work incessantly to aid in supporting a large family.

At that age he was fired with an ambition to learn, and for this purpose secured admission to an evening school, working during the day. He was indefatigable in his efforts to learn, and soon developed a passion for mathematics, the acquisition of which proved of great use to him in after life.

When twenty years old he was made brakeman on a colliery engine, and soon after began to think about improving it himself. He kept on working and thinking and reading until, at thirty-two years of age, he made an engine, which he named "My Lord," in honor of Lord Ravensworth, who had furnished the money with which to build it. This was in 1813, and it was the first locomotive engine ever built.

The construction of this engine was a great achievement, but Mr. Stephenson was not satisfied. He was sure that one could be built that would run much faster, and he ventured to predict that a speed of twelve miles an hour would be maintained, and that passengers would yet travel by steam.

He was laughed at for his folly; and one grave-looking gentleman, thinking to put him down by ridicule, said, "Suppose one of these engines to be going at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and that a cow were to stray upon the line, would not that be a very awkward circumstance?" "Yes," replied Mr. Stephenson, "very awkward, indeed—for the cow."

A few Quaker gentlemen, influenced by one Edward Pease, himself a Quaker, who it was said, could see a hundred years ahead, and who had become interested in what Mr. Stephenson was doing, formed a railroad company, and their first line of rail was laid from Wilton colliery (near Darlington, England), to Stockton, in September, 1825. This line was called in derision "The Quaker Line." Five years afterward it was extended to Middlesborough, a distance of four or five miles. This extension was opened on the 27th of December, 1830.

There was, of course, plenty of laughter in connection with the idea of railroads, and a good deal of opposition to them. People used the word "ridiculous" very freely. Some noblemen would not have their fox covers disturbed; others ordered their people to drive off any persons making surveys, as human trespassers, or to summarily duck them in a neighboring horse pond, and pamphlets were written to alarm the public.

It was gravely stated that if railroads were laid it would prevent the cows from grazing, hens from laying, and that the poisoned air from the locomotives would kill the birds as they flew, and render the preserving of game impossible, while householders near the line were told that their houses would be burned, vegetation destroyed, innkeepers ruined, and passengers massacred. And when it was known that Mr. Stephenson had said travelers could journey at a speed of twelve miles an hour, there was one general expression of derision.

The first railroad in the United States was built in 1827, for the purpose of transporting granite for the Bunker Hill monument from the quarry at Quincy, Mass., to the river Naponset, which flows into Boston harbor. The distance was three miles, and the cars were drawn by horses.

The engine which drew its first train over the great old "Quaker Line" in England in September, 1825, opened a new era to the world. In the half century just completed, greater progress and improvements in the arts generally have been made than in any corresponding period before in the world's history.

The few miles of track between the out-of-the-way little English towns have grown and ramified until their iron network, already pushing its way into the wilderness of Siberia, and the burning sands of the African deserts, will soon have encompassed the world.

For the old stage coach bodies, deprived of their wheels and mounted on trucks, which constituted the first railroad cars, there have been substituted elegant saloons, where one may eat and sleep in luxury over journeys from ocean to ocean; instead of the slow, wheezing machine, typical of childhood in its fragility and incapacity, now exists the magnificent engine, equally typical of the strength and might of manhood.

At first the locomotive crawled at the rate of four miles an hour over wooden tracks. Now it vies with the wind, and seems like a bird in its swiftest flights, scarcely visible in its wild rushing over the country on steel rails at a speed often of more than a mile a minute.

The opening of communication between New York and Chicago by means of a "fast mail line," on the 15th of September, 1875, bringing those two cities, though a thousand miles apart, within twenty-six hours of each other, is a fit closing of the half century's progress in railroading.—*Selected.*

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THE NIPPUR CONTROVERSY.

PUBLIC attention has been drawn to a dispute between Professor Hilprecht of the University of Pennsylvania, who has become famous in connection with the Babylonian Nippur explorations, and his critics, led by Dr. John B. Peters, formerly a lecturer at the

University and the organizer of the first expedition from that institution to Babylon, which went out in 1888. The question at issue is no less grave than the genuineness of the discovery of the great temple library at Nippur, of which the world has heard so much during the past few years.

There have been four of these University expeditions to Babylon. It was during the fourth, the work of which was concluded in 1900, that, according to Professor Hilprecht, the library of the temple at Nippur was discovered. Nippur was one of the leading cities of the world before Babylon became the great metropolis. As long ago as when Professor Hilprecht first rode over the grounds at Nippur, he pointed out an extensive group of mounds south of the temple hill, which he regarded as the site of the temple library. When these were opened in 1898 it was announced that the library had been found, and in 1900 it was stated that nearly ninety thousand documents had been taken from its rooms and shelves. Professor Hilprecht has published many statements regarding these and their contents. His critics say he has withheld the whole lot from examination and has himself quoted from two that are known to have been found years before the excavation of the "so-called library." Of these, however, Dr. Hilprecht says that they were originally taken by Arabs from the Nippur mounds, a statements which is not accepted by his critics. They are believed to have been found elsewhere. The real question is whether Professor Hilprecht lays claim to more than he has actually accomplished. Mrs. Stevenson, who has been the chief supporter of the archæological department of the University of Pennsylvania, has taken grounds against Hilprecht and resigned from the board of managers. With her have gone others. Vice Provost Smith of the University is quoted as expressing his belief that Professor Hilprecht will yet prove that he is in the right. It is announced that the Professor will sail in April for Constantinople, where he is curator of the museum in which are stored many of the tablets unearthed at Nippur.—*World's Events.*

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NEAR THE CRADLE OF MANKIND.

The re-creation of the Mesopotamian valley is at hand. Chaldea, once the richest part of the East, will ere long, counting decades, become again wealth-producing and the abode of busy populations. The Bagdad railway has now reached Eregli, not far from ancient Tarsus, and traversing the heart of Asia Minor it will ere long open up the most ancient of the Bible lands. The United States Consul at Beirut may truly remark that when the shriek of the steam engine echoes past Ur of the Chaldeas and along the banks of the Euphrates, and the train traverses the wastes where Nebuchadnezzar's sway flourished, it may be said that modern civilization has annexed the cradle of the world's earliest life. To-day, only three or four caravans pass between Bagdad and Damascus in a year. When the country is opened by railways it will become a great granary and will attract the attention of all peoples. As the deviation of trade toward the New World laid Asia Minor and Mesopotamia waste, so, it is confidently expected, its march from Central Europe toward the East will cause the countries of Western Asia to thrive and flourish. French, British, and Belgian capitalists are associated with the Germans in carrying out the Bagdad railway scheme, and it is predicted that it will be in working order from Scutari to the Persian Gulf, a distance of nearly two thousand miles, by 1910. The Russians have a Northern Pacific railway—the trans-Siberian. They have also a Central Pacific line running from the Caspian Sea as far as Tashkent in Turkestan; the problem is how to extend it through China to the ocean. Some day there will be a Southern Pacific line, continuing the Bagdad line from the Persian Gulf eastward along present and projected roads through India and Indo-China. It is a matter of present discussion among Englishmen in Egypt and India that a road should be built, entirely under British control, from Cairo across Arabia, on through Persia, Baluchistan and India. However railroad building shall proceed, it is certain that a great future is before Asia Minor—that land of a great past. Mesopotamia is still, as in ancient times, a country of immense potentialities—a fact which needs only the application of modern inventions and methods to bring to a splendid demonstration. Northern Mesopotamia is reached at present from Beirut. Bagdad, as conditions now are, is chiefly supplied from the Persian Gulf. It is argued that as the age of machinery has at length dawned in Syria, the United States should somehow take advantage of the opportunities opening for trade in that part of the world. Constant exploitation of European markets in disregard of new and undeveloped territory beyond is complained of as a short-sighted policy.—*World's Events.*

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In the Church of the Holy Cross, North Plainfield, N. J., the vested choir have transferred their allegiance to the First Methodist Episcopal church of that city. The leader of the choir has been offered a better salary by the Methodist church on condition that he furnish the choir. The choir appeared in the Methodist church with their Episcopal vestments and sang the music to which they had been accustomed. The day has come when people will be merchandisers of the Gospel and are willing to transfer their confessions of faith for filthy lucre.

THE INGLENOOK

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given. Club rates for Sunday schools and other religious organizations. Address as above.

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IN JEOPARDY.

WHAT it is in human nature that causes one to be inclined to place himself in jeopardy is a question. It cannot be denied that children are taught the element of danger from the very beginning of their existence. Besides, intuition does its perfect work. No child, however dumb, needs to be told to take its finger away from the hot stove, yet there are dangers equally great from which people have to be continually protected. Not that these dangers are invisible, not that almost all people believe them to be harmless, not that it is always carelessness, but somehow there is an inborn inclination to take chances and risks. The proverbial boy who tried to see how close he could drive to the precipice is a brother to the fool who floated over the Niagara Falls in a barrel, with a thousand others who walk tight ropes high above the streets, make balloon ascensions and parachute vaults, who jump from high towers into nets, and loop the loop on bicycles, only to be seen of men. These people simply take their lives in their hands for a few paltry dollars. There can be no question but that they realize the danger. But a few trials at any one of these feats, as they are called, seem to case-harden their fears and their suspicions of danger, and they lose their conscience along these lines.

This principle crops out early in life. When the boy is learning to swim he is never satisfied until he has taken a risk in the water. The schoolboy is not satisfied with his advancement and development until he sufficiently overreaches his liberties that the teacher is compelled to reprimand him. When the boy becomes a business man his sure and safe returns are too meager and he speculates on the board of trade. It is the peculiar intoxication of a false hope which has taken possession of him, whether it be optical delusion of the mind or the possession of the heart by the evil one, it matters not, the result is the same. The man wilfully places himself in jeopardy with his eyes wide open. He knows that the records show that everybody loses on the board of trade. He knows the advice of his friends. He is cognizant of what his better judgment dictates; nevertheless, he plunges in against better light and even hope.

Who has not heard of the merchant who takes his chances on losing his customer by giving short weight or small gallons? He knows what the correct weights and measures are, he cannot be ignorant. He knows what is right; it does not come from want of teaching. He simply wilfully places himself in jeopardy and runs the risk of losing his customers for a few paltry pennies. In the circles of society it is no uncommon thing for women to run the risk of losing their neighbors and their best friends, through gossip. They know as well as they are living what the result would be were it traced to the surface. But they prefer to place themselves in jeopardy rather than forego the opportunity of exposing their neighbor to the public.

There is probably not an avenue or department of life where this principle does not hold good. The citizen who is generally considered loyal to the government will sometimes wittingly jeopardize his reputation and even his liberty by committing a deed which would imprison him with the knowledge of the grand jury. How often do men violate the postal law? How often do men impose upon the supervisor? How often do men cheat corporations, sacrificing principle, and jeopardizing reputation, just for some reason and no one knows why?

In matters of a higher character it seems that this difficulty would not be met. Nevertheless, we find it the enemy of the most potent influence. In the Christian church, where men and women are supposed to have stepped out of the kingdom where danger, risk and jeopardy exist, one would expect to find people who are absolutely happy and free from the cares of the world. But do you know there are people in the church who stand on the very brink of ruin,—people who go just as far as they possibly can, with the spirit of disobedience, so as not to disobey the letter of the law? And how they will parley and contend over the letter of the law, pretending to understand the spirit of it to be so and so. People who have professed the name of Christ have been known to partake of intoxicating liquors, knowing well that the Bible says, "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

As much as God hates liars, some of his followers persist in misrepresenting the truth. As well as we know that a rich man cannot enjoy the home above, yet we covet each other's fortunes and influence. We are not satisfied unless we are taking a risk. The Christian does not have to take these risks; if he could but realize it, he is a free man and has at his command all of the excellencies of truth and merit. But with the old nature not removed he is still in-

clined to be dissatisfied, and, at his own free will, jeopardizes his soul for the sake of some worldly gain. Men pass by each other on the street and sometimes even in church, without speaking to each other, knowing full well that the Bible says, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Tell us, if you can, what sort of enjoyment comes from this jeopardy? What promise lies ahead? What advantage does a man gain? Why is it that we cannot be satisfied to be on safe grounds? Why is it that we want to insure ourselves against risks on one hand and take greater risks on the other? Why is it that we want to insure our property and our lives and jeopardize our souls? Are you the fellow that has been doing this?

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SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT'S WORK.

The work of the superintendent naturally divides itself into two parts. The work he should do through the week is wholly unlike his Sunday work. The work of the superintendent on Sunday is that part of his work which gives his office a name, however, his work through the week makes his Sunday work possible. Every well-organized school has a committee for the purpose of looking after absentees and canvassing for new pupils. This, however, does not prevent the superintendent himself from making a personal visit to the absentees at least. No teacher should leave the Sunday-school room without first having reported all absentees in his class to the superintendent. Of course the teacher himself, or herself, as the case may be, is the first to visit the one who has been absent, but it only adds additional interest to the case from the standpoint of the pupil as well as the Sunday school for the chief officer of the school to show his interest by making a personal visit.

A superintendent should have the love and respect of every pupil in the school, and nothing will gain respect quicker than to show a personal interest in them. While he is visiting this class of pupils he sees many groups of children on the street which gives him opportunity to invite new pupils to the school. He tells them where the church is located; the hour of service, and speaks of some of their little neighbors who are pupils of the school. Taking the names and addresses of the children that he finds he hands their names to the proper teacher under his care, who also makes a visit to that home and makes a strong endeavor to secure the attendance of the children.

All through the week, while he is at work, he is planning new methods as to how he can best spend his leisure moments in visiting and canvassing, best methods for teachers' meetings and a dozen other things that constantly need revision. When he returns from his visits in the evening he has an opportunity to review the last Sunday-school lesson, make a close and careful study of the present lesson, and, last but not least, make a very careful survey or preview of the next lesson. These three lines of study will give him all the material he wants for teachers' meetings. All that remains to do is to outline it, illustrate it and apply it.

At the teachers' meeting he becomes a teacher of teachers, which makes it necessary for him to have a good knowledge of all the lessons of the quarter in their relation to each other, and to have a better knowledge of the Sunday-school scholars and of the teachers themselves than anyone else in the school. By knowing the lesson and the children perfectly he can send his lesson, through the teacher, to the pupils.

On Sunday he should open and close the school ON TIME; nothing in the world is so detrimental as to drag; the train will not wait for you, and the Sunday school ought not. It is possible to have excuses for being behind, but they are few and far between. A good superintendent will not ask anybody else to open the school. There is an inclination to ask strangers to open Sunday school; this is a mistake. They know nothing about the school and have no more right to care for your children than a father has to ask some one else to raise his family. Let the superintendent have his scripture lesson ready; have an appropriate song ready. If he is a success he will visit every class in the school every Sunday, but he will not interrupt them. He may offer suggestions to the teacher between Sundays or at the teachers' meeting, but he will never interrupt the class. He is not an inveterate talker, neither is he partial with his pupils or teachers, but treats them all alike. He gives every earnest effort the proper encouragement and always agrees with teachers and pupils unless some principle is violated. At the close of the school he conducts the review himself in a spirited manner, not failing to reach the preview. He makes the announcements as if they amounted to something and he were not ashamed of them.

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TO THE END OF THE YEAR.

In order that the Inglenook may be introduced into new homes and into new Christian Workers' Societies, a special rate of 25 cents to the end of the year will be made. It is to be hoped that the members of the Inglenook family will have enough interest in the life of the magazine to make a strong endeavor to enlarge the circulation list wherever opportunity affords.

The long-looked-for letters of Elder D. L. Miller, entitled, "With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator," have begun to come, and we expect them regularly. Remember 25 cents is only half price. This is for new subscribers only.

Current Happenings

RUSSIA, THE DOOMED.

THE revolutionary spirit, which has been long smouldering and spluttering in the war-troubled realm of the Czar, has at last leaped up into fierce flames of riot and mutiny. The trouble at Lodz and Warsaw among the Russian Poles was something terrible, but the government had practically gained control of the situation by giving the Cossacks liberty to shoot down all persons assembled in public. Just about the time this was accomplished, the sailors of several of their important battleships and flagships broke into open mutiny and killed the officers and joined forces with the strike element on shore. This union made the strikers so bold that they at once began to burn the city of Odessa. Millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed and many hundreds of people were killed and wounded. The troops sent by the government to quell the disturbance, in many instances, would not fire upon the strikers, which, of course, made the government powerless until reinforcements could be sent. These popular outbursts were almost coincident with the order of the Czar to mobilize two hundred thousand reserves for the ostensible purpose of service in the far East. Unless some speedy changes take place, the history of Russia is practically written. In fact, the bloody word of war is written on the horizon of a good many skies at the present time.

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GOVERNOR FOLK, of Missouri, has instructed the sheriff to prevent gambling at the St. Louis race track, and it is reported that in order to uphold the law, the governor will send a company of militia to St. Louis.

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PAUL MORTON has retired from President Roosevelt's cabinet and is succeeded, as secretary of the navy, by Charles J. Bonaparte.

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RUSSIA has agreed to August 1 as the date for the Washington peace conference.

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GOVERNOR CARTER, of Hawaii, has tendered his resignation.

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AFTER a warm debate in the Swedish Riksdag a majority of both branches chose an extraordinary committee, to which would be referred the government's bill for a settlement with the seceding nation. It seemed that men of all parties were disposed to rally to the support of King Oscar. Many speeches were made in favor of coercing Norway. In fact, the chances for war are very favorable.

A WINDSTORM caused the collapse of several houses in New York, burying several workmen, two of whom were rescued alive.

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THE shopping district of Nashville, Tenn., has been swept away by a six hundred and fifty thousand dollar fire.

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THE New York civic federation has inaugurated an investigation of the emigration question with a view of obtaining information to be used in an effort to revise emigration laws.

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THE City Trust and Safe Deposit Company, at Philadelphia, closed its doors June 21.

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A LETTER, posted from the town of Petropaulovski, on the peninsula of Kamchatka, says that one hundred and fifty natives were massacred by pirates on the Siberian coast.

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THE canal commission has purchased two steamers, *Mexico* and *Savannah,* at $650,000 each, after failing to find suitable vessels in Europe for the transportation of canal supplies.

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A TORNADO, accompanied by an enormous hailstorm, recently passed over a portion of Kansas, killing eighteen persons and destroying much property.

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NEW YORK capitalists have entered into a contract for the erection of what is to be known as "the tallest building in the world" in New York City.

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THE Emperor of Germany has the consent of his mind to become a little more tame since he found out that England is going back to France in the Moroccan trouble. Sometimes a common enemy makes friends out of foes.

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BERLIN has official information that à decisive battle in Southwest Africa has been fought, and an entire band of Hottentots has been crushed. One of the insurgent chiefs by the name of Morenza has been captured.

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A GEORGIA mob of a hundred armed men killed seven negroes and one white man by lynching. One escaped death by pretending to be dead. The cause was race jealousy, needing only a slight excuse for the outbreak.

Two persons were killed and eighty injured as the result of a collision between a loaded trolley car and a freight train on the Pennsylvania railroad at Baltimore.

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An association of female teachers in New York City has issued a circular letter, declaring that our public schools are mere parodies on the spirit of the true school. In the average school, as now conducted, the individual child is a mere number; no one has time for human sympathy and kindly personal influence. The preparation of statistics and reports, and not the upbuilding of character, have become the chief duty of the principal.

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Professor Hilprecht, of Philadelphia, has been admirably acquitted in the Nippur controversy. All the accusations against him have been laid on the shelf by abundant testimony.

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At Greenwood, Delaware, another outbreak of race prejudice took place, in which all the colored people of the place were mercilessly driven from their homes, beaten into insensibility, and many wounded. The people that are left in the city are certainly not worthy of having a city, since they are lawbreakers, murderers and anarchists.

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Over one hundred clergymen of the Church of England have circulated a statement, advocating the right of the new school of higher criticism to claim the attention of the established church. In other words, Christianity in England will either have to throw up its hands and surrender, or else throw up its feet and kick the monster out of the kingdom.

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The Congregationalist church in Norway is enjoying a revival, something like the Welsh revival. The movement is being conducted by one Albert Junde, who, until recently, has been laboring among the Norse and Danish in various parts of the United States.

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Dr. Charles H. Shaw, professor of botany in the Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, has started with a party of scientific associates to make a systematic study of the flora and the native race of the Selkirk region, in British Columbia. The Selkirk Indians are believed to be the only race that still lives entirely beyond the pale of civilization. The party has already been afield for a month in the Houser and Albert canyon regions.

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Gustavus Adolphus, the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, and heir presumptive to the throne, was married to the Princess Margaret of Connaught. The ceremony was attended by royal families of both England and Sweden. England, Sweden and Spain are binding themselves still closer by means of the hymeneal altar.

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Alphonso XIII, although only twenty years of age, has become a subject of much talk in the world. His inclination to reject counsel from his mother and teachers, his disposition to curse the Protestant churches, his recent trip to France and England, his prospect of claiming the hand of the English Princess Patricia of Connaught, altogether have brought him suddenly and prominently before the eyes of the world. The Pope even is ready to grant his marriage without the Princess becoming a member of the Catholic church.

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Miss Florence R. Sabin has been appointed to the chair of associate professor of anatomy in Johns Hopkins College. She is a graduate of Smith College and of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. Her original research has challenged international attention, and this appointment is expected to go far toward breaking down the barrier of sex prejudice against women in the advanced field of medical research.

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The astronomical expedition under the auspices of the American government, to observe the total eclipse of the sun, Aug. 30, sailed June 22 on the cruiser *Dixie,* from Philadelphia, for Algeria, under the command of Admiral Chester. The point of observation will be where the thermometer registers from 120 to 130 degrees, and within a mile of the axis of the sun's path. After reaching Gibraltar the party will be divided into three groups, conveyed on American warships to different points of observation, fearing that the sun may be overshadowed at one point by a cloud.

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Kang Yu Wei, the Chinese reformer, was recently entertained by the Chinese residents of Philadelphia and New York, at which time reference was made to a movement to train the younger Chinese in modern military tactics, with a view of being prepared for a popular uprising at home against the Manchu dynasty.

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Figures show that within the last year over one million immigrants have landed on our shores. This is about one-eightieth of our whole population, and most of them came from Italy, Hungary and Russia. This shows the rate at which the foreign element is finding its way into our country. It is a power that will either have to be guided into safe channels, or left to run riot at the peril of the nation.

HOME DEPARTMENT

A GENTLEMAN.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play;
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little hat.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard him rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And, when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me—
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself,
He serves you if he can;
For, in whatever company,
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same,
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

—Our Little Men.

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GIRL LIFE IN INDIA.

On the day of her marriage, she is put into a palanquin, shut up tight, and carried to her husband's house. Hitherto, she has been the spoiled pet of her mother; now, she is to be the slave of her mother-in-law, upon whom she is to wait, whose commands she is implicitly to obey, and who teaches her what she is to do to please her husband—what dishes he likes best and how to cook them. If the mother-in-law is kind, she will let the girl go home occasionally to visit her mother.

Of her husband she sees little or nothing. She is of no more account to him than a little cat or dog would be. There is seldom or never any love between them; and, no matter how cruelly she may be treated, she can never complain to her husband of anything his mother may do, for he would never take his wife's part. Her husband sends to her daily the portion of food that is to be cooked for her, himself, and the children. When it is prepared, she places it on a large, brass platter, and it is sent to her husband's room. He eats what he wishes, and then the platter is sent back, with what is left, for her and the children. They sit together on the ground, and eat the remainder, having neither knives, forks, nor spoons. While she is young she is never allowed to go anywhere.

The little girls are married as young as three years of age; and, should the boy to whom such a child is married, die the next day, she is called a widow and is from henceforth doomed to perpetual widowhood—she can never marry again. As a widow, she must never wear any jewelry, never dress her hair, never sleep on a bed, nothing but a piece of matting spread on the hard brick floor—and sometimes, in fact, not even that between her and the cold bricks; and, no matter how cold the night may be, she must have no other covering than the thin garment she has worn in the day.

She must eat but one meal of food a day, and that of the coarsest kind; and once in two weeks she must fast twenty-four hours. Then, not a bit of food, not a drop of water or medicine, must pass her lips—not even if she were dying. She must never sit down nor speak in the presence of her mother-in-law, unless they command her to do so. Her food must be cooked and eaten apart from the other women's. She is a disgraced, a degraded woman. She may never even look on at any of the marriage ceremonies or festivals. It would be an evil omen for her to do so. She may have been a high caste Brahminic woman; but, on her becoming a widow, any, even the lowest servant, may order her to do what they do not like to do. No woman in the house must ever speak one word of love or pity to her; for it is supposed that, if a woman shows the slightest commiseration to a widow, she will immediately become one herself.

It is estimated that there are eighty thousand widows in India under six years of age.

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VACATION READING.

The school and college vacations, which nowadays last from six to sixteen weeks, are too long to be spent in pleasure-seeking alone.

All thinking persons agree that there ought to be a change of occupation. Students who have no regular

athletic exercises or military drill at school may require the whole vacation to get their shoulder-blades in place, their chests expanded, and their digestion invigorated. Their school injures them every day, and their only chance for robust health is a vacation that shall undo a great part of the mischief done in term time.

Official reports still repeat from year to year that not one schoolroom or classroom in ten is well ventilated. The harm done by breathing vitiated air five or six hours a day is not always manifest or traceable. It shows itself chiefly in the increased liability to take cold, and the increased contagiousness of other diseases. The circulating medium of these maladies is the bad air of schoolrooms. It is not uncommon for children to show symptoms of having "caught cold" every few days through the winter. What they really "catch" is not cold, but warm—the warm, impure air of schoolrooms.

For these reasons many parents are reconciled to the length of the long vacation, during which their children have a chance to straighten their backs, purify their blood, and develop their muscles.

Happily, there are now in the United States a few schools which work so much in harmony with natural law that their pupils are in as good physical condition on the last day of the last term as they were on the first day of the first term. The fortunate inmates of such schools may well spend a part of many vacation days in reading works bearing on the course of study prescribed for them.

Teachers are now recommending this, and some are going further than recommending. Books are assigned to a class to be read in vacation, with the understanding that each member must show on returning to school a certain familiarity with the books appointed to be read.

Vacation reading should ordinarily be of an attractive and agreeable character, such as works of travel, biography, and history, and the quantity of reading required should not be great. The careful reading of Herodotus, for example, by a student old enough to appreciate him, would almost of itself place him in the educated class, particularly if he had access to Rawlinson's edition, and faithfully used it.

No rule, however, can be laid down; the teacher alone can give the advice applicable.—*Selected.*

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POLYGAMY IN CONGOLAND.

It is the general opinion of competent observers that polygamy will survive for many years. Nothing but the spirit of Christianity will overcome the evil. The native mind cannot be induced by ordinary argument to see any wrong in it. Why a man should not have just as many wives as he can afford to buy and keep is too much for his comprehension. He regards woman as created solely for his pleasure and profit, and trades in her accordingly. He buys her from her father for one or two goats or a cow, she becomes the mother of his children, and prepares and cooks his food for him. That is her career, and she shares it with as many other wives as her husband's inclination and resources permit him to buy. When she dies she is buried—sometimes. Certain Central African tribes regard burial after death as a superfluous ceremony for women, and place their bodies where they will be devoured by hyænas and vultures. From two to three wives is the average *quantum* of the ordinary Central African barbarian, and between thirty and forty for a chief.—*From "The Story of the Congo Free State," by Henry Wellington Wack.*

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CLIMATE.

The temperature, moisture, and prevailing winds of a country make its climate, just as the letters in a word compose the word. When we speak of the temperature of a country, we say that it is high or low, according to the degree of heat or cold felt. For instance, if it is hot, we say the temperature is high; or if it is cold, that the temperature is low.

The degree of heat or cold felt will depend upon the amount of rainfall and the prevailing winds. Should much rain fall with no winds present to dry the atmosphere, the climate would naturally be cold and the temperature low. But if many winds prevail, together with heavy rainfalls, the climate will likely be a temperate one; that is, neither too hot, or too wet, or too dry.

The temperature of a country will also be influenced by its proximity to the sea, and its elevation above the sea. The hottest countries are found on that portion of the earth where the sun's rays strike it perpendicularly; and the heat of these countries is lessened only by their distance from the sea, and height above the sea. In general, we might say that climate is temperature, since temperature depends upon moisture and prevailing winds; and these, in turn, upon proximity to the sea, and elevation above the sea. If the temperature is low, the climate is cold; and if high, the climate is hot; but if neither high nor low, the climate is a temperate one.—*School and Home.*

❖ ❖ ❖

The Amazon ants when starting on a warlike excursion issue from their abode as night is coming on, after which they arrange themselves in serried columns. They march to the nest that they propose to despoil and penetrate to the heart of the place in spite of all efforts to bar the entrance, capturing all the larvæ and nymphs they can find. These become their slaves. The whole army then marches home in the same order as before.

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

FEASTING THAT MAKES LEAN SOULS.

For Sunday, July 23, 1905.

I. Indulgence Dwarfs the Soul.

1. Nabal, ... 1 Sam. 25: 36, 37
2. Belshazzar, ... Dan. 5: 3-5
3. Works of the Flesh, ... Gal. 5: 19-21

II. Vanity Dwarfs the Soul.

1. Lust of Eye, ... 1 John 2: 16
2. Lust of the Flesh, ... 1 John 2: 16
3. Worldly Spirit, ... James 4: 5
4. Outer Adorning the Body, ... 1 Peter 3: 3

III. Avarice Dwarfs the Soul.

1. Rich Young Ruler, ... Luke 18: 22, 23
2. Ananias and Sapphira, ... Acts 5: 14
3. Dependence on Riches, ... Rev. 3: 17
4. Hard for Rich to Enter, ... Luke 18: 25, 26
5. Possible, ... Luke 19: 8, 9

IV. Eating to God's Shame, ... 1 Cor. 11: 21, 22

Text.—For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?—Mark 8: 36.

References.—Psa. 106: 13; 49: 16; 42: 2; Prov. 27: 8; 24: 30-34; 10: 2; Hos. 6: 4; Matt. 12: 25; Jer. 50: 6; 48: 10; Luke 12: 18-20; Deut. 28: 33; Luke 13: 26; Job 37: 24; Eccl. 10: 19; 6: 2; Rom. 14: 17; Prov. 12: 17.

Wastefulness.

Feasting that makes the soul lean is wastefulness. When we spend money or time or thought or energy we should receive an equivalent for it. But if we spend our time, money and intellect freely, and get nothing in return, we are wasteful. Whatever we spend and whatever we get, if the first is large and the second small, or nothing, we have been wasteful. And in the end this always means hunger for ourselves—hunger of the soul for happiness, for progress, for love. Boys and girls should be taught this lesson early, when they are idle, and wasting their money, when they have talents, but are too careless to improve them. Only regret and remorse await them, for they are in the straight pathway leading to the house of want and penury.

Indulgence.

It is possible to be drunk with worldly gaiety, with business cares, and plans for success. When we lose sight of the command, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," other things will be first. We may be so envious of some rival who has outstripped us in the race that it is impossible for us to pray; or so vain of some little success that we have gained that our entire mind is given to exulting over some who are less fortunate than ourselves. All this is wrong, and we should pray to be delivered from such tendencies. God wants us to live an even, calm, purposeful life, dedicated to his glory. You are as a king on his throne, every choice you make decides either for righteousness and high ideals, or for appetites and low standards.

"Riotous Living."

It was the prodigal who wasted his substance in riotous living. We know of another prodigal who was doing the same thing, until he had an appetite for strong drink that was fast bringing him to ruin. Then he tried to stop. One day at the table, his comrade took pudding with wine sauce, and had not another quickly added, "pudding without wine sauce," he would have taken the former though it meant days of absence from home and a long debauch. Boys, think what it means to become as weak as that, to yield to a habit that will ruin you, body and soul. Weak and enslaved, it may be said that appetite has bound you hand and foot, for life.

When He had Spent All.

Money does not last long in the hands of a bad man, or a foolish one. It is astonishing how rapidly a man can spend money, the prodigal had chosen to go away alone and spend it. He no doubt had friends who helped to spend, but when he came to himself, the money was gone, and so were his friends. The husks that the swine did eat did not satisfy him,—let us thank God for that. It is a mercy that God has made us so, that no matter how many husks we eat, we are famishing and dying of hunger; until we eat some of the bread in our Father's house.

But What if the Prodigal Son had Never Returned?

If we persist in sin, there comes a time when we cannot return. Men who have hardened their hearts, and crushed out every good impulse, always choosing evil instead of good, never return. Whittier says:

> "Forever round the mercy seat
> The guiding lights of love shall burn;
> But what if, habit bound, thy feet
> Shall lack the will to turn?"

Belshazzar.

The king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and then he commanded that the golden and silver vessels, which were of rare beauty and workmanship, should be brought for their use. That they had been used in the house of God in Jerusalem made no difference; they wanted them to add to the grandeur of their feast. And in that same hour came forth the fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against

the candlestick upon the wall. And the king knew that it was no message of hope that was being written there, and fear came among them as an unwelcome guest, and he was followed by death, for we are told that in that night was Belshazzar, the king, slain.

"And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temples of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord."

Avarice Never Satisfies.

A boy left the country and came to the city, determined to make his fortune; he succeeded, but he was not happy; his heart was like a stone in his bosom, he had lost the desire for things pure and good, and cared only for his money. One day in passing a church he was attracted by the sound of music. As he listened there floated out to him a hymn heard last in his boyhood at his mother's funeral, "Jesus loves me." How the picture came back to him! The old village church, the saintly, still face of his mother, and the hymn. He turned and hurried away, but the hymn haunted him, and at last he confessed his sins and obtained peace. Then joy sang in his heart, and he knew true happiness.

A Skeleton at the Feast.

The ancients who wanted to enjoy life to the full used to give feasts at which rare wines and all the delicacies then known were served. Then sometime during the banquet a skeleton was shown to the assembled guests that they might remember that life is short and they should crowd all the enjoyment possible into it. Whenever we give ourselves up to the pursuit of pleasure alone, we can see the skeleton at any time. There is always something to mar, something incomplete, and we are not happy.

Soul Hunger.

Now let us think of it seriously and earnestly. Within us are great, deep needs—soul hunger and chilled fears, wants and longings that surpass all others in their urgency. Are these to be ignored? No, let us rest assured that he who broke the loaves for the hungry multitude will feed our souls, we shall partake of the living Bread.

Topics for Discussion.

1. Some who thought they had eaten in his presence were strangers to him. Luke 13: 26.

2. What did Solomon say about riches? Eccl. 5: 19.

3. A feast now may mean want in the future. Luke 6: 25.

4. We should praise the Lord for his care, his providing for us. Deut. 8: 10.

5. If we desire to find God, he can be found. Psa. 42: 1, 2; 63: 1.

6. Fasting instead of feasting. Ezra 8: 21-23.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Something to Do.

THERE are young people coming to your church and Sunday school and young people's meetings who ought to be Christians, but they say they cannot make up their minds to come to Christ. There are the ministers, the Sunday-school teachers, and young Christians, all of whom should be working and praying for the conversion of these souls. Suppose you plan this work together. Seek to find the right person or persons to approach each one who is not in the church. Study the various lines of possible appeal and the motives to suggest. Always get the best possible worker for each move you make. Work as though Jesus was by your side, for you are trying to gain new names for the Lamb's book of life. Leave no element of strength unused; and you will find that a united effort like this will stir the life of the entire church.

That Timid Speaker.

She needs encouragement. Her thoughts are good but she hesitates when speaking; tell her how much you appreciate her effort. The leader of the meeting or the pastor can encourage her by quoting a little from her speech and backing it up with some thoughts of his own, not making a long speech but just a few earnest words showing that her effort is appreciated.

Not at Church.

"Brother Barnes' children scarcely ever come to church any more; what can be the trouble?"

"They would rather stay at home and their parents say that they don't know what to do about it."

Studying the lesson of David and Absalom, we learn that what was just a little defect in the character of David became a fault so great in his son that it wrecked his life. Parents should do all they can to induce their children to attend church regularly. Jesus claims them as his own, and parents and other Christians should work faithfully to bring them to him. Tell your children what you expect them to be. Mothers who would not permit their girls to make a gingham apron without a pattern will expect them to live a beautiful life without an ideal. It cannot be done. Fathers should talk to their sons of good and great men, constantly keep before them an ideal, and then it will be easier to lead them to the Son of man who longs to receive them. The parents can do this, but as to what the ministers and church workers can do to bring about better church attendance, that is another story.

* * *

YOU can take nothing greater to the world than the impress and reflection of the love of God upon your own character.—*Drummond.*

* * *

DARKNESS is said to be a cure for malaria.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter XXXVI.

Geneva, Switzerland.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:

While Miss Merritt was preparing the article you read in the last letter our time was fast passing away. I cannot leave Lucerne without telling you of the great day we had on Mt. Pilatus. In the morning we left the quiet little city of Lucerne by boat for Alpnachstadt, which, literally translated, means "the town at the foot of the Alps." The lake of Lucerne lies in the form of a cross. At the end of one of these arms of the lake lies Lucerne, at another, Alpnachstadt, and at still another, Fluelen.

The morning ride on Lake Lucerne, between the two places mentioned, is one of the most enchanting rides that one can take. The water is beautifully blue and most wonderfully transparent. I verily believe that one could see a dime thirty feet deep and tell what it was. Surrounding the lake stand the lofty mountains of the Alps, which cast their shadows across the bosom of the placid waters.

Pilatus Kulm was our destination. It is nothing more nor less than a large summer resort hotel on the very summit of this mountain. After enjoying the ecstacy of the boat ride referred to, with many congenial companions of almost every nation on the earth, we disembarked at this little hamlet at the foot of the mountain. We were hastily transferred from the boat to the cog-wheel railway that leads from the base to the summit. The mountain is very, very steep, much more so than one will imagine by reading this. The front end of our car almost touched the track, while the rear of the car was more than seven feet above the track. About twenty of us could ride in one car. We were not taken up the incline by means of wire cable or electricity, but we had a real little steam engine put to our car. It required two hours to make the run. There were three safety clutches in case of accident. In the first place, in the center of the track was a large rail with heavy cogs on either side, into which meshed the cogs of the wheels which propelled our car. Besides these two appliances there was a spreading friction-clutch, which the engineer might use in case either or both of the cog-wheels broke.

The ride up the mountain was magnificent, charming, frightful, musical, dangerous, enchanting, dazing. As we ascend we leave the green ribbon of valley threaded with a thread of silver, dotted by golden sets. Little villages pass one by one, as do the houses and garden spots. Up, up we go; after all the fruit trees and decidious trees have gone by, the pine tree asserts his ability to take possession. Next come the shrubs and the mosses. Now we enter the clouds, which are dark beneath and bright above, and break through them to find ourselves approaching the summit. The old mountain wears a pure white necklace of snow.

After the car had gone as far as it could possibly go, the party ascended by foot about two hundred feet high to the very pinnacle of the rugged heights. Here we veritably stood between heaven and earth on this tiny pinnacle, surrounded by a sea of feathery clouds, beyond which stand the brave ranges of the snow-capped peaks of the backbone of Europe. In the distance we can see the narrow valleys below. The lakes, the cities and the rivers all assume such diminutive proportions that it is almost impossible to recognize them. I have many a time seen pictures of natural scenery which I thought were overdrawn, but I am not now ready to say so. After this I shall be ready to drink in the painter's dreams. I do not think it possible for any painter to do justice to such an array of beauty and grandeur as is here displayed by the Master Workman of the universe. Bold promontories, yawning chasms, mighty canyons, magic ravines, overhanging cliffs, terrifying gorges all crowded in one grand panorama, only to be shut out from view as our little engine plunges into a tunnel.

What is seen on Mt. Pilatus may be seen on Rigi, the Matterhorn, or others around the beautiful lake. As we have said before, at one end of this lake stands the little village of Fluelen. Near here is Tell's chapel and Tell's rock. This place is made sacred to the memory of the people of Switzerland because of the fact, that it was here where William Tell shot the apple from his boy's head, where he made his famous leap from Gesler's boat, and regained his liberty after his long imprisonment. After reaching this point in my letter you ought to lay it down and read William Tell's speech to the mountains upon his return from his captivity. To say the least, the mountains, lakes, snow, boats, clouds, sky, cities, chasms, gorges, together thrown upon the mind, stay forever, ineffaceable as a painting by God's own magic hand. And one is made to see his wisdom, power and glory in the book of Nature.

The ride over the mountains from Lucerne to Geneva led us via Berne and Lausanne. We leave the little beauty spot of the Alps with regret, and passing from the commodious station, take a parting glance at the little "Queen of the mountains" as she lies there in her cozy little nest, surrounded by the sentinels of the ages. One more glimpse at her pretty buildings, winding streets, beautiful canals and we dash into a tunnel and escape like a whirlwind on the other side only to be reintoxicated by the magnificent scenery,—the precipice on one side and the crystal waters of the lake on the other, on whose bosom floats a squadron of pleasure boats, with here and there a fishing smack, and here and there a stone cutter perched some hundreds of feet above us, carving out of the solid walls of the mountains some beautiful building stone. Above the clouds tower old Pilatus and Rigi, guarding our fleeting train through valley and dale, o'er mountain and hill, which are clad with thousands of vineyards, laden with the luscious fruit of the vine.

Sincerely,

Marie.

(To be continued.)

* * *

THE Cheyto pagoda in Burmah is built on a huge rocking stone poised on another at a height of 2,000 feet.

The Q. & A. Department.

What is the composition of the leads of the commonly-called lead pencil, and how are they made?

Lead pencils are made from graphite or black lead. The graphite is brought from the mine in lumps and is crushed fine under water, on top of which it floats off. It is then floated through several tanks or tubs, each lower than the preceding one, the coarse grains settling in the first and second tubs, and the finest in the last tub. The settlings in the last tub are used for the finest pencils. The graphite is next mixed with a kind of pipe clay imported from Germany, water being added to make it as thick as cream. The composition is ground together until perfectly mixed. In hard pencils the lead is made of half clay and half graphite, but in medium ones there are about seven parts of clay to ten parts of graphite. After being ground the mixture is put into canvas bags and pressed until the water runs out, leaving a thick dough. This is placed in a small iron barrel or cylinder with a tight-fitting piston or plunger working up and down in it. In the bottom of the barrel is a small hole of the size and shape of the lead desired. Through this the lead is slowly forced, coming out in a long piece, which coils up on a board beneath. This is cut into pieces of the desired length. These are straightened and hardened by baking and are then placed in grooves of the wooden cases by girls. The cases are made of cedar wood, which grows along the coast of Florida. The wood is cut and grooved by machinery, and when the lead has been placed in it the top is glued over it. The pencils are then varnished and stamped.

✤

Do women vote for President in any part of the United States?

Yes, women possess suffrage upon equal terms with men at all elections in four States—in Wyoming since 1869, in Colorado since 1893, in Utah since 1895, and in Idaho since 1896. In eighteen other States women possess school suffrage. Montana and Iowa permit women to vote upon the issuance of bonds. Louisiana gave all women taxpayers the right to vote upon all questions of public expenditures in 1898. New York permits women in towns and villages to vote on propositions to raise money by tax or assessment.

✤

Why is Boston called "The Hub"?

Oliver Wendell Holmes gave the name "Hub of the Universe" to the Statehouse in Boston, and the name later extended to the city. The allusion is to the hub of a wheel, to which the other parts are subservient.

What was the history of the Charter Oak?

According to tradition, when Governor Andros arrived at Hartford, Conn., in 1684 to demand of the assembly the surrender of the colonial charter, the lights were suddenly turned out, and during the prolonged debate over the demand and in the darkness Captain Wadsworth escaped with the charter and hid it in a hollow oak. There is, however, no contemporary record of this event. The tree was called the Charter Oak. It was overthrown by a storm in 1854.

✤

Please give the name and address of the following rulers: (1) King of Abyssinia. (2) Emperor of Japan. (3) King of Greece. (4) Sultan of Morocco. (5) Emperor of China.

Name and address of the above are as follows: (1) King Menelik II, Adis Ababa, Abyssinia. (2) Mutsuhito, Emperor, Tokyo, Japan. (3) King George, Athens, Greece. (4) Muley Abdul Azziz, Sultan, Fez, Morocco. (5) Emperor Kuang Hsu, Peking, China.

✤

What was the stamp act, when passed and why?

The Stamp Act required stamps upon all legal documents, business papers and periodicals used in the colonies. It was passed in 1765, and repealed in 1766. The influence brought to bear by the old and new Whig parties, together with that of the British merchants, caused the repeal.

✤

Have the ruins of the battleship "Maine" ever been raised from the harbor of Havana?

No. They can still be seen where the ship sank, and constitute one of the points of interest for tourists, who are taken out to them in small sailboats.

✤

Does the United States Treasury Department buy Government bonds at the market price?

As a rule the Treasury Department does not buy any bonds, but recently it has bought some at the market price.

✤

What is the weight of the "Liberty Bell"?

Harper's Facts gives the weight at 2,080 pounds, but Frank M. Etting, in the *American Historical Record*, of January, 1873, says it is 4,275 pounds.

✤

What caused the execution of Charles I?

Charles I was condemned to be executed "as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and enemy of his country."

MISCELLANEOUS

TWENTY REASONS FOR OPPOSING THE SALOON.

1. It never builds up manhood, but tears it down.
2. It never beautifies the home, but often wrecks it.
3. It never increases one's usefulness, but lessens it.
4. It never allays the passions, but inflames them.
5. It never stills the tongue of slander, but loosens it.
6. It never promotes purity of thought, but poisons it.
7. It never empties almshouses and prisons, but fills them.
8. It never protects the ballot-box, but defiles it.
9. It never makes happy families, but miserable ones.
10. It never prompts to right doing in anything, but to wrong.
11. It never prepares one for heaven, but for hell.
12. It never diminishes taxes (with all its revenue), but increases them.
13. It never renders the Sabbath quiet, but desecrates it.
14. It never protects our property nor personal safety, but endangers them.
15. It never helps one to get a good insurance policy on his life, but militates against it.
16. It never creates ambition and thrift, but invites laziness, profligacy, poverty, idleness and crime.
17. It never builds up the church, but peoples the station houses, prisons and chain gangs.
18. It never refines character nor promotes Christian grace, but is a destroyer of the soul.
19. It never teaches honesty and uprightness, but invites the incendiary to apply the midnight torch.
20. It never protects a man, but robs him of his money, his family happiness, his good name, his hopes and all endearments of life.—*The American Issue.*

❖ ❖ ❖

SAVED HIS HAND.

A YOUNG laboring man was brought to a certain hospital with a badly lacerated hand. He had fallen upon an old cotton hook, and it had gone entirely through the palm of his hand, carrying with it rust and dirt. The wound was kept open so it would suppurate freely, and be readily cleansed. As time passed the hand became very much swollen, turned black, and the surgeons watched carefully for signs of blood poisoning, fearing that the entire hand would have to be amputated to save the life of its possessor. These signs not appearing, it then became a question whether more of the hand could be saved than the thumb and first two fingers. As the hand became no worse, the surgeons delayed operating on it, and after a time it began to mend, and finally healed entirely.

"Young man," said the surgeon to the patient, as the danger was passing away, "do you use alcohol in any form?"

"No, sir."

"Do you use tobacco?"

"No, sir."

With a wave of his hand, a nod of his head, the surgeon murmured:

"That is what has saved your hand."—*Temperance Cause.*

❖ ❖ ❖

SEEING THE POINT.

THE following story is told of a Philadelphia millionaire who has been dead some years. A young man came to him one day and asked pecuniary aid to start in business.

"Do you drink?" asked the millionaire.

"Once in a while."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me." The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of the year came to see the millionaire again.

"Do you smoke?" asked the successful man.

"Now and then."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again."

The young man went home and broke away from this habit. It took him some time, but finally he worried through the year, and presented himself again.

"Do you chew?" asked the philanthropist.

"Yes, I do," was the desperate reply.

"Stop it! Stop it for a year; then come and see me again." The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again. When asked by his anxious friends why he never called on the millionaire again, he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at. "He'd have told me that now that I had stopped drinking and smoking and chewing that I must have saved enough to start myself in business. And I have."



Central Group of Four Buildings.

JUNIATA COLLEGE

At this season of the year many young people are making their plans to go to school in the Fall. To them the question comes, "Where shall I go to *get all the advantages* which I want, when spending time and money for an education?" To such inquiring ones a few words about JUNIATA COLLEGE are in place.

The work of JUNIATA COLLEGE has been established long enough to know that it is beyond the experimental stage. The institution has grown under a progressive policy which has planned to make each year's work better than the last. Apart from the greatly increased number of students and the new buildings and the growth in library and equipment, the most marked advance has been in the teaching and the class room work—the real work of the College. The test and proof of this work is the success of the graduates and students after leaving the College, and in this particular as well as in others, Juniata may be measured by practical results. Its graduates are not merely financially successful, but are leading lives of helpfulness and service in private and public positions, in the church, in educational circles and in the business world.

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(8) All these advantages are offered at a very moderate expense, made possible by the Endowment Fund. For those who may not be able to pay all of their expenses in cash, the College offers scholarships or work or credit. No earnest young person need be denied THE OPPORTUNITY OF A GOOD EDUCATION.



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No. 2

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Yes We have purchased the entire mail order clothing business of KRAMER & CO., Clark and Monroe Sts., Chicago, Ill. Established, 1893. Names and customers, 100,000. Clothing orders, 20,417. Naturally, this is no small addition to our already large clothing department. We are now as well equipped to furnish fine tailoring and substantial clothing of every style as any company in the city. We are the world's largest plain clothing makers. Samples and catalogue free.

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Broadway, Va. 5/13, 1905.

Equity Mfg & Supply Co,
Chicago Ill.
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Wishing you success, I am,
Yours respectfully,
H. S. Wampler,
Union Bridge, Md

Union Bridge, Md
April 7. 1905.

Dear Sirs: I received my goods March 29 in good condition, am very well pleased with them.
Yours very truly.
Wm D. Stoffle

Gentlemen
Huntingdon, Pa.
Feb. 1. 1905.

Filed 2/6/5 W I rec'd my order from you and am pleased with it in every way. Can I buy a black jersey (sweater) front yet? Please send me prices & description etc.
Sincerely
Juniata College, L. L. Brenneman,

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THOUGHT HIS TIME WAS AT AN END.

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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Low Rates to Portland and return every day this summer.

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341-343 Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

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Cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion by Building the Digestive Organs. Thirty Days' Treatment 50 cts. Sent by Mail on receipt of price.

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FOR THE BRETHREN



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Broadway, Va. 6/13, 1905.

Equity Mfg & Supply Co,
Chicago Ill.

Gentlemen:— The sprouting, order #5307 came to hand all right to-day. It is an excellent grade of material at a saving of 2.57. Wishing you success, I am,

Yours respectfully,

H. S. Wampler,

Union Bridge, Md

April 7. 1905.

Dear Sirs: I received my goods March 29 in good condition, am very well pleased with them.

Yours very truly.

Wm H. Stoffe.

Huntingdon, Pa.
Feb. 1. 1905.

Gentlemen

Filed 2/1/5 I rec'd my order from you and am pleased with it in every way. Can I buy a black jersey (sweater) front yet? Please send me prices & description etc.

Sincerely

Juniata College, L. L. Brenneman,

REMEMBER We sell everything and if you are in need of supplies, even if but for one small item, we can serve you to your advantage in Quality, Price and Treatment. Earnestly soliciting your orders and calling your attention to our policy of "Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back," we are, very truly

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St. Paul & Minneapolis,	45.00
Chicago,	56.50
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S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.
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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. JULY 18, 1905. NO. 29.

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To love our labor—and our play—
To count our comforts every day
And curb undue desire.

To live at peace without, within,
To help the weak, to strive with sin,
To scorn unlawful gains to win
And feed love's sacred fire.

To learn that silence wisdom brings,
To find that power from patience springs,
To mark the might in little things,
And honor man—as man.

To speak the truth, to hate a lie,
To gladly live, nor fear to die,
To hope for heaven by and by
And trust th' Eternal Plan.

—Elizabeth Carpenter.

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SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

BY JOSEPHINE HANNA.

Smooth words may be spoken by rough characters.

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'Tis growth, instead of accumulation, that makes man great.

❖

The rubbish is borne by the current whithersoever the current flows.

❖

Happiness is Duty's chum, and never forsakes her for wearing an everyday dress.

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Words may be painted, but thoughts are the hue of the heart which cherishes them.

❖

Good Nature must be married to Wisdom, if she would name her offspring Prudence.

❖

Do not build you a merely temporal abode which age must, homeless, leave; the material is yours, to build for eternity.

Endeavor makes the man for the place, as well as the place for the man.

❖

Be too good to have great faults, and too great to be overcome by petty ones.

❖

Some parents think to hide their own pride beneath the folds of a child's garments.

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To be ready for the worst, while looking for the best, is all around wisdom and security.

❖

You'll get tireder doing nothing, and get less for it, than most anything else you may undertake.

❖

Great power, and purpose grand, to reach to attainment, must be united by golden links of application.

❖

Even after being informed of our intentions the world sights by our tracks to see what we are aiming at.

❖

Beware of the switches along the road to purpose. It is when pain or pleasure sidetracks us that they injure us.

❖

Your indifference turns a damper upon the fires in other hearts,—fires that would warm and enlighten the world.

❖

The amount placed in the collection box will be greater or less,—in heaven's currency,—as it is taken from the bottom or top of the pocket.

❖

You may be weighed by the scale of other people's opinions in this world, but you will not be paid by the scale of other people's opinions in the next.

❖

Do not buy favor,—you cannot purchase the right kind; do not run after it,—it is easily frightened; just stand upon your integrity and it will come to you.

Flora, Ind.

With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

Victoria, Island of Mahe.

No. 2.

One is impressed, at first thought, with the idea that there is a good deal of selfishness in humanity when occasion develops it. On our side we felt that the sick might have been taken to the small island, placed in a camp, properly cared for by their own friends who have had the same disease and no one would have been endangered by the contagion, but this reasonable request was denied. However, after due reflection I felt that the authorities did right. It were better that the few hundred on board the ship should suffer than that the dreadful disease should be spread abroad on their beautiful islands. The many, not the few, are to be first considered in a case of this kind. Were the malady carried ashore it might almost depopulate their islands. After we knew what we had to expect we settled down quietly and felt but little more concern about the matter. A supply of lymph was furnished by the medical authorities on shore and the ship's doctor vaccinated all who had not previousy taken this precaution.

It really became amusing to those of us on the ship to see how the islanders kept aloof from us. No one would venture near the ship. We established communication with the shore and it was done in this wise. Orders for such things as were wanted were shouted out to the officer in charge of the patrol boat and noted down by him. Then the ship's boat was lowered and fastened astern with a hundred yards of rope. It floated out from the ship to the full length of the rope. Our purchases were placed in the boat it was drawn alongside the ship, a sailor climbed down a ladder and fastening the articles to a rope, they were drawn on board. In this way we kept up communication with the shore for the six days we remained in the harbor.

We had on board the *Nuddea* six thousand bags of rice for Victoria. The steam tug brought out from the shore large flat boats, or lighters, and cast them adrift near the ship. Afterward these were brought alongside and the rice put into them. After being loaded they were loosened and shoved away and were picked up as they floated about the harbor and towed ashore by the tug. We received no help from the shore and our crew had to do all the work themselves, hence the long delay. We should have remained here one day instead of six.

After being in port three days permission was granted to land our native passengers. There were thirty-five of them, men, women and children. The ship's boats were lowered and the people with their belongings were placed on board and rowed to the small quarantine island where they will be compelled to remain for twenty-one days in strict isolation. After this they and their effects will be thoroughly fumigated and then they will be allowed their liberty. I pitied them. In 1899 we had an experience in quarantine on the desert near Port Said, Egypt, and one experience of that kind is sufficient for a lifetime.



BEAUTIFUL WATERFALLS, ISLAND OF MAHE.

I was deeply impressed with the care taken by the Victorians to keep the smallpox from invading their shores. And how careful they were,—over careful it seemed to us on board the ship. Every point was carefully guarded and closely watched, and they not only watched but kept away from us. They took no

no chances whatever, and used every possible precaution against the evil. Then I said, "I would to God that every Christian home and community were as carefully guarded and as closely watched to keep impurity and sin from their midst as were these islands in the Indian Ocean to keep contagious disease from their shores." From the very nature of the case greater care should be taken, for this disease injures only the body, while sin blackens and destroys the soul. If Christians everywhere should follow the example of the Victorians, what watchfulness and guarding there would be, what care and anxiety, how zealously the home and community would be patrolled day and night to see that no impure book, no picture to induce impure thought, and no person of doubtful character were allowed to enter and carry the deadly sin poison, which is incomparably worse than any contagious disease to which the human body is heir, into the pure life of the Christian home. Were Christians as careful as were these islanders what an improvement in the moral atmosphere of Christian homes and communities would result.



COCO-DE-MER, OR DOUBLE COCOANUT GROVE.

While we are quietly lying at anchor at Victoria we have ample time to look up the facts concerning the islands. The Seychelles archipelago is a group of small islands, eighty-nine in number, lying four degrees south of the equator and about eleven hundred geographical miles east of the southeast coast of Africa. The estimated area of the entire group is only one hundred and fifty square miles, a little over one-third of which is found on Mahe, the principal island of the group. It has an area of fifty-four square miles and a population of fifteen thousand souls. The population of the entire group is a trifle less than twenty thousand. Victoria, a beautiful and healthy little city, is situated on Mahe at the base of a low range of mountains which bound the coast. Although it is so close to the equator it enjoys a most delightful climate, and is noted for its rich growth of tropical vegetation and its enviable reputation as a health resort. The death rate is about fifteen to the thousand. Were it not so remote from Europe and America it would be crowded with health and pleasure seekers. It has a fine harbor and is frequently visited by the warships of the different nations of the world. Great Britain has made Victoria a coaling station for her navy, thus giving her the advantage of a safe and commodious harbor and abundant facilities for coaling her fleets in the Indian Ocean.

The islands were discovered by the Portuguese, those great pioneers in the navigation of the globe, and occupied by the French in 1742. Fifty years later they were captured by the captain of a British ship and finally, in 1842, were assigned by treaty to Great Britain and since then have remained under the control of that power. In 1903 the islands were made a separate colony under the crown of England, the government being vested in a governor, appointed by the king, and executive and legislative council. The governor resides at Victoria and receives a salary of about five thousand dollars per year. Religiously the Church of England and the Roman Catholics are in control and each receives about equal shares of the government school fund. Good schools are maintained by both churches, and in addition to these the government supports a high school of excellent character at which pupils are fitted for Cambridge in England.

The principal exports from Victoria are vanilla beans, cocoanuts, cocoanut oil, cocoa, tortoise shell, soap and guano. On the small island of Aldabara are found the immense land tortoises, it is said the largest in the world, for which the place is especially noted. From here comes an abundant supply of fine tortoise shell, which, being made into combs and ornaments, finds its way into the retail stores of Europe and America. On the island of Mahe is found the Coco-de-Mer, one of nature's most remarkable productions. It is a double cocoanut. The nuts are strongly and firmly united at the sides, while the shape of the two is kept quite distinct. Sometimes three or even four are found thus united, but as a rule nature satisfies herself with the double ones. These are highly polished by the natives of the island and sold to travelers at from three to ten rupees each, depending on the size and the work required to polish them.

Being unable to go ashore we addressed a polite letter to the agent of the steamship company setting forth our desire to take with us to America a specimen of the Coco-de-Mer and a few of the far-famed vanilla beans grown on the island. We heard nothing more of the letter until we had sailed away from Victoria, when the clerk of the ship handed us a package with the compliments of the agent. It contained what we wanted, also several fine photographs, which will be seen in the Nook. We are grateful for the favor and appreciate it very much indeed.

Now the last bag of rice has been lifted from the hold of the ship and placed on the lighter and it has been cast loose and floats away on the waters of the harbor, the great smokestack of the *Nuddea* vomits forth dense clouds of black smoke, the anchors have been lifted, the ship begins to move and we bid farewell to Victoria. We have been feared and unwelcome guests and I imagine they are right glad to be well rid of us. Especially must this be true of the poor fellows in the patrol boats. For almost a week they watched us day and night and must have grown weary of their thankless task. As the prow of the *Nuddea* turned seaward they shouted a farewell, and the last sight we had of them they were rowing their boats rapidly toward the shore, doubtless heartily rejoicing to be at last relieved of a most disagreeable duty.

We are now sailing directly east on a line four degrees south of the equator. The weather is delightful, the sea smooth and there is just breeze enough to moderate the tropical heat. If all goes well, four days hence we shall cast anchor in the harbor at Mombassa and have our first view of the southeast coast of the Dark Continent.

On board the ship, in addition to passengers, officers, crew, cows and goats, we have myriads of insect life. First and foremost among these is the little red ant. This insect has always been an object of great interest to me. When a lad, my father failed not to call my attention to the words of the Wise Man who holds up the industrious, strenuous little insect as an example of industry and thrift not to be despised by a boy disposed to shirk the heavy duties of farm life. Since those early days I have become better acquainted with her. I have studied her life and habits in Asia and Africa, and especially in the land where the Wise Man lived and wrote so many years ago. The more I study her ways the higher she rises in my estimation.

On board the *Nuddea* her name is legion. If I were to say there are a million ants on the ship I should not miss it unless the estimate were too low. Place a bit of food, uncovered on the deck, and in a few hours you will find two files of the little insects, one hurrying away from the food carrying bits with them and the other rushing toward it, and there will be thousands of them intent on business. In the neighborhood of the equator the days and nights are warm. While it is not oppressively hot one needs little other than nature's covering at night. A few nights ago I slept peacefully while the *Nuddea* made its way across the equator. At about four o'clock in the morning it grew slightly cooler. I awoke and feeling the need of covering, drew a thin cotton sheet over me which lay folded at the foot of my bunk. I was only half awake but in less time than it takes to write these lines sleep had departed from my eyes and slumber from my eyelids. I felt as if a thousand thistles were pricking my flesh, producing a burning sensation that was far from pleasant. I was out of the bunk as quickly as possible and turned on the light. I found my body literally covered with red ants. The sheet, neatly folded, had become the home of a colony of the insects and they were taking vengeance on me for interfering with their home. Each individual ant was standing on its head, kicking its hind legs in the air in order to accelerate the process of getting its mandibles into my flesh. I at once made up my mind that for industry, activity and strenuous effort to get in its work the ant is not to be outdone. A hasty bath relieved the situation and after ridding the bunk of its surplus occupants I laid down again, with the flesh of my body all inflamed and with a deepened respect for the industry of the ant.

Zanzibar, Africa.



ALABAMA CLAY-EATERS.

Among the rugged hills of Marion county, in the extreme northwestern part of Alabama, live about two hundred white families whose principal food is white clay. When western Alabama was first settled by the whites, 1830-35, their ancestors came from the hills of north Georgia and South Carolina. The clay eaten by them is a pale white in color, very soft and

is found in large quantities in various portions of Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee and Alabama. Recently it has been largely used in the adulteration of baking powders, cream of tartar and even flour. It has just a faint taste of magnesia, and is by no means unpleasant even to a novice. When first taken from the bank or bed of the stream where it is found it has an oily appearance, but this disappears when it is dry. The clay-eaters roll it into little balls, which can be carried in the pocket, and when they are ready to eat it, water is poured over it until it is wet and soft again. It is never eaten dry, for in that state it is very easily broken into a very fine powder or dust, which would fill the throat and lungs.

The home of the clay-eater is a log hut, containing only one room, and no matter how large his family may be, they all eat and sleep in the same room. Around the cabin there is a little clearing, where a patch of corn and one of potatoes are cultivated, and most of them have a small garden, where they raise a few beans and cabbages. A few of them own horses, but the majority have only oxen for farm work. They sometimes raise fair crops of corn, as the soil is very fertile, and little cultivation is needed. There is no market for the corn except at the nearest illicit distillery, where it is converted into "mountain dew" or "moonshine" whiskey. Hogs are owned by a few of them, but they are small and of inferior breed. For meat they depend on killing wild game, deer, turkeys, and squirrels, which are found in large numbers among the hills.

It is twenty miles from the hills where the clay-eaters live to the nearest country town, and almost twice that distance to the nearest railroad. Very few of them ever saw a train, and they know absolutely nothing of modern inventions, such as sewing machines and cooking stoves. None of them can read or write, and there is no such thing as a schoolhouse in their settlement. Fifteen miles from the neighborhood of the clay-eaters there is a country store, where they barter eggs, chickens, moonshine whiskey, deer and coon skins for coffee, powder and shot.

The clay-eaters have some peculiar customs and superstitions. They have signs for everything, and almost worship the moon. The average clay-eater has a mortal dread of an owl. As soon as the hoot of an owl is heard, a chair is overturned. If the hooting ceases, it is a sign that the threatened danger has been warded off, but if it continues, there is weeping and wailing. In every fireplace will be found a piece of flint rock. This is supposed to keep foxes and owls from catching the chickens. If they start on a journey, no matter where, and a rabbit is seen to cross their path, the journey is at once abandoned, because a rabbit never runs directly across a man's path except to warn him of death. Like the negroes of the South, they are all firm believers in the magic power of the left hind foot of the graveyard rabbit. To sweep trash outdoors would sweep some one out of the family.

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THE UNITED STATES FLAG.

THE flag used in this country before the "Stamp Act," was the ordinary English ensign. In 1775 there was a flag that bore the motto, "George, Rex, and the liberties of America." Considering how few the "liberties" were at that time, the motto was somewhat of a contradiction.

The press realized the condition of affairs at that time in the peculiar heading to their papers. This consisted of a rattlesnake, divided into thirteen parts, with the motto, "Join, or die."

There was no recognition of King George in that motto, as there was in that of the flag. When the colonies united, the emblem became that of a rattlesnake about to strike. About this time a navy commander adopted a flag of yellow, with the rattlesnake for a centerpiece, and the motto, "Don't tread on me."

This flag showed forth the spirit of the times very strongly. When George Washington was made commander of the army of the young nation, he, in January, 1776, raised on Boston Heights the flag called "The great Union."

This flag consisted of red and white stripes, but, the place now occupied by stars was filled then by the crosses of Saints Andrew and George. The present flag is, I suppose, a combination of the colors of the army, red, and the navy, blue. June 14, 1777, Congress ordered our flag to be of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and thirteen white stars on a blue background. This became the national flag in October, 1777, when Burgoyne surrendered and *we* became a free and independent nation.

Later, it was the intention to add stars and stripes as the nation grew. In 1794 it was fifteen stars and stripes, and remained so till 1818. But it was seen that the original thirteen States, who had gained us our independence so nobly, might be forgotten, and to prevent that it was finally decreed that the stripes should represent the thirteen original States, and one star should be added from time to time as the nation grew.

Such is the brief history of the United States flag. Compare it with each of the known flags of the world, and it will hold its own for beauty and grace, in the combination of its colors. No other colors will ever express to the world the right kind of freedom in thought, word and deed, as the "Star Spangled Banner" of the United States of America.—*Selected.*

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THE heliotrope is recommended as a fever cure.

THE WIZARD OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY DAVID L. STONER.

A VERY charming and interesting story runs that Aladdin, son of a widow of Bagdad, could perform wonders with a magic lamp which he owned. He could bring an all-powerful genii to his aid instantly merely by rubbing the lamp. With this lamp he could hear whispers a thousand miles away, and he could transport himself to the tops of the highest mountains.

Shakespeare, in his "Midsummer Night's Dream," placed in the mouth of Puck, the prince of the fairies, this playful speech:

> "I'll put a girdle round about the earth
> In forty minutes."

The charm of these stories is completely lost. Aladdin must needs have a more powerful lamp, the Immortal Bard must change his fascinating comedy or both will sink into total oblivion in comparison with the wonders performed by the wizard of the twentieth century.

He appears before us, wand in hand, a hero among heroes, and triumphantly takes his seat upon the throne. Distance and time are overcome by his magic spell. But whence his power? Did the gods smile upon his birth? Has some genii visited him and put him in touch with the supernatural? No! His power lies in that wand he wields,—that shadowy, mysterious, impalpable, intangible, dangerous force, electricity. It is its own avenger, touch it and you die, but this modern master of enchantment plays with it as though it were the toy of a child.

The Grecians, aroused by the appearance of the electrical phenomenon in the sky, feared it and sought to worship it that no harm might come upon them. They called it Castor and Pollux, the twin brothers. They supposed them to ride on white horses, each with a dazzling spear at his side and a star above his brow. In storms when the weary mariner saw a ball of fire in the air, he was assured that the Dioscuri were near to help him. The wizard neither fears it nor does he worship it; but with the voice of Zeus and with the strength of Hercules, he wrests the fiery darts from the heavens and makes them obey his command.

This knowledge was not gained by a sudden inspiration. As early as 1752 "a thunderbolt was snatched from the heavens and a scepter from the tyrants." A genius knocked at the door of the human family, was admitted, took a humble seat among his fellowmen, but by his untiring efforts exalted himself and won a wreath of laurel. He served his time, he was the morning star of the great electrical day.

The wand which fell from Franklin's hands was taken up by Sir Humphrey Davy who, in 1809, made a momentous discovery, a veritable *sit lux*, "let there be light," which, fully developed in the nineteenth century, burst forth into numberless arc-lights, illuminating the dark places of every large city on the globe.

The magic spell was broadening. In 1842 Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" was surpassed. Instead of the globe being girdled in forty minutes, Morse and Field had in reality found a girdle of telegraphy, which would encircle the earth nearly eight times in one second.

Blake's telephone brought into practical use what Aladdin enjoyed in fairy land, and, with some modern improvements, friends separated thousands of miles can hold sweet converse one with the other.

But it remained for the Wizard of the Twentieth Century to perform a feat that surpasses dream or fable. He grasps the wand, and with Herculean strength, he sends it bounding over trackless ocean, lonely deserts, through ethereal regions, bearing messages of weal or woe to listening thousands. By making the inventions of others practical, he, through the telantograph, writes messages and signs his name in his own chirography though many miles distant. He glides through space at the rate of sixty miles per hour in his motor. He performs miracles by the most astounding of all inventions, the X-rays, viewing the most intricate parts of the human body. With the Roentgen rays he directs or prevents the surgeon's knife.

Whence this strength? Is it superhuman? Has his mind been touched by the finger of God? No! Enlightened by the discoveries of his predecessors, by untiring energy and great concentration of mind, he rules supreme among his fellows. The height which he has reached and kept

> "Was not attained by sudden flight,
> But he, while his companions slept,
> Was toiling upward in the night."

What of the great possibilities of the future? If the wizard has almost unlimited power at this early hour of the great electrical day, while the horizon is yet aglow with the golden tints of the rising sun, what power may he not have attained when that luminary revels in the splendors of high noon?

Methinks Niagara's angry waters with her six and one-half millions horse power will be enslaved by his mighty hand, and made a willing servant in perfecting wonders for the uplifting of the human race.

May not the furious winds be bridled, and their energy used in moving the wheels of progress?

May not the sun, "The Gilded Car of Day," already the source of life and light, be made to warm the frozen breath of winter with his wasted power?

Methinks Sahara's intense heat shall unlock Greenland's ice-bound shores, and her wasted tracts of land shall blossom as the rose, ere the wizard approaches the "Gray-hooded Even" of the twentieth century.

With the grand achievements of the past, with the

great possibilities of the future, the wizard of the twentieth century moves on. May he not be a potent factor in the hands of the Infinite in hastening the time when the former things shall have been forgotten in the grandeur of the living present; when God himself the Great Author of electricity shall rule supreme, and the means of communication shall be so direct that, as he has declared, "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear"?

Ladoga, Ind.

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SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

In the antechapel of Trinity College, in the famous old university of Cambridge in England, there stands a magnificent full length statue of one of the greatest men that ever lived—Sir Isaac Newton. He came into the world on a Christmas day nearly two hundred years ago, and we may truthfully say that that little Newton baby at Woolsthrope in Lincolnshire, whose father was dead before he was born, was a Christmas gift to the whole world. People did not know it then, of course, but they found it out afterwards,—that there was a great genius hidden away in that baby head. Well, Isaac Newton grew out of babyhood, and, living with his grandmother, went to school at Woolsthrope along with the other boys of the village. He did not show any remarkable talent in his studies, but he was very clever at handling tools, some of which he made himself. Every new piece of machinery within miles of the village he went to see, often visiting it many times to study every part of it carefully, for he had a great love for all mechanics.

Mr. Hawthorne has told that all day long, if left to himself, Isaac was either absorbed in thought or engaged in some book of mathematics or natural philosophy, often making experiments of his own. When he grew into his teens, after trying in vain to be a farmer, he gave it up and had the desire of his heart in being admitted to Trinity College. Here his special study was mathematics, to which he devoted himself with so much zeal that in a few years this ingenious Woolsthrope schoolboy had thoroughly learned nearly every work of any note on mathematics that could be found, and he had even begun to see beyond some of them. When the pupils take up higher mathematics they will find that nearly every step in the deep science has been cleared or hewn out by Newton. Then they will understand what it means to say that he discovered differential calculus, and even now they know what the law of universal gravitation is, I think.

The first of these two grand discoveries Newton made by deep study and looking for it; the second by accident, and then study. The accident happens in every garden where apples are grown—the same as it happened in Isaac Newton's garden at Woolsthrope—only this time when an apple fell it was on a young philosopher's head, who said to himself, "It is power of attraction that made that apple fall toward the earth instead of some other direction, and it must be the same power that keeps the moon so near the earth in her orbit, and the same kind of power that keeps the planets just so near the sun in their orbits." He never let go of this idea until the whole theory of gravitation was clear to him. At last, very modestly, he told the world what he had found out, and showed, if any wise men would doubt it, just why it must be true.

The year in which Newton was born was the one in which Galileo, the inventor of the telescope, died; so it was very natural that this young scholar should take up the studies of the great man who had passed away. These studies gave the world a vast deal of knowledge about light, and explained serious imperfection in the telescope. Then he planned reflecting telescopes which, with the improvements of Sir William Herschel and Lord Rosse, who came after him, we now think are perfect.

Meanwhile the philosopher, who had also become a knight, was busy too with public duty. He was a member of parliament for a long time, and for twenty-five years before his death Sir Isaac Newton was elected President of the Royal Society year after year. This was a great honor, but his works were so valuable and his discoveries so important that he was much honored. All the world will always be in debt to him, and his own country as well as other nations showed their gratitude to the great man during his lifetime, which does not always happen.—*Selected.*

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THE TALLEST TREES.

Australia rivals California in the matter of possessing the tallest trees in the world. The California "Big Tree"—Sequoia Wellingtonia—sometimes grows to a height of from 300 to 325 feet, with a trunk twenty-five or more feet in diameter. The tallest American tree is the redwood—Sequoia sempervirens—which in some instances has attained the height of 400 feet, or even more. In Australia the tallest trees are found in Victoria. There are, indeed, records of Australian trees approximating 500 feet in height, but these are taken to be exaggerations. A writer in the Sidney *Morning Herald* truly enough says that the mere guessing of heights is rarely attended with even approximation to accuracy. It seems well enough established, however, that there are trees in Australia which tower upwards of 258 feet into the air. Trees have been found in Africa which fall not much short of a hundred feet in height.

SPIDERS.

BY NANNIE J. MILLER.

THESE interesting little creatures are to be found more or less abundant in almost every part of the world, and play an important role in the work of nature. To get an idea of how numerous they are, go out some dewy morning in summer and look over a grassy meadow; you will find the grass actually covered by their silky webs.

They belong to the class of *Arachnida.* The body consists of two parts—cephalo-thorax and abdomen, connected by a slender pedicle, and neither is segmented or ringed.

The cephalo-thorax is hard or horny and generally covered with hairs and bristles; occasionally perfectly smooth.

The eyes are two, four, six, or eight in number, located on the forepart of the caput so as to give them a wide range of vision.

The legs, eight in number, are seven jointed, and usually have hairs, bristles and spines. Many spiders have a kind of pad of hairs on the extremities of the legs, which act as a kind of sucker, partly by atmospheric pressure, and partly by a secretion from the hairs, enabling them to run over a smooth, vertical surface.

The mandibles, situated just below the fore-margin of the caput, are, in most cases, armed with teeth on their inner surfaces, and each terminates with a movable fang, by means of which a poison, secreted in the caput, is instilled into the wound made by them, proving fatal to the spider's prey, and sometimes nearly so to human beings.

One of the most interesting of the habits of the spider is its spinning webs. The spinning apparatus consists of two or three appendages under the tip of the abdomen. Each of these has many short, hair-like projections with a hole at the tip of each. When the spider wishes to spin it presses the spinnerets against some surface, to which a liquid, secreted in the abdomen, adheres; then, as the liquid is drawn out into slender threads, it hardens. The strength of the spider's silk is enormous as compared with that of metals; it has nearly three times the supporting strength of iron.

Great skill is shown in the construction of the webs for the purpose of capturing members of the insect tribe on which the spiders feed.

The "trapdoor" spider is one of special interest. The typical trapdoor nest is a cylindrical hole excavated in the earth by the spider itself, lined with silk, and closed by a lid which fits in the opening at the surface, and opens by a strong elastic silken hinge, the spring of which closes again the door with some slight force.

Some spiders do little spinning, leading wandering lives, and capturing their prey by springing upon it unawares; but craftiness and skill are apparent whatever their mode of life and subsistence. Many spiders, especially the jumping spiders, are unsurpassed by insects of any order both by brilliancy of coloring and beautiful designs.

Spiders attain their largest size and are found in greatest numbers in the tropics; while in the temperate climates, where there are fewer insects, we find them comparatively smaller and less numerous. One of the largest known spiders, found in Brazil, measures about two and a half inches in length; while the smallest known spider, which is found in England, measures one twenty-fifth of an inch in length.

Besides being skillful and crafty spiders are very cleanly. One of our common spiders may be seen brushing and cleaning its forehead and eyes with its hairy palpi, as a cat uses its paw for a similar purpose.

Most spiders, like crustacea, have the power of reproducing a lost limb. This accounts for examples captured which have legs or palpi smaller than the others.

Spiders show great attachment for their young, caring for them until they are able to find their own means of subsistence. They are great drinkers and suffer severely from drouth.

Though their voracity is well known they can endure fasting without apparent harm. A small spider in a museum, enclosed in a glazed case, lived and appeared healthy without food for eighteen months.

Doubtless the spider is considered by many people as a nuisance, spinning its webs, regardless of time or place, but instead of being a nuisance it is of great value to the farmer in a way that people are apt to overlook. They destroy thousands of insects which are destructive to crops, besides they are said to be the best of food for birds. Therefore before taking the life of a helpless spider, we should stop to consider that they are our friends.

Union Bridge, Md.

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MAKING A BOOK IN JAPAN.

HAVING resolved to "paint" a book—for, as all the world knows, the Japanese use a brush and not a pen—the author betakes himself to his workroom, which is full of the soft, dull light from a square white-paper lantern; the low, bright wooden ceiling gives back a pale gleam here and there. There is a silvery glint on the frail paneled walls; in a warm, gray, shadowed recess a golden Buddha crosses his feet and stretches forth his palms, smiling gently upon the lotus which he holds. In another recess stand the curious vessels of iron and clay and bamboo for the tea ceremony.

The author sits on the floor in a flowing garment

of brown silk, lined with blue, his legs disposed comfortably beneath him. In front of him stands a lacquered table, about a foot high, and upon it his writing materials, which are as idyllic as his surroundings. His paper is delicately tinted yellow, with blue lines running up and down. His inkstand is a carved ebony slab, with one end hollowed out for water to rub his cube of India ink in, and holds the four or five daintily decorated bamboo brushes which are his pens. Naturally he does not write his novel, he paints it. Beginning at the end of the whole, at the left of every page and at the top of every line, straight down between the two blue parallels his small, brown hand goes with quick, delicate, dark touches.

Although the novelist's "copy" might seem to a stranger to be daintiness itself, yet he always has to duplicate "by an artist" before sending it to the publishers, the success of the book depending so largely upon its artistic forthbringings. The "artist" to whom the "copy" is now intrusted proceeds to repaint the long series of word pictures with a professional dexterity which is astonishing. The curious letter characters which have been, and not inaptly, compared to "crossbones playing cricket," are thrown upon the paper with bewildering activity. To such an "artist" the straight up and down, rasping, scratching, sputtering movements of the occidental pen must be something fearful.

The next step in the making of this book is to send the artistic reproduction of the author's "copy" to the wood engraver, a man of marvelous skill—whose duty it is to prepare the relief blocks, a task which he performs with extraordinary faithfulness to the original. The printing is extremely simple. The ink is distributed with a brush, the paper is laid upon the block, a feather fashioned from a palm-leaf, passed over it, and the thing is done. The binding is of the simplest kind. The public, unlike the book lovers of the west, cares little for that feature. A plain paper cover suffices, with the title in the left upper corner of the verse. But the arrangements with the publishers are simply delicious.

Said a Japanese author, in answer to the inquiry of an European friend: "I pay the publisher myself; I do not mind losing by my own work, but I will not permit any other person to make money by it!" Think of it, ye Murrays, Macmillians, Harpers, and Appletons! Here's dignity of authorship for you! What a fruitless task a western barbarian would have were he to attempt to explain to such a childlike simplicity as this that the true dignity of authorship demands competition among publishers—immediate returns and freedom from the risk of a fickle public taste!—*Paper World.*

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THE elephant in his prime sleeps only five hours a night, and the older he grows the less sleep he needs.

LYRE BIRDS.

THE lyre bird is a native of Australia, where it lives in the woods. It takes its name from the shape of its tail. The two outer quills have vanes, and are curved like the frame of a lyre, while the others have no vanes, but their long shafts are fringed with unjoined barbs.

Examine a large quill and you will find it consists of a shaft and a pair of vanes or webs. Pick the vane to pieces. Its soft, slender strips, which you have separated, are called barbs, while the little hooks which hold the barbs together before you pull them apart are called barbules. If the barbs have no barbules, or only straight ones, the feather will have no vane. Ostrich feathers are plumy because the long, dense barbs have silky barbules without hooks.

The lyre bird weighs from two to three pounds. It has strong feet and scratches in the dirt as hens do, but it sings with a loud, clear voice, and mimics the notes of other birds. The male bird, alone, has the ornamental tail.

It is very common among birds for the male to wear beautiful colors and possess a rich voice, while the female is clad in plain attire, and only chirps. This serves a good purpose, for the little mother sitting on eggs or hovering over her nestlings is not seen, while her mate, with bright colors and loud notes, leads all enemies far from his little family.

The peacock wears gorgeous plumage, while the pea-hen makes a plain toilet. It is not the tail of the peacock that is so beautiful, but the tail coverts, or soft feathers which cover the basis of the quills. These coverts, instead of being short, as in other birds, are three or four times as long as the tail quill, and are colored a beautiful green, and tipped with a circular spot of darker hue.

The bird of paradise surpasses all others in the display of attractive plumage. Its home is in New Guinea. It varies in size from a pigeon to a sparrow. Some of the feathers of the male bird grow very long and fine, and are so richly colored as to rival the flowers of their tropical home in beauty. Not the plumes alone, but the whole bird is clothed in the most delicate tints, that change with the angle in which they are viewed. The head and neck look as if covered with velvet, so dense are the short feathers. The form and color of the plumage change with the season and the age of the bird.—*Selected.*

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THE thread of the silk worm is so small that an average of forty-two of them are twisted together to form a thread of common sewing silk; that of the spider is many diameters smaller. Two drams of spider web by weight would, if stretched into a straight line, reach from London, England, to Edinburgh, Scotland, a distance of over four hundred miles.

LIFE: A PICTURE.

BY J. G. FIGLEY.

THIS life is a warm and fruitful heritage between the sun-kissed peaks of two eternities, Time That Was, and Time That Is To Be. We cry aloud and our answer is in the voice and words of the martyred Man of Sorrows, sounding down through the ages—

"I am the Resurrection and the Life;
They who believe on me, though they be dead,
Shall rise and live with me, the Living Head;
And though entombed their bodies lie,
Whoso believes on me shall never die."

We strive to look beyond the heights, and lo! we see a multitude, a throng of those who have suffered and died for the cause of humanity. They have palms of victory in their hands, and crowns of roses and laurel upon their heads, and their garments are as the snow. And walking among them is the Man of Galilee, their Thorn-Crowned King, and again we hear that Immortal Voice of the Ages: "I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep; therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

We see in the distance a graveyard shaded by drooping willows and stately oaks. We enter the yard, and as we pass along we read the names of men and women, humble and illustrious, engraved on modest slabs of snow-white marble. We are enchanted with the fragrance of the flowers that bloom on every hand. We fain would drink of the crystal waters of the River of Freedom flowing by the Mountains of Liberty, through the Land of Rest, and winding its glittering course far back into the Land of Life. We pass out of the graveyard, pensively, and the stately oaks wave their branches in the breeze; the weeping willows bow still lower; the flowers throw out their fragrance; the merry-hearted birds fill the air with their melody; and the rustling wind scatters the yellow and golden leaves on the graves of those who have done their duty.

"Here in this world where Life and Death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met." Why should we fear that which must come to all that is? "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways," says the Psalmist. And in the Night of Death hope sees a star—the Star of Bethlehem, shining through the ages, even as it stood over a cave in which lay an Infant, that Character which has moulded the lives of nations and of millions of earth's children. Verily, is not death but the ending of this life and the beginning of another? Is not the darkness here but the dawning of a morning somewhere else?

Life is made of shade and sunshine from the cradle to the grave,
And the one that lives it nobly is the one that's true and brave!

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." If our ears are attuned to the divine harmony, we may listen to the music of invisible singers and the patter of ghostly feet—of God's ministering angels.

Do the years bring the wealth of knowledge along with pains and heartaches for what might have been? Is it God's will that knowledge comes of suffering? Is our living and loving, and suffering, here, but the gateway to loving, and living, and happiness, over Yonder? The time is coming when we may solve for ourselves all the vexations, and worries, and cares. But it will be when we have passed to that other world; "For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part, but then I shall know even as also I am known," as Paul says; and furthermore, "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

Each and every one has had all through life the blessed assurance of help. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. . . . I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you. Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also. At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and he in me, and I in you."

So let us live for something; for the good that we can do; for the upbuilding of others; and when our souls shall have been wafted to that better world above, where "God shall have wiped away all tears from our eyes, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain," *there* we can quench our thirst with the living waters from the Fountain of Freedom, flowing from the great white throne of Truth, and partake of Life Everlasting. Our mortal dust may be covered with the sod of the Valley of Rest; our graves may be watered with the tears of human love, forget-me-nots and evergreens may be planted on our graves by the hands of earthly friends, and freshened and revived by the dews and rains of heaven; the autumn leaves may fall and shield them from the chilling blasts of winter; the murmuring stream may lose its motion, and earthly friends may forget us, but *Up There* we

shall know that our names have been written in the Book of Life, with the endorsement, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," and the record sealed with the seal, "They have done their duty."

Bryan, Ohio.

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STRONG IRRIGATION AND FORESTRY RESOLUTIONS.

Adopted by the National Board of Trade at Annual Meeting, Washington, D. C., January 19, 1905.

RESOLVED: That the National Board of Trade reaffirm its consistent advocacy of the plan of government irrigation of the arid lands and their subdivision into small tracts for the benefit of actual homeseekers and of the policy that the irrigation works should be built as rapidly as the land will be taken and utilized for farms in 160-acre tracts or less and the entire cost of the construction repaid to the government as provided in the National Irrigation Act.

THAT forest preservation, as a conservator of water supply should be dealt with by Congress as a great national problem, and we endorse the splendid work of the Reclamation Service which is carrying into effect the National Irrigation law and urge that this work be kept out of politics and carried forward on the high business-like plane now in force; also we endorse the effective work of the Bureau of Forestry which is working to preserve and protect the forests of the country and apply to our forest lands a rational American forest policy.

FURTHER, we urge upon Congress the repeal of the desert land law and the commutation clause of the homestead law under which enormous areas of fine agricultural land, suitable for homes, are passing into the hands of land syndicates for speculative and grazing purposes.

We urge the immediate consideration by the House Public Lands Committee and the passage by the House of Representatives of Senate bill 5054, carrying into effect the recommendation of the President and his Public Land Commission repealing the Timber and Stone act and providing for the sale of stumpage on government lands. This bill has passed the Senate.

We urge the passage by the Senate of bill, H. R. 8460, approved by the Commissioner of the General Land Office and the Secretary of the Interior, providing for the consolidation of the various forestry branches of the government into the Bureau of Forestry of the Department of Agriculture. This bill has passed the House and has been favorably reported by the Senate Committee.

We urge upon Congress the need of legislation to prevent the further location of lieu land forest scrip upon valuable public lands and that no more scrip ever be issued. No floating, transferable, purchasable rights to public land should ever be created. We commend the Mondell bill preventing the exchange of forest reserve lieu land for valuable public timber land as a step in the right direction and urge its passage by the Senate. It has passed the House.

We urgently oppose the passage of the several bills which have been introduced this session and are being pushed, increasing the homestead entry from 160 to 640 acres in certain States, as measures tending to consolidate land into large holdings and as antagonistic to the closest settlement and highest development of the country.

FURTHER RESOLVED, That the National Board of Trade approve the establishment of National Forest Reserves in the Southern Appalachian Mountains and in the White Mountains of New Hampshire and that we earnestly urge the immediate passage of bills for these purposes which are now pending in both Houses of Congress.

FURTHER RESOLVED, That copies of these resolutions be immediately sent to the President, the Secretary of the Interior and Members of the Public Lands Committees of the Senate and the House of Representatives.

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NO EXCAVATIONS IN HERCULANEUM.

PROFESSOR CHARLES WALDSTEIN writes to the London *Times* that he has decided to discontinue for the present his endeavors to bring about the excavation of Herculaneum under international supervision, and he requests his friends to drop the matter. "In order to feel justified in continuing this work," writes Professor Waldstein, "which I am always ready to do—I must feel assured not only of the consent but of the whole-hearted desire of the Italian government, the Italian people and the Italian archæologists that there should be an international excavation of Herculaneum. The situation has been changed radically by recent political upheavals in Italy." Professor Waldstein is not discouraged over the refusal of the Italian government. Signor Orlando, who lately resigned from the cabinet, was the archæologist's most bitter antagonist, and now that his influence has been removed Professor Waldstein believes that conditions may change in Italy. The time is not ripe, however, for reviving the subject, for which reason Professor Waldstein advises his friends to cease their activity and to rely on the interest of the Italians themselves to reconsider the matter at the proper time. —*World's Events.*

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THE Farmers' Union, at Austin, Texas, has received reports from one hundred and fifty thousand members throughout the South, indicating a reduction in the cotton acreage of over thirty per cent. The Union estimates the year's crop at eight million bales.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF GREETING.

BY EFFIE V. LONG.

[Translation from Sixth Book, Gujerati.]

AMONG the peoples of the earth, the manner of giving salutation and what is spoken at the time, are very different. In this country, the Brahmins, on meeting, have a custom of putting both hands together with a motion toward the face, others may speak the name of some god. After the Mohammedans came, their custom of raising the right hand, with palm out, to the forehead, also came into use. If there is a great difference in the rank or station of the men who meet, the one of higher rank only nods his head or may not even do that, but the one giving respect to him bends his body low and makes obeisance to him.

There are also many ways to give honor by speaking on different occasions; Ram, Ram, Honorable sir, Krishna, Mah Dev, etc., are spoken. When two meet after a long journey, they embrace. To honor these kings and great leaders or teachers, their names and their victory are spoken.

When the women of this country meet they speak of their condition or the work they are doing,—thus, if one is sitting, the other will say, "Are you sitting?" Or if standing, "Are you standing?" Or "Are you cooking, are you washing?" etc.

In North India the people of the warrior tribes touch their shoulders together. And when an Indian woman gives respect to a man of her own kindred, waving her hands over him, then she presses them to her temples, saying, "May you be happy and all your pain come upon me." To respect other men, she draws her sardi over her face. English people take hold of the right hand of the other, shake it, and enquire after their health and happiness.

The custom also varies when the kings of different countries appear before their people. In Great Britain as his retinue is passing, they shout, "God save the king!" In France, "Long live the king!"

Europeans remove the hat when entering a house. The Greenlanders have no mode of salutation or respect. In some islands near the Philippines, the host catches the hand or foot of the other, and rubs it over his face. The Laplanders press their noses together with much force, while the inhabitants of New Guinea put leaves on their heads as a sign of friendship. Those who dwell along the shores of Sunda Strait have a very difficult and strange manner of greeting. Slowly taking the left foot up over the right, they put it to the face. The Philippines, bending the body very low and placing the hands on the cheeks, keep one foot suspended and kneel down. The Nubian, seizing the robe of the other, and binding it on himself, leaves the other half nude. Japan people take off their shoes; the Arcans also take off their shoes while on the road, and the stockings, after coming into the house.

As people become more polite, the custom of going without clothing decreases and when in the presence of refined people, or when going out, cultured people do not choose to go without clothing. When appearing before some great man, we should respect him by being in full dress (or, as the Gujerati puts it, "by putting on all your clothing").

The Chinese shake their own hands and embrace each other, bowing the head. Some, joining their hands, raise them up, and bending the body, touch the ground with their joined hands. Meeting after many days, they kneel down and bow the head to the ground three or four times.

Among cultured people it is a sign of equality to sit together; so it is respectful to have good people to sit and we should rise and stand, or to go forward is better. We should stand before men of high degree. Some uncultured people think the man of high degree is greater, so he may stand and let the poor sit down. So, among the different peoples, all give honor according to their own customs.

Jalalpor, India.

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THE PESCADORES.

NOT long ago it was announced that the Japanese were fortifying the Pescadore Islands in the channel between Formosa and the Chinese coast. While their strategic value has long been recognized, their commercial insignificance has operated against their being visited by many travelers. But now that they are likely to become a great naval stronghold, Mr. W. E. S. Fales, formerly United States Consul at Amoy, China, thinks they will assume an importance similar to that of Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, and Singapore. The Dutch built fortifications there in the seventeenth century, but withdrew in consequence of hostilities with the Chinese, who held the islands till 1895 when, by the treaty of Shimonoseki, they were ceded to Japan along with the island of Formosa.

In the February number of this magazine we presented an account of the doings of the Japs in Formosa—affording an object lesson in colonization which other nations may well study. The Japs may be depended upon, doubtless, to "strike twelve" in the Pescadores as they have in Formosa. The Pescadores in the aggregate comprise about eighty-five square miles, with a total population of nearly fifty thousand souls. The little capital city of Mekong is described as "an epitome of Chinese civilization." Mr. Fales says that though not over eight hundred years old, it looks as venerable as the Pyramids. It is surrounded by a wall giving it municipal rank, and the wall is broken here and there by heavy, gloomy arches which

admit to the city. The houses are small, low and strongly built, to protect the population against the terrific winds which seem to make the Pescadores their home. An English sea-captain is quoted as saying: "Old England ought to own these islands. With these on one side and with Hong-kong on the other, we could hold Formosa Channel against all the navies of the world."

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HAS BUT ONE PHOTO.

A JAPANESE diplomat spoke with a smile about the odd portrait of the Japanese Emperor that has appeared at intervals in the newspapers and weeklies since the war began.

"You think it strange," he said, "that the Emperor's portrait is always the same—the face of a grave and stolid man, rather young, with thick black hair, a thick black beard. You know that this is an old portrait, and you wonder why your editors do not give you a later one—a lot of later ones—the Emperor in various uniforms and poses and so on.

"Well, I will tell you why there is only one photograph of the Emperor extant.

"When photography first came into fashion in Japan the Emperor was one of the first to sit for his portrait. He was as pleased as a child with the novel picture-taking machine; its details had all to be explained to him, and he could hardly wait till the next day to see the proofs.

"But when the proofs came to the palace and the Emperor opened them he frowned. He looked at them a long time. Then, with a sigh, he put them down and he said in a sad voice:

"'If I am as ugly as this I will never be photographed again.'

"The Emperor has never been photographed again. It is forbidden in Japan to circulate pictures of him, and it is forbidden to all the Japanese legations to give out for publication any pictures of the renowned and modest Mutsuhito."

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GREECE.

THERE is a certain boy who, one day in class, delivered eloquently the stirring line, "And the rattling roar of the mosquitoes," and only paused when the general laugh implied that mosquitoes differed from musketeers. But this same lad sometimes detects his elders in a blunder, and then his delight is great.

One day he came home from school, and said to the family, assembled at the dinner-table:

"Please tell me something about Greece. We've got to talk about it this afternoon."

Now, no one present could be expected to guess whether the talk had to do with geography or chemistry, and one of the maiden aunts innocently answered from the point of view most familiar to her.

"It won't mix with water, but always rises to the top," said she.

"You can take it out of cloth with ammonia," added another, and then the schoolboy shouted aloud in glee. Since that day, whenever his own mistakes become the subject of family mirth, he has a way of saying slyly:

"Greece rises to the top of the water. That must be why she appeared above the Mediterranean!"

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AN UNCERTAIN COAST LINE.

LOUISIANA'S "vanishing coast" has shown marked changes during the last quarter of a century, according to the testimony of fishermen, yachtsmen, and others. A question at issue is the coast line in 1812, since this fixes the water boundary of the State and determines whether the oyster reefs off the coast, valued at ten million dollars, belong to Louisiana or to Mississippi. The old mapmakers were not careful to determine the exact land limits in a great area of marsh, mud, and water. The changes in the coast line have been so considerable during even the past eight years that bits of land appearing on the maps as islands have nearly or quite disappeared. The greatest changes have been in the bayous, where a sudden storm or tidal wave will sometimes change everything in a night. For instance, what is now known as Creole Pass, six hundred feet wide and correspondingly deep, had no existence twenty-five years ago. It was born in some great storm and has since grown by "jumps."

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THE CONGO RIVER.

FOR our knowledge of the dimensions and navigable lengths of the Congo, the largest, and, next to the Nile, the longest African river, the world is indebted almost entirely to Mr. Stanley, its discoverer, and the founder of the great Free State within its basin. According to Mr. Stanley, the Congo is more than three thousand miles long; and in size and volume the second river of the world, the first being presumably the Amazon. Like the Nile, the Congo has one stretch of uninterrupted navigation 1,000 miles long, between Stanley Pool and Stanley Falls. Unfortunately for commerce, however, this magnificent stretch of water is separated from the sea by a series of insurmountable cataracts that compel a portage of 235 miles, or two portages of 85 and 50 miles and many transfers. The largest of all the African rivers, and probably the most valuable from a commercial point of view, more promptly and more emphatically than any of the others forbids the upward progress of the steamer.—*Selected.*

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BUZZARDS.

THE above title is the name of a class of birds, or a family of a class of birds, scientifically known as *Raptores*. Vultures are of several kinds and a common one in the middle States is the turkey buzzard. Some of our Inglenookers live in States where the turkey buzzard is not known. Your editor remembers being at one place in Michigan where several of the young people had never seen a turkey buzzard. There are several other places where this may be true. But almost very section has its peculiar kind of vulture. They have their place in the world; they are scavengers; there is a certain amount of putrid matter from carcasses of animals in almost every locality, and it is the pleasure and business of these birds to remove it.

It is not the purpose in this article to say much about the buzzards or vultures that wear feathers, but there is another class of buzzards that are much more detrimental and much more to be despised than the kind that flies. There is quite a family of them, too. One of them is known as the social buzzard, whose mission seems to be to go through the world looking after the mistakes of other people. Whether it is their intention to go to heaven by making a tower out of other people's mistakes we cannot say, but one thing is certain, they go around from morning till night, more concerned about other people's business than their own.

This is true in most cases on account of the fact that they have very little business of their own, for it is the idler and the man out of business that gets his nose into other people's business. If the buzzard happens to belong to the female side of the house, she spends her time gossiping about the women of the neighborhood, telling how one makes mistakes in housekeeping, another in her appearance at church, another in her manner of entertaining her friends, and in fact one after the other is compelled to run the gauntlet and her eye of scutiny detects every flaw in each one, and by the time she has done with the neighborhood she has a prodigious mountain of mistakes (for all people make mistakes), whereupon she sits down with any of her friends whom she may be able to influence and gormandizes herself upon this kind of food.

Perchance the buzzard of the other sex finds fault with the occupation of one man, the politics of another and the religion of another, the personal appearance of a fourth, and so on until he has attempted to satisfy his gluttonous appetite upon the dead things of others. He knows the character of every man so well that when he is talking to A, he talks about B in a way that does not affect A, materially, and *vice versa*.

It is customary with the turkey buzzard, when in search of prey, to circle round and round, and up and up until he has risen to a great height where he can scan the country, and when he has discovered, by sight or smell, a carcass somewhere, he at once rapidly descends and devours what he can of it. So with our social buzzard, who rises very high in his own estimation and for a time in the estimation of others, until he makes his descent to hunt dead stuff, and then is when his friends lose confidence in him, at least they lose their admiration for his taste. The buzzard, as a rule, is not quarrelsome and will not stand fight, and nature has provided it with the different means of defense. When cornered too closely the contents of its stomach are emitted, the unpleasant odor of which drives away the enemy. It is astonishing to see how similarly our social buzzard acts. When some friend accosts him for his conduct he does not try to justify his mistakes in themselves by arguing their merits, but he justifies his own wrongs by emptying out before his accusants a basket of dead things he has picked up over the neighborhood as his means of defense. One or two experiences like this are enough as a rule, and his friends soon learn to let him severely alone. Then he becomes a chronic growler and wonders why people ostracize him.

What is true in society is also true in church. There are people who are constantly looking for mistakes in the preacher, the superintendent, the deacon, the teacher, and everybody else. And then when they receive the annual visit the poor deacons have to suffer the experience narrated above, which furnishes very pleasant material for the church council. It is astonishing how many Christians are seemingly trying to get good, rich, red lifeblood by eating putrid meat. It is a thing wholly impossible.

When buzzards are young they are white; they do not have that ugly gray color of the parent bird. However, they do not live very long until they begin to take the same color, and, being susceptible to their surroundings and their natural characteristics, they

soon begin to do like the older birds, and almost before they realize it they are full-grown buzzards. Here is where the trouble comes. A church or community could get along probably awhile with a few spitfires, hypocrites and gossipers, tattlers and brawlers, icicle peddlers, cold water pourers and grumblers; but the trouble is they do not die off with one generation. Their own children and the children of other people, who are somewhat under their influence, naturally become contaminated with their lives, and, in their turn, follow largely after their predecessors. It is contrary to the law to kill buzzards, because they are scavengers and pick up the putrid meat which is detrimental to health. But it doesn't seem that it would be against the moral or spiritual law to dispense with our social buzzards, for they do not protect the health of others or themselves.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

Conditions and theories are two different things. It may be possible that there are conditions and places where a man who is not a Christian could do a great deal of good as a Sunday-school teacher; but this is not ideal by any means. In order to show the Christ-life to the ones under your care you must be a follower of Christ yourself. The fundamental principle in Sunday-school teaching is to show the Christ life in every lesson. And how is it possible for one to show that life when he knows nothing of it? Not only should the Sunday-school teacher be a Christian, but he should be a loyal member of the church. He wants to be an exemplary member and an enthusiastic church worker. It would not do for him to be a drone, neither would it do for him to be a brawler and one who is continually dissatisfied with everything the church does. No superintendent can afford to have that kind of a teacher. As soon as he finds out he has one of either of these kinds he ought to make arrangements to get another in his place.

There are certain equipments beside these fundamental characteristics that are necessary to successful teaching. One is a knowledge of the lesson and the other is the knowledge of human nature. So far as the lesson is concerned, the teacher ought to know first the history of the lesson, that is, he ought to know what relation the lesson sustains to Bible history and to the history of the world. Then he ought to be acquainted with the geography of the lesson, not only approximately, but almost every lesson demands a knowledge of the lay of the land in the immediate vicinity. Sometimes the truths taught in the lesson are made possible by the geography of the lesson.

Next in order comes his knowledge of the biography of all the characters used in the lesson. No two characters are alike; let him be able to discriminate them and apply these characteristics to similar natures that he has before him.

Next in order come the circumstances which brought about the story of the lesson. These surrounding circumstances always furnish sidelights to the lesson that are invaluable to the wide-awake teacher. To teach a lesson in the abstract makes an impression of short duration, if it makes any at all. But to teach the lesson in a relative way through the law of association, as a rule, makes indelible impressions.

Last of all in his knowledge of the lesson the teacher should not only be able to see the doctrine contained in that lesson, but should have it outlined and illustrated in such a way that the doctrinal teaching will be made very prominent.

As has been intimated, the second great thing for a teacher to know is human nature. The child is a self-teacher. It may not know what psychology means, but it knows intuitively the principles of psychology. Children must, of necessity, begin with tangible things. They proceed from the known to the related unknown. The teacher who, of course, is a lover of children, strives to discover the unfolding of the soul as he would watch the bud of a rose open into a full-blown flower.

Anything taught in the abstract is foreign. Things must have relation to each other. Children will take kindly to analysis and synthesis if presented in the right manner. Nothing amuses a child more than to construct a house out of A, B, C blocks. That's synthesis. When he takes it to pieces, block by block, that's analysis. The successful teacher applies the child-methods to the child-mind and the child-lessons. The child is naturally a discoverer and inventor. The teacher who is naturally a diplomat will temptingly throw out morsels of heavenly manna in such a way that the child will discover it and claim it as his own. Then the teacher will carefully throw some principles in the pathway of the child which he will gather up and imagine he has invented them. By these means he acquires faculties of self-teaching, which, when accomplished, does much towards reaching the desired end.

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I thank heaven every summer's day of my life that my lot was humbly cast within the hearing of romping brooks, and beneath the shadow of oaks, and away from all the tramp and bustle of the world, into which fortune has led me in these latter years of my life. I delight to steal away for days and for weeks altogether, and bathe my spirit in the freedom of the old woods, and to grow young again lying upon the brook-side, and counting the white clouds that sail along the sky, softly and tranquilly, even as holy memories go stealing over the vault of life.—*Donald Mitchell.*

Current Happenings

J. F. WALLACE, chief engineer of the Panama canal, has retired from his position in order to accept a more lucrative employment. Secretary Taft says that Mr. Wallace sought the position in the first place, and, having obtained it, accepted another position for "more lucre," and that he was strongly influenced by personal advantage, hence he demanded his immediate resignation, and it was forthcoming. It was required of him that he at once turn over the records of the office to the chairman of the commission.

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AT recent meetings in London and New York it was decided that the offer of the bankers, to subscribe $150,000,000 for the new Japanese war loan be accepted. The feature of this bond issue is the public offering in Berlin. The loan is secured upon the tobacco monopoly, and the bonds will bear four and a half per cent interest. The New York syndicate, headed by Kuhn, Loeb & Co., will get about one-third of the issue.

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THE police authorities of Pittsburg revived an old curfew law, quite recently, which has not been enforced for half a century. The bell tolled at 8:15 for the girls to be off the streets, and at 9:45 for the boys. It would certainly be a wise thing for every city and town to adopt such a law and see to it that it is strictly carried out.

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A TORNADO struck Phillipsburg, Kans., recently and eight people were killed and great damage to property was done.

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UNITED STATES SENATOR MITCHELL, of Oregon, was recently found guilty by the jury at Portland on the charge of having accepted compensation for practicing for the Federal Departments while he was a member of the Senate. The jury recommended the Senator to the mercy of the Court.

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THERE was a law passed in 1872, concerning cattle transit from one State to another, requiring that they should be unloaded, watered and fed for a period of five hours after they had been on the road for twenty-eight hours. Some twelve thousand violations of this law have been reported against railroads by special inspectors of the Department of Agriculture. It is not known that the law has ever been enforced, the penalty for each violation being $500.

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THE Cunard Steamship Company has decided to have its new steamers go to Dover instead of Liverpool. This will give an advantage for passengers bound for London and the Continent.

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FROM the Chicago Directory for 1905 the population of that city is now estimated at 2,272,760, an increase of 31,760 since a year ago.

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REPORTS from the Isthmian canal commission show that the first of last month there were 9,702 persons employed in canal work.

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THE anti-cigarette law, which was passed by the last session of the Wisconsin Legislature, went into operation the first of July. Since that time the sale or gift of cigarettes by one person to another is a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both. Already test charges are under way.

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MORGAN H. TREAT, of New York, successor to Ellis H. Roberts, as United States Treasurer, entered upon his duties and began the task of counting Uncle Sam's cash June 30. Eighty employés are engaged in this work, which includes an inventory of $1,152,818,725 in the thirteen cash vaults. Mr. Treat took the oath of office July 1, having been qualified on a $150,000 bond.

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LIEUT. COMMANDER R. E. PEARY, styled "The Knight of the Frozen North," set sail July 10, for the North Pole. This is his tenth attempt, and he says he is confident of success this trip. He claims he has a perfect ship, *The Roosevelt,* and twenty splendid Newfoundland men. His wife, son and a Miss Babb, from Maine, are among the party who will attend the expedition as far north as Whale Sound or Cape Sabine, which will be the base of supplies. He expects to reach the North Pole some time in February with the assistance of his twenty-five sleds and six dogs to each sled.

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TWENTY thousand members of the Christian Endeavor Society are attending their Annual Meeting in Baltimore. Dr. Francis E. Clark, their founder and president, is with them.

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IT is reported that the steel trust has purchased the Lake Erie and Pittsburg railroad, which railroad is now in construction.

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DAVID B. HENDERSON, former speaker of the national house of representatives, suffered a stroke of paralysis at his home in Dubuque, Iowa.

Some mischievous boys, with Fourth of July firecrackers, destroyed the famous old Brook farmhouse near Boston, Mass. It had been vacant for a long time. Sixty years ago in this place Ralph Waldo Emerson, Geo. William Curtis, Margaret Fuller, Frank Sanborn, Charles A. Dana, and a dozen more of equal renown, set up their short-lived, idealistic social democracy.

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The Chicago & Alton railroad, which has been for some time experimenting with wireless telegraphy on its limited trains between Chicago and St. Louis, has succeeded in receiving messages thirty miles from the starting point, going at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

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A combination of twenty-six Indiana coal companies has been formed at Pittsburg. They control twenty-nine thousand acres of coal land, have a capital of seven million dollars, and an annual output of three million tons.

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A flood in the Bad River valley caused the destruction of several homes near Pierre, S. Dak.

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Employes of the Maryland Academy of Sciences have found, near the Choptank river, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, the skeletons of eight gigantic Indians, supposed to have lived a thousand years ago. The bones were found under thirty feet of sandy soil beneath the remains of a camp of Indians. Above the graves of the giants were heaps of oyster shells and fragments of cooking utensils. None of the skeletons were complete, but the bones comprise those of men, women and children.

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In the business section of the city of Chicago there has been noticed a sudden settling of ground under the streets and tall buildings on account of the extensive tunneling that has been going on. The street at Jackson boulevard and State street was reported to have sunk ten inches in two nights. This does not mean that the tunnels themselves are giving way, but that the earth between the tunnel and street is shifting or giving way to the constant pressure. In places the street car cable slots have been closed by the settling of the surface; it also affects the water and gas mains.

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King Oscar's refusal to nominate a prince of the house of Bernadotte for the Norwegian throne makes no change in Norway's constitutional situation. According to the constitution of May 17, 1814, which is still in force, and also recent formal resolutions, Norway even now is a kingdom, with its throne vacant, hence the action of King Oscar has not decided the question as to the future government of Norway. It is possible that, should the King persist in refusing to nominate a member of his own house to the throne, Norway will take the privilege to offer the crown to another prince. The King seems to be undecided as to whether he wants a republic or a monarchial government.

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The government expedition in the South Pacific, headed by Prof. Alexander Agassiz, on the sounding boat *Albatross,* reports the discovery of an ocean desert, a vast submarine Sahara, destitute of every vestige of plant or animal life, covering millions of square miles of ocean. The unexpected thing about it is that it lies in shallow water, as compared with the rest of the immense depth of the Pacific. It is in reality an immense volcanic plateau, as shown by the manganese, rock and lava in the dredgings. The average depth was three hundred fathoms or 2,000 feet.

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A New York building collapsed June 26, killing four workmen and injuring a score or more people.

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Health authorities of Ecuador have reported Panama to be infected with bubonic plague.

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In accordance with an act of Congress at the last session, the Treasury Department is sending out checks for amounts necessary to refund money expended by the several States which equipped men for the War of 1812, with interest.

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About four thousand men and women, employed in making children's cloaks, were called out against twenty New York firms, a few days ago, to enforce the demand for higher wages and union recognition. Then, besides these, a thousand shirt-makers struck for higher wages and union conditions. It is to be hoped that this class of men and women will ere long see their folly in causing riots among their fellowmen.

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The historical spot, "Dead Man's Flat," in Nevada county, California, was made famous in pioneer days for its rich yield to placer miners. For a while the work had been abandoned, but on account of the rich gold strikes, there is now an old-time rush of prospectors and miners to this famous place. The new discovery is good quartz ledges.

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The Vigo County National Bank at Terre Haute, Ind., closed its doors June 28. It is reported that the shortage amounts to about $70,000.

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Three persons lost their lives in a tornado that swept down on Plankinton, S. Dak.

HOME DEPARTMENT

THE KISS.

Last night I had to go to bed
All by myself, my mother said,
'Cause I'd been naughty all day through.
She wouldn't kiss me good-night, too.
I didn't want to let her know
How much I cared 'bout that, and so
I dropped my clothes right on the floor—
A thing I never did before—

And put each stocking in a shoe—
She just hates that—and didn't do
My hair, or wash my face, or brush
My teeth, and left things in a squash
All 'round the room; and then I took
Her picture and my fairy-book
She gave me on my last birthday
In June, and hid 'em both away.

I put my father's picture right
Up in the middle of the light,
To show 'em just the way I feel,
'Cause he said, "Kiss the child, Lucile,
Don't let her go to bed like this
Without your usual good-night kiss."
But she just shook her head and turned
Her back, and then my eyes they burned
Like fire. . . . It's been a horrid day. . . .
And then, of course, I didn't say
My prayers at all, but went to bed
And wished and wished that I was dead.

Well, I don't know just how it was,
For I'd been half-way sleeping, 'cause
I was so 'pletely tired out—
When I heard something move about
So quiet, and the next I knew
The door moved back and she came through
And put her arm around me so,
And said, a-whispering very low,
"My poor, dear child," and was so sad,
And kissed me twice—My! I was glad.

Louise Morgan Sill, in Harper's Magazine.

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COUNTRY LIFE.

BY WEALTHY A. BURKHOLDER.

By the term country life we do not mean a remote corner far from town or city, for the little towns, such as the one in which I live, while they may possess many advantages, still are quite like the country, with gardens, yards, fruit trees and lawns with flowers.

Years ago when I was quite young I thought there must be something grand in living in a city where there was so much to see and learn. I thought of the many educational advantages and the conveniences of church and gatherings of all kinds, as well as the many opportunities to help the unfortunate in many ways. In fact the busy city life was quite attractive. But my mind has changed. A home in a country town or on the farm can be made very attractive, and then the peaceful, restful quiet is so enjoyable. At this season of the year when the grass is so green, the flowers blooming, the foliage of the trees waving in the bright sunshine, all conspire to make up a scene of beauty unsurpassed by the work of man in the crowded city, and to the mind that is not too much engrossed with the affairs of earth, points to a better world and Him who is the Author of beauty.

Young people should be taught to love the beautiful in nature and the home in the country. There are fewer temptations. There are not so many pitfalls in the way, hence not so many inducements to evil. Then, too, we can have on our tables the good magazines and the latest news of the day just as well as in the city, and can keep posted on the current events.

We are living in an enlightened age and need not lack in general knowledge if we have the desire to read and learn. Especially is this true of our church literature. With the *Messenger*, INGLENOOK, *Missionary Visitor* and *Disciple*, which is so much improved of late, report of the conference every year, we can know just what is going on in the big, loving family as well as if we lived in a crowded city. We also find many opportunities to do good to others, as that class is everywhere. Then let us try to make our rural homes cheerful, happy places surrounded by the work of a divine hand.

Newburg, Pa.

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SALT.

CHILDREN, did you ever think how many useful things there are all around us about which we seldom think and yet could not live without them? Air, sunlight, and water, are all necessary to our life and growth, but they do not cost us anything. There are many other common things that add to our health and happiness, and among these, salt is one of the most important. It is one of the most useful things in our homes. Perhaps there is nothing we think so little about and use so plentifully as salt. We could not live without salt. Our bodies need it to keep them in right order. Salt is so necessary to our lives that, like air and water, it is found everywhere.

Our Father, in fitting up a home for us, did not

forget to provide for all our needs. Salt lakes are scattered all over the world. Salt springs are found in many places. Salt mines are stored away in the earth for future use. The quantity of salt in the ocean is said to equal five times the mass of the Alps.

In Poland is a bed of salt five hundred miles long, twenty miles wide, and a quarter of a mile thick. In Spain, and also in Idaho, it has been taken from the mines in large cubes, clear as glass, so clear a person can read through a block. In Palestine is a large bed of salt also. It belongs to the government, and persons carrying any of it away without permission are arrested and fined.

On the seashore salt is made by the evaporation of sea-water; this makes a coarse, hard salt, called "solar salt," because it is made by the sun. If the water from salt springs or wells is boiled down rapidly, fine table salt is the result; more slowly, a coarser salt. Much of the rock salt taken from the mines is unclean or mixed with impurities, and must be dissolved in water, which is drawn from the sediments in the bottom of the vats, and then boiled down, and turned to salt again. Africa has a lake which is covered at some seasons with a shining white crust of pure salt two feet thick.

The uses of salt are very many. One of the first is for our own bodies. It helps greatly to digest our food, and also to season it, so that it is more pleasant to the taste. Our bread and butter would be very plain without it. Then we can use it to preserve meat, fish, butter, eggs, and some kinds of vegetables are kept in brine. The smooth, glossy surface on our dishes, bowls and jars is made with either salt or soda. Thousands of tons of salt are used every year in making soda, which is used by glass, soap and cloth manufacturers; and in the home, for baking and washing purposes. It is also used greatly in making baking powder.

Soda was once made from the ashes of burned sea-weeds or seashore weeds; but it is now made almost altogether from salt. Salt is also used as a fertilizer. Some plants will grow more rapidly if the ground is sprinkled with salt occasionally, and other plants it will kill. If strong brine is poured on common yard grass it will kill it. Some people use it to prevent the grass from springing up between the stones or bricks of their walks.

One of the most cruel punishments of China is depriving the person of salt, which first causes a longing, anxious feeling, and finally a painful death.

In some parts of Africa salt is used for money. A man will give so many bags of salt for a wife. He will go to the father and say, "I will give you two bags of salt for your daughter;" and very likely the father will say, "O, no, that is not enough; my daughter is very fat; you must give me more." Then he will offer another, and another, until the father is satisfied. In the district of Accre, a handful of salt will purchase a slave, salt being the next in value to gold.

Some Indian tribes in the early settlement of our country had salt for their symbol of peace. Instead of "smoking the pipe of peace," salt would be passed around and each member of the council would take a taste. It was called, "Licking salt."

In the great mines of Austria, large rooms have been made by the removing of salt; some of these rooms are one hundred and fifty feet high. One of these has been turned into a church. It has an altar, statues, seats, and other fixtures, made entirely of salt. There is also a large reception hall, and at times the king and his family visit these mines and have grand festivals there. At such times the mines are brilliantly illuminated and look very pretty indeed, the bright light shining on the pure salt causes it to glisten and reflect like silver spangles.

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MODES ET ROBES A LA CONGO.

The forest tribes, to whom cleanliness by water is impossible, smear their bodies with palm oil and a kind of red ochre, which they afterwards scrape off. The original costume of a few leaves, or an exceedingly small apron made from fibrous bark, for women, and a loincloth of the same material for men, has yielded to the superior attraction of common cotton goods, which now reach them from far-away Manchester or Saxony. These stuffs, ornamented by large patterns in flaming reds or yellows, delight the eye and rejoice the heart of the Congolese maid and matron, while such of the men as desire to stand well with the gentler sex will also condescend to use them. In every tribe, children of both sexes are entirely nude until they reach the age of puberty. In at least one tribe, neither men or women wear any covering. In a few tribes it is customary for the women to remain nude until they are married. Some women denote their married state by covering their breasts with strange ornaments, while others secure this object by elaborately dressing their hair, which they build up to a great height by aid of palm fibre and gum. Both men and women, of whatever tribe, ornament themselves with just as many collars, bangles and anklets as they can obtain. Without exception, the possession of a few strings of colored beads is to them a source of great happiness. They gaze upon such treasures with delight and guard them with jealous care.—*From "The Story of the Congo Free State," by Wellington Wack.*

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It is rumored that an exposé has been made, revealing a huge scandal relating to the improper disposal of military stores at the conclusion of the South African war.

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

GLORIFYING GOD IN OUR DAILY WORK.

Matt. 5: 13-16; Rom. 12: 11.

For Sunday, July 30, 1905.

I. How—
1. Possession of the Christ Life, ...1 John 4: 13
2. Religion in Small Duties, ...1 Sam. 16: 10-13
3. Faithful Service, ...Luke 12: 42, 43
4. Honesty, ...Luke 19: 14-17
5. Using Every Chance, ...Matt. 25: 14-17

II. Everyday Religion.
1. Sunday Religion Only is Hypocrisy.
2. Put Religion into Every Act Every Day, ...1 Cor. 10: 31
3. Sunday Religion is Real Only to Those Whose Religion is the Same Every Day.

III. Results—
1. Right with God, ...Rom. 1: 9
2. Clear Conscience, ...Acts 24: 16
3. Lights the World, ...Matt. 5: 14
4. Preserves the Earth, ...Matt. 5: 13
5. Christians are Steady Luminaries, not Flash Lights.

Text.—Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—Matt. 5: 16.

References.—1 Chron. 16: 28; Psa. 22: 23; 99: 9; 115: 1; 86: 9; Isa. 42: 2; 25: 1; 25: 3; Rom. 4: 20; 1 Cor. 10: 31; John 21: 19; Rev. 15: 4; Rom. 15: 9; Matt. 15: 31; Acts 4: 21; Ezek. 28: 22; Acts 19: 17; Luke 13: 13; 17: 15; 23: 47; Acts 11: 18; 13: 48.

Strive to Enter in at the Strait Gate.

The strait gate and the narrow way have always been associated together in my mind as a gate through which you would rather not enter, it seemed unattractive; and the narrow way was not alluring, it did not fascinate by its beauty as does the broad way of pleasure, which is bordered by flowers and trees of rare foliage. But we have learned that this narrow way is along the commonest road of life—along your very way. In storm and rain, no matter how it beats, it is going with him toward the celestial city. The strait gate opens into the way where we shall glorify God. Every boy and girl will come to this gate sometime or other, and those who strive, that is, those who are strong enough to keep away from the beautiful road, where the great crowds are enjoying themselves, and comrades are beckoning them, will pass through into the narrow way which looks chill and joyless when contrasted with the other; but the glory of God sheds a light on these pilgrims that is not to be seen on land or sea.

Daily Work.

We ought to choose to do the work that seems to be our specialty, our individual task. Moses passed through the strait gate when he chose to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. We must be willing to do the hard things, to seek no easy berth, but to be willing to endure hardness as good soldiers, to choose the difficult life. We must do this work that is very distasteful to us, and yet so evident that it is our work, we must do it patiently, thoroughly and willingly, then indeed will men glorify our Father in heaven.

Stephen.

Men are not stoned to death in these days. The picture of Stephen dying for the sake of his Lord has strengthened many faint hearts. And those beholding him saw his face shining with the light of eternity; how much shining do we do for Jesus? We need not fear the stoning, but we have other persecutions and trials to test our faith. Will we remain true and continue our work for the glory of God, or will we drop it when it grows hard or difficult? If we give up when it is hard to go on, we will become cowards and idlers. We are but tools in the Great Workman's hand; he will use us, and spend every faculty we have in moulding us to his glory.

Drudgery Glorified.

Few of us are doing the work we love best. We have read of a boy who served a great artist. The boy swept the room and kept everything tidy for his master. One day he asked the artist, who was making some beautiful mosaics with small pieces of colored glass, whether he could have the bits of glass that he found among the rubbish. "Certainly," said the master, "they are of no good to any one." After this the boy gathered them up and carefully sorted them, though no one noticed him. There came a time when the master found a beautiful mosaic hidden in the storeroom. "What great artist has hidden his work here?" he cried. Just then the boy entered and confessed that it was his work. Then his master welcomed him as a brother artist, superior to himself. He had wrought a miracle of art with materials that had been thrown away. Christ wants us to work with the things at hand; the fragments of time, of opportunity, of strength; out of these we can fashion a beautiful, harmonious life.

Glory in Tribulation.

There is the making of an epic out of the experiences of Paul; the account of his sufferings in the eleventh chapter of 2 Corinthians marks him as grand-

ly heroic. Misfortune and suffering, pain and disappointment we avoid as we would the plague, yet they are meant to be the birthplace of power. Usefulness in any trade or profession is measured by what a man can do "against wind and tide." The sufferings of Paul were his opportunity to glory in the crucified Christ. It is easy to glory in our tribulations after they are over; it is a great thing to learn to do it while fighting.

Cleaning House.

We have read about Jane Hoyt, who was left a widow with five children, and no money. Cleaning house was the only work she could do well and so she made of scrubbing a fine art; she was known to be absolutely honest, she was thorough and dainty. And she was able to make a good living for herself and her children. She said, "The Good Man gives every one of us a hard bit of ground to dig. But he always puts a spade into our hands. And he means us to dig with that spade and no other." Let us do our work patiently and thoroughly and God will be honored by our service. There is no great nor small in God's sight, as we consider it.

Shining Lights.

To be lighted is never the end of the Christian's life. Being lights—that is the end. We are needed to light up the darkness. Christ wants us to be full of light. No matter at what angle the world views us, they should see light. When we are tempted by pride, covetousness, anger, or malice, we should be able to withstand all and shine on with a steady glow.

Topics for Discussion.

1. The shepherds glorified God. Luke 2: 20.

2. We should glorify God in our afflictions. Isa. 24: 15.

3. The blind beggar glorified God in the eyes of the people. Luke 18: 43.

4. We glorify him by our faithfulness. 1 Peter 4: 11.

5. By the fruits of righteousness. John 15: 8; Phil. 1: 11.

6. The man sick of the palsy gave God the glory for returning health. Luke 5: 25.

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EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

A New Circle.

This week we are glad to report ten new names from Fredonia, Kans. Our efficient secretary, Sister Bettie Root, has been at work. And we pray that these may take up the reading, and then be willing to put in practice what they know.

A Working Chance.

Brother F. M. White, of Fruitdale, Ala., says, "We got some young members in our church this winter and it gives us a working chance with the Circle. It has been necessary for me to be away from home much of the time in the last two years, so I could not keep working with the Circle as regularly as I wished. We are going to order a new list of books soon, and I am in hopes we can keep up the Circle reading with unabated interest."

Brother H. B. Kintner, of Bryan, Ohio, says, "We have some members who have completed the course. We have just finished reading "Rex Christus" and enjoyed it. May the Lord bless all efforts in this good work."

A City Missionary.

"When I wrote you last I did not expect to come to Newport News so soon. Brother and Sister Flory are in ill health. He has gone to the country, and she expects to go next week. I hope to attend the Bible school at Bristol. I feel the need of all the help I can possibly get since I have taken up this work so suddenly. There are only twelve members in all this place. And I am told that there are over three hundred children in this east end that are not in Sunday school at all. A very small per cent of the people here attend church. We have a Christian Workers' meeting started here. We also have the beginning of a Sunday-school library. The mission books will follow."—Mary E. Shickel.

India: A Problem.

This book written by the president of our Circle should be read by all of our members. It is interesting, and we will better appreciate the toil and privation of our missionaries after reading it.

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NEW NAMES.

2839 E. D. Root, Fredonia, Kans.
2840 Katie Sell, Fredonia, Kans.
2841 Pearl Stauffer, Fredonia, Kans.
2842 Maude Sell, Fredonia, Kans.
2843 Nora Hunter, Fredonia, Kans.
2844 May Myers, Fredonia, Kans.
2845 May Sell, Fredonia, Kans.
2846 Minnie Brownell, Fredonia, Kans.
2847 Charley Stephens, Fredonia, Kans.
2848 Leonard Root, Fredonia, Kans.
2849 Mary E. Bittner, Elizabethtown, Pa.
2850 Maud Hertzler, Elizabethtown, Pa.
2851 Mary B. Hess, Elizabethtown, Pa.
2852 H. K. Ober, Elizabethtown, Pa.
2853 Mrs. Samuel H. Hertzler, Elizabethtown, Pa.
2854 Samuel H. Hertzler, Elizabethtown, Pa.
2855 Lillian Falkenstein, Elizabethtown, Pa.

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RECEIVED CERTIFICATES.

Cora McMahan, Flora, Ind.
Charles Myers, Flora, Ind.
Sarah Ihrig, Fruitdale, Ala.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter XXXVII.

Geneva, Switzerland.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

We soon stopped at Berne, the capital of the unique little Alpine republic, and here we caught a glimpse of hotel Winkelried, which carries our minds back to the day of Independence to which we referred you in letter number thirty-four, when the only remaining mountain pass was taken from the Austrians by Arnold Winkelried and his faithful followers. After passing Lausanne we ran alongside the beautiful lake of Geneva for several miles and finally arrived at the city bearing the same name. It is decidedly one of the most beautiful ones we have ever yet visited.

It was Saturday night; we were all tired, and we retired early; we slept late the next morning. After breakfast the boys made an extended search for English church services; they did not happen to find any, and after while they started down the street for a stroll. At length we reached the street car transfer where we saw one of the cars placarded "Fernet." We spoke of it as sounding rather familiar but none of us could tell what it was nor where we had seen it. Finally Miss Merritt wondered if it were not the home of Voltaire, whereupon the boys fairly jumped with delight, assuring her that she was right, and they at once proposed that we all take the car and visit the home of Voltaire. Of course we did not know that this was really his home or that the car went there, but we were out to see and accordingly boarded a car, which, we found, took us across the line into France. Presently the guard called the name "Fernet," and we alighted and began the search for the home of Voltaire. At one edge of the little country village we found a large, square mansion, surrounded by nice premises in one corner of which stands a beautiful little church, bearing this inscription: "Deo Erexit Voltaire. MDCCLXI." We were thunderstruck; I had never heard of such a thing; to think that Voltaire was such an infidel and that he had written so much and lectured so many times against God and his religion, and then to think that he would build a church and dedicate it to the One he said never existed, is more than I could understand. But there it stands,—erected and dedicated to God by Voltaire. Miss Gertrude said to us when we saw that, that it must have taken a great deal of power to make the beautiful lakes and mountains which we could see from where we were, but it took more power to change the heart of stone which Voltaire had, to a heart of flesh, than it did to make these mountains.

As we stand here and view the mighty Alps and realize at the same time that so many writers and students of nature resorted to this place, we do not wonder that they were filled with a mighty inspiration to write grand and noble thoughts. While at this place Lord George Byron wrote:

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago;
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist are forests braced:
The avalanche in his hand.
But e'er it fall, that thundering ball
Must pause at his command."

This expresses it better than I can write it and gives a very fair idea of the way Mont Blanc looks.

The city of Geneva is a wonderful city in more ways than one; it is situated on the river Rhone and many bridges span its waters. Her waters are crystal and wonderfully transparent. Mountain trout are abundant. The city is kept very clean and neat. The Genevese are an industrious, peace-loving, educational people. The city is especially noted for its educational advantages. The schools of Geneva have turned out to the world a greater number of men perhaps than any other small city in the world. On some old records that we found, among other very interesting things, the following had been given to the world by Geneva: One founder of a religion, in John Calvin; two founders of Empires; twelve statesmen, one of whom was Albert Gallatin, vice-president of the United States; fifteen distinguished war generals; four civil engineers; seven financiers; one cardinal; seventy-four theologians, who have left printed theological works; thirty-one painters; two engravers; four sculptors; twenty-six musical composers, of whom Jean Jacques Rousseau and Sigismond Thalberg are two; twenty-four translators of the Bible, the Coverdale Bible being one of their productions in 1560; sixty poets have printed poetry here; forty-two miscellaneous writers of fame; thirty-nine historians; six numismatists; eighteen political economists; twenty geographers; fifteen jurists, and twenty novelists.

Fabulists, national dramatists, moral philosophers, educators, lexicographers and archæologists abound; one Egyptologist; one Chinese scholar; Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit taught in the university; twelve famous mathematicians; eleven astronomers; four scientific agriculturists; sixteen chemists; twenty-three naturalists, botanists and geologists, and twenty-four surgeons and physicians of note.

The school system of Switzerland is among the best in the world. The government furnishes the school books and hauls the children to school on the street cars. They have kindergarten work from three to five years of age; grade work from five to twelve; high school work from twelve to sixteen; academic work, sixteen to eighteen; collegiate work from eighteen to twenty-two; then three years of university work; besides this broad educational basis, boys are expected to learn at least three trades, and the girls are expected to learn at least two. So you can see that they are not turned out into the world, having no knowledge of it. Our time has come to leave this beautiful little republic and go toward sunny Italy.

Fraternally,

Marie.

(To be continued.)

❖ ❖ ❖

SPIDER mothers remember their offspring after an absence of twenty hours but forget them when a full day has elapsed.

The Q. & A. Department.

What were the right names of the following Americans: (1) Cincinnatus of the West. (2) Black Jack. (3) Great Commoner. (4) Old Tecumseh. (5) The Tanner. (6) Red Bandanna. (7) The Quaker Poet. (8) Natick Cobbler. (9) The Schoolmaster of the Republic. (10) Bad Old Man. (11) The Learned Blacksmith. (12) Black Eagle?

They are as follows: (1) General William Henry Harrison, when he was called to the Presidency from his estate on the Ohio river. (2) General John A. Logan, on account of his swarthy complexion, black hair and mustache. (3) Henry Clay and also Thaddeus Stevens. The name, however, was originally used with reference to William Pitt, a leader in the English House of Commons. (4) Wm. T. Sherman. (5) Anthony Wayne. (6) Allen G. Thurman. (7) John Greenleaf Whittier. (8) Henry Wilson, at one time a cobbler at Natick, and later a statesman, who made campaign speeches for William Henry Harrison. (9) Noah Webster. (10) General Jubal A. Early. (11) Elihu Burritt, the author, who began his life at the forge. (12) General John A. Logan.

❖

Is it possible to know the number of people pensioned in the United States?

Certainly, the war pensioner has to know. They are as follows:

Revolutionary war—widow, one; daughters, two.

War of 1812—survivor, one; widows, 918.

Mexican war—survivors, 5,214; widows, 7,821.

Indian wars—survivors, 2,367; widows, 3,519.

Civil war—invalids, 690,792; nurses, 606; widows, 253,960.

Spanish war—invalids, 12,440; widows, 4,389.

Regular army—invalids, 9,501; widows, 3,231.

Money paid in pensions year ending June, 1904, $142,092,818.75.

❖

What and where is Floating Island?

It is a real island, containing over one hundred fifty acres of ground in Sadawaka Lake, Maine. It is covered with trees, some as much as thirty feet high, also a large cranberry marsh. It actually shifts its position daily in the lake. Sometimes it is at one end of the lake and sometimes at the other. It is known as the "Floating Island" and has kept up its aberrant voyage since time out of memory.

❖

Was Columbus a Spaniard?

No. He was a native of Genoa, Italy, but made his expeditions under the King and Queen of Spain.

What is the size of Mammoth Cave?

The total length of the passages is supposed to be more than seventy-five miles. It is said to extend below the surface of the earth ten miles, and the main portion of the cave is said to be four miles long and from forty to three hundred feet wide. It contains rivers, lakes, domes, grottoes and caverns. The temperature is from fifty-two to fifty-six degrees. It is located eighty-five miles southwest of Louisville, Ky., in Edmonson county.

❖

Some claim that America was discovered by a Spaniard before Columbus. Who was he?

Madoc, Prince of Wales, is alleged to have discovered America, but the story is considered a myth and besides he was not a Spaniard. However, it is published in Ridpath's History of the United States.

❖

How should tubers be separated from the stalk of a dahlia so as to get the best results?

Cut an eye with each tuber. The tuber will not sprout unless it has an eye. The eyes are found around the neck, where the tubers join the stalk.

❖

What is the largest United States battleship?

The United States has five battleships of sixteen thousand tons displacement each, under construction. The Maine or Missouri each have a displacement of twelve thousand five hundred tons.

❖

Where can I get information regarding examination for mail carriers?

Write to the Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C.

❖

Was Sherman ever Secretary of the Treasury, and when?

John Sherman was Secretary of the Treasury in 1877 under President Hayes.

❖

Do grapes and roses grow on the old or new wood?

Both grow on the new growths that sprout from the old wood.

❖

Who is United States Consul at Budapest, Austria-Hungary?

Frank D. Chester, of Massachusetts.

❖

Does Russia govern the Hessians?

No.

MISCELLANEOUS

QUESTIONS.

Can you put the spider's web back in its place
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough
Which fell at our feet to-day?

Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,
And cause it to live and grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing
That you crushed with a hasty blow?

Can you put the bloom again on the grape,
And the grape again on the vine?
Can you put the dewdrops again on the flowers,
And make them sparkle and shine?

Can you put the petals back on the rose?
If you could, would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the flower again on the husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?

Can you put the kernel back in the nut,
Or the broken egg in the shell?
Can you put the honey back in the comb,
And cover with wax each cell?

Can you put the perfume back in the vase
When once it has sped away?
Can you put the corn-silk back on the corn,
Or down on the catkins? say.

You think my questions are trifling, dear?
Let me ask another one;
Can a hasty word ever be unsaid,
Or a deed unkind, undone?

* * *

THE WORK OF A MINUTE.

A RAY of light travels 160,000 miles in a minute. In the United States the telephone is used 595 times in a minute.

In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 990 vibrations, while the highest tone reaches you after making 2,228,000 vibrations.

In a minute an express train goes a mile, and a street car thirty-two rods; the fastest trotting horse, 147 9-13 rods, and an average pedestrian of the genus homo has got over sixteen rods.

Of tobacco, 925 pounds are raised, and part of it has been used in making 6,773 cigars, and some more of it has gone up in the smoke of 2,292 cigarettes, in the United States, in one minute.

In a minute we are whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion, and at the same time go along with the earth on its journey around the sun, 1,086 miles.

Every minute six hundred pounds of wool grow in this country, and we have to dig sixty-one tons of anthracite coal, and two hundred tons of bituminous coal, while of pig iron we turn out twelve tons, and of steel rails three tons.

In sixty seconds our country makes fifteen kegs of nails, twelve bales of cotton come from the fields, while $66 in gold is dug out of the earth. In the same time the United States mint turns out gold and silver coin to the value of $121, and forty-two acres of the public domain have been sold or given away.

* * *

THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

SOME one has written up a dialogue between the years as follows:

1594—What have those men in their mouths?

1894—Tobacco. We have special rooms for its use in public places.

1594—A kind of medicine? Many using it look pale and nervous.

1894—Oh, no. Instead, it is a delightful poison. It kills many, injures more, but some it doesn't seem to hurt.

1594—Probably it takes the place of the liquor we used.

1894—No; it gives an appetite for them.

1594—Do children use it?

1894—Fathers are seldom willing to let children under three years of age use it for themselves, although they often breathe the poisonous smoke from the day of their birth.

1594—Is the smell ever offensive?

1894—Any one with good manners says, "I do not mind the smell," even if it sickens them.

1594—Is it not rather dirty?

1894—By using spittoons and being very careful the user can keep himself pretty clean, except his breath and clothes and hair.

1594—Is it cheap?

1894—Oh dear, no!

1594—Do only rich people use it?

1894—Oh, no. It is one of the luxuries of the rich and necessities of the poor. Tobacco first, bread next.

1594—Of course Christians don't use it?

1894—Well——

—*Ram's Horn.*

* * *

"Lay by each weight, and bare thine arm and brow;
Hast thou a work to do? Up, do it now."



Central Group of Four Buildings.

JUNIATA COLLEGE

At this season of the year many young people are making their plans to go to school in the Fall. To them the question comes, "Where shall I go to *get all the advantages* which I want, when spending time and money for an education?" To such inquiring ones a few words about JUNIATA COLLEGE are in place.

The work of JUNIATA COLLEGE has been established long enough to know that it is beyond the experimental stage. The institution has grown under a progressive policy which has planned to make each year's work better than the last. Apart from the greatly increased number of students and the new buildings and the growth in library and equipment, the most marked advance has been in the teaching and the class room work—the real work of the College. The test and proof of this work is the success of the graduates and students after leaving the College, and in this particular as well as in others, Juniata may be measured by practical results. Its graduates are not merely financially successful, but are leading lives of helpfulness and service in private and public positions, in the church, in educational circles and in the business world.

To the Coming Student Juniata Offers:

(1) The choice of a Classical, Academy, Normal English, Bible, Music, or Business Course.

(2) Thorough instruction in each department under a large Faculty of able Instructors.

(3) Home life in a perfected system of dormitories.

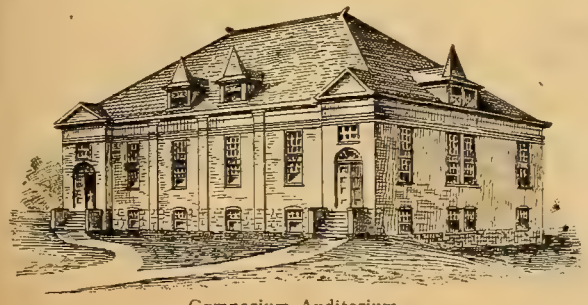
(4) The religious privileges of a Brethren College which is distinguished for its activities in the fields of Mission, Sunday School, and Young People's work.

(5) The benefits of a social life in contact with teachers of wide experience and with students of the same age.

(6) Physical training in a complete Gymnasium in the charge of a Physical Director trained by Dr. Sargent of Harvard University. Health and strength are the objects sought for.

(7) The use of 22,000 books which are made accessible and ready for reference by trained Librarians. Within the coming year this wealth of material will be placed in a large building, devoted exclusively to the Library.

(8) All these advantages are offered at a very moderate expense, made possible by the Endowment Fund. For those who may not be able to pay all of their expenses in cash, the College offers scholarships or work or credit. No earnest young person need be denied THE OPPORTUNITY OF A GOOD EDUCATION.



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For three years we have called to your attention Western Canada, where there are broad acres of fertile land ready for the plow. Many of the Brethren have heard our call, and are now enjoying the harvests.

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People in Ohio and Eastern Indiana will address

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for Particulars.

"The Healthy Know not of their Health, only the Sick"

are the words of Carlyle, the famous writer and historian. It is not known under what particular circumstances these words were written or whether the sentiment expressed was the result of his observations or the reflection of his own condition. The words however contain a world of truth. We do not properly value health until we have lost it. We are not, as a rule, greatly concerned about our physical condition until disease has laid us low. It is one of the peculiarities of human nature —man's shortsightedness and lack of wisdom.

It is very seldom that disease overwhelms us suddenly—there are many preliminary symptoms—many little indications which nature intended should serve as a warning of impending trouble. It is these early symptoms that should be heeded. Many a serious ailment could thus be checked at the outset by the administration of a proper remedy and pain and worry avoided.

Let us not fritter away valuable time, if we find something is wrong. Let us not experiment with this and that medicine when we can obtain DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, a remedy that is time-tested and time-tried and which has never failed to do good.

THEY WANT TO KNOW WHAT DID IT.

Gunpowder, Ky., Jan. 5th, 1900

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—During the latter part of last summer, I was taken sick with Malarial Fever. I had taken several remedies without finding relief, when I commenced to use your **Blood Vitalizer.** On the second day after I commenced using your remedy, I realized that a change had taken place in my condition. I continued to grow rapidly better, and am now entirely well. Three different persons have inquired of me what it is that built me up so rapidly. They ask me to get a bottle for each of them, but the nearest agent to whom I can send them lives twelve miles away. If you desire an agent in this part of the state please let me know. I believe I could sell some of the remedy for you. Kindly let me hear from you and oblige. Respectfully yours,

John H. Aylor.

THOUGHT HIS TIME WAS AT AN END.

Argenta, Ill., April 21, 1900.

Dr. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Please accept my heartfelt thanks for what your **Blood Vitalizer** has done for me. I was troubled with liver complaint, constipation, sick headache, heartburn and other complications. I had pains throughout my entire body, and felt real miserable. I am fifty-six years old and began to think that my time was at an end, but I found quite differently. As soon as I commenced using your **Blood Vitalizer** I improved in condition, and to-day I am hale and hearty, and able to work every day. I am recommending your **Blood Vitalizer** to those of my friends who are in need of the medicine. As far as I am concerned, I will never be without it in the house. Very gratefully yours,

John A. Beckman.

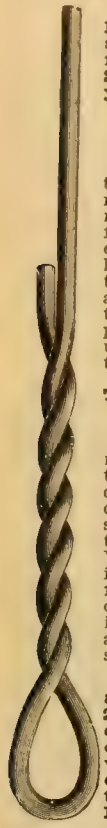
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6½	.65	.75	.84	.99
7	.69	.81	.91	1.09
7½	.74	.85	.95	1.17
8	.77	.89	1.02	1.24
8¼	.78	.92	1.05	1.26
8½	.79	.94	1.07	1.31
8¾	.82	.97	1.11	1.34
9	.83	.99	1.13	1.37
9¼	.84	1.01	1.15	1.41
9½	.87	1.03	1.18	1.44
9¾	.89	1.05	1.21	1.48
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THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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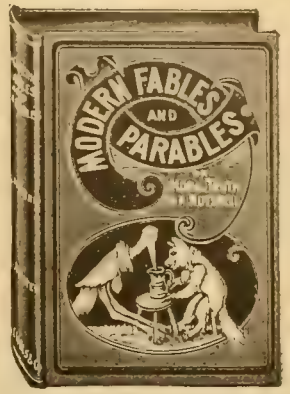
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"The Road to a Man's Heart Lies Through His Stomach"

is an old saying in which there may be much truth. One thing is certain, however, and that is, that the stomach is usually his weakest and most vulnerable spot. When it is out of order the whole system becomes affected. No form of ailment prostrates a person so quickly as stomach disorders, in particular those which are so prevalent during the summer months, such as cholera morbus, dysentery, diarrhea, bloody flux, stomach cramps and cholera infantum or as it is popularly known, summer complaint (the latter a disease of children).

CAUSES. The main causes of these ailments are to be found in climatic changes, exposure to sudden drafts, overindulgence in fruit and vegetables, excessive drinking of cold water when one is warm, etc.

There is no person who is entirely exempt from these disorders of the stomach, and some persons are more subject to them than others. The farmer in the field, the workman at his bench, the clerk, the housewife, the children, large and small, are all liable to attack. Young and old both suffer. Young children, however, who have but little strength to bear up under the terribly weakening effects, suffer most severely. The mortality among infants during the summer months is really appalling, and yet these ailments are not in themselves necessarily dangerous. What, then, is the trouble? Simply lack of proper treatment at the outset, coupled with too little attention being paid to the ordinary rules of health and hygiene.

In the treatment of these ailments the purpose of this article is to lay particular stress on the value of DR. PETER'S STOMACH VIGOR, a remedy which has never been advertised but which has been in use for many, many years. There is positively nothing known to the pharmacopoea or to medical skill which can compare with this preparation in the treatment of bowel disorders. It is quick in action; in fact, a dose has no sooner been administered than its beneficial effect is experienced. It is prepared of vegetable ingredients exclusively, is pleasant to the taste and healing and soothing to the irritated intestines. Unlike some "bowel medicines," it is devoid of any opiates, and contains nothing but what will do good, and can therefore be administered to the most delicate child. The reader is, however, kindly requested to observe the marked distinction between DR. PETER'S STOMACH VIGOR and DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER as remedies for ailments of the stomach. The former is intended for all relaxed conditions of the bowels, while the latter has become famous as a remedy for dyspepsia, indigestion, catarrh, flatulency, constipation, etc. The careful housewife will do well to keep a bottle of these remedies on the family medicine shelf for possible emergencies. DR. PETER'S STOMACH VIGOR and OLEUM LINIMENT, like DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, are not to be had in drugstores. They can only be obtained through regular VITALIZER agents or direct from the proprietors.

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For three years we have called to your attention Western Canada, where there are broad acres of fertile land ready for the plow. Many of the Brethren have heard our call, and are now enjoying the harvests.

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Tickets will be sold daily to September 30th, with final limit of ninety days from date of sale, but not beyond November 30, 1905. Stop-overs will be allowed on the Oregon Short Line at any point going or returning within final limit of tickets, but on return journey tickets must be deposited with the agent at point of stop-over.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. JULY 25, 1905. NO. 30.

LIFE.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when or how or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.

Oh whither, whither dost thou fly?
Where bend unseen thy trackless course?
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?
To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spellbound knight,
Through blank oblivious years the appointed hour
To break thy trance and reassure thy power?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?
Oh say, what are thou, when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear—
Then steal away, give little warning.
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning!

—Mrs. Barbauld (1743-1825).

❖ ❖ ❖

SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

BY JOSEPHINE HANNA.

Genius is a dwarf by the side of character.

❖

One is not likely to get to the end of the string which perseverance is spinning.

❖

Do not hold the world in your grasp, here, and expect God to hold heaven for you, there.

❖

Knowledge has to be both practical and practiced, before it is effectual; its name is then work.

Be he great and good; or weak and mean, you will reach the destination of him whose company you keep.

❖

Use well the good traits which you possess: they'll be but the brighter for wear, and a richer legacy to your posterity.

❖

Society will coddle in its arms a man whose collars, cuffs and linen are immaculate, but whose character would make a black mark on a sheet of tar paper.

❖

Carry condensed success with you, in the form of industry, patience, and perseverance, and be careful not to weaken it, when using, more than the amount called for.

❖

It is in the face of great calamities that we are enabled to realize the unimportance of minor grievances upon which we have been wasting our time, energy and happiness.

❖

There are two ladders in the world,—one resting upon its surface and reaching to its heights; the other resting upon the Eternal Rock and reaching beyond earth to heaven; the one is called success—the other character.

❖

A self-evident saint is one whose goodness everyone may sample; if you are good your goodness will manifest itself here and now; earth needs to know it more than heaven, and you may rest assured if men—aye, and animals—do not know of your goodness, the angels are in the dark concerning it.

❖

So many pieces of fancy work,
So many patches cut up and sewed together again,
So many ruffles made and laundried,
So many overloaded tables,
So many nervous headaches resulting therefrom:
Total—a large portion of life equals what?
Will there be sufficient time left to accomplish our purpose?

Flora, Ind.

With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

Mombassa

No. 3.

ELEVEN hundred miles due west of Victoria, as the crow flies, is the comparatively modern city of Mombassa with a mixed population of twenty thousand souls. It is the eastern gateway to equatorial Africa and the great lakes of that region, and is rapidly becoming the chief port on the coast. When reference is made to miles in these letters the geographical and not the nautical mile is meant. The latter is the longer by eight hundred feet and is always used at sea under the name of knot.

The *Nuddea* is a slow boat and it required a little over four days steady steaming before we sighted the eastern coast of the second largest continent on the globe, now no longer a continent, for the great Frenchman, De Lesseps, cut the narrow neck of land that bound Africa to Asia since the dawn of creation, and made of her the largest island in the world. Yes, the *Nuddea* is slow and very slow when compared with the ocean greyhounds of the Atlantic. Were the *Deutschland* to do her best she could make the distance in a day and a half, with possibly a bit of time to spare. But we are in the East where all things human move slowly. There is no rush, no hurry. You never do to-day what you can possibly put off until to-morrow. If not to-morrow, the next day, next week or next month will do as well. One must have time for thought, reflection and meditation, and so in the race for supremacy, the East meditates and is easily distanced by her lively invaders from the West.

"The East bowed low in solemn thought
In silent, deep disdain,
She heard the legions thunder past,
Then plunged in thought again."

After leaving Victoria we had some good fishing from the stern of the *Nuddea*. The quartermaster put out a line over a hundred yards in length and in thickness like unto an ordinary clothesline. A heavy piece of wire, six feet in length, with a great steel hook fastened to one end, was attached to the line. The hook was baited with strips of white and red cloth and we took in a number of large, fine fish which added variety to our bill of fare. I had the privilege of drawing in two striped beauties and when another was hooked, not wishing to monopolize the fishing business, I called on our friend, the coffee planter from South America, who took hold of the line gladly and began drawing in the fish. Suddenly, instead of pulling in, the line was drawn out with such rapidity that half a dozen blisters were burned on his hands and fingers. He said, "I couldn't hold it." And little wonder. A great shark had doubtless seized the fish and darted away with its prize. Apparently he caught the hook as well as the fish, for when the line was taken in the great hook was found straightened out. After this incident no more fish were caught. For some reason no one cared to pull them in.



THE HARBOR AT ZANZIBAR. SULTAN'S PALACE IN CENTER.

It was not until May 8th, nineteen days out from Bombay, that we cast anchor in the south harbor of

Mombassa. The city has two good harbors, one on the north and the other on the south side of the little island on which it is built. Our voyage from the Seychelles had been pleasant. We were favored with a smooth sea and a refreshing breeze all the way. The new moon, rapidly approaching its first quarter, added its glory to the southern heavens and it was a source of continual pleasure to sit on deck far into the night and look out upon the heavens. Stover Sahib, as he is known in India, brushed up his knowledge of astronomy and we spent many delightful hours together studying the heavens and felt as the sweet singer of Israel must have felt when he declared, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge."

and were not long in taking advantage of our liberty. After being imprisoned for nineteen days it is good to get out and feel that you are a free man again.

Sixty years ago Mombassa was almost entirely unknown to the civilized world. January 3, 1844, a patient German missionary and explorer landed at this place and began work with his companion Rebmann. (We shall have more to say of these self-sacrificing men in a succeeding letter.) From that time dates our knowledge of this part of east and central Africa. When the division of Africa took place between the powers of Europe a few years ago this part of the country fell to the share of England and the territory is now known as British East Africa. In 1902 a railway was completed by the government from Mombassa to Port Florence, a distance of five



NATIVE MUSICIANS AT MOMBASSA.

Then, too, we had occasion to rejoice because our smallpox patients were rapidly improving and were pronounced by the ship's doctor to be out of danger, and that there had been no further spread of the disease among the deck passengers who had been most exposed. It seemed almost a miracle that the disease did not spread, for, as already noted in a former letter, the ship was crowded with steerage passengers. We felt that we had occasion to be thankful to God for his protecting care over us. He had brought us out of our distresses unto our desired haven.

We waited with some degree of anxiety the decision of the medical authorities as to whether we should be allowed to land or not. After our experience at Victoria we knew not what was in store for us. The port doctor came on board, examined the sick, declared them to be convalescing and as the cabin passengers had been properly isolated we were permitted to go ashore. We heard the decision with gladness of heart

hundred miles. The first year it was operated the government suffered a net loss of three hundred thousand dollars. Since then traffic has increased so that for the present year the road promises to pay a dividend. The opening of the railway has largely increased the importance of Mombassa and it now enjoys a large trade with the rest of the world. Along the line of the road colonies are locating, new towns and cities are springing up and in a few years this part of Africa will be in a prosperous condition.

The natives on the coast line are not the full type of the negro. Instead of being black they are a dark mahogany brown. Except in color they resemble their darker colored brethren of the Soudan and central Africa. The lips are large, the nose inclined to be flat and the hair short and curly. They are strong and well developed physically and look as if they could do an immense amount of work. They are fond of singing and strike one as being a happy, careless

sort of people. They stand in most striking contrast to the Aryan race of India. The latter are meek, and cringing, always making way for the white man. These are self-contained, independent and without being impudent, have an air of I-am-just-as-good-as-you about them. I rather like them on this account.

Our ship cast anchor some distance from the shore and we had recourse to the small rowboat to take us to the wharf. Here we were met by a number of natives wearing long muslin shirts reaching well below the knees, with the usual turban on the head.



STREET SCENE IN ZANZIBAR NEAR MARKET PLACE.

They were bright fellows and each had picked up a little English. They were anxious to serve us as guides and were most persistent in pressing their service upon us. Finally they all left us but three and one of these, a little fellow with a nut brown skin, regular features and great dreamy eyes was selected to go with us through the city. When we announced our decision and dismissed the other two they at once began making uncomplimentary remarks about our boy. "He no good proper guide! He know no place, not where to go! He big tief; you look on your pocket, no money; all gone, he steal! He vara much big liar." Our boy proved to be bright and intelligent and made us an excellent guide. Here was another illustration of the fact that human nature is about the same the world over. The successful boy or man must always bear the taunts of those who fail and are too envious to admit merit unless it be in themselves. When we had gone the round of the city and dismissed our guide we made the mistake of giving him twice the regular fee. It seemed to us it was small enough then, but it aroused his cupidity and he immediately put in persistent claim for more.

A street railway connects the south port with the city. Its construction and motive power are not equal to our modern trolley lines, but it answers an excellent purpose. The distance across the island is a mile and a half and the fare on the railway is eight cents for the trip one way. The cars are small, being built to accommodate four or five passengers each. These sit back to back, two facing the front and two the rear of the car. A covering is provided to protect the passengers from the heat of the tropical sun. The motive power is furnished by two strong-limbed, long winded, athletic Mombassaites, and they do their work well. These are not Pull-man but Push-man cars. Convenient handles are attached for the men to take hold of when they push, and these can easily be transferred from end to end, so there is no necessity of turning the car.

After you have taken your seat the conductor, who by the way furnishes fully one-half the motive power, sells you your ticket and then with his assistant takes hold of the handles and you are off on your journey. And how they do run and push and keep the car moving. I think the greatest surprise to us all was the speed they kept up for the mile and a half. On the way to the city there is a long stretch of down grade. Our men, as they approached the descent, pushed and ran until the car was spinning along at a high rate of speed. When it seemed that it would outrun them they nimbly sprang on the handles and rode with us and so all together we rushed down the grade at a dizzy speed. Our Pushmen made much better time than we used to make on our horse cars at home a score of years ago.

First of all we sought out the post office and mailed letters to India and America. Under English rule the entire coast of East Africa enjoys excellent postal facilities. We expected and received no letters and shall have no word from home until we reach Durban two weeks hence. After walking about the town for several hours we were glad to find a large library and commodious reading room where we found the latest English papers and magazines. Here an hour was spent very pleasantly reading and resting.

Zanzibar, South Africa, May 15, 1905.

(To be Continued.)

✣ ✣ ✣

MONACA is Europe's most densely populated spot.

FANNIE CROSBY.

The Blind Hymn Writer.

THE eighty-fifth birthday of a blind old woman! Who would think this could interest any but her grandchildren? Yet in New England, her home, the celebration was general. In darkest Africa, China and Siam, and elsewhere the missions observed the day with special selections from her eight thousand hymns. And many more Christian churches are appointing a special "Fanny Crosby Day." For this is the woman who wrote "Rescue the Perishing," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Near the Cross," "Pass Me Not," "Saved by the Grace," and other hymns that have been translated into many languages and sung by millions.

At the age of six months little Frances Jane Crosby had as good eyesight as the average baby. The application of hot poultices to the eyes during an illness destroyed the optic nerves, and the little one was rendered sightless. At the Institution for the Blind in New York City, she became so proficient in knowledge that she was made instructor in the institution. Here she met a blind music teacher, Alexander Van Alstyne, whom she married. It was during this period of her career that she wrote poetry and secular songs, one of the most popular of the latter being "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower." She was forty-five years old when she wrote her first hymn. "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" was composed in about twenty minutes while W. H. Doane, who had written music for many of her hymns, was waiting to take a train. He sat down to the piano and played the music for which he wished her to compose some words. The song writer was deeply affected by the pathos and sweetness of the air, and before the train arrived had thought out the lines which have since drawn tears from thousands of eyes.

Her rapidity of thought in composition is partly the result of training. She relates that once while a pupil at the Institution for the Blind she was required to produce some lines of blank verse and had put it off out of pure laziness. Finally her teacher said to her: "Now, Fannie, it is time for business. No blank verse, no dinner." She had the poem ready before the dinner bell rang. That sort of practice enabled her to concentrate her mind on a theme and partly accounts for the swiftness of her thought when she composed the immortal lines for Mr. Doane.

The blind poet has a strong feeling for rhythm and a keen enjoyment of music, and in her time has been herself a skilled performer on the guitar and piano. In the case of some of her songs and hymns she composed both words and music. She used to have a sweet soprano voice, and her sense of harmony was so strong that anything like discord jarred on her ear and would even awaken her from sleep. A gentleman who knew this once used it to his advantage. On calling at the hotel he was told by attendants that she was sleeping. They were reluctant to disturb her, whereupon the caller, whose business was pressing, strolled down the corridor where her room was located and began singing a hymn out of tune. The false note awakened her.

In some of the churches the hymns which she wrote were sung on "Fannie Crosby Day," and it is proposed to make her the recipient of a gift, thus honoring the poet while she is alive, instead of waiting until she is dead.

Her home is in Bridgeport, Conn.—*Musical Million.*

* * *

ARTESIAN WELLS.

WHERE artesian wells first originated is hard to tell, but we know that they were used in China for obtaining water more than two hundred years ago, and were sunk to a great depth. But the idea of making artesian wells comes to us from France, where they were sunk in the province of Artois from which they derive their name. Artesian wells are unlike ordinary wells, being from three to eight inches in diameter, and penetrating to a great depth.

The principle upon which artesian wells work is the tendency of flowing water to rise to the level of its source. The process of boring wells requires great patience and perseverance, because the well must be drilled through strata of rock, sometimes to the depth of two thousand feet. The machine the Chinese have for boring consists of a heavy cutting drill joined to a large iron rod, about six feet long, and four inches in diameter. A cylindrical chamber around the drill supplied with valves receives the fragments of earth and rock.

Over the proposed site of the well a derrick is erected from thirty to sixty feet high and from twelve to eighteen feet square at the base, which narrows to almost a point at the top. Upon this top rests a frame which supports the pulley upon which the drill rope turns. This rope is led to a shaft on the ground fixed on journals or grooves. Around this shaft the rope is coiled, and at each end is a large wheel. The power is then applied to a wheel, where the drill is fastened to the upper end of the rope. When the flow from a well is not so great as expected, a torpedo is lowered to the bottom and exploded by means of an electric spark.

This often increases the flow from five per cent to one hundred per cent. Artesian wells are now very common. Almost every city in America and Europe contains one or more. The deepest well known is at Berlin, which is more than four thousand feet deep. There is one in St. Louis nearly as deep.—*Selected.*

THE THEATER AND THEATRICAL LIFE.

BY J. KURTZ MILLER.

RECENTLY I became much interested in the conversion of Mr. Quentin Ashlyn. This gentleman is not only well known in New York City, but in every large city in the country. He was well up in the "theatrical life," having performed on the stage for many years. But his remarkable conversion has stirred the world more than ever his plays on the stage. Is not God, by his Spirit, touching men to-day as he did Saul of Tarsus?

Mr. Ashlyn being converted by the Holy Spirit through the preaching of the Word of God, suddenly quit the stage life, and has turned in with the people of God, and is now an earnest student of the Bible. His desire is now to live for his Lord. In a recent address, he said:

"I speak from an intimate knowledge and experience concerning the modern theatre. What I say I hope will lead many to give up theatre-going. The theatre is wrong to start with, and hence no good comes to any one. For instance, in certain plays there is a burlesque—a travesty of death. Now death is far too solemn a subject to be trifled with. We lose the sense of the important 'trust of life' far too soon as it is. 'You will be a long time dead,' is the doctrine of the theatre.

"Then take the plays where there is love-making. Those who have this part to perform must do it in a convincing way in order to imitate the real, and often this leads to much evil, as anyone with common sense can see. Love-making is not a thing to be trifled with, nor a heart a thing to be played with. Hypocrisy is nowhere so great as on the stage! There be those who can play upon the emotions of an audience, and melt them to tears, whilst they themselves laugh in their sleeves. Then, again, the very nature of the humor of the stage is ridiculing certain failings of human nature, and this is by far not upbuilding.

"How about the religious plays? 'The Sign of the Cross,' 'The Christian,' 'The Resurrection,' and the 'New Minister'? Well, I consider these even worse than others, for the reason that because they are of a religious nature they have drawn people to the theatre who never would have otherwise gone. Weak Christians are foolish enough to go to such plays, thinking them not harmful, but they are quite harmful indeed."

Mr. Ashlyn declares that to-day he is a hundred times happier than in his theatre-going days, for he has the joy of Christ in his soul continually. In comparing his old and new life, he recently said: "My old life in the main was a life of deception. I amused others; myself I could not amuse. I was sick of everything; sick of myself, sick of stage life, sick of its hypocrisy and sham and emptiness. But I am now a new man; with Christ in my life I am happy all the day long. My friends notice a change in me, and why should they not? I am in a new world."

Mr. Ashlyn does not know what his future will be, but says: "My future is not in my hands. He who has saved me, will lead me, and where he leads I will follow."

5901 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

SPIDERS.

HERE is a family with which we are all more or less acquainted. The busy housewife has very often quite a time to keep them and their homes out of the houses. I know that you, my dear little friends, have not much to do with that.

This family consists of only one mother, and quite a number of babies. Have you ever seen the little white silk cocoon in the cobweb of a spider? Just think, in that cocoon, the baby spiders have to change their skins once before they can come out. Before the baby spiders are full grown, which with us means being of age, they have to change their skin nine times. The poor little spiders must be very careful, or they will catch cold. Have you ever watched a spider spin its web? No, I think not. They must be pretty quick, for often I have swept away the poor spider's home, but still, when I came back to it next day, that persistent little insect had spun another one.

Some spider webs looks just like a big wheel. In the center sits the spider, like the hub of a wheel, and waits for some poor, unlucky fly or moth to catch itself in her web. Well may Mrs. Spider say, "Will you walk into my parlor?" for it is generally very pretty. There is a certain class called the bird-catching spiders. These are black, and are covered with hair.

I am sure you have all seen a humming-bird. It is so pretty and delicate. Just think, these spiders catch those beautiful little humming-birds to eat them. How cruel that seems to us. The hunting spiders live in webs and crevices. Some of them run swiftly, whilst others have the power of leaping to get their prey. Mr. Livingston, the great African traveler, told about one kind which leaped the distance of one foot. Now that is a very great distance, considering that the spider is, perhaps, one-twelfth of this distance.

In Britain there is a small, common spider that lives in summer on the windows. When it leaps, it avoids the danger of falling by suspending itself by a thread, so if it misses its aim, it can come back again. It generally gets the bug or fly it jumps at. This kind never makes webs.

The Wandering Spider has no special home, but throws out threads to entrap its prey. It has no regular webs. Some of them live on plants, and place their

eggs on the leaves, and bind the edges together with their silk. These spiders have a bad habit. Instead of going straight forward for what they want, they either run sideways or backwards. How awkward and funny we would look if we ran for a car or something sideways or backwards. Do you think we would get there in a hurry?

There is one kind called the Trap Door Spider. How queer that does sound. This spider has its home under the ground, and moss grows over this, thus concealing it from all.

The Clotho Spider is one that has a sort of tent spun around it in shape of a shell, which is an inch in diameter. This shell or tent is fastened to the under side of stones or crevices of rock, by seven or eight threads. Here she places her eggs in several bags. The parent creeps in and out under the edges of the tent, and thus supplies her babies with food for some time.

The "Little Doctor" Spider is so called because long ago folks who were feverish used to take pills made out of its cobweb. How would you enjoy such pills when sick?

In South Carolina there is a spider called the "Silk Spider," because it makes a web of two kinds of silk thread, one gray, the other yellow. Some of the folks used it to make thread, and others to make cloth. So you see they were quite useful.

There is one which lays beautiful white eggs, which she carefully wraps up and places in a chink. The Ichneumon (*Iknomon*) flies eat these. These spiders are sometimes called the "Geometrical Spider." In India there is one kind that makes a web so large that it spreads clear across streams, and is fastened to trees on opposite sides of the water.

There is a Brazilian spider that makes beautiful geometrical webs. These are quite different from their relatives, because they have a curious long tail on each side of their head, and one on each side of their back. Wouldn't you like to see one of these? Now come some that, I am almost sure, we have all seen or met with. They are the "Daddy Longlegs" or "Harvestmen." They are a good and harmless sort.

Here comes the last one of this family that I am going to introduce you to. I left it until last, because it is the largest and most dangerous of this large family. Their name is Tarantula, meaning "wolf-like." These live in Southern Europe, and get their name from the city of Taranto, Italy, where they are plentiful. They make no web, but live in a hole in the ground. Their bite is fearful and poisonous. The Mygale, one of the same branch, makes real little houses out of a lump of clay in the ground.

This house has a cunning little door. When no visitors are wished, the spider shuts down this door tight and flat, and holds it down with all its strength, while pressing its feet against the side of the house, to prevent itself from falling down to the bottom. It is very cruel, as well as large. The inside of this home is lined with silk, and the door has silk hinges. How would you like to live in a house like that? I am afraid if we had doors with such hinges we would not be very safe from burglars. As you have met quite a number of this family, I will leave you to become well acquainted with them.—*Selected.*

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HOW AUTHORS WRITE.

The mechanical practices of authors, says an unidentified contemporary, vary like the men themselves. Order prevails with some. Some revel in disorder. George Sands could only write on nicely ruled note paper. Miss Braddon scribbles her tales of terror on torn envelopes or any scraps of paper that come handy. Charles Dickens' manuscript covered every inch of the paper. Mark Twain will take a folio sheet of cardboard to write a ten line joke on. Charles Reed and Victor Hugo wrote on immense sheets of paper with coarse quills or reed pens. William Black and R. D. Blackmore cover dainty sheets of note paper with microscopical handwriting. Miss Alcott used to write her stories on the backs of her father's old manuscripts, and Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell was accustomed to write her editorials for the *Woman's Journal* on the backs of circulars and similar scraps of waste paper. Mr. Shorthouse, the author of "John Ingelesant," is reported to have violated all the canons of the printing office by sending in the copy for that once popular novel written on both sides of the paper of various sizes; while Wilkie Collins wrote on large sheets of paper, and corrected, interlined, and pasted in a great deal. General Lew Wallace wrote his first draft upon a slate, and finished upon large sheets of white, unruled paper in a most faultless chirography, and Ouida covers large sheets of blue paper with an almost undecipherable chirography, written in an exceedingly bold and masculine hand. Macaulay was a foolscap paper man, and Alexander Dumas, the younger, keeps a large supply of fine, prettily colored paper, cut to a uniform size, on hand, and writes on one tint or another, as the fancy seizes him.—*Selected.*

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REPUBLICS OF THE WORLD.

Twenty-seven republics: United States, Brazil, Uruguay, Argentine Republic, Columbia, Peru, Bolivia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Chili, Paraguay, Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Mexico, Liberia, Transvaal Republic, Orange Free State, Switzerland, France, Hayti, San Domingo, the New Republic (Africa), Andora (Spain), and San Morino (Italy).—*Selected.*

THE SIMPLON TUNNEL.

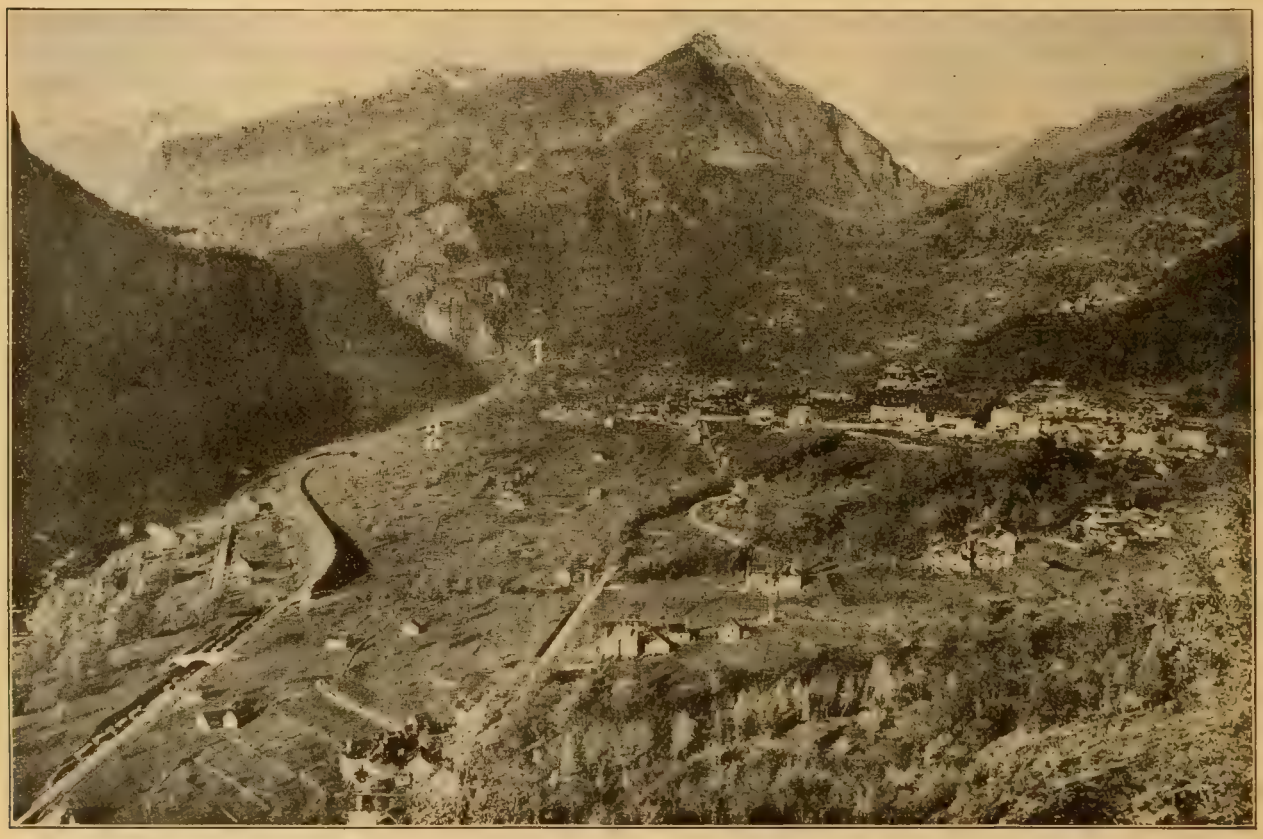
BY ADRIAN PELLET.

In a recent issue of the Inglenook I read, with interest, an article on the "Simplon Tunnel." As it has been my privilege to visit that great work and read a part of what has been published concerning it, I have become more and more interested in this subject, and I know others will also.

Since 1854 the question of a tunnel under the Alps to put into communication the two countries, Switzerland and Italy, was examined by many engineers, but the great difficulty was how and where to get the money. It was decided that something near thirty million dollars would be needed. In the year 1893 the Swiss government gave a guarantee of twelve millions,—the last project accepted bringing down the cost of the construction to seventeen millions, but the amount will be, owing to difficulties, twenty-two millions—so that it was possible to realize the certainty of constructing the Simplon Tunnel, after forty years of studying and searching for money.

The work started August 1, 1898, and the 24th of February, 1905, the breach was made, the workers met in the middle. So after six years and seven months' work the greatest tunnel of the world—twelve miles and a half long—was built, but not until October 1 will this tunnel be open to traffic.

On the 21st of March the engineers met for a banquet, with a few delegates of the government. At that assembly, Mr. Sulzer, the chief engineer contractor of the tunnel, specially mentioned all the difficulties met,—difficulties so great that often the question of impossibility to go forward was examined. He also said: "We have had all the deceptions possible and often came near giving up, but for myself, if I pushed the work forward, it is in my faith in the divine help which sustained me. I don't say that just to have something to say, but because it is the true expression of my soul."



THE ITALIAN RAILROAD TO ENTRANCE OF TUNNEL ON THE ITALIAN SIDE.

Have you read these few words carefully? If not, just read them again. They were uttered by a great man who had accomplished a great work. Why? Because he believed in God. It is certainly a comfort for us to hear such a sound and Christian declaration, when we so often hear men saying, "No intelligent man can believe in God." Is it not also a lesson for us when we are in the midst of trouble? "Thou art my God and my Father, of whom shall I be afraid?" Amen.

2 Pont Neuf Carouge, Geneva, Switzerland.

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A BACTERIA lamp has been invented.

DRANK A TEAR.

"Boys, I won't drink unless you take what I do," said old Josh Spillit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him in astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions is laughable. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures on us. You are the chief of the mixed drinkers, and I will not agree to your conditions."

"He wants to run us in a castor-oil and brandy," said the judge, who would willingly have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square," replied Spillit. "Take my drink and I'm with you."

The boys agreed, and stood around the bar. Every one turned to Spillit and looked at him with interest.

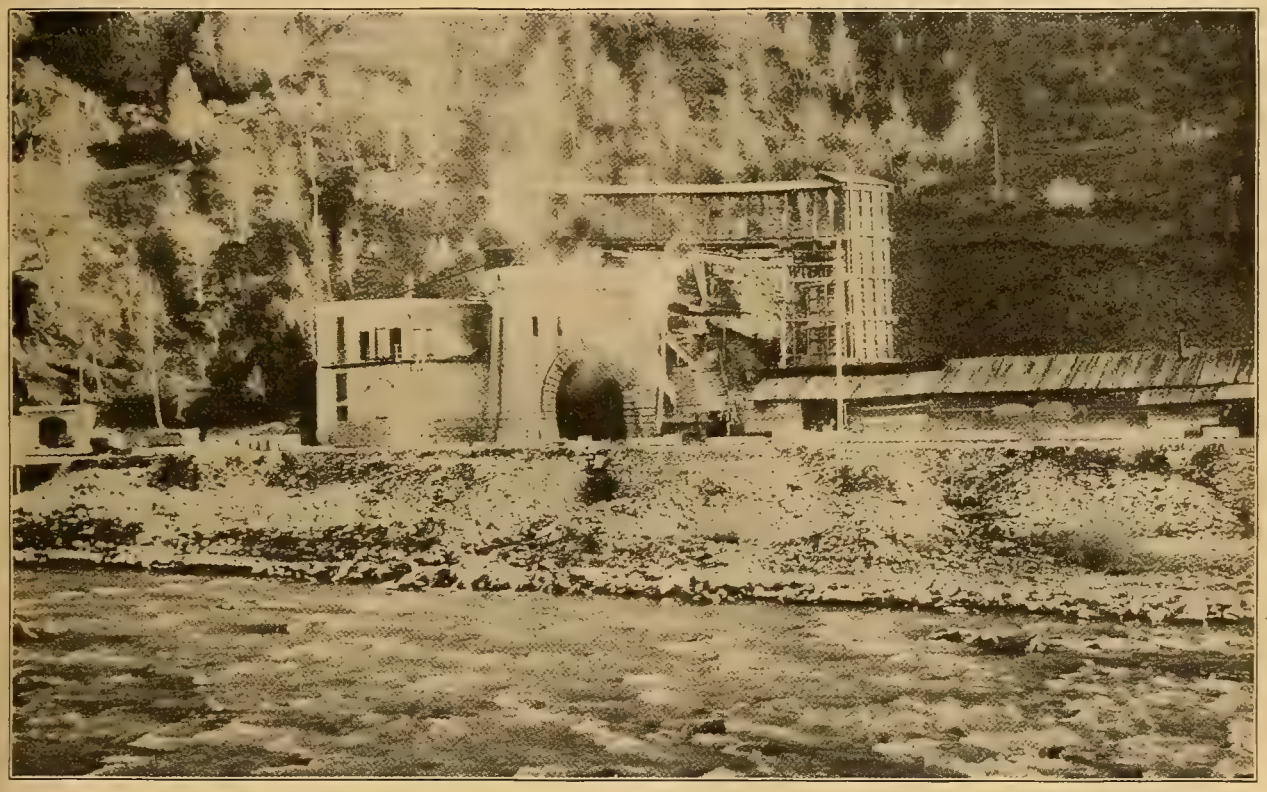
"Mr. Bartender," said Spillit, "give me a drink of water."

"What! Water?" the boys exclaimed.

"Yes, water. It's a new drink on me, I admit, an' I expect it is a scarce article with all of you. Lemme tell you how I came to take it. Several days ago a party of us went fishing, an' we took a fine chance of whiskey along an' had a heap of fun. Long toward evening I got powerful drunk an' crawled under a tree an' went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whiskey an' went back to town. They thought it was a good joke, 'cause they'd left me thar drunk, an' told it around with a mighty bluster. My son got ahold of the report an' told it at home. Well, I laid under that tree all night, an' when I woke in the morning thar sot my wife right thar by me. She didn't say a word when I woke, but she sorter turned her head away, an' I got up and looked at her. She still didn't say nothin', but I could see she was chokin'."

"'I wish I had suthin' ter drink,' said I.

"Then she tuk a cup what she fotch with her an' went down to whar a spring biled up, an' dipped up a cupful and fotch it to me. Jes' as she was handin' it ter me she leaned over ter hide her eyes, an' I seed a tear drap in the water. I tuk the cup an' drank the water an' the tear, an' raisin' my hand I vowed that I would never haf ter drink my wife's tears agin; that I had been drinkin' them for the last twenty years, an' that I was goin' to stop. You boys know who it was that left me drunk. You was all in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."—*The Templar.*



ENTRANCE OF THE TUNNEL ON THE SWITZERLAND SIDE.

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MEN often laugh at a boy who will tug a sled for an hour to reach a summit from which he will slide in a minute, but he is a philosopher to the man who does hard work for six days that he may, on Saturday night, turn his coined sweat into the till of a saloon.—*Reflector.*

METHA JHARAM AND HIS FAMILY.

BY S. N. M'CANN.

METHA was a man of the farmer or coolie caste. He has been closely associated with me the last four years. He has been in charge of our garden for two years. He was trusty, willing, kindly disposed and obedient, a better man I have not dealt with in India. Last year when the plague was raging he stuck to his work until attacked by the plague, when he was moved to his village, where he lingered between life and death for many days. I frequently went to see him and he was always glad for me to pray with him, and glad for the medicine sent out by Dr. Yereman each day. The Lord raised him up; he returned to us, moving his family to our compound, his little boy going to school with our boys.

A few weeks ago he took a severe cold; it seemed to get well, but about ten days ago he was attacked with fever, his brother came and administered some native remedies, and fever being such a common thing, I paid very little attention to him, thinking he would soon be up. He grew worse and worse. I called the doctor, who pronounced his fever pneumonia and very critical.

Under the doctor's treatment he seemed to improve, but his caste people said he must be taken home. If he died here his brother said the caste would give them much trouble. Persuasion or reason was of no avail, for caste was ruling and he had to be taken home. There in a low, dark room, with high fever and the temperature of the room at 105 degrees, surrounded by fifteen or twenty friends and relatives most of the time, he survived only three days. I went out to see him each day and prayed with him, for he believed, had renounced idolatry, and was a Christian in all but caste. He said to me only a few days ago he was going to be a Christian soon. This would mean to break caste, which is the great test here. He said "soon," but death came and he had not come.

When word came that he was dead Mrs. McCann, Henry, a number of boys and I went out to show our sympathy and love to the bereaved. He was laid out upon a litter of straw in the center of the room. We were invited to come in and see him. His face was uncovered and we looked upon it and wept. His brother in a frenzy of grief passionately appealed to me, then to little Henry to call him back. Mrs. McCann and I talked to the crowd and told how he believed but because of his love for them he had not broken caste, and then of Jesus' love and how soon we must all die, but how sad if not ready to go.

After much weeping and some ceremony with paint, a cocoanut and some money he was laid upon a board and bathed. Two bamboo poles being tied together with a number of strips and grass placed upon them, he was laid upon the grass and over his body was spread a red coverlet. At each of the four corners a cocoanut was tied. Four men then took this frame on their shoulders and started to the burning place. A man bearing an earthen vessel with fire went before, and one with grain followed.

The wife, daughter and all other women and children followed but a very short distance, then returned to bathe and the wife to weep. She confines herself in her room for ten days, then comes out stripped of all her ornaments, the sign of widowhood.

The funeral procession reach the village boundary, and the vessel containing fire is broken to slivers and falls in a heap with the fragments of others of its kind that bore similar sad messages of a life that had gone out. All the way to the burning place a continual cry was kept up of, "Rama By Rana," dwelling on the first long a and intoning it on different notes of the scale. As soon as one completed the sentence another took it up and thus they all cried, "In God, brothers, in God."

When they reached the burning place the corpse was taken into the sacred water of the Narbuda and immersed about half way, then the carriers all bathed and threw water over the corpse, which they then carried five times around the pile of wood upon which it was afterward laid. After placing more wood over the body the fire was carried around the pile a number of times and then it was fired near the head, afterwards at other places. About one hundred men walked nearly four miles to the funeral. Thus one whom we had learned to love has gone from us forever. Oh! cruel death, why do you so intrude?

On the twelfth day after death the poor widow must give a caste feast which means not less than fifty rupees. She is poor, but the feast must come. If she don't have enough to make it then her nearest of kin must loan it. If they do not they will be put out of caste. Oh, cruel, lion-bound custom, doubly so when enforced by caste. The sorrow of death followed by a debt that years of toil cannot lift, a slave to fashion. But this is not Christianity.

Anklesvar, India.

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PROMINENT AUTHORS.

GOLDSMITH'S "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from arrest; he was a poor conversationalist. Johnson said, "He wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

Gray was exceedingly exact in his work; he usually wrote and worked at one line until he felt that it would never need any retouching, and then he was ready to begin another line.

It is said that Peck, of the Milwaukee *Sun*, received

a greater yearly income from his newspaper work and "Bad Boy" than Emerson received in his whole life.

Thomas Hood, while confined to a sick bed from which he never rose, in order to provide for his wife and children, wrote the "Song of the Shirt," "Song of the Laborers," and "The Bridge of Sighs."

Byron sat down at midnight and wrote with great rapidity his unpremeditated thoughts. During the passage of his poems through the press, he was continually altering and adding. He was too shy, unless well acquainted, to be a good conversationalist.

Carlyle spent fifteen years on his "Frederick the Great"; he usually took a walk of seven or eight miles before he felt ready to write; his penmanship was poor and indistinct; he talked best directly after supper, when under the influence of a dozen cups of strong tea, he would pour forth a stream of rich thought.

Dryden wrote when he was greatly in need of money; he was a very fluent writer, but it is said that he always seized the readiest word rather than wait for the fittest. When he was congratulated on his "Ode on St. Celia's Day," he replied, "You are right; a nobler ode has never been produced and never will be."

Gibbon worked twenty years on his "Decline and Fall." "Who can think without a smile of the fat man in love? Who can read without merriment the story of Gibbon, the fat historian of the Roman Empire, going down on his knees to make love, and finding it impossible to get up till the lady rang the bell for the footman to help him?"

Pope was the first man who made an independence by literature. He worked himself into a high state of excitement before writing, and required his writing desk to be placed on his bed before he rose. The domestic is said to have been called from her bed four times on a winter's night to supply him with paper lest he should forget a thought.

One of Tennyson's pieces was rewritten fifty times; his writing is small, exact and delicate. It is said of one of Longfellow's poems that it was written in four weeks, but that he spent six weeks in correcting it and cutting it down. The "Psalm of Life" first appeared in the *Knickerbocker* and was never paid for. "Hiawatha" reached a sale of 50,000 in less than two years after its publication.

Wilkie Collins wrote about ten pages a day, though he said, "It's a pretty good days work for me to get through three pages a day." His manuscripts are said to present a very untidy appearance, as they are cut, interlined again and again, sentences written on the margin with numerous lines drawn to show where they belong, and "erasures which look as though the writer, in trying to scratch out something, tried also to push it through the other side."

ALL ABOUT THE BLACKBIRD.

You all know the very old "Sing a Song of Sixpence." Have you ever read what it really meant?

The four and twenty blackbirds represent a day, or twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the wide, wide world, the top crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the pie is the dawn of day when all the birds begin to sing, and surely such a lovely sight is a "dainty dish to set before the king."

The gorgeous old king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun; while the golden pieces that slip through his fingers are golden sunshine.

The lovely queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon; and the bread and honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious little maid-of-all-work, who is in the garden at work before the old king—the sun—has risen, the day-dawn; and the clothes she hangs to dry are the clouds; while the bird which so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose," is the hour of sunset. So we have the whole day—in a pie.—*Selected.*

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THE ALLIGATOR.

The alligator builds a nest of mud and grass, and lays a large number of oblong, white eggs; but the little ones when hatched often serve as lunch for their unnatural papa, and this cannibalism, more than the rifle, prevents their numbers from increasing. The alligator is not particular as to diet. I once found the stomach of a ten-footer to be literally filled with pine chips from some tree which had been felled near the river's bank! They are fond of wallowing in marshes, and many a man out snipe shooting has taken an involuntary bath by stumbling into these wallows. In dry seasons alligators will traverse long distances over land to reach water, and travelers have come suddenly upon alligators crawling amid prairies or woods, in the most unexpected manner. The alligator as a rule is very wary, but at times sleeps quite soundly. I saw one struck twice with an oar before it awoke.—*Selected.*

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When a Japanese goes into a Buddhist temple to pray, he sometimes writes his prayer on a piece of paper, chews this, rolls it into a ball, and then throws it at the idol. If it sticks to the idol, that is a sign that the prayer will be answered; if it falls to the floor, it is a sign that the prayer has not been heard.—*Brethren Evangelist.*

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A grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years, and at the end of that time will not show that it has diminished in the least.

INSECT WINGS.

BY EARLE KING.

An insect's wings may be summed up to have three distinct uses. First, as a method of locomotion; second, as a way of procuring food, and third, as a way to escape its enemy.

The wings of different insects vary widely as to number, size, shape and structure. The wings of the dragon fly would never suffice that of the grasshopper, or vice versa. Should the grasshopper have the wings of the dragon fly, they would soon be torn to shreds on account of their delicate structure, by crawling through narrow places, wiry grass, etc., while the dragon fly would soon starve with the heavy wings and wing covers of the grasshopper, for he procures his food in flight.

Insects' wings are veined, but differ as widely in their veins as horses differ from cattle. The wings of the *Lepidoptera* are usually gay colored on account of the presence of scales, which, not only ornament, but strengthen the wings and help shed water from them.

Let us notice the difference between the motion of the wings of the different insects. The fly makes about four hundred vibrations of the wing per second, while a butterfly makes only a few. The wings of a fly, after passing from the larval stage to an adult, can scarcely be seen, but under favorable circumstances may be unfolded in an hour's time. They have only one true pair of wings, but where the second pair should be we find a pair of balancers consisting of a thread-like stalk, with a knob at the end.

We distinguish the *Hemiptera* and also the beetle from bugs by their wings. The order *Hemiptera* have a posterior pair of delicate wings underneath an anterior pair of half wings, overlapping each other. Half wings because half of each interior is hard like the wings of a beetle. The beetle has only one pair of true wings. The anterior pair which many think are wings are hard wing covers. Watch a May beetle (June bug) fly. First, he raises the hard wing covers and by his posterior pair of wings, flies all around the room.

Look at the wings of the bee or *Hymenoptera*. They are composed of two membranous pairs, and the posterior pair is much smaller than the anterior pair. They seem to be only one pair of wings unless they are unhooked. They are hooked together by a row of hooks along the front margin of the hind pair, which catches on a ridge at the hind edge of the front pair, and in this way, during flight, the two pairs act as one.

Union Bridge, Md.

PHILIPINA'S ADVENTURE.

There was once a cat. Of course there were a great many other cats; but only one (that I ever heard of) was named Philipina, and had white fur, with three black paws and a black nose and a black tip to her tail.

Philipina lived on a farm in Maine. Her mother taught her, while she was a very small kitten, to chase, first grasshoppers, then mice, and then small birds; and to wash herself neatly from her little black nose to the black tip of her white tail. She took just as much pains with the black places, paws and all, as with the white.

There was one thing which most cats know, but which Philipina never had to learn; that was to be afraid and run, or bristle up her back, when she sees a dog. Philipina's very best friend, next to her mother, was a great Newfoundland dog who let her lie down between his paws and box his nose (with her claws put away out of sight), and who never troubled her except by sometimes trying to help her wash herself. His tongue was so big and strong that it tumbled her right over into the grass. Then she would put out her claws and say cross things; but the two always made up before night.

One day when Philipina was about three months old she followed a young sparrow into the woods. Up flew the bird, into the boughs of a tall pine tree, and up the shaggy bark went Philipina, after him. The sparrow escaped easily enough, and left the kitten perched on a bough about twenty feet from the ground.

Philipina, having looked in vain for the bird, now began to think about getting down; but how was she to do it? You see cats always like to go head-first whether it is up or down. Philipina put one black paw down the trunk of the tree as far as she could reach, then another; but then she paused. She knew that if she put a third paw down she would tumble head-over-heels. She drew back and crouched on the branch again. "Mi-ou-ou-w!" she said, finally. It never occurred to her to back down the tree.

What should she do? It might be that she could get off the tree somewhere higher up! She climbed up for ten feet or more. Then she looked down. She was worse off than ever. "Mi-a-a-ou-w!" she wailed again.

Philipina kept on, almost to the top of the pine. There she found, at any rate, a comfortable place to rest. It was a deserted crow's nest, in which she curled up. Then she washed herself a little, to take up her mind, and then, feeling sleepy after her long climb, she closed her eyes for a nap.

A few minutes later a shadow passed across Philipina, but being asleep she did not see it. Far over-

head wheeled a great bird called in the country a hen hawk. His quick eyes caught the little bunch of white fur in the crow's nest. Down he came silent and swift to the tall pine. He hovered over the nest a moment, with flapping wings, and when he rose, little Philipina was held tightly clutched in his claws!

Now it so happened that Harry Smith, whose sister was Philipina's mistress, was just starting out to fish for pickerel in a pond near the house, when he caught sight of a huge bird flying slowly over the tops of the trees. "Hen hawk! Hen hawk!" he shouted, rushing into the house for his gun. Out he came again with his gun, Bruno, the Newfoundland, barking by his side. The hawk flew off toward the pond, but Harry, by taking another path, got there first. He took aim and *bang!* went the gun.

Harry did not fairly hit the hawk, but the bullet went so near that the hen hawk was frightened, and letting his prey drop, flapped off to the deep woods as fast as he could go.

Down went Harry's sister's cat, through the air, to Harry's great amazement, straight into the pond.

Confused by the fall and the fright, and sore and bruised by the hawk's cruel claws, poor little Philipina mewed faintly, but she could not swim and would surely have drowned in the pond, when there came a great *splash!* and to her joy she saw Bruno's honest black head surging toward her through the water. How the dog did swim! His powerful webbed feet drove the water behind him as he threw himself ahead faster and faster until he reached Philipina, just as she was sinking, caught her by the loose fur on the back of her neck, and holding her high above the water, turned about for the shore.

Half a minute later Bruno laid down at Harry's feet the wettest, most miserable, but most thankful kitten you can imagine. Then, while the good old dog shook himself and galloped about, barking joyfully, Harry took poor little Philipina up in his arms and carried her home to his sister.

Next day Philipina was as well as ever. She never had such an adventure again; but to this day, though she is a sober cat with kittens of her own, she starts and runs when she sees a bird flying overhead, even if it is only a swallow or a robin.—*Willis Boyd Allen, in Little Folks.*

* * *

WHICH IS IT TO BE, MONEY OR MANHOOD?

MEN should not fool themselves into thinking that social conditions are to remain forever as they are now. There will be change. There must be a change. Society will move on to something better or move back to something worse. What will be the nature of this change? What is to be its purpose?

The struggle of the past, continuing through long centuries of war and strife, was political in its nature. The struggle of the present and of the future, for how long a time no one can tell, is economic in its nature.

Nominally political liberty has been accomplished. In the eyes of the law men are equal and have equal opportunities. Actually we do not have political liberty, because true political liberty is dependent upon economic liberty, and the latter we do not have. Economic liberty is to be won, if it is won at all, through long years of endeavor. What is to be the outcome of this struggle?

There are at the present time two distinct tendencies at work in society. One is to make property, wealth, supreme over men. The other is to make man, manhood, supreme over everything else. There is a deadly war on between these two opposing tendencies or forces. Which is to win? Which is it to be, money or manhood?

Undoubtedly the first of these tendencies is now in the ascendancy. In the great majority of cases the influence of property is greater than the influence of personality. We worship wealth. In theory, from the Declaration of Independence on down to President Roosevelt's latest sermon, we place man before money. In practice we do not. Outwardly materialism is in the saddle.

It is not to be thought, however, that the idea that the influence of men is to be proportionate to the wealth they possess has an absolutely clear field. It has not. There is opposition of a most persistent and powerful kind. There is no human being without admiration for those qualities of mind and heart which make a man in the true sense of the word. We all have our materialistic conceptions, but we all have our idealism as well. The war between the two conceptions is waged in each man's soul just as it is in society at large. One or the other will conquer in each man's life just as one or the other must predominate in the whole society.

At the present time these tendencies are embodied in two economic movements, capitalism and unionism. They are not perfectly presented by these movements, of course, but substantially so. The central thought of capitalism or the trust regime is the power of wealth and the influence that belongs to a man because he has wealth. The central thought of unionism in its true form is the importance of the individual man regardless of his possessions. These movements are at times horribly distorted from their ideal purposes, but the ideal is there none the less.

The struggle of the future is to be along these two lines. The fight must go on until society is dominated by one or the other.

Which is it to be, money or manhood?—*The Badger.*

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Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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THE TEACHER AND HIS CLASS.

ONE of the important things that sets a teacher either right or wrong before his class is his personal appearance. Some may not think that this has much to do with it, but a teacher can mould character by this method as well as any other. Teachers who appear before their classes carelessly dressed, or with an untidy appearance, or who stand bracing themselves with one foot on the rung of a chair, or carelessly allow themselves to lean against the wall, and other mistakes of a like character are bound to do one of two things. They will either disgust their pupils with their weak characteristics or they will cause them to imitate them; either of which is very unfortunate for the teacher and for the pupil.

The teacher should possess the power of inspiration. You have often experienced in your lives the feeling that comes to one when a person appears upon the platform, pulpit, or before the class, who has this power of inspiration. The first thing the successful teacher does upon meeting his class is to greet them pleasantly. He must cultivate the faculty for knowing each one personally and make such inquiries about the scholar and his interests as to awaken within him the knowledge that the teacher is personally interested in his welfare.

Next, the teacher must express his joy in the lesson that is to be studied; of course he knows his class and he knows his lesson, and the last thing he did last Sunday was to give his pupils a preview of today's lesson. He begins by calling to the surface that preview in his review of last lesson. This leads them up to the point where they begin the real active work. No teacher is stereotyped; every teacher has a right to his own method of presenting matters to his class. A great deal depends upon the class, in regard to the age and experience of the pupils as well as their general knowledge of things. Some teachers have the best success with a conversational method, but in the majority of cases the Socratic method, which is the method of asking questions, gives the best satisfaction.

There is another method that can sometimes be used, it is the lecture method; this is only valuable when some teacher is given a transient class. In some Sunday schools all the regular classes are well defined, and have the regular members, then each Sunday there are a few come in who have never been there before, and are not likely to be there again; these ought to be taught as well as anybody else, but as a matter of course they form a transient class. They know nothing about the lesson or the connection of the lesson; consequently they must be lectured.

The true teacher understands his lesson; he sees it as a whole; he sees it in all its parts; he either has in his mind or on paper an outline of the lesson; he does not present the outline mechanically to the class. He leads them to a place where they are compelled to discover it. When they have fully discovered the outline, he then clearly defines the lesson plan, shows its relation to the other lessons of the quarter, and then thoroughly covers the field with good, applicable illustrations. As a rule he does not lecture the class. It is wisdom to use the conversational method occasionally for the sake of sustaining interest, and then after the question method has thoroughly brought out the teaching points of the lesson to stir the moral faculties of the class and cultivate the soul of each individual scholar. The ideal teacher that we have in mind is not satisfied with the results of his efforts, short of the conversion of every scholar he has.

Unfortunately there are a few teachers who are not successful because they fail to make the most out of an honest answer. Some teachers reject an answer and even administer reprimand when an answer is wrong. If the answer is honest, be sure to endorse whatever there is in it that is right, and proceed from that to show the wrong things in the answer. The poor child who must submit to being corrected, most heartily enjoys whatever credit is due him from that part of his answer which is right.

It is a lamentable fact that some of our Sunday-school teachers anxiously await the call bell of the superintendent. Such teachers should be asked to resign at the next teachers' meeting; it is a waste of time, energy and almost an unpardonable sin to jeopardize the souls of those under their care. These scholars who are brought into the sheepfold of the church to be fed, ought to have a shepherd who is so full and running over with good things that the scholars are as anxious to gather up the fragments of practical lessons and teaching points as they would be to pluck bouquets from the flower garden. Chil-

dren recognize the beautiful; they are the best judges of human nature in the world. They can oftentimes read character quicker than phrenologists. They simply allow you to steal their time because of their helplessness. If they had the authority to turn matters about, many a teacher would have to hunt another job; but for the present they must submit to this sort of thing.

Year by year more attention is being given to Sunday-school work and more care is being taken in the selection of teachers, which plan, if adhered to, will solve the problem of our Sunday school. More and more the teachers are coming to know that the prime object of their work is to bring souls to Christ and build up souls in Christ.

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BACKBONE.

Physiologists tell us that the skeleton gives shape to the body and that the bones of the skeleton form levers and fulcrums so useful in the work which the body has to do. But perhaps there is no bone or set of bones in the human skeleton more valuable to its functions than is the backbone. The series of vertebræ, composing the backbone, allow oscillation, and yet the natural curvature of the spine is so perfect in its construction that it is said by men who are supposed to know that it not only gives the body the most perfect form, but places it in a position to sustain the greatest weight.

The Creator, who knows all things, knew the function and mission of the vertebrate animals, therefore he gave them the backbone. The adaptability and usefulness of the backbone has made it a proverb which is often used when referring to the moral stamina or individual characteristic of the person referred to. Sometimes figures of speech can be magnified until they lose their strength, but the more this is applied the stronger it becomes. As it is absolutely impossible for a man to live and be of any use to the world without a backbone, so it is impossible for one to be of any service to his fellow-men in home, church or state without a moral backbone. A man who has no convictions of right is a dangerous man; but the man who has convictions of right and is so full of moral cowardice that he dare not advocate the principles of right is a moral cripple for the want of a backbone.

There are hundreds of men to-day that know the liquor traffic is taking our country to perdition as fast as it can go, but they don't have backbone enough to talk against it or work against it, because they are afraid of private injury; they are afraid their house or barn will be burned, or afraid their character will be impeached by a certain class of people and their business utterly ruined. A man with no backbone is unable to stand any persecution, and therefore cannot be relied upon to make any sacrifice whatsoever for right. It is true that he suffers some from prick of conscience for a time; after awhile his conscience becomes dwarfed for the want of exercise, because its calls have been unheeded, and he continues to go on about his daily routine, really working against the right because he does not work against the wrong.

A large percentage of church members are worldlings and allow themselves to be continually hampered by the things of the world, not for want of better teaching, not for want of a greater desire perhaps to do what is right, but from a pure lack of moral backbone. Many a man and many a minister will say in private what he would not dare to say in public. His conviction on questions both public and private may be all right, and he will tell his confidential friends his private opinion on the subject; but when it comes to facing a scorning world it takes backbone to tell the people of their sins and their mistakes. There are plenty of people who would like to spend their whole lives in making crutches and pads for people who have little or no backbone, when the better thing to do would be for them to go to work and strengthen their own backbone and tell the world the true condition of things. Suppose Jesus Christ would have told the Pharisees that they were pretty good fellows and would have used the modern methods of soft-soaping and whitewashing, to have opened their spiritual eyes. Suppose Paul, in his ministry, would have used the modern methods of covering up heinous crimes and hiding stool-pigeons, would he have accomplished what he did in the economy of grace? No, these two men talked plainly; they said what they meant, and meant what they said; they had no reputation to lose; they made themselves of no reputation. Since they didn't have any reputation to lose, any houses or barns to burn, any position to be taken away, they dared to carry out their convictions of right; in other words they had backbone. The world to-day needs ten thousand men who are ready to take their lives in one hand and their convictions of right in the other, and get on the pulpit or in the press and say to the world what they need or at least what they think they need. God can overlook the mistakes of a man with a backbone, but he can do very little with an individual who, through some moral affliction, has lost his backbone.

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We are highly complimented from the fact that so many of our subscribers are taking advantage of the twenty-five cent offer to the end of the year for NEW subscribers, and are making a present of the Inglenook to their friends. Try it once. It may be they will renew their own subscription at the end of the year. How would it do for a prize for your Sunday-school class?

Current Happenings

A NEW railroad is to be constructed in New Mexico to furnish an outlet for the output of their coal mines.

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KING LEOPOLD, of Belgium, has made a plea to J. Pierpont Morgan to dissuade the New York financier from accepting the money offered by the Chinese to the American-China Development Company, and to forfeit the concession which has been given to the railroad between Hankow and Canton.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, with his three sons, who are accompanied by a party of cousins and friends, left Sagamore Hill for a few days' rowing, fishing and swimming at Lloyd's Neck, L. I. The President is camp director and chief cook.

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A SENSATIONAL rumor is current in St. Petersburg of a large party, in favor of deposing the Czar, and establishing a regency with the infant son of the Emperor, who is heir to the throne, at the head of the government under four grand dukes.

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THE Japs have succeeded in raising another cruiser which was sunk off Port Arthur. It is a Russian battleship and will shortly be towed to Japan for repair and be used in the Mikado's navy.

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THE Standard Oil Company has lifted the boycott against Kansas, and is now taking all the products of its wells.

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AN aeronaut was killed at Santa Clara, Cal., by a half-a-mile drop from an airship invented by Professor Montgomery, which became unmanageable in its flight.

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THE Milwaukee Fire Department is now under investigation by the grand jury, answering charges of graft in connection with recent promotions which have been made. There are others.

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ON July 18, mercury reached ninety-five degrees, the highest since 1901, and the suffering was intense. The day's record was fifty-five deaths and 380 prostrations. The whole country swelters under a blanket of terrific heat.

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REV. IRL R. HICKS says that the intense heat from which the country is now suffering is caused by a gigantic double spot on the sun, which was visible for six or seven days. He says it is moving westward over the sun's surface and is about 175,000 miles in diameter. Professor Hicks predicted ten months ago that the sun spot would be due the middle of July.

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AT Nocona, Texas, fourteen persons were killed and many others injured as the result of a tornado which recently struck Montague county. Nine people were killed at Montague.

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JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE, who was so signally defeated in the taking of occidental Gotham, is now contemplating a crusade against Paris. He expects to take with him three thousand Zionists and see what can be done to improve the virtue of the people of France. The French are not very jubilant over the prospect of his coming. He may not receive a very hearty welcome.

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ELIHU ROOT, the new Secretary of State, advises the mayor of Philadelphia to continue to renovate the city of scandal, in spite of the refusal of the District Attorney to prosecute. We hail the coming of another man with a backbone.

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KOREA sends a minister to Washington to urge Roosevelt that the Hermit Kingdom be granted a pledge of independence at the Conference.

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CROWDS of thousands recently witnessed a spectacular swimming race through the lower rapids of the Niagara. The fools are not all dead yet.

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IT is reported that practically every coal mining company in the Pittsburg (Pa.) district has passed into the control of the Gould interests.

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FIRE destroyed six hundred barrels of canned salmon and twenty fishing boats at Antioch, Cal. Loss, $150,000.

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GRAFT has led to the indictment of forty-eight people by the Milwaukee grand jury, a large per cent of whom were business men. It seems that it is as contagious as smallpox.

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IMPORTS of merchandise through New York harbor, for the fiscal year just ending, amount to nearly six hundred and eighty-five million dollars, an increase of nearly eighty-five million over last year.

THE malleable iron works of Dayton, Ohio, were partially destroyed by fire, the loss being one hundred twenty-five thousand dollars.

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THE French and German governments are not so far apart in regard to the Moroccan conference. The only thing is "one is afraid, and the other does not dare to."

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THE public debt at the close of business, June 30, 1905, less cash in the treasury, amounted to $989,856,772.

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IT is reported from Mexico City that, during a recent flood which took place at Guanajuato, a mining city in Mexico, hundreds of persons were drowned.

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IN a recent cloudburst in Mexico more than a thousand persons are said to have been destroyed and one town wiped off the map.

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EIGHT convicts escaped from the federal penitentiary on McNeill's island, near Tacoma, Wash., leaving the island in two government boats.

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Two thousand woodworkers of Chicago are still on the strike for higher wages.

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MORE than fifty labor men have been indicted for alleged corruption in the Chicago labor trouble. The strikers are beginning to find out that their bosses are feathering their nests, and they themselves are "singing all summer and perhaps will dance all winter." A lot of hoodlums will probably be running over the country next winter, claiming they could not get any work last summer, and expecting the people to sympathize with them.

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THE Associated Press says that an order for the mobilization of the Swedish army has been issued, and that Sweden will enforce the decrees of the Riksdag.

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THE feeling against the United States on account of the exclusion law continues to grow more bitter in China, and the movement is expanding.

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THE Cuban house of representatives has passed a rice bill, which shuts the door of Cuba to any but the United States rice, by a vote of twenty-four to ten.

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A LITTLE after-Fourth celebration caused some firecrackers to explode in a vacant barn, which started a forty-thousand-dollar fire at Mt. Pleasant, N. J.

PROFESSOR CURIE, the discoverer of radium, has been elected a member of the French Academy of Sciences.

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THE American Museum of Natural History, New York, has been robbed of three thousand dollars in gold ores. It is one of the finest collections in the world.

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IT is reported from Washington, D. C., that there is a strong drift among republican statesmen to restore the stamp taxes of the Cuban war to meet the treasury deficit of more than forty million dollars that is threatened during the fiscal year just beginning. The deficit for last year was twenty-four million dollars.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has formally announced the names of the Russian and Japanese peace envoys, and says their first meeting will take place about August 1.

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CHICAGO strikers express dissatisfaction over their failure to receive strike benefits, and breaks in the ranks are predicted.

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SEVEN negroes and a white man were taken from jail at Watkinsville, Ga., by a mob, tied to posts and shot to death. When will the people show themselves to be better than the criminals?

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THE Attorney General of Illinois has informed the various cities of the State that they have no right to hold street fairs and carnivals. This decision has played havoc with the plans of several ambitious municipalities over the State. It is time that this public nuisance is called to a halt.

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KING OSCAR thinks it not profitable to endeavor to restore peace at the point of the sword. He thinks that is a queer way to obtain peace. But that is the American plan. We want more peace conferences, more army and more navy. The King thinks it would be "hanging a millstone about their necks," to restore the Union forcibly.

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SENATOR MITCHELL, of Oregon, is fortunate that his sin of accepting bribes was found out so soon. The affliction might have grown on him had it not beeen discovered in time.

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REV. JOHN THOMPSON and Mr. Ward, of Chicago, are both of the opinion that the churches of this country ought to take the politics in hand and clean up the grafters and bribers. Maybe the church would better clean house first, and then help her neighbors.

HOME DEPARTMENT

NEIGHBORS.

BY NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

ASIDE from the dear Savior, and the air we breathe, and the family relationship which is symbolic of heaven, probably the next greatest of our many great and wonderful blessings, is the goodness of God in the bestowment of neighbors. The neighbor is in truth a brother, a sister in the one dear family of God. Like the air we breathe, we are apt to undervalue this great blessing, because God has given it to us so lavishly—so abundantly. We seldom appreciate our common blessings until we are deprived of them. Doubtless all have read that sweet poem entitled, "Whistling in Heaven." How a lonely settler's wife in a new country spent a day alone while her husband went to the nearest town, and when night came on she knelt beside her infant in its cradle, lonely, sad, heartsick, scarcely daring to breathe, lest some harm come during the lonely night, when at last she heard the cheerful sound of a boy whistling. A distant neighbor, seeing the husband pass, had kindly sent their boy to stay over night with their lonely, unknown neighbor. Words could not express her joy—her relief. Throwing her arms about his neck, she kissed him, and afterward declared that,

"Unless there is whistling in heaven,
Its music will not be complete."

So we might all say, if we were once deprived of this great boon, that unless there were neighbors in heaven, its joys would not be complete.

When sorrow enters a home, who is first to manifest sympathy and seek to comfort the broken hearts? The near neighbor. When sickness or death comes to us, who are the faithful ones that do every kind thing that mortal can do to help a fellow-being? Our neighbors. When need knocks at our door, to whom do we fly for help? To our neighbors. When we are lonely and sad, what can cheer our hearts like the beautiful smiling countenance of God's heaven-sent messenger, a good neighbor? When we get into trouble, to whom do we apply to help us out, but to those same homely (homelike) and sometimes despised and unappreciated neighbors? The value of a good neighbor cannot be estimated: it is above computation. Millions of money cannot bring peace and joy to the human heart, but *a good neighbor* is God's authorized agent to convey those very commodities; and they are *free*.

The true—the real or genuine—neighbor is under the most solemn obligation to love his fellow-man (or woman) as himself. There is no other thing in earth or in heaven that can bring happiness to the human soul but love. Prof. Drummond has rightly said that "love is the greatest thing in the world." Paul said it long before. It is not only the greatest thing in the world, but is the all-inclusive element of heavenly existence. To love our fellow-men as ourselves is to live the golden rule—the God-life.

It is God in the flesh that exemplifies this heavenly element. If we are children of God in truth, having the Christ within us, we will live the godly life—or he will live it within us. That is the love life, because God is love. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor:" it cannot, because we take delight in conferring only good and good continually upon those whom we love. Love covers up—conceals from critical view—the unlovely traits in its object of affection. Christ's love covers all our sins (we who are his friends). It is great enough to cover all the sins of the whole world, if only accepted in the reciprocal spirit. So when Christ dwells within man or woman, the love within them is great enough to cover all their neighbors' faults, and bless them with unassuming kindness continually.

My dear, kind neighbor, can I tell
One-half the joy I feel,
To hear thy voice—remembered well—
Thy countenance to see!

Can words express my inmost thought,
When your kind hand I clasp?
Can joy like this be sold or bought,
When such sweet boon is past?

When I feel, in hour of trial,
Thy tender touch of love,
How can I help rejoice and smile:—
Thou'rt guided from above.

Your loving words in time of need,
My weary soul hath soothed:
Your kindly look and gentle deed,
My care and pain removed.

When danger stared me in the face—
My heart was weak and faint—
You counsel me with tact and grace
My pen could never paint.

You cheered me when I was downcast—
Encouraged me to try,—
Helped me with my hardest task,
In loving sympathy.

You overlooked my rude, queer ways,
You passed my error by;

You mentioned me in words of praise,
To neighbors far and nigh.

My Savior bless you every day,
And save thy precious soul:
Angels guide thee all the way
From earth to heaven's goal.

There, in that happy home above,
When saints and angels kiss;
May you know that perfect love—
Enjoy eternal bliss.

Collbran, Colo.

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"ALL SMILES AND SUNSHINE."

I WAS talking with a mother, one morning last summer, when her baby girl awoke and came down the stairs, fretting as babies will when they first awake. Then the mother took the little one up in her arms and asked cheerily: "What are you going to be to-day, darling?" Instantly the little face brightened and the baby lisped, "All smiles and sunshine, mamma."

Ah! wise little mother, what a lesson you are teaching that precious one, and what a lesson for older people. If we would only learn to awake with the resolution that just for one day we would be all smiles and sunshine, how much brighter this world would be, for it is only one day at a time, remember, and even if we failed at times, surely the days when the sun shines cheerfully for part of the time are better than those of continual gloom.

People may laugh at the many sunshine songs introduced into our Sunday schools, but we need to be constantly reminded that we were put into this world for the purpose of making it brighter and better, and our lives are failures in God's sight if we go about with long faces and never a smile or cheery word for those whose lives touch ours. Then let us resolve each morning when we awake, that for the day we will try to be "all smiles and sunshine."—*Lulu Linton, in Christian Standard.*

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FEEDING SCHOOL CHILDREN.

IN London, Liverpool, Manchester and other English cities it is now recognized that it is unreasonable to expect hungry children to study to any purpose. There is no longer opposition to the policy of feeding poor children at school, and the only question is one of methods. In Belgium most of the industrial cities have adopted a system which combines private and public feeding. A public body attends to the meals, which are paid for by private subscriptions. In Brussels the commune found that twenty-five per cent of the school children have no breakfast at home, and that it would require $80,000 a year to feed them. In Switzerland both the government and the cantons voted aid for school meals. In Zurich the school authorities take full charge of the feeding, and the funds are from the city. In Paris meals are given to children who pay a small charge, but parents who are destitute may get meal tickets for their children. In England it is considered necessary that public money only should be used, as private funds are sure to decline.

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GETTING ACQUAINTED AT HOME.

A YOUNG fellow who had got into the habit of spending all his evenings away from home was brought to his senses in the following way.

One afternoon his father came to him and asked him if he had any engagement for the evening. The young man said he had not.

"Well, I'd like to have you go somewhere with me."

The young man himself tells what happened.

"'All right,' I said. 'Where shall I meet you?'

"He suggested the Columbia Hotel at half past seven; and I was there. When he appeared, he said he wanted me to call with him on a lady. 'One I knew quite well when I was a young man,' he explained.

"We went out and started straight for home.

"'She is staying at our house,' he said.

"I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment for the Columbia under those circumstances, but I said nothing.

"Well, we went in, and I was introduced with all due formality to my mother and my sister.

"The situation struck me as funny, and I started to laugh, but the laugh died away. None of the three even smiled. My mother and sister shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hadn't seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated.

"It wasn't a bit funny then, although I can laugh over it now. I sat down, and she told me one or two anecdotes of my boyhood at which we all laughed for a little. Then we four played games for a while. When I finally retired, I was invited to call again. I went up stairs feeling pretty small, and doing a good deal of thinking."

"And then?" asked his companion.

"Then I made up my mind that my mother was an entertaining woman, and my sister a bright girl.

"I'm going to call again. I enjoy their company and intend to cultivate their acquaintance."—*C. E. World.*

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THE rebellious Hottentots are said to have captured the German military headquarters at Warmbad, in southwest Africa, seizing the ammunition and setting the prisoners free.

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

MISSIONS.—Matt. 28: 18-20; Mark 16: 15.

For Sunday, August 6, 1905.

I. The World Must Be Saved.
1. All Saved, ...Matt. 13: 33
2. Kingdom Must Grow, ...Matt. 13: 31, 32

II. Christian Hope.
1. Foreign Missionary.
2. Pioneer Among Us.
3. Undertook a Difficult Work.
4. The Cause of Foreign Missions Owes Much to Him.

III. John Kline.
1. Gave Himself Unstintingly.
2. He Did all He Could.
3. The Cause of Home Missions Owes Much to Him.

Text.—Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.—Matt. 28: 18-20.

References.—Psa. 96; 18: 49; Mark 13: 10; 16: 15; Rev. 14: 6, 7; 1 Cor. 16: 9; Acts 26: 14-18; 13: 2-4; 10: 9-20; Matt. 24: 14; 7: 12; Jonah 3: 1-9; Luke 24: 47, 48; Isa. 43: 6; John 4: 48; Acts 2: 22; Jonah 1: 14; Zech. 8: 16.

The Field is the World.

A stay-at-home Christianity is not real Christianity at all, such a church is inviting defeat. To carry the Gospel to every creature is indeed a formidable undertaking. There are at least 750,000,000 who have not had an opportunity to learn of Jesus Christ and we cannot ignore the difficulties which are in the way of reaching many of these. In lands where our missionaries have been teaching we find in some at least that the heathen priests are in battle array against them and the battle cries are "for, or against Christ." But if the whole church comes up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, God will give these earnest missionaries a great victory.

A Few Facts.

There are 70,000 Protestant Christians in Mexico.

There are in South America at least 7,000,000 people who have not even been influenced by Christianity. They are heathen, pure and simple. They are not very far away either.

In Japan the children from the poorest homes go to school and get a good education. So the opportunity of the Christian church in Japan lies among these 5,000,000 school children. The ordinary Japanese will agree to almost everything you say about the religion of Jesus Christ. He will agree that it is good and that his country ought to have it, but he has no desire to make a personal application of it to his own heart and life.

Missions in Roman Catholic Lands.

It is admitted that missionary work in these lands is slow. The people have a part of the truth, and they do not readily see the errors which are mixed with it. South America, even in those parts described as "Christian," is yet largely heathen in spirit. The Bible is kept away from the people. There is a distinct movement away from Roman Catholicism in France, in Italy, and especially in Austria. In some parts of France whole villages have become Protestant.

Porto Rico.

It has always seemed to us that we should send missionaries to this place. Brother M. G. Brumbaugh was the first Commissioner of Education to Porto Rico. Brother and Sister C. S. Vandyke are now teaching there; would it not be possible to support a mission on this island? There is an openness of mind, a friendly heartiness of spirit among the people generally towards Americans. Yet it is certainly true that in all these countries we have to face the peculiar vices and the deep-rooted hostility to our religion that the Roman church always shows. But in spite of this there are strong hopes of winning this island over to the Protestant religion. Shall we bear a hand in this work?

Christian Hope.

I well remember listening to Uncle James Heckler's account of Brother Hope's coming to the church, and his zeal for the Danish mission. The sacrifices and privations endured by him and his family are a closed book to most of us. We know nothing of their brave struggle to live on insufficient means, which meant poor clothing and scant meals; content with little so the Gospel was preached.

When He Visited Pennsylvania.

Uncle James brought him to our house, and we are glad now that we had that opportunity of talking with him; his earnest prayers in broken English linger in our hearts to-day. He preached at the old Indian Creek church, and his earnest desire was an appeal in itself for help to go to Denmark and preach the Gospel to his own people.

For eight months he and his family made their home with Brother and Sister Sheetz, of Norristown, Pa. His wife was sick there during all that time. Sister Sheetz, who is one of Christ's own, has often said, "We were glad to serve them, glad that we could care for them. We never did anything for any-

body that was more appreciated than Brother Hope's seemed to appreciate our care, they were the most grateful people I ever knew."

The Last Time I Saw Him.

It was on a cold December day in 1901, I was going home for the holiday season, and on the train I met Brother Hope, who was on his way to visit Elder Isaac Kulp at Gratersford, Pa. He looked like a pilgrim and a stranger here. We noted a slight reserve of manner, and a sadness that seemed habitual. But if we ever saw the Spirit of God manifest in any man it was so in the life of Brother Hope. His work was well done, and he is one of those who have come up out of great tribulation and washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb. We cannot afford to forget him.

Additional Topics.

1. *Essay.* Life of John Kline. Material to be found in the Life of John Kline, on pages 3-9 and 478-480, also 467.

2. *Essay,* or a Talk on his Travels. Material found on pages 79-83 of the Life of John Kline; also pages 175 and 176, and 217.

3. *His Mission.* Material found on pages 244 and 245. Also 189, his talk on the Dead Sea, also 447.

4. Our New Mission Stations in India.

5. Our Work in France.

6. What have you read on missions in this past month?

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CONSTITUTION FOR A CHRISTIAN WORKERS' SOCIETY.

ARTICLE I.—Name.

This society shall be known as the Christian Workers' Society.

ARTICLE II.—Purpose.

The purpose of this society shall be the development and culture of a higher moral and spiritual life among our members.

ARTICLE III.—Organization.

Sec. 1. A committee of three, consisting of a president, secretary and treasurer, shall be elected by the church by ballot.

Sec. 2. The term of office for this committee shall be one year.

Sec. 3. The duties of this committee shall be to arrange a program for each meeting, appoint the leaders, and be responsible for the general management of the society.

(a) Duties of the President.—He or she shall preside over all meetings of the committee, and discharge all other duties devolving upon his office. He shall announce the meetings or see that they are announced in Sunday school and in church.

(b) Duties of the Secretary.—He or she shall keep a record of both the committee meetings and the regular meetings, and labor earnestly for the upbuilding of the society.

(c) Duties of the Treasurer.—He shall take charge of all the funds of the society and report at the close of each quarter.

Sec. 5. Outlook Committee.—The aforesaid committee of three shall nominate six names. They shall be voted for by the society. The three having the highest number of votes shall form an outlook committee to serve six months.

(a) Duties of the Outlook Committee.—These are varied. They shall strive to get new members, and assist in every way that the good of the society demands.

ARTICLE IV.—Members.

In order to become a member of this society it is necessary to sign your name to this constitution.

ARTICLE V.—Amendment.

An amendment to this constitution shall stand when it is voted for by two-thirds of the members of the society.

How to Organize.

After ascertaining that the church is in sympathy with the movement, a time should be set for organization, which, if at all practicable, should be when the church is assembled in council. Every member, old and young, should feel a deep interest in starting the young people aright. The officers should consist of a president, secretary, treasurer, chorister, program committee and an outlook committee. It will be sufficient for the church to select the president, secretary and treasurer. All other officers and committees may be selected by the society. While it is good to give as many as possible some experience in official position, it is not advisable to change too frequently, say every six months, or once a year

Whenever there is a sufficient number of young members in a congregation they should carry the larger amount of the work, using the older members only as judgment may dictate; the whole affair to be under the watchful eye of the pastor or elder. Those who are not members, but in sympathy with the work, may be placed on the program as the judgment of the committee may suggest.

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It is only about two years ago that we received a long list of names from Jas. Gilbert, of Daleville, Va. But others have been following at intervals. Sometime ago Sister Amanda Rodabaugh sent us some new names; now she sends us two more and we are glad that they have learned the secret of keeping at it. She says, "We gave a program yesterday afternoon on 'Modern Apostles of Missionary Byways.' It was inspiring and all seemed interested."

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter XXXVIII.

Milan, Italy.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

Were it possible to be transported from one continent to another in three hours one would not find more contrast than in crossing the Alps from Switzerland into Italy. When one becomes so thoroughly interested, saturated and almost intoxicated with interest in the neat little Switzers, with their trim little cottage homes of high culture, neat cities, hustling and bustling with commerce, the crystal lake, bubbling fountains, sparkling waterfalls, and leaping cascades, he fairly falls in love with the whole republic. To suddenly dash into a tunnel and ride for forty or fifty minutes, leaving a landscape like the one just described, and make your exit on the other side, into a rugged, naked, rocky, gray, precipitous landscape, full of canyons, chasms, gorges, quarries, and all this dotted with low, filthy huts, covered with rude stone picked from the bottom of the creek, laid with a sledge hammer, owned by a brown, lazy, slovenly, careless, illiterate people, with the costumes and customs of a different race, you think a miracle has been performed; and yet you have only pierced the backbone of the European continent. Pack mules carry the hay from the field, the truck from the garden, and the marketing to the cities. Many women are seen riding astride these little animals, about their daily duties. Minerals and metals are telegraphed by wire from the mountain mines to the railroad below; and even bunches of hay are transported in the same manner from the mountain meadows to the home of the peasantry.

In crossing through the Brüning pass we cross the Simplon road which was constructed by Napoleon, by which he could quickly conduct troops to the Italian frontier. This wonderful piece of engineering skill winds round and round and up and up until the summit is gained, sometimes progressing only a very short distance in a mile of road on account of the altitude to be gained. Many imposing castles crown the dizzy heights overlooking the surrounding passes and glens which made the great warrior's capture practically impossible.

One may almost ruin his vision in eager endeavor to catch all the inspiring panoramas that flit past in quick succession. At our feet lie meadows, green fields and orchards, while beyond their verdant bosoms stand the Alpine giants, wearing their diadems of crystal, like monitors watching the peaceful peasantry through the ages.

At one point we saw a village nestled tranquilly in a narrow passageway about a thousand feet below the railroad, with a spiral turnpike leading down to the quaint little hamlet, whose inhabitants scarcely know of an outside world. It makes us feel our insignificance in the great, busy world of which we know so little.

We stopped over night at Turin; the sole object of our visit to that city was to see a large Jewish synagogue. We were surprised and agreeably so to find that the Hebrews here were tenaciously clinging to the traditions of their fathers, which is very characteristic of them. The Jew is distinctively Jewish wherever he is found; though they are scattered to the four corners of the earth, yet as a rule and as a nation they cling very tenaciously to what they believe to be right.

It is useless for me to tell you why we came to Milan. The eighth wonder of the world, as it is sometimes called, the Milan cathedral, was built in 1386 at a cost of five hundred and fifty million lires, or francs; and an annual repair and additional building of several hundred thousand lires; it is built in three styles, Greek, Roman and Gothic. It is one hundred fifty-eight meters long, and sixty meters wide; it is supported by one hundred two columns, eighteen meters high and three meters in diameter; it has one hundred fifty-six imposing minarets, which pierce the sky, and is decorated on the exterior by upwards of two thousand graceful statues; it contains a list of archbishops from 51 A. D. to 1894.

The richest kind of paintings adorn the domes, and each window is a blazing panoramic medley of the wonderful scenes of the life of Jesus. Some windows are a pictorial apocalypse and some are laden with Old Testament scenes from primeval Eden to John the Baptist. In the center of the auditorium, in front of the altar beneath a large crucifix is a beautifully-balustraded aperture in a marble floor screened with wire, where thousands of worshipers kneel, kiss the balustrade and throw their offerings upon the screen, and look beneath upon a scene of many people at prayer. The place is illumined by a large chandelier. We saw the old and young, the rich and poor, the formalist and the devout, all come, dip a finger in the holy water, make the cross, kneel before the Virgin Mary, then before the crucifix, then at the balustrade, throw a handful of silver on the screen and watch it fall through below and alight on a mattress which was surrounded by a number of priests who were supposed to be in prayer. Of course they took good care of the money.

We ascended step by step to the top of the great cathedral. And, indeed, as we look at our feet we see the top of the great building covered with a literal forest of spires, a veritable achitectural sea, which I trow will never be forgotten. The masons were still working on the building. We asked them when they expected to finish it and they said they had been building on it over five hundred years and didn't expect to finish it until Jesus comes. The interior of the building is very plain. It seems queer to us to see thousands of people stand on the marble floor, two or three hours during worship, while in America we cannot sit in a cushioned pew thirty-five minutes.

Sincerely,

Marie.

(To be continued.)

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SOME of the official crooks of the commonwealth of New York would better make themselves scarce. Governor Higgins says he will call an extra session of the Legislature for the purpose of investigating charges made against members of the State Judiciary.

The Q. & A. Department.

What was the Dred Scott case?

Dred Scott was a negro slave of Dr. Emerson, of the United States Army at St. Louis, and accompanied him in 1834 to Rock Island, Ill., where slavery was prohibited by statute, and later to Ft. Snelling, where he married another slave. In 1838 the couple returned with their master to St. Louis, and in 1848 sued in the State Court for freedom. The verdict was in his favor, but was reversed by the State Supreme Court. He was then sold to J. F. A. Sanford, of New York, whom he sued for liberty in the United States Court. The case was carried to the Supreme Court and the decision was announced March 6, 1857, by Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney, against Scott, holding that he had no right to sue, even if he were free, as no colored person was regarded by the constitution as a citizen. In passing on this case the court took occasion to declare the Missouri Compromise void, and to deny the right of Congress to exclude slavery from any territory. Six of the Associate Justices supported the Chief Justice, and two—McLean of Ohio and Curtis of Massachusetts—dissented.

✤

What are the duties of a consul?

The consul has commercial duties pertaining to the movement of trade between his country and the one to which he is sent; for instance, he certifies invoices of merchandise exported to the United States, and he looks after American sailors who are ill or stranded in foreign ports, a consul also acts as a notary for the registration of various legal papers, and makes periodical reports on the trade of the country in which he is stationed, with especial reference to commerce with the United States. A consul also has judicial duties. He investigates difficulties or crimes that have occurred on American ships on the high seas, and may hold a kind of court to examine charges of cruelty. In some places in Asia, where Americans have no confidence in the local courts, the consul acts as judge in cases in which Americans are involved or interested.

✤

Do the people of Alaska vote for president of the United States?

No. The people do not vote for president in any of the territories.

✤

Where does Sam Jones, the evangelist, live?

His address is Rev. Samuel P. Jones, Cartersville, Georgia.

What is the origin of the thermometer?

Sir Samuel Wilkes says that Fahrenheit constructed his thermometer from one made many years before by Sir Isaac Newton. It is claimed that documents are in existence, written by Newton himself when he was secretary of the Royal Society. Evidence is beyond question that Newton had a tube filled with linseed oil for measuring degrees of heat. He found the freezing point by putting the tube on ice. He also located the boiling point and then made his scale accordingly. Of course it was then easy for Fahrenheit to use mercury or spirits instead of linseed oil, and also easy to introduce the decimal system of gradation. He found that he could get a lower temperature than freezing and marked freezing at thirty-two degrees above zero. This was the beginning of the present system.

✤

How are warships named?

The naming of vessels of the navy is regulated by law. Vessels of the first class are required to be named after States, those of the second class after rivers, those of the third after the principal cities and towns, and those of the fourth as the President may direct. The law is not always observed as closely as it ought to be, but in the main it governs naval nomenclature to-day. The first act bearing on this subject was passed in 1819, and was subsequently amended by that of 1858, to bring it in harmony with the changes wrought by steam navigation.

✤

What was the Missouri Compromise?

In 1819 a bill for the admission of Missouri containing a clause prohibiting slavery was passed by the House of Representatives, but defeated in the Senate. A compromise bill was finally passed in 1821, by which Missouri was admitted as a slave State, but slavery was prohibited in the remainder of the Louisiana Purchase north of 36 degrees, 30 minutes north latitude.

✤

What is the address of Edward Everett Hale?

Number 59 Highland St., Roxbury, Mass.

✤

What is the most northern post office in this country?

Chilkat, Alaska.

✤

Did Robert Ingersoll die as he preached, an agnostic?

Yes.

MISCELLANEOUS

WHY THEIR PATHS DIVERGED.

A DOZEN years ago two young men, each about twenty years of age, Roger and Phillip, growing discouraged over the outlook in New York State, and literally following the advice in Horace Greeley's proverb, set their faces westward. When they reached Buffalo, Wyo., Roger had $1.25 and Phillip just enough to pay for two meals and a bed. The day after their arrival Roger hired out as a sheep herder at $45 a month and board, taking sheep at $2.50 each as his pay. At the end of the first year he separated his sheep, herding them in the care of a rancher, of whom he rented a small field. He continued his work for three years more, each year adding his wages in sheep to his bunch. At the end of the fourth year he became an independent owner, giving his whole time and attention to his own affairs. At the close of his service he owned 905 sheep and the increase of lambs for three years. Eight years from that time he owned an improved ranch of 1,500 acres, on which each season he raised three full crops of alfalfa for his stock during the months of winter; 118 horses and colts, 69 head of cattle, 3,200 head of sheep and lambs, his last year's wool crop and a comfortable home for his wife and babies in Omaha, and he is making payment of several thousand dollars on a second ranch. He did not owe a dollar, was 33 years of age and in perfect health.

Some one may ask, What of Philip? Well, he hired out as a herder and started in, as did Roger, "dead broke." He was dead broke thirteen years later. Phillip has no ranch, no sheep, no cattle, no wool, no house, no wife, no babies. A single word tells the story—drink.—*New York Commercial.*

* * *

HARDSHIPS OF GENIUS.

CAMOENS, the celebrated writer of the "Lusiad," the great Portuguese epic, ended his life, it is said, in an almshouse; and, at any rate, was supported by a faithful, black servant, who begged in the streets of London for him.

Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for seventy-two dollars, in three payments, and finished his life in obscurity.

Fielding lies in the burying-ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot.

Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to keep him from the grip of the law.

Savage died in a prison in Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of forty dollars.

Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at eighteen.

The death of Collins was through neglect, first causing mental derangement.

Bentivologlio was refused admittance into a hospital he had erected himself.

Otway, the English dramatist, died prematurely and through hunger.

Steele, the humorist, lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs.

Tasso, the Italian poet, was often distressed for five shillings.

Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, yet starved to death withal.

Butler lived a life of penury, and died poor.
Plautus, the Roman comic poet, turned a mill.
Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress.
Sir Walter Raleigh died on a scaffold.
Torrance, the dramatist, was a slave.
Dryden lived in poverty and distress.
Cervantes died of hunger.
Spencer died in want.
Homer was a beggar.—*Selected.*

* * *

"DO YOU SUPPOSE?"

"Do you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy taking care of big folks to notice us much."

Winnie shook her head and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted the baby from the crib. "Do you think," said Winnie, "that mamma is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the baby? She thinks of the baby first, 'cause he's the littlest. Surely God knows how to love as well as mother."—*Selected.*

* * *

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"Holy Spirit" is always used for "Holy Ghost," "sheol" for "hell," pit and grave when the abode of the dead is intended; Jehovah for Lord and God wherever the name occurs in the original Hebrew.

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. AUGUST 1, 1905. NO. 31.

SUNSHINE BEYOND.

BY MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Though clouds of sorrow often fall
Within these lives of ours,
There still is sunshine for us all,
With passing of life's showers.

The flower, beaten by life's storms,
Will often raise its head,
And bloom again in loveliness,
When new sunshine is shed.

Though storms of life oppress the soul,
And fill it with despair,
Do not despond and cease to hope,
For life may grow more fair.

Moorestown, N. J.

❖ ❖ ❖

SALT AND PEPPER.

BY RILLA ARNOLD.

Trust others and they will trust you.

❖

Punctuality is one of the first stepping-stones to success.

❖

Look before you leap, but do not spend too much time in looking.

❖

Too much ambition fills our penitentiaries with intelligent young men.

❖

A strong sense of humor is a good lubricator for the machinery of life.

❖

Think more for yourself and less of yourself and you will have more friends.

❖

There is one sure way of recognizing a wolf, even in sheep's clothing—by his howl.

❖

There are times when it is honorable to retreat, for instance, before a big temptation.

When we think we are so perfect we can not fall, we often feel an earthquake.

❖

A barking dog seldom bites, but he is a great nuisance in a neighborhood.

❖

A woman without religion is like a flower without fragrance or a bird without the gift of song.

❖

It is difficult to tell which man does more work for the devil, the infidel or the Sunday Christian.

❖

Some people are so busy looking upward that they do not see the flowers blooming in their path.

❖

The man who has lost all faith in humanity is in a worse condition than if he were blind, deaf and dumb.

❖

Many people spend the best years of their lives in the pursuit of happiness, which they at last discover has only been a beautiful mirage.

❖

It would be a good thing for some people to have an icy sidewalk to walk on all the time—it would make them more careful where they stepped.

❖

There seems to be a possibility of the United States becoming a large home for the insane—so many of its citizens are affected with the money mania.

❖

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day; but don't risk your life trying to catch a car when you know there is another one due in five minutes.

❖

In their religious life, some people sleep on the side upon which they carry their purses; however, let comfort or self-interest but touch them, and they are immediately awake.

Milford, Ind.

With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

Mombassa

No. 4.

A STROLL through the bazaars of Mombassa takes one back to Bombay or Bulsar. The shopkeepers are about all natives of India. Here are the Parsis and Hindus in every shop and market place you visit. The native of Africa has not yet developed into the trader. Occasionally you will find a native woman seated on the ground with a little fruit, nuts, or the dried cassava root for sale, but this is about the only attempt one finds among the natives to enter the mercantile lists with shrewder brown men of India. Practically the retail trade of the city is in the hands of the Aryans. The same is also true of the trades. The masons, bricklayers, plasterers, and carpenters are here from India and the difference in wages is the attraction. He receives more than double as much for his work in Mombassa as he gets at home. The natives are the porters, the carriers, and the coolies. They have not had a chance to learn the trades. This will come in time.



HAIRDRESSING IN ZANZIBAR.

The native women wear the sari so common in India, but instead of folding it gracefully over the shoulders as is the custom among the Aryans it is drawn tightly around the body just under the arms, leaving these, the shoulders and the upper part of the bust uncovered. Those who have seen the so-called full evening dress so common in fashionable society in Europe and America will have no difficulty in understanding me when I say if the women of Mombassa should adopt a bit of an armlet for their saris and tie a bow of ribbon on the shoulder they would be in the very height of the latest style so far as the upper part of the body is concerned. It seemed to me that of the two the African woman is the more modest. There is no half exposing, half concealing any part of the body.

The head is uncovered, unless the woman has something to carry, and everything in the shape of a burden is carried on the head, on which a pad is fixed and on this the burden is placed. Whether it be a five-gallon tin pail of water, a loaf of bread, a cup of milk, an orange or an anna's worth of sugar, it is placed on the head and safely carried away. The women also pay a good deal of attention to the dressing of their hair. It is parted in narrow seams from the neck to the forehead and firmly plaited and twisted into rows. The head looks as if miniature furrows had been drawn across it. It makes a seamy looking head and to us far from being pretty. But our tastes are largely a matter of cultivation and it is presumed this method of dressing the hair is the latest thing out among the leaders of fashion on the coast of Africa, and because of this it must be in good taste.

The ears are not pierced, but four button-hole-like cuts are made around the rim, and into these are forced large, double buttons, made after the fashion of sleeve or collar buttons. The ear, filled with these large wooden buttons painted in variegated colors, gives the organ of hearing a peculiar appearance. Rings are worn in the nose, both in the sides and through the cartilage in the center, and also in the upper lip. I saw but one illustration of this kind. A woman had a hole pierced through her upper lip through which you might pass an ordinary lead pencil. I saw but one example of a protruding lower lip. Among



I HAVE JUST HAD MY HAIR DRESSED.

some of the tribes it is quite the style to have the lower lip drawn out and down and fastened in that position until it becomes fixed and grows in that shape, giving a peculiarly hideous expression to the face. They are decidedly of the opinion that it adds to their beauty. How our ideas of beauty differ in this world!

While there are many things in and about Mombassa to interest the traveler he can never fail to be intensely interested in the story of Ludwig Krapf, the patient German missionary whose name is inseparably connected with the gateway of eastern Africa. He had spent seven years in Abyssinia, making a vain effort to penetrate central Africa from the north. Frustrated in his plans and disappointed and hindered in his work he was finally driven out of the country. Then, accompanied by his faithful wife, Rosina Krapf, the sharer of all his joys and sorrows and his constant companion, he embarked on an Arab boat and after a long and perilous voyage landed at Mombassa on the third day of January, 1844. Krapf was in Africa several years before David Livingstone turned his face toward the Dark Continent. On a hilltop not far distant from the present site of Mombassa a mud hut was built, known as the mission house of Rabai, and here the Krapfs made their home and began their work.

The labors of the patient missionary were begun under the most trying circumstances. Within a few months after their arrival he stood by the open grave of his beloved wife and child. He was heartbroken, and there is perhaps nothing so sad as the thought of this man standing alone amid the crushed hopes of his life. He has left on record in his diary something of his feelings. He tells how his heart and body wept and that he could not mention his wife's name, or speak of her death for a long time without tears. The death of a loved one is hard enough to be borne when we are upheld by the sympathy of friends, but here was this man alone in a strange pagan land bearing alone the great sorrow of his soul.

But all this wrought no change in his purpose. He wrote home in these words: "Tell our friends at home there is now on the east African coast a lonely missionary grave. This is a sign that you have commenced a struggle with this part of the world, and as the victories of the church are gained by stepping over the graves of her members, you may be the more convinced that the hour is at hand when you are summoned to the conversion of Africa from its eastern shore."*

Krapf spent six years at Mombassa translating the New Testament into the Swahili language and working when able to do so. Soon after the death of his wife he was stricken down with fever and his life despaired of. At this time he says he prayed most fervently that his life might be spared to see at least one soul converted in Africa. His prayer was answered and he had when he left Africa one convert to the Christian faith.

Looked at from a human standpoint Krapf's life would seem to have had the word failure written around it. Thirteen years in Africa, years of privation and suffering, and those at Mombassa of the deepest sorrow, and what was there to show for the sacrifice? A broken down body and a shattered constitution, two lonely graves on the hillside at Mombassa and one African convert. But God has ordered it that no effort for good in this world is ever lost. Krapf builded better than he knew and he lived to see some of his strongest hopes more than realized. —*Missionary Annals.*

His one convert was a cripple, named Mringe, and he was a great comfort to the lonely and bereaved missionary. He writes of his crippled companion thus: "Mringe was with me during the night. We discoursed toward midnight about the world to come and the city of God. My poor cripple devoured the words as they fell from my lips, and I saw that an impression was made on him, and felt happy indeed, for it is moments like these that one feels the importance of the missionary's calling. A missionary who feels the workings of the Spirit within him, and is upheld in its manifestation to others, is the happiest man on earth. In his sight what are royal or

*The Price of Africa, p. 199.

imperial honors compared with the office of a preacher in a bush or a lonely hut?"*

Although broken in health with but small hope of recovery Krapf remained at his post and continued his labors until two new missionaries were sent to take up the work. He remained with them until they were established in the mission and then returned to Europe. The other day in looking over some volumes in a book store at Zanzibar I noticed one with this title: "Krapf's Dictionary of Swahili and English."

Rebmann and Erhardt were the men selected to take Krapf's place at Mombassa, and to these two missionaries in connection with Krapf is due, in part, the credit of the discovery of the snowclad mountains, the great lakes of Victoria and Alberta, the source of the Nile and the fertile plains of central Africa. They made and sent to Europe a map of the region, since known as the "Slug map" because the drawing of the lakes resembled a slug, which excited great interest and resulted in sending out exploring expeditions and these verified the conclusions of the missionaries.

Interesting as it would be to follow the labors of these self-sacrificing men we must forbear. We shall, however, beg the reader's indulgence while we take a brief review of the results. Rebmann remained at Mombassa twenty-nine years, refusing even to take a furlough. The mission board had dropped Mombassa as being an unfruitful field. But "Old John Rebmann," as he was familiarly called, never lost faith in his work and refused to leave his post. Finally, with much reluctance, reënforcements were sent. "He was but fifty-five years of age when Mr. Price found him, but fevers and the suffering of Africa had made him prematurely old and feeble. When reenforcements came, at last, though very reluctantly, the blind old veteran consented to turn the care of his little band of believers over to the younger missionaries. In his life-long battle with heathendom he had been able to keep together a little company of Christians whose number equalled the twelve of his Master, and John Rebmann was content. Mr. Price began his work at Mombassa by purchasing a tract of land for his school. *The site was near the grave of Rosina Krapf, the first Christian grave in east Africa.*"†

Sixty years have fled since Ludwig Krapf, with broken heart, mourned the loss of his beloved wife and child and wept in loneliness in his mud hut at Mombassa. To-day there are in the Mombassa District, under the mission which Krapf founded, ten mission stations, eighteen schools, twelve hundred pupils, and about two thousand communicants of the church. There are forty-four European missionaries, men and women, and they have twenty-six native helpers. A large cathedral is nearing completion at Mombassa and is being built in memory of the men who gave their lives to the work of opening up east Africa for the introduction of the religion of Christ. Rosina Krapf's grave did not long remain the only one in that territory, and now the graves of the missionaries may be counted by the score. A number of them were murdered by the natives and others succumbed to the deadly fever.

But one must look beyond Mombassa to follow the results of Krapf's labors. Take the railway train at Mombassa and travel to Port Florence, five hundred and eighty-five miles inland, and there you will find a steamer on which you take passage for Entebbe and Kamala, the principal towns of Uganda. Here you will find yourself in the midst of one of the most remarkable missionary enterprises in the world. With this work the name of Mackay is inseparably associated. Stanley visited him when on his way to relieve Emin Pasha and pays a high tribute to this indefatigable worker. "For ten years he labored in Uganda (1878-87), as builder, carpenter, smith, wheelwright, sanitary engineer, farmer gardener, printer, surgeon and physician. He also vigorously prosecuted his linguistic work, and set a high standard for all future translations. There he lived until King Mtesa's death in 1884, through Mwanga's persecution of the converts, much of the time alone, for he was not allowed to leave Uganda until in 1887, when he left for Usambiro on the southern shores of the lake, full of plans for the future of the work. Here he labored on, refusing to return to England till other men came out to take his place." In 1890 Mackay died and he rests in an African grave. Writing about Mackay Stanley says next to David Livingstone he was the greatest missionary that Africa has known.

And now after all these years the labors of Krapf and his successors have borne abundant fruit. In Uganda there are eleven hundred native churches, with Sunday and week day schools where the children, born in paganism, are taught to read and write and at the same time are made acquainted with the Gospel. There are not far from fifty thousand native Christians and, most remarkable of all, they are self-supporting and contribute annually to the Christianization of Africa. They have built of their own means a large cathedral at the capital of Uganda and are becoming rapidly civilized. When the humble part taken in this great work by the Krapfs is considered who will say that they labored in vain? Rosina gave her life and her devoted husband his health and strength to opening up East Africa to the civilizing influence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. And behold and study carefully the results.

Zanzibar, Africa, May 15.

*The Price of Africa, p. 199.
†Ibid., pp. 210, 211.

LIBERTY.

"Liberty," that one word of seven letters, what a host of thoughts it recalls to a person's mind! From time immemorial has this been one of the most highly prized gifts of God. What is life to a slave having no thoughts of his own, knowing no will but that of his master? Some of the greatest struggles in both modern and ancient times were on this account. Slavery had been known and practiced over one thousand years before Christ, by the Spartans. The rise and fall of the Roman empire, the wars of France hundreds of years later, and our own Revolutionary war that ended over a hundred years ago; the Civil war through whose fires our own fathers passed, the fall of the Brazilian empire, these were all caused by those irresistible longings for liberty. As civilization advances slavery retreats. It has now disappeared entirely from all civilized countries, and can be found now only in semi-civilized and savage nations.

"Liberty," what a host of thoughts that word must have conjured up to our forefathers! It was for this that Jasper, Hale, Count Pulaski, De Kalb, and other heroes too numerous to mention, fought and bled. As soon as word is brought to Israel Putnam that at last the colonists have risen and thrown off the British yoke of tyranny, he leaves the oxen standing in the field and hurries to the house, quickly bids the family good-bye and is soon on his way to join the Continental army which is rapidly gathering at Breed's Hill, a few hundred raw recruits, undrilled, armed with inferior weapons, and having but a few rounds of ammunition, to fight against thousands of trained British regulars, armed with the most approved weapons. But the Americans had justice on their side, and it was this that gave them their indomitable courage.

Let us cast our eyes back one hundred and fourteen years to that memorable winter at Valley Forge, the blackest in our struggle for independence. See those soldiers, barefooted, ragged, and starving, leaving bloody tracks on the sharp, cruel rocks. Look at all these things and then tell me that liberty is not one of God's greatest blessings!

Of the events of the war I will not speak. Every schoolboy knows how the proud and haughty Cornwallis feigned sickness and sent his sword to Washington by his lieutenant; how with cased colors the British regulars marched under our own flag to the quick strains of Yankee Doodle.

Time flies quickly. Almost four score years had passed since our last great struggle for liberty. Again the nation is hanging on the verge of war. Slavery is again the cause, right again conquers, and the sun shines on a land from which slavery has forever been abolished. Some have argued that the negro was happier in the old days of slavery. But ask the negroes and perhaps their answer may be identical with that of an old colored "mammy" who had once been a slave. She was asked if she did not long for the old days of slavery. "Law, chile," was her answer, "ask de canary what has 'scaped from his cage if it don't want to go back for de canary seed." Those words uttered by Patrick Henry over a hundred years ago are still echoed by every American citizen: "I care not what others may do, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."—*Treasure-Trove.*

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INDEPENDENCE.

Look out for your record, young man and young woman. Keep it clean and yourself unentangled. As you value freedom, the boon of a clean reputation, and an unobstructed passage in your upward climb, do not tie yourself up—financially, socially, morally, or in any other way. Keep yourself clear of crippling obligations of all kinds so that you can act with freedom and untrammeled faculties. Keep your manhood, your womanhood, and independence, so that you can look the world squarely in the face. Do not put yourself in a position where you must cringe or bow your head or crawl before anybody. The habit of placing a small deposit in a good building and loan association, a small amount perhaps, but one that would otherwise be foolishly squandered, will later become a happiness protector, a fortune protector, and an ambition protector as well. A little ability with freedom and a persistent determination is better than genius so tied up that it cannot act. A productive, effective mind must be untrammeled.—*American Building Association News.*

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SIN IS A FATAL THING.

Benedict Arnold battled nobly for the American colonies for a time. He was sorely badgered and unhandsomely treated. But when he plotted to secure West Point in order to betray it, he blackened his fair fame beyond the power of rehabilitation. It is a pathetic story to read of his last hours, where, in London though he was, he donned his old American uniform, put on the insignia that Washington had given him after his victory at Saratoga, and said: "Let me die in this old uniform in which I fought my battles. May God forgive me for ever putting on any other!" It reminds us of Esau's remorse when he lost his chieftainship, and the despair of Judas, the earlier traitor. Infidelity to trust, or treason to a redeemer king, is a fatal sin.

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Christ says, If a man smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also; the world says, Call a cop and have him pinched.

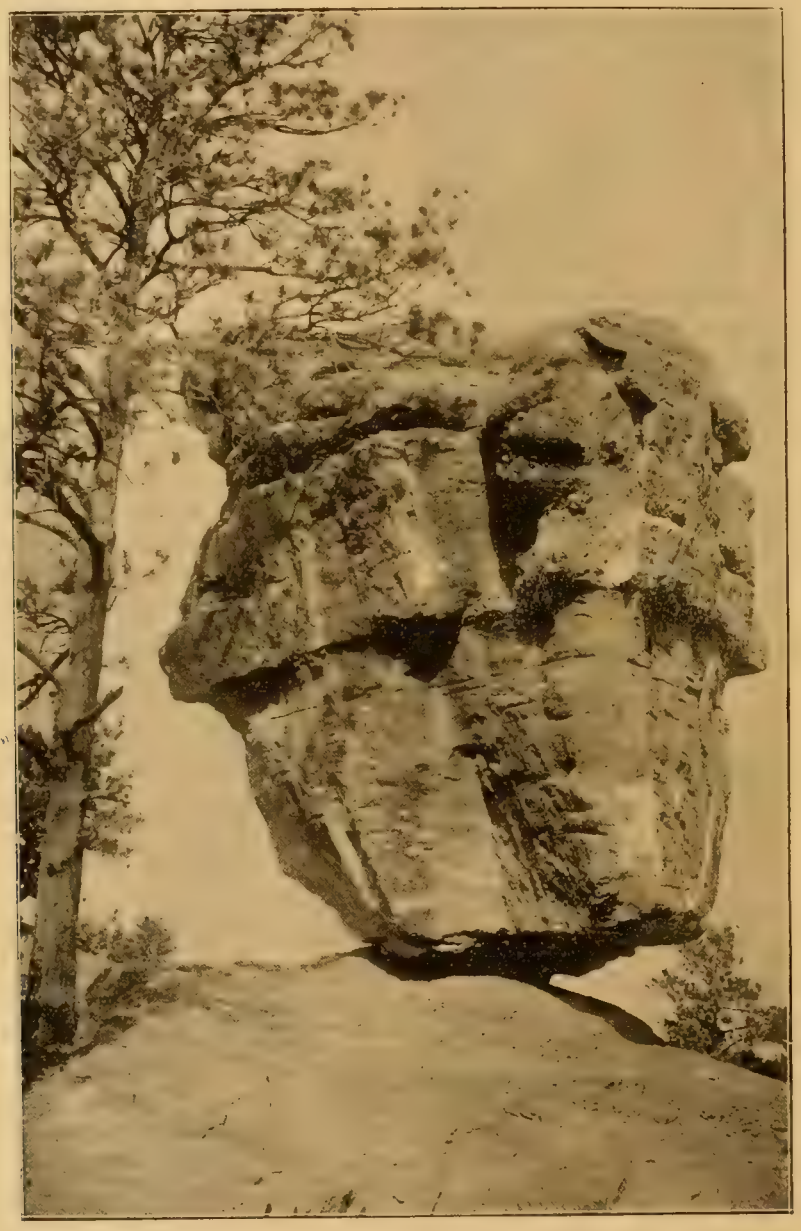
THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

BY MILLARD R. MYERS.

We hurried a little on our journey that we might be permitted to spend Christmas day in the Garden of the Gods. It was well worth the hurry, for the day and the events seemed suited to each other.

The morning dawned clear and cold, as nearly all mornings do dawn in that climate. We started early in the morning with a good team and driver through the little town of Colorado Springs towards the famous garden. On reaching the outskirts of the town the mountain seemed so near at hand that we regretted we had not walked. The road was perfectly level, although the roads in that country are deceiving. Looking towards the mountains they seem level while making a gradual rise of from five to five hundred feet per mile.

After driving at a brisk pace for an hour, at the end of which time the mountains seemed no nearer than they did before, we were glad we did not start on foot. We were reminded of the old story of an Englishman who came to this country and thought he would walk out to the mountains before breakfast. England was such a little island that the distance was very deceiving to the Englishman, as it is to everyone who visits this country for the first time. After the gentleman had been walking up until twelve o'clock and was nearly famished with hunger and the



BALANCED ROCK, GARDEN OF THE GODS.
(Courtesy of Colorado Southern Railway.)

alluring mountain kept ahead of him, he lost faith in his judgment, and on confronting a little rivulet just twelve inches in width he lifted his foot to step across, then drew it back and hesitated. He then raised it again and holding it in the air shook his head vigorously, set his teeth and said: "No; I will not try it, it may be a half a mile across," whereupon he turned about and late in the evening, all worn out, he returned to the starting point, a hungry but a wiser man.

After two hours' driving we came to the summit of the road and winding around the precipitous cliff soon found ourselves at the gateway of the garden of natural curiosities. Why it should be called the Garden of the Gods, I have not been able to understand. It seems to me that almost every traveler leaves this place with a headache and I am told by those who claim to know that many of the guides have actually died attempting to figure out shapes that exist in the sides of the mountains and rocks. Of course, as is the case in all mountainous scenery, one is compelled to feel the Mighty Hand of the Creator, for this is written in the massive stone walls and towering mountains.

The Garden of the Gods covers about one hundred acres of ground and is full from one end to the other of red sandstone rocks which the frosts and rain of many seasons have washed into curious shapes which the imagination of the visitors and guides have named everything from lizards to queens, not forgetting Indians, wigwams, needles, towers, gates, bears, lions, ponies, donkeys, etc. My eyes actually grew starey in attempting to trace outlines that I believe to this day existed only in the mind of our guide.

The Garden of the Gods, however, is a wonderful place. Among the many curiosities that nature presents, the one of the balanced rock is probably greatest. To my mind, at any rate, this rock which through the centuries has been wearing away until it stands on a mere pivot, weighing tons and yet so perfectly balanced that it does not totter and fall, is worth a trip to see.

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PETITION OF THE BIRDS.

We the songbirds of Massachusetts and their playfellows, make this our humble petition. We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for the poor and sick and hungry people, and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a song as we flew about the gardens and parks you have made so beautiful for your children, especially your poor children, to play in. Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sun is bright and warm. And we know that whenever you do anything the other people all over this great land between the seas and the Great Lakes find it out, and pretty soon will try to do the same. We know.

We are Americans just the same as you are. Some of us, like you, came across the sea. But most of the birds like us have lived here a long time; and the birds like us welcomed your fathers when they came here many, many years ago. Our fathers and mothers have done their best to please your fathers and mothers.

Now we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even sweet and pretty girls, who, we should think would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear our plumage on their hats. Sometimes people kill us for mere wantonness. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our eggs and our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us; as if the place for a bird were not the sky, alive, but in a shop window or in a glass case. If this goes on much longer all our song birds will be gone. Already we are told that in some countries that used to be full of birds they are now almost gone. Even the nightingales are being killed in Italy.

Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this and save us from this sad fate.

You have already made a law that no one shall kill a harmless songbird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please make another one that no one shall wear our feathers, so that no one shall kill us to get them? We want them all ourselves. Your pretty girls are pretty enough without them. We are told that it is as easy for you to do it as for a blackbird to whistle.

If you will, we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will teach your children to keep themselves clean and neat. We will show them how to live in peace and love and to agree as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will play about your gardens and flower-beds, ourselves like flowers on the wing, without any cost to you. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that spoil your cherries and currants and plums and apples and roses. We will give you our best songs, and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you.

Every June morning when you go out into the field, oriole and bluebird and blackbird and bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you, and when you go home tired after sundown, vesper sparrow will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit down on your porch after dark, fifebird and hermit thrush and wood thrush will sing to you; and even poor whip-poor-will will cheer you up a little. We know where we are safe. In a little while all the birds

will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you.—*Senator G. F. Hoar, of Mass., in The Arrow.*

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OLD KASKASKIA.

BY O. H. KIMMEL.

THE greater part of Old Kaskaskia remains only in memory. A few miles north of Chester, Illinois, and just across the river from old Fort Gage lies all that remains of the old metropolis and capital of Illinois.

Just why the French traders selected this place for a town site is not definitely known, and has caused not a little conjecturing; but several reasons for it are advanced. In the first place the nice, rich, level lands stretching out beyond Kaskaskia seemed a very desirable place for a trading post, and just across the river the projecting eye of Fort Gage seemed to proclaim safety against the natural enemy.

Then, again, the idea is advanced that the town accidentally and spontaneously grew up as did so many western towns, without looking out for anything except present commercial advantages. And, also, locating as they did near the mouth of the Kaskaskia, naturally fixed the town near the Mississippi, which would seem to give the location quite a commercial advantage, and but for the fact of the ravages of floods and disease, no doubt Kaskaskia would be a thriving city to-day.

Anyway this historic old town was located there and the governmental baton swung from this town for a good many years. The first territorial legislature met at Kaskaskia and considered many grave questions. It may be meet here to mention that this legislature was made up of only a few men and they served without pay.

Later when Illinois became more populous, and was admitted as a State, Kaskaskia was designated as the capital, and Shadrack Bond, who owned a magnificent farm just outside of the city limits, became governor. A few years later General Lafayette visited the capital of Illinois, which was then quite a populous city for that day in the middle West. The Kaskaskia people were much pleased by the visit of the distinguished Frenchman, and the silver cup from which he sipped his wine while a guest of the State is still preserved at the fort across the river.

Even by this time Kaskaskia, which had figured so prominently in the early history of Illinois, had reached its zenith. The greater expanse of Illinois stretched out to the northeast. People were coming in and settling up the magnificent prairie lands. Towns were springing up over all the State. Even towns that could rival Kaskaskia in wealth and population were developing, and a growing sentiment in favor of moving the State capital to a more healthful and desirable site could not be kept down and finally Vandalia secured the last center of attraction.

From this time to the present the old town has slowly but surely gone to ruins. Even the mighty Mississippi which flowed only a short distance west of the town seemed to so much glory in its destruction that it lent its hand by flowing continuously nearer and nearer, until it broke across the town and swallowed most of it up. Only a few ruinous old houses remain, and scarcely an inhabitant is found within the remnants of the old town site.

One building was standing dangerously near the approaching river a few years ago which deserves mentioning. It was built of Pittsburg brick, which were floated down the Ohio on a flat boat to the Mississippi and then rafted up that river to Kaskaskia, and was the first brick building built in the Mississippi valley. In this building the first general assembly of Illinois met and considered the grave questions then before the frontier State.

Now in ruins, that part of Kaskaskia that is left, stands perhaps soon to be forgotten. "Kaskaskia Landing" is painted on an isolated post that stands among the sand burrs one-fourth mile above the town indicating that the town site is not a safe landing place.

Desolation marks the view on every hand, and the place that once supported a population of almost fifteen thousand souls, that was the center of many a frontier struggle, that stood successively in the hands of the French, English and Americans, is in reality a "Deserted Village" smoldering into dust.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

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FACTS ABOUT ALFALFA.

A Timely Talk Choke-full of Just the Points that Farmers are Asking About.

ALFALFA seed weighs sixty pounds to the bushel. For a hay crop, sow twenty to thirty pounds of seed per acre. For a crop of seed, sow fourteen to eighteen pounds per acre. Sow clean seed.

Sow alone, without any nurse crop. The latter is often just as harmful as the weeds.

Screen alfalfa seed before sowing, to separate the dodder and other weed seeds. Dodder is the worst enemy of alfalfa.

North of the latitude of Washington, sow alfalfa in the spring, as soon as the ground is warm—from the middle of April to the middle of May. Sow in drills or broadcast.

In the South and Southwest and in California sow alfalfa in spring or autumn. Sow in drills.

Do not cover the seed too deep.

Alfalfa does not attain maturity until the third or fourth year; therefore, do not sow it expecting to get the best results in less time.

Alfalfa grows best on a deep, sandy loam, underlaid by a loose and permeable subsoil. It will not grow if there is an excess of water in the soil. The land must be well drained.

Alfalfa is a deep feeder. Plow land deeply.

Cut for hay when the first flowers appear. If cut in full bloom, the hay will be woody and less nutritious.

Cut for seed when the middle clusters of seed pods are dark brown.

To make alfalfa hay, cut in the forenoon and let it wilt; then rake into windrows. It should be cured in windrows and cocks, and stacked or put out in barns with as little handling as possible, before the valuable leaves become too dry and brittle.

It is not safe to pasture either cattle or sheep on alfalfa, as they are liable to bloat when it is fed green. Feed the hay, or practice soiling.

There is no better or cheaper way of growing hogs then to pasture them on alfalfa. One acre will furnish pasturage for from ten to twenty hogs per season.

Horses can be pastured on alfalfa.

Alfalfa is a perennial, a clover-like plant with oblong-shaped leaves, and a tap root which often extends eight or more feet downward. The plant grows to a height of from two to five feet, and its blossoms are purple in color, borne in long, loose clusters.

Alfalfa hay is not a complete ration. The best results are got by feeding it with corn fodder, ensilage, wheat or oat straw, or roots. Alfalfa contains large amounts of protein.

Do not cut alfalfa too late in the season. It can be cut from three or four to seven or eight times in a season, and yields from a ton to a ton and a half or more at a cutting.

Six to ten bushels of seed is the usual yield per acre.

Keep the weeds mowed and raked off the first season, or they will choke out the crop.

The necessary bacteria must be in the ground, or alfalfa can not properly grow. This, however, may be accomplished in other ways than through Uncle Sam's "yeast cakes." For instance: Soil may be taken from a field where alfalfa thrives, and lightly sprinkled on another field where alfalfa will not grow. 'Tis said, too, that soil taken from a field where sweet clover grows may be successfully used to inoculate an alfalfa field.

Whether or not alfalfa is a hardy profitable crop in northern and eastern States (say north of Philadelphia) is as yet a disputed question. But in some instances it has been successfully grown as far north as Canada.—*Farm Journal.*

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

THE average American boy is splendid material, but in the rough he is conspicuous neither for order, system, nor respect for authority. The military system supplies the most effective remedy for these defects —effective because the remedy is sugar-coated.

What boy with red blood in his veins is there who does not feel a thrill at the tap of the drum or the sound of the trumpet, who does not delight to handle a rifle, or, if he is proof against these, who will not yield to the dashing interest of the mounted cavalry exercises? What other method is there that will so surely and so quickly make the unpunctual boy on time to the dot, the untidy boy neat and trim, the bashful boy confident and assertive, the round-shouldered figure erect and full-chested?

The boy who at home, unheeding the gentle maternal protests, varies his rising hour indefinitely breakfastward, at the military school springs from his bed at the first note of the reveille, and dresses as though the house were on fire. The boy whose mother "picked up his things" for him at home, is now his own chambermaid, he makes his bed, sweeps his floor, keeps his furniture innocent of dust, keeps everything in its place. The boy who was accustomed to argue indefinitely with parental authority now obeys without question or delay the commands of the smallest and most youthful corporal. The boy who at home thought it looked "stuck-up" to stand and walk straight and slouched disfiguringly, goes about now with his head up and his chin in, his chest out and his stomach "sucked up," his figure straight and well poised and a goodly sight to see.

The military method, however, to be effective must be real, there must be no sham about it. It must not be too diluted, too modified. The military schools that succeeded best are those that have been the strictest, and have trained their cadets in their military work as earnestly and exactingly as if the making of soldiers was the end in view, and not only a means.

The mere nattiness and glitter of the uniform can appeal only to the unworthy traits. If it is to appeal to the best there is in a boy the uniform must stand for something more than a mere tickler of pride or fancy. The uniforms of the best military schools are eloquent of prompt and unquestioning obedience, of system and order, of setting-up exercises that square the shoulders and expand the chest, of drills with every detail accurately hammered out, of days of early to bed and of wholesome living and of many other things which must of necessity exercise on the cadets' after life an important and lasting influence.—*Scientific American.*

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REMEMBER there is always the possibility of a pearl within an oyster shell.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT NORMAL SCHOOLS.

BY J. G. FIGLEY.

I THINK there is too much "push," rather than too little, in some of the "way-up" normal schools and colleges. I speak from experience. While attending a certain very large normal school in Indiana, once upon a time, I found it absolutely impossible to pursue several studies for the reason that long lessons were given and the recitations were rushed through so rapidly that beginners in certain studies were not at all able to do the work, and often were incapable of getting the first glimmer of sense out of the lessons, because nobody had time, apparently, to explain obscure or intricate points. In some classes a student was lucky if he was called upon to recite once a week, as there might be one hundred or more in the class, and he had the satisfaction then of profiting by hearing others recite. One student who had graduated in the classic course with the usual "flourish of trumpets" reviewed former studies, and when I asked him the meaning of a certain Greek word in my rhetoric book, frankly confessed that after he had studied Greek for one "solid year," he knew no more about it than a Digger Indian, only being able to remember that he had rambled through those Greek roots, and that he had fallen down over them so often that he had no memory of what kind of trees the roots belonged to. Another young man who was about to graduate in the classic course, made a very profound and impressive speech one night before the Star Literary Society (which was composed of the college "400"), in which he vociferously declared that a classical man in his opinion was only a "well-informed fool" who had a smattering of philosophies and sciences, and who for all practical purposes could better spend his time in digging ditches or cutting stove wood. He was severely just in his remarks on the usual normal school system of work in supplying graduates, some of whom would not be competent to sell beans.

Another point of the very greatest importance to the young people attending normal schools is the moral culture they may or may not receive there. Some schools are very lax on this point, and unless very grave offenses are brought to the ears and attention of the president or principal, there may be a condition of affairs that may not always be desirable. Remember this, young people, no girl ought to allow herself to listen to anything from a young man that would not be proper for her mother to hear. And no boy or young man ought to say anything to the opposite sex that would not be proper for his mother to hear. Where there is no particular espionage kept of normal students, where the sexes mingle indiscriminately, it is not for the best interests of the parents to send their youths and maidens to such a school.

A school may be managed by very skillful educators, yet where there is no general attention paid to the students' manner in spending their time, I should not feel perfectly safe in sending my son or my daughter there without giving wholesome advice beforehand.

To be sure there are colleges for young people where their whereabouts and moral standing are carefully looked after; where they may enjoy all the privileges of good homes, and not be rushed through studies so fast it would make their heads swim. There are colleges that, I believe, are conscientiously providing their students with good educations, good ethical and moral training, and where I should feel secure in the thought that my children were as safe as at home; where the courses of study and regulations thereof are such as commend themselves to all parents who have boys and girls to, some day, educate away from home. I am not looking through green spectacles, I have no ax to grind in thus writing. What I have said is said with earnestness and sincerity and I hope will be so accepted by the reader.

Bryan, Ohio.

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HOW HUMMING BIRDS HATCH OUT.

WILLIAM LOVELL FINLEY, the new naturalist-photographer, writes as follows in *The Country Calendar* for June, the new outdoor magazine published by the Review of Reviews Book Company:

"At first, the little capsules of eggs had a wonderfully delicate flesh tint of pink. Then, one morning, I stood over the nest like Thomas of old. Some one had replaced the eggs with two tiny black bugs! It might have been a miracle. There was a tiny knob on the end of each little bug that looked as if it might be the beginning of a bill. Each little creature resembled a black bean more than a bird, for each possessed a light streak of brown down the middle of the back. They couldn't be beans, for they were pulsating with life in a lumpy sort of way. I went frequently to look at them. In a few days the little nestlings began to fork out all over with tiny black horns, until they would have looked like prickly pears had they been the right color. At the next stage, each tiny horn began to blossom out into a spray of brown down, the yellow at one end grew into a bill, the black skin cracked a trifle and showed two eyes. It was hard to see just how these black bugs could turn to birds, but day after day the miracle worked till I really saw two young humming birds.

"When I first crawled in among the bushes close to the nest, the little mother darted at me and poised a foot from my nose, as if to stare me out of countenance. She looked me all over from head to foot

twice, then she seemed convinced that I was harmless. She whirled and sat on the nest edge. The bantlings opened wide their hungry mouths. She spread her tail like a flicker, and braced herself against the nest-side. She craned her neck, and drew her dagger-like bill straight up above the nest. She plunged it down the baby's throat to the hilt, and started a series of gestures that seemed fashioned to puncture him to the toes. Then she stabbed the other baby until it made me shudder. It looked like the murder of the infants. But they were not mangled and bloody: they were getting a square meal after the usual humming bird method of regurgitation. They ran out their slender tongues to lick the honey from their lips. How they liked it! Then she settled down and ruffled up her breast feathers to let her babies cuddle close to her naked bosom. Occasionally, she reached under to caress them with whisperings of mother love.

"The way the mother would alight on her nest was a marvel to me. She always stopped on the dead twig of a maple before dropping to her home. I saw her do it several times. She came at the nest like a meteoric streak. I held my breath lest the whole thing should be splintered to atoms, for she hit the little cup without the slightest pause that I could see. But, when she alighted, it put to shame the touch of floating thistledown.

"While the nestlings were very young, the mother never left them alone long at a time. If the day was warm, if the sun shone on the nest, the mother hovered over with wings and tail spread wide. When it was hottest, I have seen the mother sit forward on the nest edge, spread her tail till she showed the white tips of her feathers, and keep up a constant quivering, fanning motion with her wings and tail to give protection to the frail midgets in the nest."

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COURTESY IN BUSINESS.

"May I bring this back if I don't like it?" is a question very often asked by customers at the large stores. Sometimes it is not profitable for the firm to take back goods, even if others are bought in their stead, and it is often a question if the courtesy thus extended pays in the long run.

There can be no doubt, however, that courtesy of language is always profitable. A clerk in one of Chicago's largest retail dry goods stores tells the following, which might happen a hundred times a day in any large city. Two women came to his counter and inquired for Madras cloth. He took some down, and one woman said:

"Why, that isn't Madras cloth. Show us some of the real article."

"I assure you, madam, this is the real thing. We have nothing else in these goods."

"They are not like this at Smith's," said the other woman.

"No," said her companion, "they are genuine goods there."

"We try to furnish the best thing in the market," replied the clerk, politely. "Sometimes we make mistakes, but we are always ready to rectify them. If you find that this is not real Madras cloth, we will agree to get the real article."

"Will you be sure to give me enough for another dress of the real Madras cloth if I take this and find that in washing it fades, for the real Madras is warranted not to fade, you know, and even if you gave me another dress, it would hardly pay for my loss of time in making this up."

"I am quite sure, madam, that you will find the cloth what we represent. If not, we will do the right thing."

The goods were finally bought and taken home. The next day the woman, who had left her address with the clerk, was surprised to receive from the firm the following note:

Dear Madam:—Messrs. B—— and M—— desire to state that the goods sold to you yesterday as Madras cloth are imitation, and not what we had supposed. If you will kindly return the same, we shall be pleased to give you in exchange the real article. In case you have made use of the cloth, or damaged it in any way, it will make no difference to us. Please excuse the mistake of the clerk, and return the cloth at your earliest convenience.

Respectfully,

B—— and M——.

This was a good advertisement for the firm, but even if it had not been, the courtesy was appreciated. As the woman said when she returned the cloth, "It is worth a good deal to trade with such a firm. It is an education in courtesy."—*Selected.*

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IVORY AND WOOD IN AFRICA.

African ivory is everywhere esteemed for its superiority in color and hardness to the Indian variety. The large herds of elephants inhabiting the forests of the Congo State provide, at present, an enormous supply; but the government wisely takes into account the possibility of its exhaustion and has prohibited the shooting of elephants. Wise laws also regulate the cutting and export of lumber; and the folly of denuding vast regions of trees, such as we have been guilty of in America, will not be repeated on the Congo.—*From "The Story of the Congo Free State," by Henry Wellington Wack.*

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Henry J. Pinney, the oldest employé of Marshall Field & Co., died last week, with a record that he was the best-natured man in the establishment.

FOOLISH CUSTOMS.

BY EFFIE V. LONG.

[Translation from Fifth Book, Gujerati, Government Standard.]

Some people try very hard to change the shape of the head and forehead, and they do not have any scruples in changing the shape of the nose and ears to give them a very ugly form. All people who do so lack culture. Some make their heads square; others, piercing the ears, put in a bone or a small stick to increase the size of the opening.

The Chinese think a flat nose very beautiful, so, from childhood, they keep pressing on the nose to make it flat. Many people in Tartary, Africa and America also do the same.

Many Africans are very proud to have a large nose. In Zanzibar they bend the end of the nose to make it high. One Persian king had a long nose like a hawk, and all the people began to think that very beautiful and tried hard to make their own like it. In some places there is a custom of drawing down the lobes of the ears. If I were to tell you how long they make them you would not believe it. Sometimes they even hang a heavy weight on them to increase the length.

The Chinese, moreover, think the smaller a woman's foot, the prettier it is. And so they bind stiff shoes or boards on the feet of the little girls so they cannot grow. How much they must suffer! They cannot walk and have to be carried about like cripples.

In Europe, the women think it a mark of beauty to have a small waist. Often they put a stout bandage on the waist of little girls,—so tight even that the little things cannot take a full breath! This bad habit causes curvature of the spine, bends the ribs, and causes pain in the chest.

You may be inclined to laugh at these customs, but you must not think there are no foolish ways among our own people. India women and even little girls have their ears and noses pierced, and they become swollen, suppurate, and cause very much pain. They put into them gold rings, pearls, thorns, or leaves, just for show. But among the women of the lower castes there is a much worse custom. With the mixture of lamp black and the juice of a leaf, they tattoo, with the point of a needle, different figures on the cheeks, lips, chin, arms, fingers, wrists, breast, or any soft part of the body. These black or green spots always remain on the body. How much pain they must suffer by doing so! Sometimes the lips or cheeks swell up and suppurate. Why do people follow such wicked fashions? And if they are needed to make us more beautiful, why did not God give them to us? Does he lack in anything?

Moreover, people, getting wiser than God, think that black or red teeth are pretty and make them so, or some have a gold plate put in. But for such idle show, how much inconvenience they must suffer!

Jalalpor, India.

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BEETLES.

BY C. L. ROWLAND.

One of the most common specimens of the beetle family is the June bug, or rather May beetle, which may be seen on most any evening during May or June. This brown fellow is not a bug at all but a beetle. He, with about ninety thousand other kinds, make up the order *Coleoptera*. This name means sheath-winged, and was given by Aristotle, an ancient Greek philosopher.

All insects have chitin in the skin to stiffen it, but beetles have more than any other. Thus their bodies are very firm and are the hardest of the bodies of insects. This is very essential to them, for many, such as ground beetles, crawl into crevices and under stones, etc.

Among the most common of the beetle family is the Colorado potato beetle, which every farmer boy or girl sees every summer.

The stag beetle, which is commonly called the pinch bug, has very large incurved mandibles.

Dung beetles are often seen along the roadside. Then there are water beetles which live in the water; weevils and ladybugs also belong to the family *Coleoptera.*

The beetle has an exoskeleton (outer skeleton). The body, which is segmented, is divided into three parts, namely, head, thorax and abdomen. The head, which is usually rounded or somewhat triangular in shape, has two compound eyes, one pair of maxillæ, which convey the food to the mouth, one pair of mandibles which grind the food, and one pair of antennæ with which they are enabled to feel.

The thorax bears three pairs of legs and two pairs of wings, except the water beetles and others that have no wings and do not fly. The outer or anterior pair of wings is very hard and shell-like and only serve as a protection to the more delicate underwings which are used to fly. When flying the hard wings are held up so as to give the flying wings room to work.

The abdomen has no appendages, but, in most cases, is segmented, being composed of successive rings. At each side, on the dorsal part of the abdomen, under the wings, is a row of little openings, one to each ring, called spiracles, where the air is taken in and out during breathing.

The greatest difference between the different kinds of beetles is in form and habits. Most of them live on leaves and roots, but some are carnivorous (flesh

eating). Their principal enemies are birds. Many hickory bores, which protect themselves by crawling into their holes, are devoured by woodpeckers. Chickens and other tame fowls are great enemies of the ground beetle and May beetle. By running and flying a little they manage to protect themselves from enemies, though the beetle at best is a poor flyer. Their principal means of protection is to creep into some crevice away from their enemies. Beetles are known to possess intelligence. Their metamorphosis is complete. The eggs are laid in the ground, in many cases, such as the May beetle, and hatch out into a grub. These grubs can be seen in rotten wood and in the furrow after the plow. While in the ground the grub passes into the pupa state when its wings and other parts form properly. When it emerges from the pupa state it is an adult. Colorado potato beetles differ from others, as they lay their eggs on the leaves, and the larvæ live there awhile before entering the ground.

May beetles sometimes do considerable damage by eating leaves, especially of the cherry. Everyone knows the damage done by the Colorado potato beetle. Ladybugs are of large benefit to fruit growers as they destroy the scale insect. The white worm we see in fruits and nuts is generally the larva of a weevil that has deposited its egg in the fruit and nuts. Beetles are of an extremely large family and afford an extensive scope for study.

Union Bridge, Md.

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CHARACTER BUILDING.

What is it we all have in common, no matter what our environments? Life, that glorious opportunity to be, to do, and to grow is ours. Life, with all its possibilities, the greatness of which we have not dreamed, is actually slipping by without our cognizance, because we are so occupied with the things which we think make us unhappy, and which have grown to tremendous proportions, magnified by our vision.

What matter it if others are rich or famous, so long as we have the one great chance in life which overshadows all these things, and is the thing which will stand the test of time?

In a few years death will claim the rich and they must depart, leaving that for which they have labored all behind. But the character goes on forever.

Happiness being a condition of the mind, yours is the power to place happiness there by creating this condition, which you can do solely by your thoughts. Thoughts which cause unrest and worry you must cast out. This is not easy for those who have been accustomed to allow themselves to be constantly annoyed by these things.

Remember, first, to place character above all else, for there is nothing to be compared with it. And determine that, no matter what else you have in life, this you will acquire. This determination will alter your frame of mind, and when firmly fixed, will change the appearance of conditions and surroundings.

All thoughts which are not character builders you must banish, and you must view everything in this light. This cannot be done at once, and is only achieved after many trials.

Always see what you have to be thankful for when depressed and unhappy. This mental inventory will make lighter any load. Don't worry about anything, for it does no good, and only lessens your opportunity for helping yourself.

If you are character building there is nothing that can come to you which cannot be used as a step onward, if looked at in the right light, and anything which will place you a step forward cannot bring harm.

Always look on the bright side of everything for there is always a bright side of everything if we will but see it.

Cast out all thoughts of anger or rage, and never allow yourself to lose your temper.

School yourself in conquering fear of all descriptions. To him who builds character there is nothing to fear. And just in proportion as you obtain this mental balance you will find happiness everything, and life will become a glorious thing, instead of a drudgery.—*New York Weekly.*

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CLOVES.

The clove is the unopened bud of the flower of the clove-tree. There is a French word, clou, which means "a nail," and the clove is so called because it resembles a small nail or tack. It is easy for one to see that it is a bud. If you examine a clove you can see the little stem by which it grew on the branch, the four-pointed calyx which was green when the bud was growing, and the brown bud folded up. You can separate, with care, the little, spicy petals, which were never allowed to expand into a flower.

The buds are gathered when green, and the subsequent drying in the sun darkens them. The clove-tree now grows on most of the islands of the East Indies, though at one time the Dutch would not allow of their cultivation on any but their own islands.

The pungent, spicy taste of the clove is due to the oil which it contains. This is called oil of cloves, and is very powerful, and is employed in the preparations of some medicines.—*School and Home.*

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A grain of carmine or a half a grain of aniline will tinge a hogshead of water so that a strong microscope will detect coloring matter in every drop.

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Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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OUR ALMA MATER.

Of all the institutions of learning, at home or abroad, there can be no evidence brought to bear to show that any institution has such great battles to fight, such stubborn obstacles to overcome, such vital questions to meet, as the small college.

The above statement is true, regardless of whether the college under consideration be sectarian or otherwise. Its attitude toward religion has but very little to do with it. The disdain, contempt and disregard which it receives simply come from the fact that it is a small school; that is, that it is not a university, and yet it is not to be designated as a high school. While there are a few ardent lovers of such institutions, the general public is now being educated through misconception and perverted ideas.

Educational science is like an icicle, it grows from the top downward, and not from the bottom upward. There is an idea extant, and among some educators, too, that our public schools make the colleges and the colleges make the universities; but this is absolutely wrong. The very life and heart of the public school system to-day is animated and fed by sentiment, character and love that is born and bred in college halls. Show me a State in these United States where academies and colleges are wanting, and I'll show you one of the weakest and most inefficient public school systems to be found anywhere. The men who founded our colleges are the founders of our public schools as well. Our common schools are not the product of democratic thought, nor democratic tendencies. It is to be remembered what Prussia did after the crushing defeat at Jena—established the Frederick-William University. She realized that an educated public was more forceful in maintaining character as a nation than any army the kingdom might maintain. She also recognized the fact that universities are to the colleges what the colleges are to the public schools. We might just as well admit the fact here that our public schools are to-day just what our colleges have made them.

Then, too, if our colleges are not what they should be, and criticism finds them faulty, let the critic tell the public that the American university is not out of its swaddling clothes. One single generation ago we had nothing in America but the small college. In 1850 statistics say that Yale and Harvard Colleges, combined, had only seven hundred twenty-eight students. Some one has taken the trouble to compile from the catalogue of Yale of 1870 that said college had nineteen professors; freshmen were admitted at the age of fourteen. The catalogue was a mere pamphlet of seventy-two pages. Her library, which was one hundred and sixty-nine years old then, had only fifty thousand volumes.

Of course, while thus speaking of our *Alma Mater*, it would not be just to overlook the fact that modern universities are new institutions; they are untried by necessity, untutored by time, and their real value and efficiency are still problematical. The law of supply and demand is just as true to the nature of the work of the educator as it is to the success of the financier, or as it is in the workshop of nature. The merchant or the manufacturer to-day who does not meet with the demands of his constituency, awaits an untimely failure. The same is true of our institutions of learning. The modern university may boast of her many buildings, with modern conveniences and appliances, her large enrollment, and ample endowment back of it, but the real test of greatness of any school is its ability to meet the demands of the age in which it exists, or the emergencies of the hour.

Admitting that the universities furnish college men, it follows that in turn these college men should produce able and efficient workers who must care for our high schools and graded schools. And to the careful thinker it is evident that it is much more probable that a college man would make a success in such a position than the man from the university who is fitted for something higher. What the heart is to the system, in pumping the lifeblood to every nook and corner of the body, the college is to the people of secondary educational ranks. The lines of connection between public school, high school, college and university are most vital. The alumni of small colleges are not, or at least should not be, envious of the men who wear, on state occasions, caps and gowns, mortar boards and cowls. They should wish their superiors well, and resolve that no grass should grow on the pathway leading to the university hall. The university is practically free from one thing to which the small college is subjected and which has proven to be very detrimental, and that is that a large per cent of the men who have had a smattering of the dead languages and an indistinct idea of higher mathematics and have by hook or crook obtained a degree, have

that insatiable longing to become a college president, which, in nine cases out of ten, is not only the ruination of the man and the humiliation of the degree, but the ultimate failure of the college. This is the result of college men for college, which should be university men for college, and college men for high schools, etc.

The success of the university must be measured not by old, but by new standards, because the university stands as an expression for thoroughness in one particular subject; its province is to make specialists of men, while our *Alma Mater* stands for general information, broad culture, character building, and the formation of men who are capable of honorable achievement and professional eminence. I realize that this is not a popular idea, and it may be preaching strange doctrine. I realize, too, that it is popular today to think that when a boy graduates from a university he, of necessity, must be a great scholar. Scholarship is the ripened fruit of patient toil, and what great educator have we to-day in the United States who stands for any degree of scholarship in our universities who has not been imported from a small college? Men who have ability to go higher than the small college may use it as the foundation, and the university as the cap sheaf; and they who are better adapted in the sphere to which they have already arrived, better use the college as the cap sheaf and the secondary educational ranks as their field of labor.

A university diploma, backed by a high school education, is as worthless in the educational world as greenbacks are in the commercial world which have no security of intrinsic value behind them; neither will be accepted by the American people. America has gone too far to not know the value of an education. We might as well try to cover the crater of Vesuvius with a napkin, lasso a comet with a grapevine, or sweep the ocean back with a broom, as to stop the onward march of education. But for the university to live our *Alma Mater* dare not die. It is the keystone in the arch of American education. Leave out this stone and the building must fall, at least in dignity and influence. The demand of the age is individual instruction; the culture, development and care of self which will enable one to meet the demands of the age in feeding, clothing and educating our industrious middle class. So long as we have large families and small incomes there must be an *Alma Mater* in the land at which we can educate our children at a minimum of expense.

Last but not least, the small college is practically the only place in the educational arena where may be founded a definite and distinct religious aim. And this one thing is sure, that so long as men have religious tenets and are determined to promulgate them the small college must be used as a vehicle for their purpose. Prof. Harper says that in fifty years sectarianism will have vanished. Probably his prophecy would be fulfilled provided the small college should die and the university live because many of our universities stand for skepticism and atheism. Oxford and Cambridge for aristocracy, Berlin and Leipsic for imperialism, but the small college in America stands for American life, saturated with Christian influence. Let us be loyal to our foster institution. It is honestly independent. It carves its own fortune and makes its own destiny.

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A BOON TO BIBLE STUDY.

A YEAR ago Elder D. L. Miller, wife and brother, Eld. I. B. Trout, and M. R. Murray, with some of our missionaries, left the American shore for Bible Lands. After a time the Millers went to India, Brother Trout returned to America and Brother Murray remained in Palestine. He has just returned from there, and on his road home from New York to Parsons, Kans., stopped in the INGLENOOK office and told us something that is too good to keep.

We have always thought that it would be very nice if some of our brethren could make a business of conducting our people, both young and old, through the Bible Lands. The age is here when people travel; the time has come when people study. People have learned that God has kept that land as an open testimony to the truth of his Word. Brother Murray proposes to make ninety-day tours, at a very nominal cost, within the reach of everyone. He has gone through the land from Damascus to Beer-sheba three times; spent the winter in Jerusalem; learned the ways of the people, and has made arrangements for the accommodation of his patrons. In all probability Mr. Jameel H. Nissaire, so well known to hundreds of our people, will be his dragoman and interpreter in the Holy Land.

During the voyage there will be a lecture each evening, with Bible readings concerning the land and the Book. A close study of the land geographically and topographically will also be given. When in the Bible Land the ministers in the party will be asked to preach to the natives, as they pass through the land, with an Arabic interpreter. The services of a first-class lecturer have been secured, who has lived in the land for forty years. First-class equipment and service will be given and personal attention to every member of the party.

Some of the principal places visited on the tour are Naples, Pompeii, Mt. Vesuvius, Rome, Cairo, Memphis, Pyramids, Nile, Goshen, Port Said, Suez Canal, Beyroot, Baalbek, Damascus, Mt. Hermon, Cæsarea Philippi, Safed, Tiberias, Sea of Galilee, Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida, Magdala, Canaan, Nazareth, Nain, Endor, Shunem, Jezreel, Dothan, Samaria,

(Continued on Page 744.)

Current Happenings

ZEMSTVOS AND DUMAS.

RUSSIA is experiencing something similar to what our forefathers did more than a century ago. The people of Russia are at a point where they see something must be done. They have appealed to their sovereign without avail, and now they are appealing to the people. A body of seventy representatives assembled in congress, in spite of the government's strict prohibition of such demonstrations. The first day of the meeting about seventy were present. It was a congress of zemstvos. They formulated a constitution, providing for an upper house to be elected by provincial assemblies and a lower house by universal suffrage. On the third day of the session they were joined by a hundred and fifty more delegates, some of which were dumas. (Dumas are delegates from the cities; zemstvos are delegates from the rural districts.) The meeting was progressing nicely when officers from the czar entered and announced the prohibition by the czar, and also announced that they wanted the names of the delegates, in order that they might arrest them. A delegate with patriotic backbone cried out, "You'll have to arrest the whole of Russia." An attempt was made to seize the documents. After the police departed, business was resumed. A vote of two hundred twenty to seven adopted a constitution based on the British model, subject to the approval of local provincial assemblies.

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ANOTHER disaster is added to the long list, in the boiler explosion of the United States ship *Bennington*. Thirty-seven sailors were killed; seventy-six wounded and twenty-one are missing. The disaster took place in San Diego harbor.

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THE sun spots, spoken of before, are somewhat of a puzzle to scientists. The spots seem to have grown in size, and are now said to be visible to the naked eye when the sun is low, or with a smoked glass when the sun is on the meridian.

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IN New York some arrests have been made, which have led to the discovery of the fact that there is an organization of houseburners, whose business it is to burn houses, both public and private, for a small bribe. This is another fruitful union.

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PORTLAND, ME., was severely shaken by an earthquake shock. No lives were lost and no damage was done. However, reports of the shock were heard from nearly all the principal cities of the State.

THE Milwaukee grand jury, who, we said last week, were looking for grafters, returned fourteen indictments.

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IT has been reported that work on two hundred thousand dress coats, contracted for the army through the Schuylkill arsenal, has been stopped by a preemptory order from Quartermaster General Humphrey, and that a thorough investigation of affairs at the arsenal has commenced. It is stated that there have been "colossal losses."

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AN open switch caused another disaster on the C. & E. I. railroad, near Steiger, Ill. It seems that these disasters are caused, not by the roadbeds, not by the speed of the trains, not through the mistake of dispatchers, but by the carelessness of switchmen.

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NEW ORLEANS is under quarantine against the world because of yellow fever.

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THE New York Legislature voted for the purpose of removing Justice Hooker from the State Supreme Court. He was retained on the grounds that there were others as bad as he. This is justice from the courts of justice.

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QUEEN MARGUERITA, of Italy, will take an automobile tour through Spain and Portugal in September, and later will visit the United States.

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THE Mississippi river steamboat *Clyde* was struck by a tornado opposite Minneiska, Minn. It was turned completely over and sank in eighteen feet of water. The crew escaped.

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LONDON is to have wider streets. The surface track of the various railroads and street railways, besides the omnibus lines, together with the subterranean steam tram and the "tuppenny tube" (two-penny tube), are inadequate to handle the crowded populace. The royal commission expects to call for two main avenues, one hundred and forty feet in width, so that four tracks may be laid side by side on the surface and four underground; and later perhaps four elevated tracks. It requires capacity for five million people.

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THE heaviest rainfall ever known, in various parts of Germany, is said to be damaging to vineyards to a very great extent. Many factories along the Rhine river have been undermined and destroyed.

At Cardiff, Wales, recently an explosion of fire damp occurred and out of 150 men in a shaft only thirty escaped.

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The roof of the women's hospital at Fermo, Italy, fell in, killing sixteen women and fifty children.

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Wm. J. Calhoun, of Chicago, has been appointed special commissioner to Venezuela. He is to examine into the situation in Venezuela and report to President Roosevelt exactly what the differences are between that country and the United States.

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John Alexander Dowie has had all bankruptcy proceedings against him dismissed in the United States court at Chicago. Dowie's attorneys say that all of the claims mentioned in the original petition have been paid off with interest.

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It is said that in the past year over half a million men have attended the shop classes of the Y. M. C. A. Meetings are held at all hours, ranging from four in the morning till midnight. A course of fifty-two lessons in the life of Christ is generally used.

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The accident *Bulletin of Commerce* for the year presents some appalling figures. During the first quarter of the present year twenty-eight passengers and two hundred four employés have been killed, while eleven hundred sixty-eight passengers, and two thousand eighty-two employés were injured. Number of collisions, eleven hundred eighty-seven, thirteen hundred twenty-one derailments, and two and a half million dollars damages.

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A record-breaking crop of wheat is reported in Kansas. Reports show that in many cases the wheat crop is said to be worth three or four times the present value of the land, and that the State will probably yield more than eighty million bushels.

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The redistribution of parliamentary seats has caused intense bitterness on the part of the Irish. The new method will lose twenty-two seats for the Irish and gain seventeen for England, one for Wales and four for Scotland. The Irish regard it as a breach of the Act of Union. The bill was deferred until the next session of Parliament.

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On account of high taxes, a popular uprising of several hundred persons was caused in Salamanca, Spain. The policemen tried to disperse the rioters and serious fighting followed. The councilmen who levied the taxes barely escaped with their lives.

An attempt was made to take the life of Vice-Governor Deutrich of Finland by the throwing of a bomb. He escaped with severe burns.

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W. K. Vanderbilt has visited the full length of his Lake Shore System and says he will install electric freight service on the Toledo and Detroit division, to compete with the electric lines on short hauls.

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The Chinese boycott has begun in earnest. Shanghai, Canton, Tien-Tsin, Han-Kow, and Niu Chwang have already experienced some trouble and anticipate more. American consuls are extremely busy.

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Professor Lee, of Maine, who is State geologist, says that the earthquake shock which was experienced all over Maine last week, was caused by the slipping of a rock on the side of a fissure, probably two or three miles deep, as a result of a continued strain. For fear that it might cause us as much trouble to prove the contrary, as for him to maintain the affirmative, we let him have his way.

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King Oscar has changed his notion. He says now that if Sweden undertakes to compel Norway to be good by force of arms, she will be literally "hanging a millstone around her neck."

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The Pennsylvania railroad has cut the passenger rate from Chicago to New York to sixteen dollars first-class and fifteen dollars second-class, to compete with other roads, which are likely to follow suit.

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Plans have been consummated for the construction of an elaborate national theater for the government of Panama, at its capital. Extra precautions, says an exchange, are taken to avoid corruption and graft. Might as well avoid having shells on eggs, or trees without leaves.

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Scientific men are about to conclude that the lowering of the levels of the Great Lakes, in the last few years, is caused by the destruction of the forests and the draining of the land. They claim that the loss of water emptied into the lakes by the rivers is between five and twenty per cent. Some further investigations are to be made by instruments, measuring evaporation, wind velocity, temperature of air and water, etc.

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There is indication of a very large increase in the current year's output of steel rails and bridge steel. It is thought that all the mills of the great steel trust will be kept busy the entire season.

HOME DEPARTMENT

LIVE IN THE SUNSHINE.

Live in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom;
Carry some gladness the world to illume.
Live in the brightness and take this to heart—
The world will be gayer if you'll do your part.
Live on the housetop, not down in the cell;
Open air Christians live nobly and well.
Live where the joys are and, scorning defeat,
Have a good morrow for all whom you meet.
Live as a victor and triumphing go
Through this queer world beating down every foe.
Live in the sunshine—God meant it for you!
Live as the robins and sing the day through.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

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A BOY'S WORK.

BY WEALTHY A. BURKHOLDER.

Sometimes boys and girls, as well as men and women, think they cannot do anything in Christian work, and sit down in idleness and do not even try. This is not the proper thing to do. All are not gifted alike, but the weakest can do something. Every one has been given one talent, and for that will be held responsible. Every one should make an effort to help, if only just a little while the days are passing by, and if this is done very much more will be accomplished, and the cause of the Master be greatly furthered. We should work while we have the health and strength to do so, for the night is hastening when it will be too late.

Then, too, what we do should be done cheerfully and willingly. Forced work does not amount to much. The Master wants cheerful, loving workers, and if anything is done for him in that spirit, it counts, whether it is much or little. We can not do great things. We must be satisfied to do the little things as they come to us each day. Sometimes these little things are real hard to do, but we must try and overcome the obstacles and we will come off more than conquerors.

There are many ways by which boys and girls can be useful and you should, as well as we who are older, look around and search for ways and means of helping, suitable to your station in life.

In the Sunday school there are some who can give more money than others to help with the work, but our schools need more than money. There are people and children who do not attend Sunday school who need to be gathered in, and this is work suitable to the one-talent people. Go and ask them to come. If they say they have no clothes suitable and it is true, speak to the older ones, and here some work comes in that will give some a field of labor. But there is not much of that these days. As a rule, there is too much display in dress, rather than "no clothes" in the rural districts.

But I want to tell you what one boy did, and I believe what he did could be done in many neighborhoods, for there are fathers who do not go with their children to the Sunday school. The superintendent said, "Children, I want each of you to bring a new scholar with you to the Sunday school." One backward little boy heard this, and perhaps he too felt at first he could bring none, as he did not have much influence, but he thought and thought about it and wondered if there was any way in which he could help. He was interested and wanted to work.

Finally the thought came to him that he could ask his papa. So he went home thinking, and I think I can see the manly little fellow walk up to his papa—very timidly, lovingly, and perhaps trembling, too, and say, "Papa, will you go to Sunday school with me?" Perhaps papa was amazed at first, but the story runs that he said, "My son, I can't read." "Our teacher will teach you, papa," said the boy, hope creeping into his heart. "Well, I will go." How glad that boy must have felt, for he had done what he could. That father went, learned to read and was converted and became a great worker, and in a few years he organized four hundred Sunday schools. "A little child shall lead them."

Newburg, Pa.

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COST OF A DINNER.

Recently a gentleman, who is fond of arithmetic, made up his mind that he would find out how much a dinner really cost. This gentleman asked how much the simple dinner that he was eating cost, and he was told seventy-five cents. He contradicted this, and then made out the following statement about the cost of the dinner: The pepper, he said, came from Manila, ten thousand miles away. It grew on a little bush about eight feet high, which must have had a growth of at least five years. The pepper was picked green; it had to be dried in the sun, and this meant employing women. It took one ship and a thousand miles of railroad to bring the pepper to the United States. The tea on the table came from China, and the coffee from South America. The codfish had to be brought

from Maine. Men had to be employed to catch the fish; other men and women were employed in drying, packing and boxing it, and it had to make a long railroad journey. The flour of which the bread was made was grown in Dakota; some one owned the land, and that meant the investing of capital; and then he had also to pay wages to workingmen. The flour had to be ground, and the building of the mill and the plant, or machinery, meant more money invested. The millers had to be paid; coopers had to be paid for making the barrels; and, of course, the wood of which the barrels were made had to be cut and sawed and shaped, and this meant the employing of men. The salt came from the Indian reservation in the northwestern part of New York State. The canned peaches came from California, and they, too, represented the employment of capital and labor. The spices in the cake came from the Spice Islands in the Indian Archipelago.

After the gentleman had pointed out what the dinner really cost, he asked what on the table could be raised within the limits of the county where they were living. The answer was: Only the cornbread, the butter, and buttermilk, and it was decided that the family could not live on these alone. The gentleman estimated that that little dinner represented, directly or indirectly, the employment of five hundred millions of dollars of capital and five millions of men.—*American Illustrator.*

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NAMES OF TEXTILES.

The names of fabrics are in many cases derived from the place where they were first manufactured; in others, the name is bestowed in honor of the place where it first became known to commerce, or from the materials composing its texture. Thus the name of muslin is derived from Mosul, in Asia.

Cambric comes from Cambai; gauze from Gaza; baize from Bajac; dimity from Damietta, and jeans from Jean.

The name damask is an abbreviation of Damascus; satin is a corruption of Zaytown, in China.

Velvet is the Italian *vellute,* woolly, and is traceable further back to the Latin *vellus,* a hide or pelt.

Serge comes from Xerges, the Spanish for a certain sort of blanket.

Bandana is derived from an Indian word signifying to bind or tie.

Alpaca is the name of a species of llama from whose wool the genuine fabric is woven.

Calico is named for Calicut, a town in India, where it was first printed.

Blanket bears the name of Thomas Blanket, a famous English clothier, who aided the introduction of woolens into England in the fourteenth century.—*Maxwell's Talisman.*

DON'T MARRY THE GIRL

Who nags.

Who is lazy.

Who is a flirt.

Who cannot control her temper.

Who dislikes children and animals.

Who is not neat and tidy in her dress.

Who is deceitful and is not true to her friends.

Who fusses, fumes and fidgets about everything.

Whose highest aspiration has never soared above self.

Who is amiable to suitors and "horrid" to her family.

Whose chief interests in life are dress and amusements.

Who lacks thrift and has no idea of the value of money.

Who cannot bear to hear anyone but herself praised or admired.

Who thinks more of making a fine appearance than a fine character.

Who is coarse, imperious and domineering in manner and conversation.

Who never thinks that her mother needs an outing, amusement or a change.

Who humiliates servants by snapping at them or criticising them before guests.

Who appropriates the best of everything for herself and is thoughtless of others.

Who attracts attention in public places by "loud" dress and loud talk or laughter.

Who dresses in the height of fashion when going out, but does not care how she looks at home.

If the other members of the family have to watch her moods in order to avoid an explosion or a scene.

Who tries to keep up false appearances by running in debt for her tailor-made clothing, millinery and flowers.

If she expects everybody else in the home to contribute to her pleasure, instead of trying to make them happy.

Who calls her home "so common," but does nothing to make it attractive or cozy and stays there just as little as possible.

Who is indiscreet and says she does not care if people do talk scandal about her so long as she is conscious that she is all right.

Who thinks that anything is good enough for her mother, is disrespectful to her and always neglecting her, and who allows her mother to work like a slave and dress like a beggar and wait upon her, while she gads about in idleness and fine clothes or lies abed reading a novel.

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER,

THE FATHER.—John 14: 5-11: Dan. 6: 26.

For Sunday, August 13, 1905.

I. He is God.
Some of His Attributes:
1. Eternal, ... 1 Tim. 1: 17
2. Almighty, ... Gen. 17: 1
3. Immutable, ... Psa. 102: 26
4. Creator, ... Heb. 11: 3
5. Holy, ... John 17: 11; Rev. 4: 8
6. Loving, ... Rom. 8: 38, 39
7. Merciful, ... Luke 1: 50, 77, 78
8. Wise, ... 1 Cor. 1: 25

II. We Ought to Love Him.
John 14: 31; John 21: 15.

III. We Ought to Obey Him.
1 Sam. 15: 22; Heb. 5: 9.

IV. We Ought to Work for Him.
Acts 10: 37; Matt. 21: 28.

Text.—If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.—John 14: 5-11.

References.—1 Sam. 2: 2; 7: 3; 7: 22; Ezek. 33: 11; Jer. 36: 3; 51: 5; Micah 7: 18, 19; Luke 6: 36; Psa. 111: 4; 135: 14; 145: 8, 9; 62: 12; 31: 7; 25: 6; Deut. 7: 9; Rom. 5: 8; 1 Cor. 2: 9; 5: 18; 6: 16; John 14: 21, 23; Isa. 63; 7-9; 66: 13; Jer. 31: 3; Mal. 3: 16; Zech. 8: 8.

We learn to know the Father by reading his Word. He who studies man's books will become a man of men, but he who studies God's Book will become a man of God. If our boys and girls only knew what a rich treasure is to be found in the little pocket Bible they would prize it more than they do. From it they can learn to know about Jesus, and when they have given their hearts to him they learn about the Father, and this is of greater importance than anything else in this world. When your boy and your girl become Christians they have settled the most momentous question of their lives. We belong to God by the right of creation. We belong to him by the right of purchase with the blood of Christ. When we say, "O Lord, thou art our God," we mean that we and all we have belong to God.

God Loves Us.

When Adam and Eve disobeyed God and tasted the forbidden fruit they felt that they were guilty. They should have looked around Eden until they had found God and confessed their sin, but their first impulse was to hide away from God. Look at the love, grace and mercy of God, as he came into Eden to seek Adam; not to condemn him utterly, but to save him. So God follows you and me with an everlasting love; he gives us joy and peace and gladness. Shall we not love and serve him?

Our Father Who Art in Heaven.

We pray to God and ask him for the things we need, and if he is our Father and our God we shall tell him all our needs, desires and fears, all our joys, hopes and aspirations. It does not mean only to beg God to give us things that very often we can get for ourselves, and then think our prayers are answered when we receive the goods we asked for. Parents would think it strange if their children never addressed them save only to beg for their meals and their clothes. Prayer is more than this. We ask our Father for what we need, for what we desire, for our daily bread, but we talk to him often and tell him of our hopes and of our sorrows, we thank him for the many blessings he gives us and we retire often to our expectation corner, feeling that God will do great things for us. We long for the presence of God, for more knowledge of God.

"Where God our Father is in secret sought,
And shows himself in mercy more and more;
Dim upper rooms with God's own glory shine,
And souls are lifted to the life divine."

The Creator.

One night when Napoleon Bonaparte and his officers were on the deck of a large vessel the conversation turned upon God, and some of the officers with laugh and jest said, "There is no God." Napoleon, who had been gazing at the heavens, turned abruptly and pointing to the myriads of stars glittering in the milky way, and at the constellations of dazzling brilliancy that made bright the midnight darkness, said, "Gentlemen, if as you say there is no God, then tell me who made that?" There was no reply, only God could create such glory as the heavens are telling night after night.

"What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious voice,—
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine!"

—Addison.

Believe in God.

Whatever else you lose, cling to your faith in God. So long as you believe in him and trust him, you shall be content. We have read of a company of men who were watching the tide go out and telling each other their experiences. One spoke of the loss of

wife and children; they had set sail for a foreign shore and the ship was wrecked and all were drowned. One had been very rich and had lost his all in an unfortunate investment, another had lost a position of trust and honor through the treachery of a friend.

"But when their tales were done
There spake among them one
A Stranger, seeming from all sorrows free,
'Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me.'"

"Alas! these pilgrims said,
For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wreck of land and sea,
But however it came to thee—
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

Glorify the Father.

In the fruitfulness of our Christian life lies the joy and glory of our God. So the more good you do the greater your success in saving men from sin, the more God is honored. And we glorify him most of all by doing his will, whatever that may be, by obedience, no matter what the cost. The maximum achievement of any man's life after it is all over is to have done the will of God.

Topics for Discussion.

1. Does God care for and protect us? Isa. 66: 13; Zech. 2: 8.

2. A merciful God. Lev. 26: 44, 45; Deut. 4: 31; 1 Chron. 16: 34.

3. Goodness of God. Eph. 2: 7; Psa. 25: 8; 33: 5; 34: 8; 86: 5.

4. God will be our guide. Ex. 15: 13; Deut. 32: 10; Psa. 5: 8.

5. What place has God prepared for his people? Rev. 21: 1-10; 22: 1.

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EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Brother Amos Yordy, of Roanoke, Ill., says: "We have organized our Circle with nineteen new names. We had an interesting meeting for the first one. Our organization elected the following officers: President, Amos Yordy; Vice-President, J. A. Bryant; Secretary, Joel Yordy, and Treasurer, Jessie Switzer. Lookout committee, Laura Yordy, F. A. Bryant, Joel Yordy, and David Calvert. We want to put all our books in a library, and then all the members will have a chance to read all the books."

Brother Lewis D. Rose, of Rummel, Pa., says, "I have completed the course of Circle reading, and enjoyed it very much. I have also read the book, 'Missions in China.' Reading missionary books is certainly a good way to improve your spare moments."

Missionary Circles.

Mission study is interesting and even fascinating. We are glad to note that classes or Circles have a tendency to increase in attendance rather than diminish. The main thing is to get our members to read books on missions. Many of our Circle members are isolated and cannot attend meetings, but they read these books and their hearts are stirred, and they are ready to take some part in the work. Read all the books on missions you can.

Circle Meetings.

We used to have many inquiries in regard to these meetings; but with the missionary program that we give you every four weeks, it is easy to have Circle meetings. We wanted to simplify this matter as much as possible and we think our programs now are so practical that even those who have never attended a meeting of this kind will find it easy to conduct one.

Question.

The influence of mission study upon the home church shows itself promptly and prominently in the activity of our members who become willing to teach in the Sunday schools, to visit the sick, to do whatever service they can in the spirit of true consecration. If hundreds of our Missionary Reading Circles have found in the study of Christian missions an inspiration to work in his vineyard, to do whatsoever should be done, to give liberally, and not rob the Lord of what is really his own, to pray earnestly for missions, and a blessing on Christian effort everywhere, why may not I try to organize a Circle in our church at once?

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NEW NAMES.

2856 R. C. Bryant, Benson, Ill.
2857 Ella Bryant, Benson, Ill.
2858 F. A. Bryant, Benson, Ill.
2859 Iva Bryant, Benson, Ill.
2860 Nora Bryant, Benson, Ill.
2861 Laura Bryant, Benson, Ill.
2862 J. W. Switzer, Roanoke, Ill.
2863 Jessie Switzer, Roanoke, Ill.
2864 Irma Switzer, Roanoke, Ill.
2865 Ernest Cauley, Roanoke, Ill.
2866 Salome Yordy, Roanoke, Ill.
2867 Joel Yordy, Roanoke, Ill.
2868 Leah Yordy, Roanoke, Ill.
2869 Laura Yordy, Roanoke, Ill.
2870 Q. W. Calvert, Roanoke, Ill.
2871 Sarah Calvert, Roanoke, Ill.
2872 David Calvert, Roanoke, Ill.
2873 Walter Calvert, Roanoke, Ill.
2874 Martha Switzer, Roanoke, Ill.

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RECEIVED A CERTIFICATE.

Lewis D. Rose, Rummel, Pa.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter XXXIX.

Venice, Italy.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

On the road from Turin to Milan we experienced quite a contrast from the journey across the Alps. As we pulled out of the mammoth depot at Turin we glided on a fast train, through the beautiful valley of the Po, where we saw the first cornfields that we have seen since we left America. The large fields of luxuriant corn reminded us very much of the homeland. We saw some men cutting up corn and some husking the golden ears. We saw twenty-six men and women in one field cutting barley with their sickles, in the old-fashioned way so well known to our grandfathers seventy-five years ago. At one place we saw twenty-five or thirty threshing barley on a large cement floor, which is quite an improvement over the dirt threshing-floor.

Large fields of broomcorn are raised here too. Some fig orchards were passed, ladened with fruit, some of which we had for breakfast. Milan is a city of four hundred eighty-six thousand population, and is a thriving inland city, for Italy. The Italians, as a people, are not above the average man in energy and industry, but they know how to show goods, sell goods and make goods. And they certainly esteem it a privilege to euchre a foreigner out of a few centimes in any way they can. A nice monument is erected in this city in honor of Lenardo de Vinci.

From Milan to Venice is a very well-ballasted railroad track; the train ran as smoothly as our solid vestibuled trains of the West. In the distance to the north lay the stately Alps dimly shrouded in a robe of clouds; to the south lay a flat, dry, arid district made inhabitable by a fine system of irrigation. This once useless country now produces fine crops of corn, broomcorn, sugar beets and fruit, especially pears, mulberries and grapes. Our route lay through a country dotted with many old fortresses, used long ago when days were dark in Italy. As we descend the slopes and proceed down the valley of the Po the country becomes flatter and flatter until we reach Venice the horseless city,—a city of islands, a city of canals, a city of the sea. It is said that Venice at one time was built on an island, near the shore, but the coastline constantly sinking, which compelled the sea to rise, has divided and subdivided this island which is to-day twenty-two islands. It should not be forgotten, however, that some of these islands are separated by artificial canals; altogether there are about three hundred seventy canals spanned by four hundred bridges. The city boasts of one hundred sixty thousand population, who travel from one place to another largely by means of gondolas. Of course where it is possible to walk by the use of these bridges to the place where they want to go, they use this method because the people, as a rule, are very poor; but they use the gondolas very much in the same way that we do livery rigs for private use, and public conveyances for public use. When a train arrives at the station there is simply a babble of confusion made by these gondola men, in their clamor for passengers.

Many of the houses are built on pilings so that the front steps lead down to the water's edge, from which it is easy to embark in the gondola which carries them to church, store, shop, school, or wherever their duties call them. Venice is a magic city; it is not so beautiful, but so strangely different from any other city. You see there are no streets, except the canals, which make it impossible for some of our occidental nuisances to exist; for instance, no boys are running bicycles over the flower-bed in the front yard; no women are run down in the streets by street cars and automobiles. They have no street sprinklers and do not have to pay water tax for sprinkling their front lawns. They are not compelled to run around a red lantern placed in the middle of the street for a week at a stretch to keep one from running over a pile of debris. The paving of the street is not continually torn up to stop a leakage in the sewer or gas-pipe; and best of all the policemen make no arrests of draymen who abuse the horses. The humane society is out of business, for there are no animals in the city, practically speaking. There are thousands of pigeons on the public square in front of St. Mark's cathedral. The government even has provided a large tower for the comfort of the pigeons. Pictures and statues of horses and other animals are seen in profusion, because there are thousands of children in this city who have never seen horses and probably never will, and they are careful that the people know what a horse looks like.

It is a strange sight for Americans to see the grand canal, which is their principal boulevard, all treeless and trackless, full of gondolas, loaded with freight, baggage and mail, officers, business men and globe trotters, hurrying hither and thither. The city has a great many glass factories, where the finest work in glass, mosaic and wood-carving is done that we have ever seen. We saw them spinning glass thread, setting mosaics, chiseling glass, carving wood, etc. Hundreds and hundreds of people are employed in these factories. I wish I might describe to you the cathedral of St. Mark's; it is a monster edifice, built in 1545. In the center of this great cathedral is an altar of gold set in many gems, precious stones, etc. It is shielded by iron gates on rollers. Tradition says that beneath this altar lies the body of St. Mark. Of course this is possible, but not probable. Surrounding it are posts of brown marble, covered with carved scenes of the New Testament. Above and in front of the altar is a high balustrade, upon which stands the twelve apostles, over which is suspended a silver crucifix, said to date 1390.

In front of the cathedral is a public square, containing a pigeon tower and the Royal Palace where Napoleon tore down three churches to build a palace. One could spend several days in this city to good advantage. We are trying to make use of our time. So I must hasten on.

Sincerely yours,

Marie.

(To be continued.)

The Q. & A. Department.

A and B own a stack of hay on the open prairie. Both realize the need of a fire guard around it, but through neglect they never placed one there. A burns some prairie when there was a strong wind blowing from the stack, but the wind suddenly changed and the stack was burned to the ground. Legally and morally, who stands the loss?

Legally in all cases of partnership the partners stand the losses together, no difference what the amount of the loss may be. Morally they should both pay the penalty of the loss for their neglect in protecting the stack from fire. So legally and morally they should both share the loss.

✤

What was the Foote resolution?

It was a resolution introduced in the United States Senate in December, 1829, by S. A. Foote, of Connecticut, to limit the sale of western lands. The southern members used it as the text for an attack on the north and the "centralization" theory. The debate on the resolution was made famous by the speeches of Daniel Webster and Robert Y. Hayne.

✤

To what denominations did the American committee belong who gave us the revised version of the Bible?

Almost every denomination which the United States represents. Of course, not all, but they aimed to select able men from as many denominations as possible.

✤

Which is correct in speaking of molasses, this molasses or these molasses?

If you only have one kind of molasses, you should by all means say this molasses, because molasses is a singular noun and not even collective. But should you have maple molasses, corn molasses and cane molasses, and you are speaking of the three kinds, it would be quite proper to say these molasses.

✤

Where can I get the names of Thomas Jefferson's teachers at William and Mary College?

Write to the President of the college, Lyon G. Tyler, Williamsburg, Va., for this information. It was named after William and Mary, the king and queen of England, who granted a charter for the college in February, 1692.

✤

Were Indian and Oklahoma territories admitted to the States, and when?

No, they have not as yet been admitted.

When and where was the first white child born in America, and who was it?

The first English child born on American soil was Virginia Dare, Aug. 18, 1587, at Roanoke, Va. Her mother was Eleanor Dare, wife of one of the 150 colonists sent by Sir Walter Raleigh from Plymouth.

✤

Will the Inglenook give us a recipe for removing ink stains from a porcelain lavatory?

Place sulphur upon the stain and burn it. Sometimes it can be done by the burning of a sulphur match.

✤

Will you please tell us the meaning of the abbreviation, F. A. P. I.?

Fellow of the American Phrenological Institute.

✤

Can you suggest a course of reading suitable for old folks?

If you will examine your grandmother's Bible you will find that nearly all the worn and marked and dog-eared leaves are in the Psalms, the middle of John and the last of Revelation.

✤

Was Theodore Roosevelt ever governor of New York before the Spanish-American war?

No, he was governor of New York from Jan. 1, 1899 to Dec. 31, 1900, and was elected vice president Nov. 4, 1900.

✤

What is the address of Mrs. Jefferson Davis?

Beauvoir House, Beauvoir P. O., Harrison county, Miss. Her New York address is Hotel Girard, 123 West 44th Street.

✤

What are the five largest lumber-producing States in the order of their importance?

Michigan, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, New York, Ohio.

✤

Who is the author of "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone"?

The author is Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

✤

What is the Jewish population of the world?

The American Jewish Year-book for 1900 estimated the number of Jews in the United States at 1,058,135, and in the world at 11,723,947.

MISCELLANEOUS

A BOON TO BIBLE STUDY.

(Continued from Page 735.)

Shechem, Jacob's Well, Bethel, Shilo, Ai, Beroth, Gibea, Emmaus, Ain Karim, Jordan, Jericho, Jerusalem, Bethany, Bethphage, Bethlehem, Beer-sheba, Hebron, Gaza, Joppa, Lydia, Calvary, Olive, Gethsemane, and many other interesting places.

A complete itinerary will be given later. Side trips are optional. We are glad to say that Brother Murray already has a nice list of names for his party this fall. He will conduct the party each autumn and spring, and oftener if necessary. Between sailings he expects to spend his time among the churches, where called, and show them his eleven hundred views of the Holy Land.

Brother Murray will guarantee satisfaction and the INGLENOOK hails the day with delight when one of our number sets himself apart to instruct the people in the truths of God's Word. We hope that Sunday-school teachers, ministers and Christian Workers will avail themselves of this opportunity.

❖ ❖ ❖

ROAD FIVE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

THE road from Homs to Hama runs almost due north, a straight white line cutting across the green fields. It is one of the oldest routes in the world. Caravans have been passing along it for at least 5,000 years, just as we saw them—long strings of slow-moving camels with their bright colored bags of wheat.

One could almost imagine that Pharaoh was again calling down the corn of Hamath to fill his granaries against the seven years of famine. But even here the old things are passing. Just beyond the long line of camels was a longer line of fellah women, their dirty blue robes kilted above their knees, carrying upon their shoulders baskets of earth and stone for the roadbed of the new French railway.

The carriage road is French, too, and a very good road it is. Some men were repairing it with a most ingenious roller. It was a great round stone, drawn by two oxen and having its axle prolonged by a twenty foot pole, at the end of which a barelegged Arab was fastened to balance the whole affair. If the stone had toppled over the picture of the Arab dangling at the top of the slender flagstaff would have been worth watching.

All along the ride we were reminded of the past. It is a fertile soil, but the very wheatfields are different from ours. Only a few yards in width, they are often of tremendous length. I hesitate to commit myself to figures, but it is certain that the thin, green fields would stretch away in the distance until lost over some little elevation. At one place the road was cut through a hill honeycombed with rock tombs which the haj said were Jewish.

Every now and then we passed a tell, or great hemispherical mound, built up of the rubbish of a dozen ruined towns, for even as late as Roman times this was a well-cultivated and populous country. There is now no lumber available for building purposes, and in a number of villages the houses are all built with conical roofs of stone.

Where the rock happens to be of a reddish tinge the houses remind one of nothing so much as a collection of Indian wigwams. Where the stone is white, as at Tell et Biseh, it glitters and sparkles like a fairy city cut out of loaf sugar.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

❖ ❖ ❖

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

HONESTY is a quality which ought to be taken as a matter of course. Honesty cannot be patented. It is not to be boasted of as a rare and unusual possession. It is an instinct in all mankind to be honest and condemn dishonesty. It does not occur to the man who has worked hard all his life, conscientiously giving a true day's work for a true day's wages, paying those who work for him what he believes their labor is worth, fairly discharging his debt to man and God, telling the truth always, no matter what it may cost, bringing up his children to honesty and to respect the rights of others, it does not occur to this man that the community owes him anything for being honest and teaching honesty; not even if strong temptation assails him, and he resists it and remains honest, does it occur to him that he should be rewarded by the community and, my friends, ninety-nine out of a hundred men are men of this kind.—*Exchange.*

❖ ❖ ❖

THE surface of the sea is alive with vast swarms of minute organisms, both plants and animals, and the "Challenger" investigations have shown conclusively that showers of these keep dropping day and night like a constant rain toward the ooze of the bottom.

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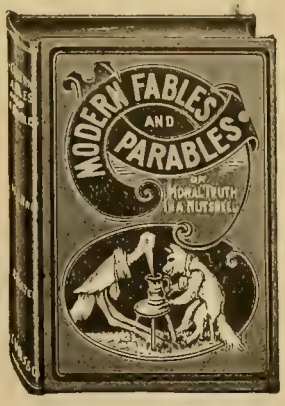
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Spitler, Sarah
January 1906

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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Elder David Snyder, Morgan Hill, California.

July 10, 1905.

Geo. L. McDonaugh,

Omaha, Neb.

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(signed) D. SNYDER.

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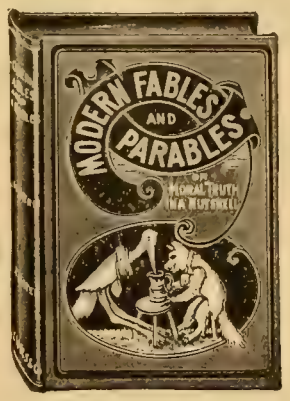
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THE INGLENOOK

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SORROW'S MISSION.

BY MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

A noble mission sorrow hath
To benefit mankind,
And by its power, full of grief,
We, sweetest blessings find.
It leads the soul to love divine,
And teaches sympathy,
While through its softening influence,
We learn sweet charity.

The heart draws closer unto God
When bowed with grief and care:
We need his help and guidance more,
And, comfort, seek in prayer.
The soul is upward often led
By sorrow's humbling hand,
It crowds the ego from the heart,
To others, understand.

It brings expansion of the soul,
Where sorrow leads the way,
And is the guiding light to God,
To show the brighter day:
For when bowed down by grief and care,
God soothes the troubled heart,
And teaches us to upward look,
In holier ways to start.

Had we no sorrow in our lives,
More selfish we would grow:
Not half the power of God's love
Would our poor souls e'er know.
It is the birth of sympathy,
For others we then feel,
When we have passed through sorrow's path,
And learned in prayer to kneel.

Moorestown, N. J.

❖ ❖ ❖

SNAPSHOTS.

BY MARY I. SENSEMAN.

An engine puffs most when it runs the least.

❖

Life shapes itself; it is our lot to fill it—round it out.

❖

A servant can do a duty dutifully; a friend does it lovingly.

Nature is one of God's servants—she is queen of the universe.

❖

Making allowance for faults does not mean we are to allow faults.

❖

No circumstance is secure unless completely walled in by principle.

❖

Everybody slips at least one side of himself between the lines of each letter he writes.

❖

Some of us are so fashion crazed that we have a Sunday demeanor and a week-day misdemeanor.

❖

The only way for a square man to overcome the difficulty of being in a round hole is that he be yielding enough to fit.

R. R. 3, Covington, Ohio.

❖ ❖ ❖

The trouble about white lies is that they invariably turn black in the course of time.

❖

We must needs see through a glass darkly but that is no reason that we should smoke it with sin until we can't see through it at all.

❖

While the fool of a mother will persist in hugging and kissing a dog, I am not surprised that the dog turns out better than the kids.

❖

Man is no longer a thief, he is a kleptomaniac; no longer a drunken bum, but a dipsomaniac—shoot him full of bichloride of gold and he has a through ticket to heaven.

❖

Many think of heaven as a place prepared exclusively for themselves and their friends; they derive great pleasure from the thought that their enemies will not be there.

With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

The Story of Khama

No. 5.

THE story of Khama, the converted African chieftain, is of such intense interest that I must not pass it by. It is presented in a very abridged form from the *Review of Reviews* published in London. It is among the most interesting stories to be found in the missionary annals of Africa.

Khama was the son of Sekhome, the chief of the tribe, a heathen among heathens, full of the superstitions of his people. His son attended a mission school and as he came to study the Bible was led to accept the teachings of Christ as the rule of his life. He married a Christian wife and his life was a happy one. Presently his father determined that Khama should take another wife according to the native custom, and without consulting his son he arranged for a marriage with the daughter of his chief sorcerer. He had even paid over the cattle to the sorcerer for his daughter's hand. It was contrary to all rule and precedent for a bridegroom to cast off one who had been betrothed to him.

The local native sentiment was all on the side of Sekhome in his attempt to compel his boy to live up to the time-honored custom and order of his tribe. It had always been the custom for the son of the chief to marry into as many families as possible. By this means he established relations with the various headmen of his tribe who were always proud to boast that they were related to the chief by marriage. Then, too, a chief's rank was gauged by the number of wives he had. "Many wives very great chief," was the way it looked to leaders of society in Khama's tribe and great was the consternation when it became known that the son of the chief, under the influence of the missionaries, was determined to be the husband of one wife only.

Now Khama said that Mabessi, whom he had married according to the Word of God, was a good, faithful, loving wife to him and he would have no other. God's Word said one wife and that was his rule. He had not yet heard of the convenience of divorce as it is practiced among some Christians(?), where a man may have three or four wives and a woman the same number of husbands, and let us hope Khama may never hear of this dark stain on the name of Christianity. He said to his father, "I refuse on account of the Word of God to take a second wife. You know I was always averse to this woman, having refused to take her to be my wife before I became a Christian. Lay the heaviest tasks upon me with reference to hunting elephants for ivory, or any task you like as a proof of my obedience, but I cannot take this woman as my wife."

Great was the wrath in the camp when Khama made this determined declaration. Old Sekhome determined to crush the spirit of his son by blood, but when he called upon his tribe to help him he was met with refusal. He now fled terror-stricken to a place of refuge, for according to the ancient custom Khama would have taken him and killed him, but instead of cutting his father's throat as he was entitled to do he forgave him and allowed him to come back to his throne again, on the one condition that he should no longer endeavor to enforce bigamy on his offspring. But the old man, unmindful of the favors shown him, kept on scheming how to destroy Khama until finally he was banished from his tribe and remained in exile for many years.

In 1872 Khama was elected chief of the tribe. He at once recalled his exiled father, but he was compelled to exile him again. Now came twenty years of wise, patient, tolerant, civilizing rule. Khama, although a Christian who had risked his life and chiefship for his faith, adopted no intolerant policy when he attained supreme power. At the beginning of his reign he assembled his people and emphatically announced his own adherence to the Word of God. He said he would not prohibit heathen ceremonies but they must not be performed on his grounds, and as their chief he would contribute nothing to them. He was about, by public prayer to Almighty God, to ask a blessing on their seed-sowing, and afterwards would set to work. Whoever wished to have his seed charmed could do so at his own expense, but he himself had no such custom now, any more than in former years.

On one point he was merciless. When but a boy he had been saddened by the ravages made by strong drink among his people. When he became chief, he used to say when was a boy, he would like to rule over a nice town where there was no drunkenness. When at last he became supreme ruler of the Shoshong he determined to make short work of the liquor traffic. Up to that time the white men in his territory seemed to have open license to do as they pleased about importing brandy and selling and drinking it as suited their good pleasure. The result in debauchery, delirium tremens and violent deaths was apparent enough to all. The black man was a ready learner

from the white man's example. To the extent of his ability he secured and drank all he could get. Khama determined to put a stop to all this debauchery.

First of all he summoned the white traders and told them they must sell no more strong drink. They plead for the importation of brandy for their own use. "Very well," said Khama, "only, if you are allowed to import it there must be no more drunkenness." Within a week several of the traders were drunk. Calling them together again he said to them, "Take everything you have and go! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I am trying to lead my people to act according to the Word of God which we have received from you white people, and you show them an example of wickedness such as we never knew. I will not have you and your brandy among my people." Thus this African ruler forbid the importation of strong drink into his country and he also forbid the manufacture and sale of the native beer.

How would it do to import a dozen Khamas to the United States, give them supreme power and make them mayors in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, San Francisco and other large cities? What a pleading there would be for just a little wine, beer, whiskey, brandy and rum for our own consumption. How many Christians(?) would plead for a little strong drink for the stomach's sake. How crime would be lessened, the police forces diminished by two-thirds and the prisons and jails emptied. Really I should be delighted to see the experiment tried. Who would pretend to foretell the happy results?

Under the wise rule of this converted African, no white blood in him, and he is fresh from heathendom, his people prospered and were happy. Palapye, his capital, covers twenty square miles, and has a population of forty thousand souls. It is pleasantly shaded by large trees and the houses are comfortable cottages much better than the average to be found in the country.

Khama is a diligent and industrious ruler. It is said he rises early in the morning and first of all, calls his people together for prayer and worship. Afterwards he sits deciding cases of dispute, trying offenders, and hearing the grievances or requests of any of his subjects. He is a father, a patriarch and a ruler among his people. The balance of the day is spent in the management of his numerous gardens, farms and cattle. In 1895, in company with two of his principal headmen, Khama visited England where he made a strong and successful protest against having his country placed under the government of British South Africa. He made a very favorable impression in England and his very reasonable request was granted.

Zanzibar, South Africa, May 15.

WOOD STEWS.

We have all had our sympathies aroused by the statement that the natives of Northern Siberia are often during famines compelled to resort to wood for food. The fact is, that careless observers have simply been imposed upon, or they have jumped at conclusions without caring, or perhaps being able to make inquiries, and because they thought that a statement about being compelled to use wood for food would make a heart-rending page for their books, and by inference show what a distressing time they themselves must have had among such surroundings and have thus misled us.

Wood in a certain form is a most common and constant article of diet on the Lena River, all along the north coast, and in the immediate neighborhood of Yakutsk, in fact wherever the Yakut resides.

North of Verchoyansk, except in a few sheltered valleys, it may be said there is no other wood than the larch, and for miles south of the tree limit absolutely no other.

The natives eat it because they like it. Even when fish are plentiful it usually forms part of the evening meal, as the many cleanly stripped larch logs near every hut testify.

These people know by experience that the fact of their eating wood arouses the sympathies of strangers, and shrewdly use it to excite pity and to obtain a gift of tea and tobacco. They scrape off the thick layers immediately under the bark of a log, and chopping it fine mix it with snow. It is then boiled in a kettle. Sometimes a little fish roe is mixed with it, and further south cow's milk or butter.

"I have often," says Williama H. Schuetze, "seen it eaten without anything additional, although, as in the present instance, there was apparently enough other food on hand."—*Youth's Companion.*

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CONSUMPTION.

It is a curious fact that consumption, the scourge of civilization, is not found within the Arctic or Antarctic circles. The women of those regions breathe zero air which contains no dust and probably few consumptive germs. It is probable, however, that their immunity from consumption is in large part due to the fact that their clothing is so constructed that it does not restrict the movements of the body in the slightest degree, and gives an opportunity for the free activity of the chest in breathing. One of the greatest advantages of a residence on high lands is the increase of lung activity induced by the rarity of the air. Nearly the same advantages may be obtained by proper attention to lung gymnastics or coexercise, such as rowing, riding, golfing and other exercises which induce the full activity of the respiratory organs.

ONE DAY ON CURVES.

BY MILLARD MYERS.

THE day after our visit to the Garden of the Gods, we took a ride over the greatest short line railroad in the world. This statement is not made upon my own authority, but is a statement which has been made many times by people who have traveled much more extensively than the writer. There is no longer any person contending that Europe or any other part of the globe surpasses the scenery of the Rocky Mountains. Men who have girdled the globe come back to the precipitous, jagged rocks of the great West and take off their hats to America.



ST. PETER'S DOME.—Courtesy Colorado Southern Railway.

A snow storm is rare in Colorado Springs, but during the day and night six inches of snow fell, which gradually tapered to a depth of one inch at the mountain tops. A snow storm on the top of Pike's Peak as viewed from the valley looks like the thinnest kind of a cloud and by the inexperienced might easily be taken for a mist or haze. Our guide had told us several times that there was a snow storm up in the mountains, but it seemed so thin that the sunshine pierced it; and it was not until a gale of wind struck our carriage and blinding snow flurries sifted all about us that we realized the fact of his statements.

The sides of the mountains in this district are covered with green fir trees to which the snow had clung in sufficient quantities to cover the green excepting on the ends of the limbs and on the sides where it showed through. Now picture the sun coming up with a brilliancy known only in this elevated part of the earth, and you have a picture of the rarest kind.

The air is so thin that the December sun falls through the car window uncomfortably warm. I arose and went outside and in five minutes I was thoroughly chilled through and found that the thermometer was registering zero weather.

It is impossible to describe adequately any part of this trip from the standpoint of scenery, yet you can imagine how picturesque a scene spreads out before one as his eyes stray from the observation car directly under the wheels down to the valley or gorge several thousand feet. None the less thrilling is the impression gained as he turns his eyes upward and on the other side of the track to St. Peter's Dome or some other prominent peak and discovers that the car is running on the edge of the mountain, on a bed that has been cut by the engineer.

Far below in the valley stands the little city of Colorado Springs, and between lie stretched deep valleys, sometimes sloping gradually into hills and again rising perpendicularly to the sky. The road has been in operation for more than three years and is about forty-six miles long from one end to the other, while a string drawn in a straight line between the terminal points would be only nineteen and one-half miles. Between St. Peter's and Duffield they have been com-



ROUNDING THE DEVIL'S SLIDE.—Courtesy Colo. Southern Ry.

pelled to build three miles of track to gain a distance of 1,600 feet, less than one-third of a mile.

The road is a wonderful engineering feat, having maintained a uniform grade of 3.8 per cent over most of its line. There are nine tunnels bored through solid granite, the longest of which measures 532 feet. The altitude of Colorado Springs is 5,992 feet, while that of Cripple Creek is 9,095 feet, and Victor 9,734 feet. The highest point in the railroad is reached at Summit at an altitude of 10,360 feet, Pike's Peak being only four thousand feet higher. It is said that there are over three thousand cross ties to the mile and that the steel rails weigh seventy-five pounds to the foot.



ROCK CREEK LOOP.—Courtesy Colorado Southern Railway.

The road was built for the purpose of giving steam connection between the mining district and the smelters, and was originally intended for freight only. Before the road was built all products of the mines had to be transported from Cripple Creek to Colorado Springs around Pike's Peak by way of the Ute pass.

The road is proving a great attraction for tourists and in time the passenger service will be of as great value no doubt as the freight service. I think the advertisement has summed up the whole question as well as it can be done in these words: "The tourist is afforded one of the most remarkable one-day trips he will ever take in this or any other world; a quintessence of Colorado reduced to a ten-hour limit and composite mountains, plains, rocks, canyons, beauty, sublimity, geological phenomena, wonder, admiration, thrills and the greatest gold mining camp on the continent all on one ticket over the Colorado and Cripple Creek Short Line."

Chicago, Ill.

❖ ❖ ❖

We are all building a soul-house; yet with what different architecture and what various care!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

GALVESTON'S FORT AGAINST THE SEA.

In September, 1900, a hurricane drove the sea upon Galveston, razed absolutely two-thirds of the city, and left the rest in ruins. Ten thousand lives were lost. Fifteen thousand persons were made homeless and shelterless. The business and most of the wealth of the city were wiped out. A few despairers talked of abandoning the old site, of rebuilding Galveston where she would be safe. Galveston went to work at once. She resumed business. She decided to put a solid concrete sea wall between her and the sea. Congress would not give her anything. So she built it herself. Four miles, protecting the Gulf front, were completed last summer. The government extension of two miles should be done before June 30. The Galveston wall is sixteen feet wide at the base, five at the top. It stands eighteen feet above mean low tide. On the Gulf side a granite rip-rap runs out twenty-seven feet. The present job of that extraordinarily self-reliant and energetic city is to raise itself, to lift its four square miles from two to eighteen feet above its existing level. Five giant hydraulic dredges are pumping sand from the bottom of the Gulf to "fill in" with. More than two thousand houses will have to be raised. The State of Texas remits certain taxes to Galvestonians. Otherwise, the city foots the bills. A city with a right to be proud of herself; a city all of us are proud of.—*Everybody's.*

❖ ❖ ❖

THE GREAT SMOKE.

Apparently the State of New York and the rest of the United States are willing that Niagara Falls shall be ruined. The Great Victoria Falls in Africa, four times the size of Niagara, may come to be a goal of searchers after the picturesque. A cantilever railroad bridge across the Zambesi Gorge was completed the other day. Through trains will run within 1,500 feet of the falls; these will be visible from the bridge, the ends of which rest on a plateau level with the rock over which the Zambesi plunges. Trains approaching and crossing the bridge will be greeted by a shower or deluge of rain. As the Zambesi leaps into the gorge, high columns of vapor rise in the air. On this account the natives call the falls "The Great Smoke." The vapor is condensed in the cooler air above, so that it rains always below the falls; and the bridge-makers have been soaked continuously.—*Everybody's, June.*

❖ ❖ ❖

Liberty is duty, not license.—*H. Coleridge.*

STERLING, COLORADO, REVISITED.

BY GRANT MAHAN.

THERE are places to which one likes to return when there is opportunity. Most people have such places, and a visit to them is looked forward to with pleasure.



Such a pleasure was mine recently when we went to Sterling, Colo., and once more saw the familiar scenes and associated with the friends of long ago. Our stay was short, but very enjoyable, for we were at the home of Brother and Sister R. J. Patterson, whose hospitality is known to no small number of our brethren and sisters. Our stay at their home was the more agreeable because of the fact that they are friends of the long ago, we having become acquainted with them more than thirty years ago, after we had left the South Platte Valley and before they had gone there.

The Sterling of to-day is very different from the one of thirty years ago. Then the people were glad to have sod houses and dugouts, and the valley was the home of the buffalo and the antelope. The Indian, the hunter and the sheep and cattle men were lords





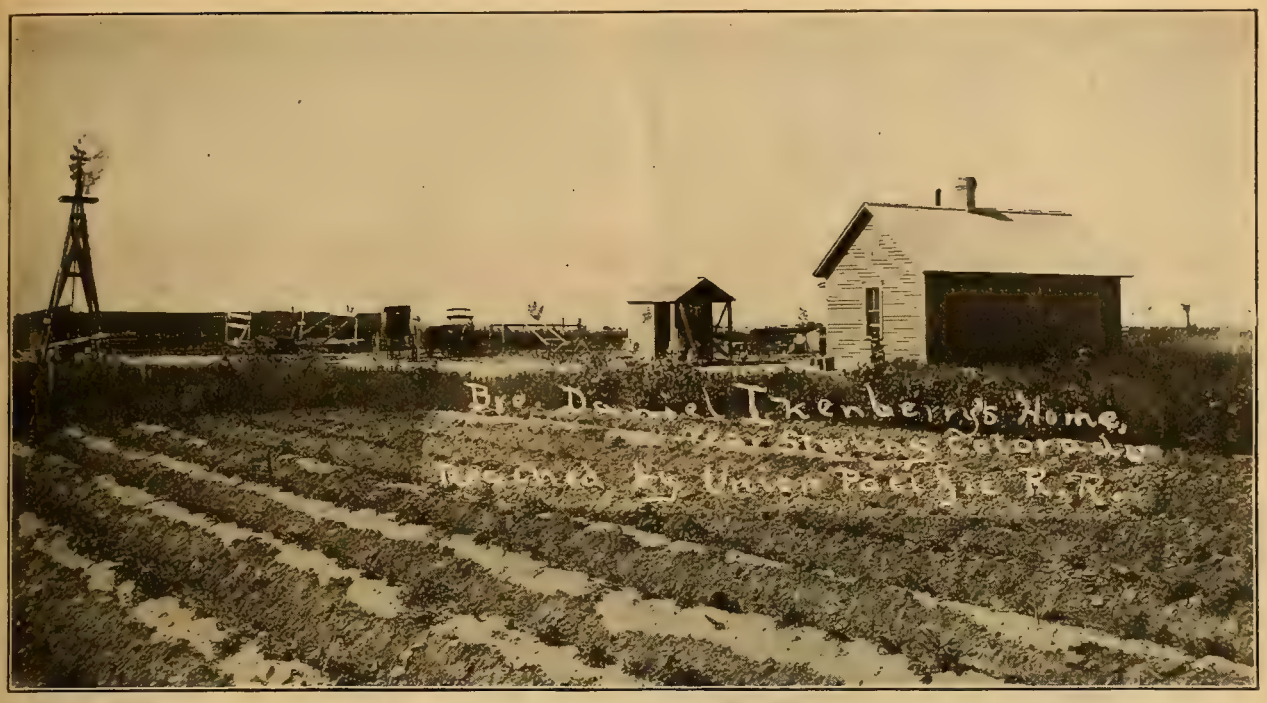
of all they surveyed. But within a few years a railroad was constructed up the valley, and changes came rapidly. What had been good enough was so no longer. When men could have more of the conveniences and luxuries of life they were not slow to lay hold of them, and now the sod house has given place to the frame, the brick and the cement. Land under ditch can no longer be had by homestead or preemption. Far-sighted men, who saw the possibilities of the valley, acquired hundreds and even thousands of acres. At first it was only pasture land, but gradually agriculture claimed more and more of it, and now we see fields of alfalfa and sugar beets. Wheat and other cereals are grown, Bro. Patterson having



"The sod house has given place to . . the cement."


A. J. Patterson's Wheat Field
Near Sterling Colo.
Estimated 60 Bu per Acre





one of the finest wheat fields we ever saw, which will probably yield more than fifty bushels to the acre. A beet sugar factory is being erected at Sterling, which has a capacity of six hundred tons a day.

The raising of sugar beets is no longer an experiment, for it has been shown that they can be raised with profit to the farmer and the factory owner. It pays better to raise fifteen tons of beets to the acre and get five dollars a ton for them than to raise fifty bushels of corn and get fifty cents a bushel for it, which is considerably more than the farmer averages. If one hires all the work done on his beet field it will cost him not to exceed thirty-five dollars an acre, which leaves him forty dollars an acre. This is but a fair estimate of a crop. Bro. D. Eikenberry, who went to Sterling from the Miami Valley, Ohio, on account of



asthma, has been entirely cured, and last year, without having any help, he sold from seven acres eight hundred dollars' worth of sugar beets. We mention him because he is one of the energetic men of our membership located there. And what he has done and is doing for himself and to build up the cause others can do if they so determine.

Sister Susan Holl also lives near Sterling. Some time ago her husband was called hence, though not until he had seen his hopes in part realized. His desire was to have a strong Brethren church organized so that the few scattering members might have a place to worship. Those who are deprived of services month after month, and sometimes year after year, are the ones who appreciate the privilege of coming together to worship when they have opportunity.



Eld. J. H. Gordon is in charge of the work at Sterling, but expects to return to his home in Oklahoma before long, he having gone there for a year after Bro. A. W. Ross went to the India field. The church there needs a man who will remain and work for the Master. Uncertainty as to workers hinders the cause.

There are a few other members, some living near and some quite a distance away. This is another great hindrance, for it keeps the members from coming together as they should in service and members' business meetings. If the best and greatest amount of work is to be done, those on whom it depends must know each others plans and purposes, so that there may be union of effort. But the outlook is so much better than it was a few years ago that there are many reasons for taking courage and pressing forward toward the goal.

For what has been done to build up the cause at Sterling no small part of the credit is due to our genial railroad brother, Geo. L. McDonaugh. He is anxious to have members move in and possess the land, for he knows that it is a land which will provide the best of homes for the best of people.

There have been many changes, and in the main they are for good. The cattle and sheep no longer roam at will along the river, for fences have come. Much of the stock is now driven back into the hills, where men have sunk wells to obtain water or where there are springs. Here the mules and horses and cattle feed during the pleasant part of the year, while alfalfa is being raised on the more fertile irrigated land for feed during the winter months. Men have leased thousands of acres of this hill land from the government, have improved it with wells and buildings, and are finding it a goodly heritage. The time will come, and that perhaps soon, when all the desirable pasture lands will pass from public to private ownership, which should be the case. As time passes more water will be developed, more buildings erected and a greater amount of stock raised. And there is need of this, for year by year the population of our country increases and there is a constantly growing demand for grains and meats. Those who take advantage of present opportunities will in time to come receive a rich reward. The man with ability and energy cannot but succeed in the South Platte Valley. And when we speak of success we do not refer only to financial success. The man who saves a soul from death is far more successful than the man who makes his millions. But it is God's will that we succeed along both lines.

The people of the town are a good class. Years ago they voted saloons out and have kept them out. Good schools are maintained and various denominations have houses of worship there.

One could think and write much of his visit to a place made dear to him by early associations. He goes toward it with joy, for many things are recalled when he is on the old familiar ground. But he goes away from it with regret; for he knows that sometime will be the last time, and he knows not but what this time will be the last. It was with such a feeling that I left Sterling. The town will still be there; men will come and go as in the past. But will I be there again? It will make no difference to Sterling, but it

does to me. Yet, whether or not I ever have the privilege of making another visit, my desire and prayer is that prosperity may attend it and that our people may do a mighty work for God, not in Sterling only, but throughout the length and breadth of the valley.

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SELECTED "SCHERZOS."

BY MARGUERITE BIXLER.

A little laughter now and then
Is wecomed by the sober'st men!

❖

"Your daughter's ideas of musical study seem to be very high." "High," echoed Mr. Cumnox, "I should say so. Two dollars a lesson."

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"Why in the world do you want to get your daughter a violin, Jawson? She is not musical, is she?" "Not at all, but I think violins have chin rests."

❖

"Ah!" remarked the great musician as he walked the floor with his howling offspring in his arms, "it is much easier to compose an oratorio than a wakeful baby."

❖

"Mrs. Larkin," remarked the choir-leader, "we wish you would let your daughter join the choir."

"Oh, I couldn't think of it," she replied. "She has such a sweet disposition and I don't want her to become quarrelsome."

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It was little Elsie's first night at a musical, and she listened delightedly till, as the applause which followed the *prima donna's* wonderful trills subsided, she leaned over to her mother, and in a very audible whisper said, "O, mamma, didn't that lady gargle her throat just lovely?"

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Von Bülow said of a certain pianist, "He has a technique which enables him to overcome the simplest passages with the greatest difficulty."

❖

"Thar bein' nothing to cultivate in the city," remarked the farmer, "of course you folks don't have a harvestin'-time."

"Well," replied the summer boarder, whose city home was next door to a conservatory of music, "there are voices to be cultivated, and then we do have a harrowing time."

E. Akron, Ohio.

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JUSTICE FOR THE AFRICAN CITIZEN.

THE courts of Illinois have rendered another decision against the civil rights of the negro. At Belleville the respectable pastor of an African church was refused the privilege of having his boots blackened in an establishment ostensibly designed for public service. He sued the proprietor for redress under the equal rights statute, but the court rendered a verdict against him. Koreshanity does not believe in equal rights because it is not a system founded upon the principle of equality. It contends, with reason, that no equality is to be found in nature, but that the universe is a system of grades where orders are superimposed one upon another. At the same time there are principles of justice which pertain to every grade. It is an insult to refuse any man the commonest rights of service to which he is entitled and for which he is willing to pay, simply because his complexion is not of a certain hue. Had this clergyman been a Malay, an East Indian, a Japanese or an American Indian he would not have been turned out of the shop. As it was, he showed his good sense in not yielding without an effort to the exactions of a prejudice as foolish as it is unjust. There is a prejudice against the African which does not extend to other races of a different color. The sooner it is rooted out, the better. As it now stands, the negro is refused access to hotels and railroad cars simply on the ground of his color and without respect to his intelligence. If the government professes to protect the rights of its citizens and to furnish certain privileges to all alike, then it should live up to its engagements morally contracted under existing laws. It should make no concessions to prejudice.

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WATCH THE HAIR.

THE hair should be brushed regularly to keep it from falling out and to keep the scalp in good condition. The hair itself is easily cleansed with a good toilet water, but the scalp itself is too often neglected. A man generally has a pair of brushes, or at least one good one, but women's brushes are apt to be very beautiful but soft and of little use. It is all very well to have a fancy brush on the dressing table, but in a drawer out of sight keep a plain one for general utility, with good stiff bristles. A fine hair brush really should never be put in water as it loosens the bristles. When traveling the hair gets very dusty and soon soils the brushes, which should be well looked after. Dip the bristles in alcohol, ammonia or bathing whiskey, shake dry and leave in the open air. Water sometimes cleans shell or rubber combs, but is just as apt to spoil them. It is better to use an old brush to clean the teeth or to pass a ribbon or piece of twine between them. The best for this purpose, however, is a piece of blotting paper. After the treatment polish the comb with a piece of flannel or chamois skin.

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HE's armed without that's innocent within.—*Pope.*

THE DYING DRUMMER BOY.

SELECTED BY ANNA B. BRENEMAN.

Two or three times in my life God in his mercy touched my heart. During the American war I was surgeon in the United States army, and after the battle of Gettysburg there were many hundred wounded soldiers in my hospital, one of them a boy who was too young for a soldier but who had enlisted as a drummer. When my assistant surgeon wished to administer chloroform previous to the amputation he turned his head aside and refused to take it. When I came to his bedside he said, "Doctor, one Sunday in the Sunday school when I was but nine and a half years old I gave my heart to Christ. I have been trusting him ever since, and I know I can trust him now."

"But you are too weak to go through an operation."

"No; I know that he will strengthen and support me while you amputate my arm and leg."

I then asked him if he would allow me to give him some brandy.

"Doctor," he said, "when I was but five years old my mother knelt by my side praying to Jesus that I might never know the taste of strong drink. She said, 'Your father went down to a drunkard's grave, and I prayed to God that if you should ever grow up you would warn young men against the bitter cup. And as I am in all probability about to go into the presence of my God, would you send me there with brandy on my stomach?"

The look that boy gave me I shall never forget. When I saw how he trusted his Savior there was something that touched my heart. At that time I hated Jesus.

Turning towards me he said, "Now, doctor, I am ready, and I will promise you that I will not even groan if you will not offer me chloroform."

I had not the courage to take the knife without going into the next room to take a little something to nerve myself to perform the duty. While cutting through the flesh he never groaned. All that I could hear him say was, "Oh, Jesus, blessed Jesus, stand by me now."

That night I could not sleep. Those words, "Blessed Jesus, stand by me," were ringing in my ears all the time. Five days after that I heard the first gospel sermon, when he said to me, "Doctor, my time has come, and you are a Jew and do not believe in Jesus. Will you please stand here and see me die, and trusting my Savior to the last?"

I tried to stay, but it was too much for me to see, a Christian boy die rejoicing in the love of that Jesus whom I had been taught to hate; and so I left the room.

Again he sent for me. I went to his bedside, and taking my hands in his he said, "I love you because you are a Jew. The best friend I have found in this world was a Jew. And when you amputated my arm and leg I prayed to God to convert your soul."

I could not see how he could pray for me while I was causing him such terrible pain. Those words went deep into my heart. I was rich at that time, so far as money is concerned, but I would have given every penny I possessed if I could have felt towards Christ as Charlie Cowlson did. But that feeling cannot be bought with money.

I now know that at that time I was under deep conviction of sin, but I fought against Christ with all the hatred of an orthodox Jew for nearly ten years, until finally the dear boy's prayer was answered and God converted my soul, and his Savior is now my Savior.

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"BY HEART."

A FINE old phrase, which under the new methods in education has fallen into disrepute, is that of learning "by heart." Half a century ago learning by heart was the chief feature of the ordinary school course.

Pupils learned their English and Latin grammars by heart; they committed to memory whole pages of history and geography, long lessons in natural philosophy and endless passages from the English classics.

Above all, they learned, word for word, chapters, and sometimes books, from the Old and New Testaments. Doubtless in those days many a pupil with a facile memory slipped through his course, or let it slip through him, and gained little in mental fiber or power. Yet after all, there are few better possessions than something of the world's best treasure of wisdom or beauty learned by heart. One of our greatest naturalists was compelled in his boyhood to commit to memory the entire New Testament and a large part of the old. Without that early training he would not have gained the clear and vigorous and beautiful style by means of which he has been able to open the eyes of others to the wonders of nature.

There is no such model of style as the old book of our fathers.

Lucy Larcom, enjoying to her last days the verses learned in her window seat library in the mill; Madam Willard, finding delight in her eightieth year in the treasures committed to memory in her girlhood; Whittier, cheering sleepless nights with the rich stores of his memory—these and hundreds of others bear witness to the value of wisdom learned by heart.

But it must be by heart. The treasure must be used and loved and cared for, not put into storage and forgotten. So used and loved, the words of the masters reveal deeper meanings as the years go by. They become enriched to us by a thousand associations—days of gladness, of sorrow to which they have

ministered, times of trouble or danger in which they have stood as beacon lights. They become part of the very fibers of our lives. Not only have they given us wisdom and counsel and delight; but also something, at least, of the culture of a high friendship.—*Exchange.*

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A RIVER THAT FLOWS INLAND.

THERE is an interesting instance of water flowing inland from the sea. It is found on the island of Cephalonia, in the Ionian Sea, west of Greece. The phenomenon occurs on the southwest side of the island near the small town and port of Argostoli. Two streams flow at a short distance from one another, straight from the sea, for a few yards, and then follow different courses.

One turns at right angles and runs for some ways parallel with the shore and close to it. Then it turns again toward the sea, and running, of course, deeper and deeper, doubles completely under itself, thus forming a loop, and finally passes out of sight deep down in a landward direction. In its course it turns four flour mills, which will give an idea of the strength of the current. There is no tide in the sea here, and the flow of the salt water brook is steady and continuous.

The other stream disappears in the ground in a similar way. This curious phenomenon has not attracted much attention because Argostoli is not on one of the regular tourist routes. No one knows what becomes of this water, but it probably flows to some subterranean reservoir, and it may have something to do with the earthquakes that occur in that neighborhood once in a long while, or, possibly, it feeds some distant volcano, for, as is well known, the most generally accepted theory of the cause of volcanic eruptions is, that they are due to steam generated from water, admitted through cracks in the earth's crust, or in some other way.—*Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.*

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COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY FOR AN ECLIPSE.

ON August 30 of the present year there will take place a total eclipse of the sun, which will be visible on land in northwestern Canada, Labrador, Spain, eastern Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, and Arabia. As usual carefully organized scientific parties are preparing to observe and study this interesting phenomenon, and various stations will be occupied by astronomers with elaborate apparatus. One of the novelties to be attempted is to apply color photography to the observation of the eclipse, so that a record can be made of the appearance of the chromosphere and corona. The plan is to employ the three-color process where screens of different colors are used with three different plates, each screen cutting off light of various colors, so that when positives from the three plates are made and used with a light of a color corresponding to the screen the resulting picture has the colors of the original. For the eclipse photographs a camera with three lenses and three screens will probably be employed, as it is necessary that the exposures shall be made simultaneously. As the plates are sensitive to the different colors in different degrees, there will be a properly adjusted diaphragm or stop for each lens, so that the same time of exposure will suffice for all. The color phenomena of a total eclipse of the the sun are considered most beautiful, and considerable interest attaches to this method of reproducing them.—*Harpers Weekly.*

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WILL NIAGARA RUN DRY?

GOVERNMENT engineers have estimated the normal discharge of Niagara River into Lake Ontario at 222,000 cubic feet per second. The total abstraction of water by the five power plants in operation and in process of construction is placed at about 48,800 cubic feet per second. Add to this the diversion caused by the Welland Canal, running from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, and the power development along this channel; that of the Chicago drainage canal, running from Lake Michigan to the Des Plaines River; that of the new barge canal, which will follow the line of the present Erie Canal from Buffalo to Savannah, and the possible diversion by the canal that is to be built under the so-called "Love charter" from La Salle to Devil's Hole, in the gorge below Whirlpool Rapids, and we have, according to the estimates of the engineers, a total diversion of water from the Great Lakes above the falls of about 67,400 cubic feet per second. And there is the possibility of great power development on the Chicago drainage canal, on the Illinois and Des Plaines rivers, and on the Kankakee River, in Indiana, all of which will draw water away from Lake Michigan, the amount of which is now beyond human estimate.

The real danger to the falls will come from the granting of additional power franchises in the future. If such grants should get through the State Legislature in defiance of public sentiment upon this question, it is not believed that they will receive the official sanction of the executive. There can be no mistake about the attitude of the people of New York, and of the entire country, regarding a further diversion of the waters of Niagara River for power purposes, for while the present diversion has had no appreciable effect upon the cataract itself, there is strong opposition to new power projects that will further diminish the volume of water flowing over the precipice.—*From "How Niagara is 'Harnessed,'" by Truman A. De Weese, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for July.*

THE INGLENOOK

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The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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HOW TO PREPARE THE LESSON.

Those people who labor hard all week and who have an extra amount of choring to be done on Sunday morning and a general survey of the farm to make, and who have to hurry with all the power they have to get to Sunday school at all, and arrive there late, know but very little about what it costs to gain possession of a well-prepared lesson. As a rule the time to begin to study a lesson is immediately after the last lesson has been recited. With the old lesson fresh upon the mind it is comparatively easy to get a good connection with the one following. And, too, it is much easier to get a foreshadowing of the teaching points that are to be brought out.

A Sunday-school lesson is like any other kind of a lesson, in one way at least. We must travel all the way around it and through it just like we were studying a town. We must know its size, capacity, environments and its component parts. For the sake of our corps of young teachers all over this land we submit a few points which, if adopted, we guarantee to bring about good results. The lesson should be studied first

Chronologically.

There is a certain thread of human events from the creation to the present time. It cannot always be said that it is absolutely necessary that the time of the lesson should be known, but in most cases it certainly materially aids in understanding the lesson to know in what age it was written and to what age it was given. After this has been satisfactorily determined the lesson should be read a second time and studied

Geographically.

Too many old men and women to-day confess that it has only been within the last few years that they ever knew that Jerusalem, the Dead Sea and such places really exist at the present time upon this earth. Their early teaching had been such as to lead them to feel that the places mentioned in the Bible were in some far off land, utterly beyond the reach of the people of our age. With a knowledge of this condition of things it behooves us to let sufficient attention be paid to the geography of the lesson that our pupils can make a map of the entire situation if called upon to do so. The lesson should be surveyed

Historically.

Without exception there is a cluster of ripe history surrounding every important point. The lesson in hand makes a part of the history, therefore, we must become responsible in the study of it for a certain amount of historical facts that are contained in the lesson. By all means it should be carefully surveyed

Biographically.

The persons named in the lesson are of no minor importance. The real characteristics of the lesson are often found in the character of the individual. In order to know what made these individuals say certain things and do certain things, that are found in the lesson, it is necessary to know their biography. And when we know them and their ancestry we can often easily account for the doctrines taught in the lesson. It should next be studied

Relatively.

As we said in the last lesson, each lesson forms a link in the great chain of human events. And if we would have the right conception of it we must know the relation of this lesson to all the other lessons in the quarter, and really of the whole seven years' course. The teacher, and especially the superintendent, must not forget that it should be studied

Doctrinally.

There should not be and perhaps is not a single lesson which does not contain some point of doctrine. The fact that we have so many sectarian lesson leaves shows that the churches are anxious that the doctrine have the right interpretation placed upon it. Since it is necessary for the churches to guard the doctrine, how much more necessary it is that the teachers be careful about the tenets of the New Testament Scriptures. When the lesson has been studied from these six points of view we are ready then to look at it

Analytically.

That is, we should be able to separate it into its component parts and establish their relation to the whole. There is nothing more beautiful to the student than to dissect a flower, a bone, or a Sunday-school lesson. After this separating process comes the putting together again, which requires that the lesson must be surveyed

Synthetically.

In this treatment of the lesson all these fibers and threads that we have found are picked up and woven into a new lesson entirely. It now becomes our own; we have made it out of the material we have gathered

together and we are so thoroughly acquainted with it that we can put it together without the use of the quarterly, commentary or Bible. But before we present the lesson to the class it should be studied

Homiletically.

The teaching points with their subheads should be relatively placed in outline in a comprehensive manner so the mind readily grasps the picture entire, and also the art of making a similar outline for every other lesson. One of the greatest pleasures is to study the lesson

Illustratively.

The object lessons, the pictures, the little stories, scraps of paper, and a thousand other little things that the teacher finds that are just exactly like what he wanted to tell, are the things that the child will be able to tell about when he gets home. When these are all prepared ready to start for the school the last burden on the heart of the teacher is to study it

Practically.

And in this last perusal the great question is, "How can I individually apply the great truths of this lesson to the individual life of every boy and girl in my class?" But, knowing the lesson as the teacher knows it by this time and knowing the pupils as he does after having studied them, the two are successfully brought together.

NOTE.—When a teacher has a lesson prepared as above he does not need to be ashamed to go to teachers' meeting or to go into the closet, kneel down and ask God to bless his efforts that day.

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FORCE OF HABIT.

OF all the kings on this earth there is none that rules so many subjects as King Habit. Almost every man, woman and child will obey him. We talk about idolatry and how the heathen will sit down and make gods out of wood or stone, and never stop to think that all the habits that we have, or nearly all at least, are creatures of our own. We were born with instinct, but we were never born with habits.

Have you ever seen a man paint a canvas? Have you ever seen a sculptor carve a statue? If you did you probably were struck with the impression that it was not done at a single blow or a single movement of the brush. It takes a thousand blows of the mallet before even the roughness is taken from the stone; then ten thousand smaller licks to put the finishing touches on the features. It takes a thousand movements of the brush to form a background in the outline, and ten thousand others more carefully executed to put life in the picture so that it seems to speak. The same thing happens in a moral way; by a thousand words and actions we create a habit of good or evil, and then by ten thousand repetitions we literally grind it into our natures until it has definitely asserted itself. It is impossible not to form habits; the only question is in the directing of the effort. We ought to strive to do right. Custom is second nature. Each time we perform an act it makes the next doing of it easier, until at last it requires no voluntary action on the part of the will, and no special energy on the part of the body and it becomes a habit.

Another thing we ought to do is to learn to discriminate between good habits and bad habits as soon as we have crossed the line of accountability; then encourage the good ones and check the bad ones. The best time in the world to break a habit is when it is small. You can dam a rivulet with a straw, but it takes thousands of tons of stone to dam a river. You can, with one hand, pull up a small tree, but the great oaks are only felled after long and tedious work, with the best of saws and axes.

One of the greatest mistakes in conquering habit is the doctrine that is being taught that one should quit by degrees. This mistake is almost fatal; for a man who has been drinking to quit by degrees means to create more appetite while he is drinking. If a murderer wants to quit his bloodthirsty acts, shall he kill a smaller number of persons each year? If some giant would throw you in the fire, or if you would fall, would you crawl out by degrees? If your child had fallen in the river, would you pull him out by degrees? The same teaching will apply to the work of getting rid of a habit. King Habit must be literally pulled from the throne and driven clear out of our territory. We might as well look for a noble oak where an acorn was never planted as to look for nobility and greatness in lives where the seeds of good little habits have not been carefully nurtured day by day. It is three times easier to cultivate good habits than it is to cultivate bad ones. First, you will plant the bad habits; second, they have to be destroyed, then, in the third place, plant the good ones. Why not plant them in the first place?

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"THE OLD DOYLE HOUSE."

VERY soon the readers of the INGLENOOK are to be treated to an excellent series of articles on the "Old Doyle House," written by Prof. G. W. Furrey, of Mt. Morris College. Brother Furrey is a writer of no mean ability and we bespeak for him a large, interested audience. In order to make it more interesting let the members of the NOOK family be sure and tell their friends that they can get the NOOK from now to Christmas for 25 cents. This one story alone is worth many times the price asked for the magazine.

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HE who is willing to guide a child is preparing to lead a nation.—*Ram's Horn.*

Current Happenings

JOHANN HOCH, the supposed murderer of one of his numerous wives, was granted a thirty-day reprieve by Governor Deneen of Chicago, about two hours before the hour appointed to march to the gallows, at which time a Mrs. May Wilson called at the jail and offered to supply the money necessary for an appeal to higher court. What money will do!

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THE Southern Textile Company, which was organized with a capital of $14,000,000 to combine cotton mills of the South, went into bankruptcy and the property has been sold at auction by order of the trustees. Three cotton mills, with machinery, brought $110,000, being bought by the International Trust Company, of Baltimore.

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THE Lord's Day was chosen as the day when the Emperor of Germany, on board the *Hohenzollern,* and the Czar of Russia, on the *Polar Star,* should meet in the Gulf of Finland and hold a secret conference as to their governmental proceedings. Not only the two countries represented are concerned, but every nation in Europe has the tension drawn to its utmost by intense anxiety as to what the conference might have meant. Numerous guesses have been made about the interview, but so far the public has been denied all intelligence. The most probable solution, though conjecture, is that this is one result of the congress of zemstvos.

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IT is being reported by numerous travelers that Central Africa is gradually drying up. Captain Lucien Fourneau, commander of the Lower Niger flotilla, has reported for the years 1903 and '04 that the level of that river is constantly lowering. The *Nupe,* one of the Niger Company's boats, cannot at present ascend the river as far as Jebba, a point that she easily reached less than fifteen years ago. The continued fall of the river is now quite perceptible, so that it causes uneasiness. Most of the islands that separate it into numerous arms between Sansau, Haousa, and Ansongo, were under water at certain seasons, less than forty years ago, since their inhabitants were then obliged to take refuge on the mainland; but they have now nothing to fear from inundation. This is believed to be the first observation of the drying up of the Niger Valley in Central Africa.

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As to the possibility of New York becoming the largest city in the world, there is no indication that London will lose the first place for some decades yet, but the rate of growth is faster in New York than in London and it depends on how the present rate continues to grow. Of what might be called Greater London, the city contains 6,581,372 souls, or, to put it another way, London's "Manhattan" contains 4,613,812 souls as against New York's Manhattan population of 2,127,602; while her Greater London has 6,581,372 people, as compared with Greater New York's population of just under 4,000,000. Hence it is only a question of time before the largest city in the world will be found in the Western Hemisphere.

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THOMAS ASBOUGH, a mussel fisherman on the Wabash river at Maumee, Ill., found a pearl recently, said to be valued at $1,000.

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WE are certainly living in an age of inventions. Not a few of our leading magazines bring before the public the result of some man's utilized energies. Again a London tailor has made himself famous by the invention of a new life-saving coat and gaiters, with which it is possible for a person clothed therein to maintain an upright position when immersed in the water, even if not possessed of any knowledge of swimming. The coat resembles in appearance an ordinary pilot coat; but it is fitted with an air belt, which is inflated with air through a tube. The gaiters each weigh two pounds, and are fitted with two brass wings or blades, fastened to the back of the heel. As the wearer moves his feet in the water these wings open and shut, and not only propel the wearer along like oars, but enable him to maintain an upright position from the waist upward in the water. A practical demonstration of the utility of the invention was recently undertaken in the river Thames by the inventor, and its efficiency and life-saving qualities clearly shown, even when moving against the tide.

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THE famous Tiepolo frescoes in the Labia Palace at Venice, representing Antony and Cleopatra and the departure of the Doge, were recently on the point of being removed for shipment to America, when the Italian Government stepped in, according to a recent dispatch from Rome, and prevented the consummation of a secret deal. It appears that the frescoes had been sold to a Paris dealer for $30,000, and by him to an unknown American for $300,000.

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THE plot of 363 military prisoners confined in Castle Williamson, Governor's Island, New York, to strike down their keepers and escape to the city, was foiled a few days ago by the action of a sentry in shooting one of the ringleaders, named Snyder.

THE sultan of Turkey refuses to accede to the demand of the powers concerning the Macedonian reform.

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A NEW telephone system has been introduced in the city of Bridgeport, Conn. In appearance they very much resemble the police and fire alarm boxes which are to be seen on the streets of many cities. These stations are all keyless, and upon opening the door, there will be found a standard installation of the gravity type. A directory is found hanging on the door, and the desired connection is brought about in the same manner as is customary with other instruments; the conversation having been finished and the receiver hung up, the door, being also of the gravity type, closes itself. The boxes containing these equipments are sometimes mounted on pillars, and sometimes merely secured to telegraph and telephone poles or even trees. In some cases the box will jointly occupy the same pillar with a small box or fire-alarm outfit. They are called the Public Pay Station.

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MAX NORDAU was elected president of the Congress of Zionists, which assembled at Basle, Switzerland, last week for its seventh annual session. Over a thousand delegates were present from twenty-two countries.

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THE three independent manufacturers of linseed oil at Buffalo, N. Y., Spencer Kellogg, Mann Brothers and Hauenstein & Co., have closed their factories owing to the monopolistic methods of the American Linseed Company, controlled by Rockefeller interests. The independents say that the trusts have so much flaxseed on hand that they are afraid to buy. About one thousand men will be thrown out of work by this shutdown.

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IT has been definitely announced by the Wabash Railroad officials at Pittsburg that they would open up a direct line to the seacoast by way of Belington to Baltimore on September 1, for freight purposes, and that by January 1 the line would be open for passengers.

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P. RAMANATHAN, a wealthy and exalted Hindoo missionary, arrived at New York recently to attend the religious conference at Greenacre, Maine, and to begin a series of lectures in American cities. This Hindoo lawyer is a leader of the Tamil race in Ceylon; has been educated in England, and is looked up to by his people as a "knower" of God or Brahma Jnain. His lectures will be upon the unity of faith. He aims to show the harmonization of the Christian and India religions. For thirteen years he has been solicitor general for the British throne at Ceylon.

THE revised report of the cotton acreage, under the supervision of Assistant Secretary Hay, and approved by Secretary Wilson, shows that the figures in Mr. Hay's hands, prompted by Holmes, were lower than the facts warranted. The report shows that the acreage planted in cotton this year should have been estimated at 85.1 per cent of that planted last year, equivalent to a reduction of 14.9 per cent, or 1,731,000. The total acreage this year is figured at 26,000,000.

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MANAGER FALCONI, the Pope's delegate to the United States, in a recent interview in Milwaukee, said that Christian men are awakening to their duties as Christians and citizens, and that President Roosevelt has set the good example. But he rather thought it a mistake to say that Roosevelt had gained his popularity among the Catholic clergy because of his attitude toward the Church in the Philippines. He further adds that it was his whole life and what he stands for that made Catholics trust him.

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THE 127-foot airship, designed by Dr. Barton, at London, England, with a crew of five persons, was tested July 22, with partial success. In a forty-mile-an-hour wind the ship rose gracefully, but, in spite of its fifty horsepower motor at each end, the steerage was only partially successful, as it was found impossible to come back to land at the point of starting.

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WITH the full honors due to an American admiral, the body of John Paul Jones was taken from the fleet under Admiral Sigsbee, last week, and placed in a temporary receiving vault in the Naval Academy grounds at Annapolis. The lead coffin, in which the body rested, for more than a century, in a French cemetery, has been recased in an oak coffin, and this was covered with American flags. In about a year the remains are to be interred permanently in the crypt of the new abbey, now under construction at the Naval Academy, there to become the center of a group of immortals in American history.

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A GROUP of Philadelphia capitalists is said to have formed a combination of the East Liverpool, Ohio, crockery manufactories, with a capital of $40,000,000. Of this the greater part will be issued as 7 per cent preferred stock. The combine does not include the Homer Laughlin China Company, of East Liverpool, which is one of the largest concerns there. It is proposed later to absorb the art ware and sanitary ware plants at Trenton, N. J., thus virtually controlling the pottery industry of the country. The combination has been promoted by Newton Jackson, of Philadelphia.

HOME DEPARTMENT

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

There's a gathering in the village, that has never been outdone
Since the soldiers took their muskets to the war of 'sixty-one;
And a lot of lumber wagons near the church upon the hill,
And a crowd of country people, Sunday-drest and very still.
Now each window is preëmpted by a dozen heads or more,
Now the spacious pews are crowded from the pulpit to the door,
For the coverlet of blackness on his portly figure spread,
Lies the grim old country doctor, in a massive oaken bed.
Lies the fierce old country doctor,
Lies the kind old country doctor,
Whom the populace considered with a mingled love and dread.

Maybe half the congregation, now of great or little worth,
Found the watcher waiting for them, when they came upon the earth;
This undecorated soldier, of a hard, unequal strife,
Fought in many stubborn battles with the foes that sought their life.
In the night time or in the day time, he would rally brave and well,
Though the summer lark was fifing or the frozen lances fell;
Knowing if he won the battle, they would praise their Maker's name,
Knowing if he lost the battle, then the doctor was to blame.
'Twas the brave old virtuous doctor,
'Twas the good old faulty doctor,
'Twas the faithful country doctor—fighting stoutly all the same.

When so many pined in sickness he had stood so strongly by,
Half the people felt a notion that the doctor couldn't die;
They must slowly learn the lesson how to live from day to day,
And have somehow lost their bearings—now this landmark is away.
But perhaps it still is better that this busy life is done;
He has seen old views and patients disappearing one by one;
He has learned that Death is master both of Science and of Art;
He has done his duty fairly and has acted out his part.
And the strong old country doctor,
And the weak old country doctor,
Is entitled to a furlough for his brain and for his heart.

—Will Carleton.

SHOPPING DAY.

BY ADAH BAKER.

Of all the great days that enter into a woman's program, shopping day seems to be the one that causes more anxiety, tired nerves, vexation of spirit, and relaxation of the pocketbook. There would probably be no one better prepared than the clerk behind the dry goods counter to tell how many different dispositions this world can afford.

But let us take an imaginary position and quietly observe Mrs. Hard-to-please as she is fluttering over town—first here, then there, then back again in search of goods for a dress. Of course she wants something real nice and airy, neither too light nor too dark, something that will not fade, real expensive looking and yet not too high priced, and above all it must be the very latest. So down come the goods on the counter. There seems to be an abundance of it on hand, in fact such a variety as would please the most fastidious or whimsical. But Mrs. Hard-to-please is so afraid that if she should decide on a piece of goods without ransacking every store in town, she would never be satisfied. So without any real excuse she tells the clerk she is "just looking around" and is not ready to buy.

One can imagine the feelings of chagrin and disgust which come over the clerk as he sees how his precious hours of time have been squandered on Mrs. Hard-to-please. If we further continue our silent observations we will see that she goes through the same maneuvers in the other stores as she did in this one.

When she is once around, her nerves are racked, her limbs are tired, and her brain is in such a whirl that to do Mrs. Hard-to-please justice, I would say she didn't know what she did want. So at last, as time is growing late, she hurriedly decides to take something which is possibly distasteful and not what she would have chosen when her mind was in clear thinking condition.

If we observe Mrs. Hard-to-please a little longer, we will see her dragging herself homeward, disgusted, worn out, and not satisfied with her purchase. Perhaps she will call in her neighbors and complain to them how hard it is to buy a new dress when there was no choice and when it had been picked over. Now really doesn't Mrs. Hard-to-please deserve some pity?

In direct contrast to Mrs. Hard-to-please let us

for a short time observe one of her neighbors whom everyone is disposed to call Mrs. Well-bred. She also is in need of a new dress and she too wants something pretty and becoming. But she is not so particular as to whether it is the very latest as Mrs. Well-bred is not sure the latest is out yet and besides it might not be the desired article for her. Mrs. Well-bred also knows that even if it is the very latest, Dame Fashion with her greed of gain so cunningly hidden away, will not allow it to remain so long.

As the clerk is making an account of several small purchases, if we notice Mrs. Well-bred we will see that she is with a keen eye observing the goods as they are displayed on the counter and shelves. Perhaps she has made a decision in a few minutes that is lovely and becoming. Or it may be that the goods do not suit her—since Mrs. Well-bred likes becoming things as well as any one. If this is the case, she has plenty of nerve to tell the clerk so but she is not a long while doing it, thus cheating him out of much valuable time. Neither love nor money could induce Mrs. Well-bred to be mincing around the counter for an hour or so at a time and then walk away without making a purchase. She is not made of that kind of metal.

In a little while Mrs. Well-bred has done her shopping and she is on her way homeward. Her nerves are not tired and her brain is not in a whirl, but instead she feels happy and is ready yet for a day's work. It seems that she is gifted with wonderful power of decision, and probably while Mrs. Hard-to-please is fretting and worrying and considering every pattern in the market, Mrs. Well-bred has chosen some simple mode with well-defined lines and has her dress nearly completed. Here she is ahead of her neighbor again. She is through on time to rest herself, she has a garment that will not get out of style, but will always look well, and most important of all, she has that quiet, restful ease of mind and conscience that is worth many times her day's shopping.

As we slowly descend from our unnoticed point of observation, we are made to wonder why Mrs. Hard-to-please can not be induced to adopt some of the manners of her well-behaved neighbor, and as we continue pondering over the subject and take in a panoramic view of the many types of Mrs. Hard-to-please as they are displaying themselves on shopping day, the whole subject ends up in one of wonder.

Palestine, Ohio.

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THE CARE OF THE EYES.

"While it is the duty of every one to take the best possible care of the eyes, it is not dangerous to use them until they are tired," says an eye specialist.

It is no more dangerous to tire the eyes than to tire any other organ of the body.

It does not hurt the hand to tire it, and after a brief rest it is as good as ever. It is the same way with the eye. Every precaution should be taken to preserve and aid the sight. The light should come from over the left shoulder; artificial light should be steady; pains or blurring or any symptoms of blindness should receive proper treatment, and, when necessary, glasses should be used.

When the eye for a long time rests upon near objects the muscles which adjust the eye to vision necessarily get tired, but if the eyes are rested at proper intervals no harm will be done.

A sure way of telling when the eyes are overworked is by the fact that their natural power and freshness fail to return after a proper amount of rest.

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A COMFORTABLE SORT OF WOMAN.

Said a homely, bent little man pathetically, when speaking of the mother of his children, who had done her life work: "It comforts me awfully to know that Sally would allus lie down every afternoon to sleep a bit. Some folks tho't 'twas a dredful lazy habit, and 'twas no wonder we didn't get rich faster, but she suited me just as she was. Sally was a comfortable sort of woman to have around, never frettin' at a fellow, or falutin' him when things didn't go right. When feeling troubled she'd often say, 'Father, I believe I'll lie down a few seconds,' and then back she'd come spry and chipper as a canary bird. Sally didn't drive and scold, but she wasn't lazy, an' she brought up the youngsters to do their part. I don't see that drivin' women get on one bit better than she did. It does comfort me to know that Sally would take her rest."—*Selected.*

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USE BOTH HANDS.

That both hands were made to use one is apt to realize in later years when the hand that has carried the burden of labor through life begins to grow lame and more or less unserviceable. If people would use both hands more they would be surprised in how few months they might attain fair ambidexterity. The best exercise is said to be in writing with both hands. It is surprising how soon the neglected hand will respond if freely used.

It is said that nature never made any right-handed people. If a man learns to write with his left hand all the other manual graces are soon added unto it. Carrying an umbrella in the left hand, fencing, using a spoon, parting the hair and other manual exercises are highly recommended to develop both hands equally.—*Boston Globe.*

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

THE SON.—Matt. 26:63, 64; Matt. 3:17.

For Sunday, August 20, 1905.

I. Was Always With God.

1. With God in the Beginning, ...John 17:5
2. Was Before Abraham, ...John 8:58
3. Was Begotten of God, ...John 1:14
4. Was With God in Creation, ...Gen. 1:26

II. Came to the World.

1. God Sent Him, ...John 4:9
2. To Bring Life, ...John 6:33
3. To Save Us, ...John 4:42
4. There is No Other.

III. He Suffered Abuse.

1. Spit on Him, ...Mark 14:65
2. Scourged Him, ...John 19:1
3. Crowned Him With Thorns, ...Matt. 27:29
4. Slapped Him in the Face, ...Matt. 26:67
5. Clubbed Him, ...Matt. 27:30

IV. Killed Him.

1. He Died Willingly, ...John 10:18
2. He Had Power to Take up His Life Again, ...John 10:18
3. He Loved Us, ...Eph. 2:4
4. He Loves All to End of Time, ...John 13:1

Text.—And the high priest answered and said unto him, I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said; nevertheless I say unto you, Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.—Matt. 26:63, 64.

References.—Luke 1:32, 33; 22:27; Heb. 1:8; Matt. 28:18; 18:11-13; 26:49-53; Acts 10:38; 3:18, 20, 24; John 17:9; 20:31; 13:5, 14; 8:14-25; Rom. 15:3; 8:35; 5:1, 2; 6:23; 8:3, 4; Mark 2:15-22; Heb. 4:14, 15; 8:1-6; 9:11-15.

Mediation of Christ.

One of the verses of scripture that we will never understand is this: For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life. When we realize the height and depth and breadth of God's love, we know redemption's story. We may not understand the mystery of the trinity, or know just how the Father, Son and Holy Ghost are three in one, but we can believe, and in believing we are blessed. Just as the little child goes to its mother, feeling secure in her love and care, though there are many things it does not understand, yet it loves and trusts and is happy.

"Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart."

Christ Came to this World.

Not to bring a creed, not to bring a web of intricate opinions for us to unravel, though men who make us weary with thinking, say so. But so Christ did not say. His word was this: God is your Father, and he loves you like a child. Simple enough! Every boy and girl can understand that. Love Jesus, and you will know more than the teachers of the law, for love is the fulfilling of the law.

Jesus Saves.

In the Jerry Macauley Mission, of New York, the testimonies of the saved are very touching. In one of their meetings after urging the poor and the outcast to come forward for prayers, all united in singing the penitential hymn:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come."

Then fifteen or twenty poor, miserable men might be seen on their knees, looking for help. One of these, months afterwards said, "I didn't suppose I was worth saving, I didn't know that anybody cared for me. I heard the testimonies of men who had been drunkards and thieves like I am. I thought I'd try to get this salvation and I did. For nearly three years now Jesus has kept me hour by hour from going back into the old life of sin."

An old woman then spoke, "I was a thief and a drunkard. When I came to Jesus I hadn't two cents in my pocket. Now, blessed be God, I've got a clean home and carpet on the floor, and I've got a clean heart inside, too. Jesus saves me and he can keep you, too." There is salvation in no other name under heaven, save only in the blood of Christ.

Calvary.

About five days before, the multitudes followed Jesus and cried, Hosanna to the king of Israel. They would have welcomed him to a throne. Now the crowds are following him on the slow and painful way up to Calvary. The cry, "Away with him! Crucify him!" is heard on all sides. And he bearing his cross went forth to die for your sins and mine. Read often the story of Calvary because it is the story that transforms the world.

The Christ We Need.

Notice the "much people" there at the lake strand at Capernaum, and see what deep and crying needs appear among them, needs just as profound and real

among us to-day as among the "much people" gathered there and then. In all this wide world no living thing, even the lowliest thing is not sufficient unto itself. We must reach out for food, clothing, for truth for the mind and love for the soul. Here is Jarius. A great and hungry cry is on his lips, "My little daughter lieth at the point of death, I pray thee come and heal her." And oh, let your mind dwell on this word, "And Jesus went with him." Is not a Christ like this a Christ you need? A Christ who hears and answers our poor prayers, a Christ so great, and strong, and loving, that in his presence our despair vanishes and hope returns.

Will You Serve Jesus?

Let us speak kindly to the boys and girls about their souls, they may decide for Christ sooner because of our interest, and at least they will remember that we urged them to come to Jesus. When the great Garibaldi stood out and called for the young Italians to follow with him to free the land from the slavery of popedom, he told them that following him they would get but rags and hunger and thirst, but they would be going on for freedom. And the Lord Jesus calls our young people to give up some things, and to follow him, bearing their cross up the rough path,—but it leads to glory.

Topics for Discussion.

1. His banner over us is love. John 13: 1.
2. The mission of Jesus. Luke 9: 56; Matt. 20: 28; 9: 13.
3. He was obedient unto the Father. John 6: 38; 4: 34; Luke 2: 49.
4. A few of his promises. John 12: 25, 26; Mark 10: 29, 30.
5. His sympathy for us. Isa. 42: 3; 63: 9; Matt. 9: 36; 18: 11.

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EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

The Missionary Meeting.

How we would like to visit you when you have a missionary program! We would like to see the zeal our boys and girls show for missions, we would like to encourage some of our older workers who begin to think that somebody else should attend to this work for awhile. One meeting a month devoted to missions. It should be a meeting of thrilling interest to everybody. But so much depends on the leaders. Are they praying and working for missions? If they are, they will inspire the careless ones to come to the meeting and be prepared to take a part; they will invite those who have never attended the meetings to come and enjoy this one; they will see to it that a good leader of the song service is in his place, with well-selected hymns; they will see that those who should take part in the program are reminded of their duty.

There should be a number of books on missions in your library, then it is not difficult to find the information for your members when they are told to look up different subjects for the missionary meeting. Those who have been privileged to get the higher vision which comes from a study of any one country should feel it a responsibility as well as a privilege to assist those who have not read as much on missions. The interest aroused by our Missionary Reading Circles everywhere will be measured by the sacrifice which will result for the cause. One may well question the interest of a member if he does not feel impelled to greater activity.

Until the world shall be saved there will be need for more mission study. Keep at it, keep praying, keep giving.

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Sister Constance Corder, of Earl, Nebr., our local secretary at that place, sends us five new names. They have organized themselves into the Afton Missionary Reading Circle, Sister Anna M. Snell is their president; they hope to enlarge their membership.

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Bro. F. M. White is our secretary at Fruitdale, Ala. They have had a Circle there for a number of years and many earnest prayers for our missionaries have been offered by these members. He sends us three new names, and two of the old members have completed the course. Their books on missions will be placed in their Sunday-school library where all can read them. Think of the good that might be accomplished by having these books in every Sunday-school library of our church, of the potent influences this reading would originate and develop.

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NEW NAMES.

2875 William Wine, Fruitdale, Ala.
2876 Mrs. M. B. Inman, Fruitdale, Ala.
2877 Vera Jordan, Fruitdale, Ala.
2878 C. D. Fager, Cambridge, Nebr.
2879 O. P. Snavely, Cambridge, Nebr.
2880 Jacob H. Snell, Cambridge, Nebr.
2881 Nettie R. Mayo, Cambridge, Nebr.
2882 Anna M. Snell, Cambridge, Nebr.
2883 Constance Corder, Earl, Nebr.

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NEW SECRETARY.

Constance Corder, Earl, Nebr.

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RECEIVED CERTIFICATES.

Marshall Ihrig, Fruitdale, Ala.
Lizzie Ihrig, Fruitdale, Ala.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter XL.

Florence, Italy.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

We left the magic city of the sea amid pleasure and regret. We were pleased to think our time had come to go, on account of the mosquitoes and from the fact that the rooms in which we had to sleep were damp because of the proximity to the water; on the other hand we were reluctant to go on account of the fascination of the place. It just seems like living in another world. Just think of being in a live, wide-awake city of nearly a half million inhabitants and be there for two or three days and see no omnibuses, automobiles, carriages, bicycles, fire departments, ambulances, street cars, or any of those things that go to make up the busy life of the city.

The little gondola slowly makes your acquaintance; for at first one thinks it a novelty and nothing more, but by the time you see it as an ambulance, dray, mail wagon, passenger vehicle, etc., it becomes a real commodity and a thing almost indispensable. As we were crossing one of the canals and came to the Rialto bridge we saw a splash in the water and some people rushed to the edge of the bridge to look over the railing, while the gondolas below gathered quickly about. One of the gondolas had a vestibule in the center and we saw the men of the other gondola pull a man out of the river, dead, and place him in the gondola which had the vestibule. We asked our guide what the excitement was, to which he replied: "Oh, nothing, a man has killed himself." When we expressed our surprise that he should make light of such an affair he assured us that something like that happens almost every day. On looking up the matter we found that statistics not only verified his statement, but also proved that this place is noted for more suicides than any other place in the world. He was taken away to the morgue to be identified by his friends, and the world moved on just the same as before.

Our last ride in the gondola took us to the depot, where we took the train for Firenza (Florence), via Bologna. For awhile we pass through the arid district of northern Italy, but presently we cross the valley of the Arno river; in this valley we see some very fine fruit and many nice homes. A section of most splendid farms is spread out across the fertile plain. We slowly ascend the grade until we come to Bologna, where we change cars and take a vestibuled train with a double header for Florence; and we start on our climb up the Apennine mountains. Up, up we go, through the wild, barren, rugged mountains, not half so beautiful as the Alps; especially the northern slope is desolate indeed. Agnes was going to count the tunnels, but after she had more than fifty she fell asleep and I cannot tell you how many there were. The railway led us along the Apennine Way, one of the renowned Roman roads which is a masterpiece of engineering skill; which makes it possible for wagons and caravans to cross the mountains. The lower side of this road is a solid wall of masonry, laid in arches filled in with loose stone to prevent caving out.

By the middle of the afternoon we reached the summit of the Apennines, where we left one of our great iron horses and from whence we thundered down the mountains into the valley below at a terrific and almost incredible speed. At times it seemed as if our momentum at the turn of a curve would cause the carriage to leave the track. It seemed as if we darted into the tunnels and out again with an accuracy that almost made us feel that the machine possessed intelligence. We pulled into the mammoth station at Florence about sunset, and were glad enough to retire early and seek our rest after having been bruised over the mountains all the day long. Miss Merritt is almost sick with a cold, which she contracted in the damp rooms in Venice.

Florence is nestled among the mountains in a narrow valley which gives it a very picturesque appearance; and were it not for the crowded condition of the populace it would be an ideal mountain home. The Italians are lovers of the beautiful, and among them we find some of the most renowned musicians and artists in the world. Florence has the honor of having one of the finest collections of art in all the world. The principal object of interest to the traveler in this city is the Palatine Museum. In this museum is to be found many of the masterpieces of masters of art. The following are a few of the most important:

1. The celebrated Madonna, the Holy Child and John, by Raphael.
2. The Holy Family, by Raphael.
3. The Holy Family, by Lorenzi di Credi.
4. Portrait of Pope Leo X, by Raphael.
5. The Tre Parche, by Michael Angelo.
6. Son of Frederick III, King of Denmark, by Sustermans.

As I said before, these are some of the most celebrated ones. There are thousands of others. In all the museums which we have in France, Germany and Denmark we never saw half the number of the world's best students copying the masterpieces as we have seen this day in the Palatine Museum.

The boys were just remarking a few minutes ago, that Florence differed from all the other cities we have visited; in fact, instead of finding a saloon in every other door, we now see an art gallery and next a sculptor shop. The children, too, playing in the streets, instead of having marbles, baseballs, or bicycles, were amusing themselves with paint brushes and chisels, which means that the next generation will also produce some artists and sculptors. I do not know whether we will be able to get Agnes and Miss Merritt away from here or not, but if nothing happens we want to leave to-morrow morning for the "Eternal City." Yours sincerely, Marie.

(To be Continued.)

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WHEREVER souls are being tried and ripened in whatever commonplace and homely ways, there God is hewing out the pillars for his temple.—*Phillips Brooks.*

The Q. & A. Department.

Where is meerschaum secured? What is it made of, and how is it made into the artificial form?

Meerschaum is a soft, white mineral which looks like chalk. The name means "sea foam," from the German "meer" (sea), and "schaum" (foam). Most of the meerschaum comes from Asia Minor, near the town of Konieh, where it is dug from the earth. It is also found in various parts of Europe, especially in Greece and Turkey. It is used extensively in Germany and Austria for the manufacture of tobacco pipes. These are prepared for sale by being soaked first in tallow, then in wax, and finally by being polished with shave grass. The beautiful brown color which the genuine meerschaum assumes after being soaked some time is the principal means of distinguishing it from imitations. Genuine meerschaum is a hydrous silicate of magnesia. It occurs chiefly in veins and nodules and is composed of silica, 60 parts; magnesia, 28 parts; water, 12 parts. Artificial meerschaum is hardened gypsum, boiled with stearic acid or paraffine, colored with a solution of gamboge and dragon's blood.

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What were the seven wonders of the world in ancient times, the middle ages, and what are they now?

In ancient times they were: 1. Pyramids of Egypt; 2. Hanging Garden of Babylon; 3. Mausoleum at Halicarnassus; 4. Temple of Diana at Ephesus; 5. Colossus of Rhodes; 6. Pharos at Alexandria; 7. Statue of Olympian Zeus at Elis. Of the middle ages: 1. Coliseum at Rome; 2. Catacombs of Alexandria; 3. Great Wall of China; 4. Leaning Tower of Pisa; 5. Porcelain Tower of Nanking; 6. Mosque of St. Sophia of Constantinople; 7. Ruins of Stonehenge. The seven wonders of the world to-day are: 1. Niagara Falls; 2. Yellowstone Park; 3. Garden of the Gods; 4. Mammoth Cave; 5. Yosemite Valley; 6. Giant trees; 7. Natural Bridge.

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When did the system of shorthand writing come into use?

It is sometimes credited to Cicero, about 70 B. C., and sometimes to his secretary, Tullius Tiro, who is believed to have been the real inventor of it. Nothing seems to be known of any other system of shorthand for fifteen centuries afterward. Soon after the invention of printing, at the end of the Dark Ages, Timothy Bright in 1588 invented a new system, and in the next three centuries over two hundred systems were invented. In 1837 modern shorthand as now used was established by Isaac Pitman.

What are the qualifications required to enter West Point Military Academy as a cadet?

Appointees must be between seventeen and twenty-two years of age, free from infirmity which may render them unfit for military service, and able to pass a careful examination in reading, writing, spelling, English grammar, English composition, English literature, arithmetic, algebra through quadratic equations, plane geometry, descriptive geography, the elements of physical geography, the general principles of physiology and hygiene, or in place of the examination submit a diploma from a public high school or state normal school, or a certificate that he is a regular student of an incorporated college or university.

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Can you inform me how I can remove skunk scent from a suit of clothes?

The best method is to bury the clothes in the ground for three or four days where the ground is slightly damp, but not too wet.

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When and how do worms get into hickory ax handles when dried?

They get in long before it is dry, and come out after it is dry and leave the hole.

❖ ❖ ❖

PROF. SHALER, of Harvard, in a recent article on "The Exhaustion of the World's Metals," says that only the cardinal metals, iron and copper, are essential to civilization, and it is expected that these may give out in the course of a few centuries, copper failing first. Then the aluminum age will succeed, carrying us as far beyond that of iron as we advanced when that metal replaced bronze. Already the price of aluminum has fallen to about one-tenth of what it was fifty years ago, possibly never reaching less than $200 a ton. And as aluminum takes the place of iron, it will do so at a cost in terms of labor far higher than what men now pay for gold. Realizing the present gain in gold, Professor Shaler thinks that within a few decades we shall have some other means of measuring values than by balancing against a substance of which the supply is excessive.

❖ ❖ ❖

TWELVE European nations have formed a treaty, showing their united opposition to the illicit trade in women and girls. These nations have established bureaus to obtain information regarding this white slave trade. Each country also agrees to assist girls to return who have been taken abroad. Thank God no American country is party to this convention.

MISCELLANEOUS

A BOLD, BAD BOOK AGENT.

One day an enterprising agent who had informed himself approached a Mr. Smith with the interested suggestion:

"Now, Mr. Smith, I know that to-day is your wedding anniversary. Don't you want to give Mrs. Smith a handsome Bible as an anniversary present? I can let you have to-day a beautiful fifteen-dollar Bible for five dollars."

After some discussion Mr. Smith took the Bible. Just here the plot thickens. The book-agent pocketed the proceeds, then promptly ran up to Mr. Smith's house, called for Mrs. Smith, and asked if she wouldn't like to make her husband a present of a fine Bible on this anniversary. He said that, as he was anxious to dispose of all his books before going to Cleveland at six o'clock, he would sacrifice a beautiful fifteen-dollar Bible for five dollars. After some hesitation Mrs. Smith bought the Bible.

When Mr. Smith reached home that evening and presented his wife with a large package containing an anniversary gift she went into the next room and produced its mate.

Tableau! Smith vowed vengeance with all the heat of a warm disposition. However, there was a fine festal supper waiting, so he contented himself for the present with a telephonic appeal to one Lewis Johnson, a nearby friend.

"Lewis," he urged, "I want you to hurry down to the station and stop a book-agent who is going to Cleveland at six o'clock. I *must* see him before he leaves town. You just hold him till I can finish supper and get there." Then he gave a brief description of the man and rushed back to his supper.

The good Lewis hopped on a passing car and swept down upon the book-agent just as the train pulled in.

"See here," he explained, "Smith says that he *must* see you and that you are to wait over a train for him."

"Sorry; I'd like to oblige him, but it's impossible. I'm due in Cleveland at eight-thirty and have got to be there. But I know what Mr. Smith wants. He was thinking of buying a Bible of mine for his wife's anniversary present. It's really a handsome book, which I usually sell for fifteen dollars, but as it is the last one I have, I offered it to him for five dollars (producing the Bible). He was to let me know if he wanted it. Couldn't you take it to him, as I can't possibly wait? He'd be disappointed not to have it, I know."

The obliging Lewis thereupon hastily produced five dollars for the agent, acquired the Bible, and with the best intentions in the world trotted back to the Smiths with the book.

Second tableau! Fortunately their sense of humor saved the situation, and with chastened spirits they display all three books of Holy Writ to the initiated. —*June Lippincott's.*

* * *

SONG OF THE DECANTER.

There was an old decanter,
and its mouth was gaping
wide, the rosy wine
had ebbed away
and left
its crys-
tal side;
and the wind
went humming,
humming;
up and
down the
sides it flew
and through the
reed-like,
hollow neck
the wildest notes it
blew. I placed it in the
window, where the blast was
blowing free and fancied that its
pale mouth sang the queerest strains
to me. "They tell me—puny con-
querors!—the Plague has slain his ten,
and war his hundred thousands of the
very best of men; but I"—'twas thus
the bottle spoke—"but I have con-
quered more than all your famous con-
querors, so feared and famed of yore.
Then come, ye youths and maidens,
come drink from out my cup, the bever-
age that dulls the brain and burns
the spirit up; that puts to shame
the conquerors that slay their
scores below, for this has
deluged millions with the
lava tide of woe. Though
in the path of battle,
darkest waves of blood may
roll, yet while I killed
the body I have damned the
very soul. The cholera, the
sword, such ruin never wrought,
as I, in mirth or malice, on the
innocent have brought. And still I
breathe upon them, and they shrink
before my breath; and year
by year my thousands tread
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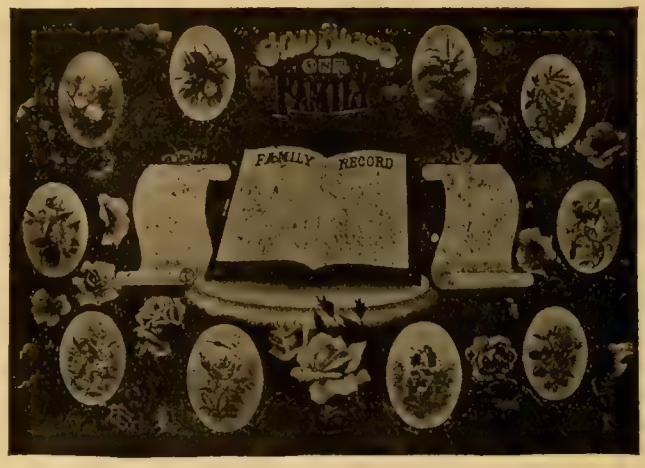
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July 10, 1905.

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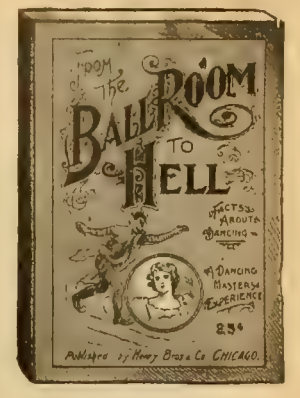
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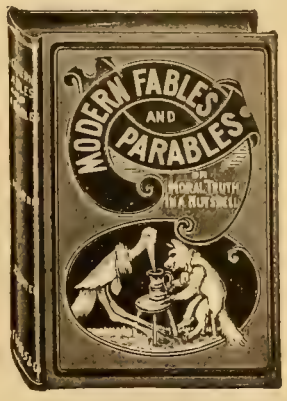
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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. AUGUST 15, 1905. NO. 33

MY FRIEND.

BY NANNIE BLAIN UNDERHILL.

I've found a Friend I can trust:
He's always so good to me—
He's merciful, kind and just—
No one is so good as he.

I tell him all of my thoughts;
(No secrets from him I hold)
His secrets to me he tells—
Confidence richer than gold.

And when I'm in sore need,
I go to my faithful Friend;
No disappointment I meet
When, for help, to him I send.

He always has goods to spare,
From his full, unfailing store:
And I'm always welcome there,
When I knock at my Friend's door.

And he loves to be with me
(My Friend, so good and great)
But in me what can he see?
I have not a worthy trait.

He loves me just for myself;
This generous, gracious Friend:
No thought of honor or pelf—
Such true friendship has no end.

I am so glad this is so;
I wish to be his friend, too:
All my life to him I owe—
So may I be faithful and true.

He never misunderstands,
As others so often do:
I leave my all in his hands—
He's ever faithful and true.

Collbran, Colo.

❖ ❖ ❖

SNAPSHOTS.

Sanctity is not necessarily seriousness.

❖

Prayer is a petition, not an ultimatum.

❖

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

❖

Do Now is always envied by Wait Awhile.

The world makes way for the determined man.

❖

Unionism is of the heart, not of the pocketbook.

❖

"A competition open to all—the greatness of lowliness."

❖

Signing a note with a man, as a matter of form, is bad form.

❖

When angels sing they do not have to wait for cultivated ears.

❖

If tombstones were reliable the devil would soon be wearing mourning.

❖

It is the finest peach in the orchard that has the most stones thrown at it.

❖

Some men are so anxious to avoid doing wrong that they neglect to do right.

❖

One of the saddest sights at which angels look is to see a good man go wrong.

❖

An occasional fit of piety indicates nothing except that the victim is subject to fits.

❖

It is good to begin well, but better to end well. He that will not be counselled cannot be helped.

❖

Time may heal many wounds, but it doesn't heel many men in these times of industrial depression.

❖

While waiting for the delayed blessing it might be well to notice whether you are standing where blessings are accustomed to fall—at the post of duty.

❖

Every star above shines by itself; and each individual heart of ours goes on brightening with its own hopes, burning with its own desires and quivering with its own pain.

With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

Zanzibar, South Africa.

No. 6.

FOUR days we lay at anchor in the harbor at Mombassa. We had six thousand bags of rice on board for the place. The first, a bright clear day, we had opportunity to see the place and made the best possible use of our time. And then we had two days of rain, and how it does rain in the tropics. We see nothing like it in our northern homes. The water comes down in sheets and torrents as if the fountains of the great deep were broken up. I feel confident that twelve inches of rain fell in twenty-four hours. To have opened the hold of the ship would have been to seriously injure the cargo with the floods that came down from the clouds. The thing to do was to wait in patience, and we waited. The fourth day the sky was clear, the cargo was discharged and at five in the evening we were off for Zanzibar, a hundred and fifty-five miles away.

In the evening I had a conversation with three of our passengers who came from the vicinity of Nineveh, on the Tigris river, a father, his son and a friend. They are Chaldean Christians and the father told me they belonged to the country of Father Abraham. His name is George Bar-Asa, literally George, the son of Asa; his son is called Greory Bar-George and the friend Steven Bar-Isaac. Thus they retain the ancient method of giving names. Always as we pass by them they salute us with these words, "The peace of our God be with you." The father speaks English brokenly, and he invited us to visit his country. He said: "You come my home, no hotel. Hotel no good. You live in my house. I make you home and welcome." We thanked him for his proffered hospitality, and said we had in mind a visit to his country if the Lord spared our lives. They go to South Africa to



THE SULTAN'S PALACE, ZANZIBAR.—Front View facing the Sea.

visit some friends and then return again to their own country, the home of "Father Abraham," as the father proudly called his native land.

It was high noon the next day when we entered the port of the city of Zanzibar, distinguished as the largest city on the east coast of Africa, and the greatest clove market in the world. Four-fifths of the world's supply of this aromatic spice come from this place. Heber's line, about the spicy breezes of Ceylon's isle, would be true of Zanzibar, for here you have the smell of the cloves all the day.

Two islands, Zanzibar and Pemba, with an area of one thousand and twenty square miles, and a population of two hundred thousand, form the British Protectorate of Zanzibar. In 1896 some trouble arose as to the successor to the Sultan. A pretender took the throne and possession of the palace and defied the recognized authority of Great Britain. An English warship was conveniently near at hand. A few well-directed shots from a twelve-inch gun sent the only gunboat the Sultan had to the bottom of the harbor, and a few shells directed at the palace, and the affair was settled. The war lasted half an hour, and, that there should be no more trouble, the British took the islands under protection. Now the succession is orderly and the government good. The masts of the Sultan's gunboat stand ten feet above the water as a warning of the fate of bad Sultans.

The city of Zanzibar has a hundred thousand people, a splendid harbor and is a coaling station for the British navy. Its population is made up largely of native Africans, with a sprinkling of whites and a shower of Aryans. The "Aryan brown" is in evidence everywhere. Wherever shops are kept and merchants do most congregate, he is to be found. As at Mombassa, so here the trade of the town is practically in the hands of the Parsis, Hindus and Moslems of India. They are shrewd, quick-witted, sharp business men and they succeed in their calling.

Stover Sahib asked a merchant the price of the double cocoanuts displayed for sale in his shop, and the answer was, "Twenty rupees, Sir." "But," replied the Sahib, "I can buy them at Seychelles for three rupees." "Yes, yes," said the dealer, "I pay only one rupee for them at wholesale, but I must have a little profit." The Sahib gave assent and we left the shop wondering what the merchant's idea of a big profit could possibly be.



THE FRUIT MARKET, ZANZIBAR.

At another shop, canes of dried rhinoceros skins were being manufactured and offered for sale. The skin is sawed into strips of the proper size, and then rounded with a plane and polished with sandpaper. Upon inquiry we found they were selling at four and a half rupees each; and the next day they were purchased at two, and this about double the price a native pays for the same article. One of two things

you are compelled to do, in making purchases here, either pay three or four prices for what you buy, or bargain and bargain. It's the rule of the East.

(To be Continued.)

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SILENT FORCES.

BY LINDA MEYERS.

People are naturally attracted by the most noise and the finest display. We imagine the greatest good is accomplished thereby, and therefore overlook the more silent forces which are constantly at work, the results of which are far greater than the more boisterous elements.

The seasons are not heralded by some great noise, but quietly approach,—spring with its beautiful flowers; summer with its golden grain; autumn with its purple fruitage, and winter with its snow which wraps each flower so snugly, and causes us to see the goodness of God.

The earth in its daily rotation travels at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour. But the movement is neither seen nor heard, so silently the vast machine obeys the laws of heaven.

If we ascend to some elevated place and look upon the surface of the earth we find it abounds in elevations and depressions. These with our mountain systems, some of which contain peaks that extend beyond the limit of human vision, were formed by a slow and gradual folding of the rocks, due to the cooling and shrinking of the earth's crust.

On visiting a cliff in the early springtime we will find that great masses of rock have been broken off and fallen at the base. This is due to a seemingly unimportant force—the frost. The water contained in the crevices of the rock, freezing and expanding, separates large parts of them. The formation of living plants into coal is not caused by some great noise but simply by heat and pressure, two of nature's silent forces.

All vigorous vegetable and animal life is dependent on sunshine. Nature surrounds us with examples of failure from lack of it. Many men, women and children have been partial or total failures without it. The light and warmth of the sun develop strength, energy, ambition, and courage.

It is to James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, that we are indebted for this wonderful discovery which, during the past century, has become the motive power of the world. When left to itself, this force frequently causes great destruction, as is shown by volcanoes whose eruptions often bury whole cities, and destroy thousands of lives.

To-day the force of electricity is rapidly taking the place of steam. Besides being used for motive purposes it is used for lighting our cities. All bodies possess it to some degree.

The best of all books is the book of nature. It is a great book to study, being full of variety and instruction. After a warm April shower we know that the violet, nature's humblest child, will soon lift its dainty head. One of God's greatest forces was silently at work. The seed also brings forth vegetation, on which the existence of mankind depends. The trees, which last winter appeared dead, have burst forth with new life and clothed themselves again with green. All that was dead rekindles into life. We cannot understand how this was carried on, still it was done, quietly and well.

Byron says—

"There is pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, the music in its roar."

Character is not only important to the one possessing it, but it extends a great influence upon all others around us. If we discharge faithfully our daily duties we will silently but surely build up a moral character that knows no limit to its power, no bound to its heroism. Conduct does much to determine character, and character is essential to us if we wish to be a builder of great things. What we are, not what we do, leaves the graven letters upon the stone. We should let growth in character lead to excellence in all other things. "The love of excellence is the lodestar that leads the world onward."

How gladly would we, after renewing our life, write a loving word in the place of a harsh one in one place and in another erase a frown and put a bright smile and a tender expression. But alas! what is written is written. Our actions go forth in the world either for good or for evil.

There is no better inheritance that a parent can bestow upon a child than a virtuous example. It cannot be seen, but speaks more silently and eloquently of duty than the tongues of men and angels. An illustration of this can be found at Hull House, Chicago. The leaders are too wise to try to accomplish a good end by preaching and scolding, but by the silent, lasting impression made by the example of their own lives, they try to exert such an influence over those about them that they will be inspired to advance in the highest and best direction of human progress.

In the silent living of our own lives we may paint pictures, beautiful or indifferent. We may let our lives tell noble and valiant stories or weak and uninspiring ones, or we may carve out of them beautiful or unlovely forms. The person who associates with good books is cultivating for himself a culture he could not otherwise obtain. He broadens his ideals of life and begins to do individual thinking.

Life is not made up of great sacrifices and duties,

but of little things in which smiles do much to win and preserve the heart and secure comfort. These little nameless acts drive away sadness and cheer up the soul beyond all appreciation.

Though our path leads through a bright and beautiful world, where the flowers of friendship are nourished by gentle dews of sympathy, yet through this path flows a river. It is the stream of human suffering. There are sorrows too sacred to be whispered to the world. Real sorrow is not clamorous. It seeks to shun every eye, and breathes in solitude the sighs that come from the heart. Every heart has its secret sorrows which the world knows not. At such a time words are better unspoken. It is the caresses that comfort. Christ proved centuries ago that the sympathetic touch was healing.

Conscience, the moral governor of the heart, speaks in duty done, and without its influence the brightest and greatest intellect may be merely as a light led astray.

There are few more unpleasant things to carry about with one than a guilty conscience. It is something that men cannot shake off or avoid. It follows them, it haunts them, it lies down with them at night. They have to face it in the secret hours, meet it in the street, meet it everywhere. It is an invisible and always-present enemy, and how terribly it can sting the soul! It makes men afraid of themselves, afraid of God, afraid of everything and everybody.

So in silent majesty are gathered the forces which rule the world, until they at length emerge full formed into the daylight of Life.

Morrill, Kans.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC.

Sunday-school music, as a rule, has a poor reputation among many of our so-called great artistic musicians. Some of the great "I ams" call our Sunday-school music "trash" and other slang names. Now we do not write this article in order to set up a fight at all, we simply want to take a common (not uncommon) sense view of the music under consideration. We will agree that there is much of the Sunday-school and gospel song music of to-day that is nothing short of "trash" to the cultured musician's ear. There is a class of people who attempt to compose music who have no gift or knack whatever at composition; neither have they any true conception of the simplest laws which govern musical composition. This kind of music cultivates bad taste in the people. Such a mess as is found in so many of the Sunday-school music books is one of the main reasons for its condemnation among our better class of musical critics. Faulty harmony and composition, senseless words, etc., are not to be commended. But on the other hand, there is much of our Sunday-school and gospel song music that is correctly and beautifully written and should not grate on the most cultured and sensitive ear.

Dr. Root said, "No music can be called 'trash' that is correctly written." But who is to be the judge? It seems that people (generally speaking) admire the ill written music as much, or even more, than they do the best of the gospel songs. So we get into a quandary as to know how to remedy such matters. But this only shows the real tendency of humanity—"choosing evil rather than good, darkness rather than light." There is no law to prohibit any class of music to be put upon the market.

If everybody were educated in music, then only the best music would be tolerated or used. Even many of our singing school teachers will prefer the badly written book or music to that of the best. If only we could persuade our music teachers to take a thorough course of training, what a great change in public musical taste would be wrought in a very few years by holding up before the public the best and purest of Sunday-school music. Sunday-school and gospel song music should be written simple and easy, so children and adults also can readily sing it. Mr. Hickson says, "Many persons have failed in their attempts to teach music to children by endeavoring prematurely to form a taste for compositions of a higher order than it is possible very young persons can appreciate. This is to commit as great a blunder as it would be to make a spelling book of Milton's 'Paradise Lost' in order to create a taste for poetry." We do not give infants men's books to read; we give them simple and amusing primers. Why should we give them men's music to sing? I know it is pleaded that we must cultivate the taste by always holding up good models. Yes, but let us have the proper model for the proper age and stage of development.

In conclusion allow me to say that not all the faulty music is found in Sunday-school and gospel song music. There are many who attempt to make their compositions at least appear to be of a high order, by completely over-burdening them with accidentals, modulations, unnatural and unrelated progressions, etc., that is too awkward to tolerate. We say such wild attempts can as well be classed "trash" as the ill-written music which we have mentioned above. I believe in the best, but many things we must endure for the sake of being charitable toward others and the good that is being accomplished. Use such music as will do some soul good though it be of the poorest type of composition.—*Musical Million.*

❖ ❖ ❖

The Sultan of Turkey almost miraculously escaped assassination, both by bomb and poison, at Constantinople. Several members of his suite were killed and injured.

CONSCIENCE.

BY NATHAN MARTIN.

Conscience is a term variously defined by different authors. It is used to designate that in man which urges him to the performance of duty, and which approves or disapproves of a course pursued in regard to any matter involving a moral principle. It is often confounded with the moral judgment, the faculty of the intellect which decides whether a course is proper to pursue or not.

The term conscience is not used in the Old Testament. In the New Testament, according to the Authorized Version, it is used thirty-two times: according to the Revised Version, thirty times.

When a man has once reached the years of accountability, several questions naturally present themselves in regard to all actions:

(1) What is the best course to pursue in this matter, so far as my own present welfare is concerned? (2) What course will result in the greatest permanent glory to my Maker, and hence to my ultimate well-being? And, suggested by the latter, (3) What is the source of the obligation which makes this duty binding upon me, and, in a general way, regulates all human actions?

Now, it is only after the last two of these questions are reached that an act begins to possess any moral qualities, that the moral judgment can dictate the best course, or the conscience approve or disapprove of the act after it is done. We see, then, that any particular act must be considered as to its own intrinsic value. It must be measured by the extent to which it glorifies God rather than by the way it directly affects, favorably or unfavorably, the welfare of the individual.

Greek philosophy, as set forth in the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, concerned itself with the nature of the good and right in human actions, but it was largely only a matter of determining the course which would lead to the greatest good for the individual. Their verdict was that man found his greatest good in the duties of citizenship. This was sufficient as long as the Greek state lasted. When, however, Greece was overthrown, another problem presented itself. The citizen now turned in upon himself, and looked to another source for the rule of right conduct.

It was during this period of seeking and meditation that the Stoics and the Epicureans came into prominence. The former sought to find the ideal life in depriving themselves of many of the very blessings intended for their welfare and happiness: the motto of the latter was, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." Neither of these, though lived up to with the devotion of the Hindu, brought about the desired result, the regeneration of character and the reconstitution of society. Something higher was needed. This want—it was the mission of Christianity to supply.

Of the superiority of citizenship in the kingdom of God over the citizenship in the Greek state, it is not our purpose to speak. The rule of government brought by Jesus Christ is the grandest and most perfect rule of deportment ever known to man. Even men who claim to see in Jesus Christ nothing more than a perfect model of man among men acknowledge that as a rule of life for the individual and a code of laws for the nation the teachings of the Bible have never been equalled.

In order to be able to live up to any rule or code of laws perfect familiarity with its teachings is necessary. But this is not sufficient. Mere knowledge of the Bible, unless supplemented by a heeded impulse to obey its teachings, leads but to greater condemnation. There must be a feeling of "oughtness" impelling the individual to make the very best effort to live up to what he knows is right. This is the first phase of the work of conscience, as already defined.

As to whether conscience is intellectual or emotional, psychologists differ. However, taking a survey of the best thought acknowledged authorities, no other conclusion can be drawn than that, with just a little attempt at harmony, they can be shown to believe substantially the same, *i. e.*, that what is called the intellectual element by some is really not conscience at all, but moral judgment; and that the two phases of the emotional element, the impulse to do, or refrain from doing, a certain act, and the feeling of satisfaction or reproach after doing an act, coincide exactly with the work of conscience itself. Hence, we must conclude that conscience is entirely emotional. But as conscience never acts without some previous thought, it is only proper to say that it rests on an intellectual basis.

Conscience will not always lead in the path of absolute right. This depends wholly upon enlightenment. No one can live better than he knows. Happy indeed the man who always finds himself walking in the path which seems to him to be the right. Thus it may be said too that we are not governed directly by the teachings of the Bible, but by our understanding of them. Jesus says, "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me."

Conscience is, however, always to be obeyed. The man who does an act which is right in itself, but does it from a wrong motive or without a feeling of satisfaction for duty performed does not reap a reward for doing the act, for "whatsoever is not of faith, is sin." Far better, like Paul, to be committing crimes of the very blackest order, ignorantly, because of a lack of enlightenment. In fact, from many of the teachings of the Bible, it would almost seem that

in the final day of accounts each man will receive his reward, not so much according to the amount of visible success that crowned his efforts as according to the sacrifice made in order to live out his convictions of duty.

Whether or not conscience undergoes much change in conversion depends largely upon the temperament of the individual and the thoroughness of the conversion. Being emotional, it is governed almost entirely by the temperament of the person. This temperament again, is partly inherited, and partly cultured. To determine the exact proportion of each would be difficult indeed. We all know persons who seem to have consciences so very sensitive that the least transgression will give them no rest until it has been made right. In every case, however, more light and wisdom constantly follow as the light is lived up to. In the majority of cases the sinner has known for considerable time past what is the right course, but has just now consented to be guided by the light which he has. It is only the conscience whose dictates are lived out implicitly that will ever become a sensitive conscience.

Conscience is, as a rule, naturally stronger in children. The tendency is for conscience to weaken by contact with mankind. Many persons, looking back over their lives, can recall a time when they were just a little more scrupulous, in regard to certain matters at least, than they now are. This is the natural tendency. A careful habit of fervent, serious and thoughtful devotion to the cause of right cannot fail to manifest a beneficial effect upon the practicer.

Persons whose conscience is strong always have their conduct regulated by a nice sense of justice. They are earnest, upright and direct in manner. Their actions inspire confidence and assure us of their sincerity. They are punctual in appointments, in order that neither their own nor another's time may be wasted. They will meet financial obligations to the last cent. They make promises very considerately, but fulfill them invariably. When favorably combined with other Christian graces, it renders one consistent in conduct and pleasing in manners. If developed to a very high degree, it results in a strict disciplinarian, and a stern but just master. Such persons cannot be highly appreciated when coming in contact with those of a low sense of duty, but may be considered by them as being extremists along one line.

In his defense before the council Paul said, "Men and brethren, I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day."

Again, later, "And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men."

In writing to Timothy, he says, "Who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious: but I have obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief."

Here we have an example of a man who, to use his own way of saying it, verily thought he ought to do many things contrary to Jesus of Nazareth. And he followed his convictions with a zeal and devotion scarcely paralleled in the history of the saints. But when he was convinced that the course he was following was wrong, he turned right about and preached Jesus whom he had persecuted. What a remarkable man he proved to be! In due time the light had come: he had found that Jesus was really the one who, though rejected by the Jews as a nation, should be the Savior of the world. By carefully studying his life and travels we find him to have been a powerful instrument in the hands of God for the conversion of souls. And what principally was the reason? Because he lived out his convictions even though it meant persecution, and finally, death.

Elizabethtown, Pa.

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THE ZEBRA.

The zebra is an inhabitant of Africa. The Cape Colonists call it a wild horse. Some zoölogists have named it Hippo-tigris, or horse tiger, owing to the striking similarity in the arrangement of the stripes of the zebra to those of the tiger.

These stripes are velvety black in color and very regularly distributed over almost the entire creamy white body of the animal. But there is a striking peculiarity about their arrangement in the fact that they change direction so as to extend at right angles across the different parts of the body.

Zebras go in droves. When they feed, one of their number acts as sentinel and is ever on the alert to discover the slightest intimation of danger. The sense of sight and smell being exceedingly acute in these animals it is very difficult to get near a herd without being discovered. In case they are close pressed by man or beast, they form themselves into a compact body with the young in the center; thus, with their heads together and their heels toward the foe, they protect themselves by rapid and vigorous kicks. But this mode of defence is not often resorted to; they usually rely upon their fleetness of foot to carry them to a place of safety. They are excellent climbers, and ascend the rugged steeps of the hills and mountains, in which they are thoroughly at home, with great rapidity and entire safety.

The animal is occasionally used by the natives for carrying burdens and it has not been until recent years that man has succeeded to any great extent to domesticate these animals and curb the almost uncontrollable instinct to be at liberty.—*Selected.*

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

BY J. G. FIGLEY.

When I was about seven years old I read for the first time that grand old book of Rev. Wm. Holmes and John W. Barber, "Religious Emblems and Allegories," with its quaint and scenic representations of the passage of human life, every article of which seemed to my childish mind to be a word-picture; without the illustrations the subjects were thus pictured. Some years afterward I read Bunyan's "Barren Fig Tree," "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," "Heart's ease," and "Visions of Heaven and Hell," all grand, picturesque word-paintings of the journey of life. It was not till many years after reading these, that in the midst of abstract living in a glamour of worldly cares and amusements that I read "Pilgrim's Progress," and was struck by its majestic imagery, its personification of ideas and principles, and true character delineations; but it was not till years after that that I decided to accept the "Pilgrim's Progress" as my "progress" through life, and try, howsoever weak and erring I may be, to keep in view the destination of Christian, the Pilgrim.

In such mood of mind I see in the distance the mountains up which Christian is climbing, the peaks of whose summits are lost among clouds of many tints, and which course about in the sky as if seeking a resting place. Through the clouds shines the sun, and his rays strike down the sides of the peaks and far out over the broad expanse. Shrubs and trees of verdant beauty grow on these mountains, and roses of great fragrance grace the many paths that lead from Time That Was to Time That Is To Be. At the foot of the first a stream of crystal water flows from beneath and through the meadows, and is lost to view in the distance.

Below this first peak is a valley growing with lilies and various flowers, and gay-plumed birds flit about singing gayly, and the path that leads through the valley is lined with flowers and carpeted with mosses. Beyond this valley is a level plain, presenting sometimes a rather barren appearance, and farther away is another valley, rugged, dismal, and lined with shriveled vegetation and dead men's bones; and farther on, the valley leads to a precipice and is lost in a gloom that cannot be penetrated by the eye. Many people are on this plain, and many are traveling through the valley of flowers and toiling up the peak of Is To Be toward the summit, which is surrounded by a golden halo from the sun. Many people are traveling through the valley of bones, and others are falling over the precipice, apparently being unable to see whereon to walk.

I see the field of roses blooming under an azure sky, and walk through it unconscious of the time, and not noticing the faint black cloud that grows larger every moment, until it overspreads the sky and shuts out from view the sun whose rays dazzle my eyes, and give a beautiful splendor to the field of flowers. Peal after peal of thunder crashes in the air, and vivid flashes of lightning around and about token the approach of a storm. The birds quit their nests and hush their songs, and wander aimlessly through the sultry air. As I hasten through the field I hear the distant murmur of running water, and soon find at my feet between me and the peak of Is To Be a swiftly flowing stream of great width, pursuing its tranquil course. The storm is upon me, and I see no refuge, till, casting my eyes far out upon the river's rushing waters, I see a boatman rowing toward me. I enter the boat, and it rapidly nears the other shore. The storm begins to subside, and the sun again sends forth his wholesome light.

"Such is life," said the boatman, "it may be pleasant at first, but troubles and cares may appear to cloud the happiness, and the end may sometimes be gladly welcomed. But what a comfort it is for us to know that across the river it is joy, and peace, and sunshine, and troubles never come, when we are able to say with the inspired one of old: 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'"

Among those toiling to reach the summit of the mountain where lies the gate to the beauties beyond, are fathers who have grown old and feeble, whose gray hairs show that the snows of many winters have fallen, and ere many more have passed will cover them in some quiet graveyard; and mothers, poor, tired mothers, who have given their life's best days to their children, and who are sometimes said to have outlived their usefulness, but who are our best friends; all will enter in through the gates into the city, never more to toil, and suffer and sorrow, "and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so,

would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. . . . I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. . . . And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."

In awful contrast to the sublime faith and sight of the Christian, then, is the wailing of the great agnostic, Omar Khayyam, the Persian Ingersoll:

"I came like water and like wind I go.
A moment's halt—a moment's taste
Of Being from the well amid the waste,
And Lo! the phantom Caravan has reached
The Nothing it set out from—oh, make haste!"

Then staggered by the horror of empty nothingness; he seeks an answer amid the stars. They twinkled on but gave no clue:

"There was a door to which I found no key,
There was a veil through which I could not see.
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.
Earth could not answer; nor the seas
That mourn in flowing purple."

Then he appealed to the divinity within him:

"'Then of the Thee in Me who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard
As from without—The Me within Thee Blind.
I sent my Soul through the Invisible
Some letter of that after life to spell,
And by and by my Soul returned to me
And answered: 'I myself am Heaven and Hell.'"

The baffled Omar could have found the answer to his questionings if he had but listened to the never-dying words spoken from the Judean hills: "I am the Door. . . . I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." So could all so find satisfaction in their earthly pilgrimage by a proper examination of the teachings of the Christ.

Bryan, Ohio.

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WHAT TEARS ARE MADE OF.

It is said that people sometimes weep for joy as well as for sorrow, but such cases are at least rare; anyway, there is not probably any difference in the material of the tears so shed. They are both made of the same stuff. The principal element in the composition of a tear, as may readily be supposed, is water. The other elements are salt, soda, phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda and mucous, each in small proportions. A dried tear, seen by a microscope of good average power, presents a peculiar appearance. The water, after evaporation, leaves behind it the saline ingredients which amalgamate and form themselves into lengthened cross lines, and look like a number of minute fish bones. The tears are secreted in what are called the lachrymal glands, situated over the eyeball and underneath the lid. The contents of these glands are carried along and under the inner surface of the eyelids by means of six or seven very fine channels, and are discharged a little above the cartilage supporting the lid.

The discharge of tears from the lachrymal glands is not occasional and accidental, as is commonly supposed, but continuous. It goes on both night and day—though less abundantly at night—through the conduits, and spreads equally over the surface of the lids. After serving its purpose the flow is carried away by two little drains, situated in that corner of each eye nearest the nose—into which they run—and are called the lachrymal points. The usefulness of this quiet flow of tears to both man and beast is manifest. There is such an immense quantity of fine dust floating in the air and constantly getting into the eyes that, but for it, they would soon become choked. Very little is requisite to keep the ball free, and when some obnoxious substance—smoke, an insect, or the like, that affects the nerves—does make its way in, an increased flow is poured out to sweep it away.—*Selected.*

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THINGS TO DO DURING A REVIVAL.

Make a list of the worst cases you know, beginning with yourself, and go to praying for them.

Every time you think of a sinner, pray for his salvation.

Be willing to let your business suffer a little, if need be, in order that you may help in the meetings.

Get in a spirit of prayer, no matter what it costs, and stay there.

Call on God for great things, and believe that he is going to give them.

If you have been living too far away from the altar, get nearer.

If you have any right eye or right hand sins, say good-by to them forever.

If you are on bad terms with any of your neighbors, get right with them before you say very much in meeting.

If there are people whom you have treated in an unbrotherly way, God does not want you to make a very loud profession of religion.

It will be much better for somebody else to do most of the talking, if you are in the habit of skinning your customers in business.

You can't do very much for God as long as you are not willing to do what is right with other people.

INDIA'S MONSTROSITY.

BY A. W. ROSS.

In our work here we expect to learn and see something new every day, customs and conditions being so different from those of our homeland. And of course the very unusual happens here as it sometimes does in America. In our district there occurred at a lowly, humble hut a scene which will ever be very vivid before my mind.

One day as I was lying down after dinner, for a little nap through the heat of the day, as it gets very hot here sometimes, the men who were working near our home called to me and said that there was a baby born with four hands and four feet, and that I should come and see. It was so very hot and I hardly knew whether I should venture out, not knowing how far distant it was, but my curiosity was aroused, and with umbrella in hand I went with the men to the scene. There, gathered before a grass hut the sides of which reached to within three feet of the ground, were many people come to see a most peculiar specimen of humanity. It was lying in a basket, as yet undressed. However, instead of it being only one child, a moment's notice showed that the monstrosity was twins, whose bodies were grown together facing each other. The bodies, legs and arms seemed to be natural, only small, but the head presented a horrid appearance. Instead of the heads being grown together facing each other, it seemed that they were turned one-fourth of the way around, giving the indications of a double mouth and nose. The eyes were large and bulged out. Above the eyes the head seemed not to be developed. The specimen being only about a foot in length, seemed very much out of proportion. The Hindu doctor in the Government Dispensary said he never saw anything like it. I have since learned that it was taken to Bombay to the museum, and that it lived but a short time.

I have noticed the account of such things in the papers which seemed almost unreasonable, and doubted the credulity of some of them, but this I know to be absolutely true. It certainly was an opportunity that is not afforded every one.

Vyara, Tapti Valley Ry., India.

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A RAILWAY CAR INCIDENT.

It was a hot, dusty day, says a writer in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette,* when two or three passengers entered a train on the Iowa division of the Chicago and North-Western road at Bridgewater. Among them was a stylishly dressed young man, who wore a stiff white hat, patent leather shoes, the neatest of cuffs, and shiniest of stand-up collars. He carried a cane, and carefully brushed the dust from the seat in front of me before he sat down.

Just across the aisle, opposite him, sat a tired woman holding a baby. I never saw in my life a more discouraged, worn-out, despairing look than that on the mother's face. The baby was too sick even to cry. It lay moaning and gasping in its mother's lap, while the dust and cinders flew in at the open doors and windows. The heat and dust made traveling, even for strong men, almost unendurable.

I had put down the stylish young man in front of me as a specimen of the dude family, and was making a mental calculation on the probable existence of brains under the new hat, when, to my astonishment, he leaned over the aisle and said to the woman, "Madam, can I be of any assistance to you? Just let me hold your baby awhile. You look so very tired."

The woman seemed much surprised, though the request was made in the politest and most delicate manner.

"Oh, thank you, sir," she said, tremulously; "I am tired," and her lips quivered.

"I think the baby will come to me," said the young man, with a smile. "Poor thing! It's too sick to make any objection. I will hold it carefully, madam, while you lie down and rest a while. Have you come far?"

"From the Black Hills."

"What! by stage?"

"Yes, but the baby was well when I started. I am on the way to friends in the East. My—my husband —my—"

"Ah, yes, I see, I see!" continued the young man, in a sympathetic tone, as he glanced at the bit of crape in the little traveling hat. By this time he had taken the baby and was holding it in his arms.

"Now you can lie down and rest a little. Have you far to go?"

"To Connecticut," replied the woman, almost with a sob, as she wearily arranged a shawl over a valise, and prepared to lie down in the seat.

"Ah, yes, I see! and you have not money enough to go into a sleeping-car, have you, madam?"

The poor woman blushed faintly, and put one hand over her face while the tears dropped between her worn fingers.

I looked out of the window, and a mist came over my eyes, while I changed my calculation of the young man's mental ability. He looked thoughtfully and tenderly down at the baby, and in a short time the mother was fast asleep.

The woman sitting across the aisle from me, who had heard as much of the conversation as I had, came and offered to relieve the young man of his charge. "I am ashamed of myself for not offering to take the baby from the mother before. Poor little thing! it's asleep."

"So it is. I'll surrender it to you now," with a cheerful smile.

At this point the train stopped at a station, and the young man rose in his seat, took off his hat, and said in a clear, earnest voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, here is an opportunity for each of us to show that we have been brought up in a Christian land, and have Christian fathers and mothers. This poor woman," pointing at the sleeping mother, "has come all the way from the Black Hills, and is going to Connecticut. Her husband is dead and her baby is ill. She hasn't money enough to travel in a sleeping-car, and is all tired out and discouraged. What will you do about it?"

"Do!" cried a big man down near the water-cooler, rising excitedly. "Do! Take up a collection,"—the American citizen's first resort in distress. "I'll give five dollars."

The effect was electrical. The hat went around, and the way silver dollars and quarters and ten-cent pieces rattled in it would have done any true heart good.

I wish I could describe the look on the woman's face when she awoke and the money was given to her. She tried to thank us all and failed. She broke down completely. But we didn't need any thanks.

There was a sleeping-car on the train, and the young man saw the mother and child transferred to it at once. I did not hear what she said to him when he left her, but it must have been a hearty "God bless you!"—*Selected.*

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ARGENTINA'S NETWORK OF RAILWAYS.

ARGENTINA boasts of splendid railway facilities. It has now nearly 20,000 miles of trunk lines. Numerous new roads, branch routes, and feeders are being constructed or planned. It is possible to reach almost every portion of its wide area within forty-eight hours of the capital, the great city of Buenos Ayres. The rolling stock is built in North American style. Capacious and comfortable coaches and sleeping-cars carry passengers to all points. The stations in the big cities compare favorably with those in similar towns of the United States.

The transcontinental trains that convey travelers across the broad pampas and climb the Andes to connect with the road on the Chilean side are solid and vestibuled, with up-to-date dining-cars. The tourist or business man can now go from Buenos Ayres, on the Atlantic, to Santiago in Chile and Valparaiso, on the Pacific, in seventy-two hours. There is a break in surmounting the summit at 15,000 feet elevation, between rail-heads, but that is crossed in a few hours either in a coach or on horseback. The scenery is so grand and impressive that any discomforts are entirely forgotten. In a few years a tunnel will be completed at the expense of the Chilean government through the Cordillera, and then the globe-trotter can step into his palace-car at Buenos Ayres and not leave it until he reaches Santiago, the gay and interesting capital of progressive Chile.

The building of this network of railways over Argentina has had two excellent effects,—one, to make successful revolutions almost impossible, as the government can send troops without delay to any point; and the other, to provide shipping facilities for the products of every section. Electric lines have been constructed in the principal cities, and these are being extended into the country districts. The major portion of Argentina is one vast plain, which renders railway construction easy and economical. It is also drained by the great River Platte system, with its navigable rivers reaching far into the interior and furnishing additional facilities of transportation.—*From "Argentina: The Wonderland of South America," by John Barrett, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for July.*

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THE CAVALRY HORSE.

THE part a cavalry horse takes in a battle can never be filled by any machine, no matter what its capabilities. The horse seems, in the hour of battle at least, to take on characteristics which belong only to a being endowed with reason. He partakes of the hopes and fears of the conflict the same as his rider. If he has been six months in the service he knows every bugle call. As the column swings into line and waits the horse grows nervous with waiting and if the wait be long will often tremble and sweat. As the call comes to advance the rider can feel him working at the bit with his tongue to get it between his teeth. As he moves out he will either try to get on faster or bolt. The lines will carry him forward and after a minute he will lay back his ears and one can feel his sudden resolve to brave the worst and have done with it as soon as possible. A man seldom cries out when hit in the turmoil of battle and it is the same with the horse. Five troopers out of six when struck with a bullet are out of their saddles in a minute. If hit in the breast or shoulder, up go their hands and they get a heavy fall; if in the leg, foot, or arm, they fall forward and roll off. Even with a foot cut off by a jagged piece of shell a horse will not drop. It is only when shot in the head or heart that he comes down. The horse that loses his rider and is unwounded himself will continue to run with his set of fours until some movement throws him out. Then he goes galloping here and there, neighing with fear and alarm, but will not leave the field. When he has come upon several riderless steeds they fall in and keep together and the rally of the bugle often will bring them into the ranks together.

A STRONG PLEA FOR BIBLE STUDY.

BY J. KURTZ MILLER.

I WISH every one in our beloved Brotherhood could have heard Bro. M. G. Brumbaugh's closing address to the students of the "Bible Teachers' Training School" in New York City. But since you could not hear this very helpful talk, you may read it, in part at least, in Bro. Brumbaugh's forthcoming book, "The Pedagogy of Jesus."

Bro. M. G. said in part: "If you desire the highest and holiest joy, you can not get it in any other way than through the study of the Bible." To this my heart said, Amen, for I know from experience that this is true.

"If Christian workers will do anything worth while they must be familiar with the Scriptures and meet Christ in his own Word. For to be a real soul winner one must first know Christ, and be familiar with the truth. Then the next step is to adjust yourself properly to the one who needs the truth, and draw him from error to the Christ who is "The Truth."

"If we cannot adjust ourselves 'to life as it is,' we cannot help those who need help. When people record their deeds for righteousness, then it is that we have helped them from error. No teacher ever helped people to do this as Christ did. He knew how. He was master of the situation, by being at home in the Word of God. This is our privilege to be at home in the Book of books.

"The great sermon for us to live by is Matt. 5, 6 and 7. Are you familiar with it? Having lived this sermon, we then can turn to Christ's sermon in John 14 and die peacefully.

"To do our best work we need proper incentives. First, Study to shew thyself approved unto God. Second, Desire knowledge. If you have no desire for knowledge, you are unnatural. The natural soul is an interrogation point. It makes up its mind to know, and acquires knowledge. Third, Self-control. Say no, and live no. Say yes, and live yes. Fourth, Sense of honor, right and duty. If you can't respond to the thing you 'ought to do' life is a failure."

5001 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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A NEW PHASE IN THE LITERATURE ON THE NEGRO.

A NEW phase in the negro question is reached when the University professors of American History take up the matter from the point of view of American History. The unprejudiced truth should now work its way to the front and the biased opinions of sectionalists be relegated to the background.

In the *Boston Transcript* there have recently appeared two articles from the pen of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard University, who is our acknowledged leading professor of American History, and in which he has taken up these important questions: "Is the Southern negro degenerating?" and "Shall the Southern negro be educated?"

Professor Hart arrives at the conclusion that notwithstanding the assertions of the Southern white men "there is a strong and increasing body of evidence that the negroes have on the average risen, and are rising to-day." Professor Hart goes on to say that "most of the studies of the mass of the negro race have been made by Southern negroes," and then he mentions some books of negro authorship on the negro as a farmer, a business man, an artisan, a churchman, etc.

Since Professor Hart published his articles, which have been read with great interest and caused wide comment, there has appeared another book by a negro which furnishes abundant proof of what Professor Hart claims, in fact it gives succinctly and in detail a considerable portion of this "body of evidence" to which Professor Hart refers.

This new book, "The Aftermath of Slavery," which takes up the subject of the negro as an American citizen, is by William A. Sinclair, one of the best educated colored men of the day—a college graduate, a medical school graduate, and a graduate of the famous Andover Theological Seminary—a man of high scholarly attainments judged by any standard. Dr. Sinclair has been the financial secretary of Howard University for sixteen years, and his position in Washington city has enabled him to observe at first hand the national political tendencies concerning the negro question, while his journeys in behalf of negro education into every section of our country have given him unsurpassed opportunities for obtaining an accurate knowledge of public and private feeling throughout the length and breadth of our land.

It is a remarkable coincidence that Professor Hart in his articles has touched upon, by bare mention, those very points that Dr. Sinclair has given in full detail in his book in the chapters on the rise and achievements of the colored race, and the national duty to the negro. The reader of these chapters has presented to him the actual facts, and if these are not convincing that the negro has made phenomenal progress in the forty years since his emancipation, then nothing will be convincing on this point.

It is the peculiarity of this new book that it is the first book on the American negro to present the facts regarding the colored race and weigh them in the manner usual with university professors, and that it is from the pen of one of that down-trodden race. This book thus marks a new departure in the literature of the negro.

Booker Washington has ably treated the ques-

tion of the development of the negro race through industrialism in his book, "The Future of the American Negro."

Mr. Thrasher has given a detailed account of how this work has been progressing at the Tuskegee Industrial School in his "Tuskegee: Its Story and Its Work." But it has been reserved for Dr. Sinclair to discuss the broader phase of the negro as an American citizen; of his civil and political life. This is the question that is now agitating the whole country, south and north, and it is the question that will without doubt be fought out politically within the present generation.

A second generation of American citizens has grown up since the Civil War. A younger generation, that did not experience the personal animosities of that prolonged struggle, is the active agent in civil and political affairs in this country; but it has inherited a difficult problem that sectional feeling has increased in difficulty rather than diminished as time has progressed, and which has at no time been more acute than at present.

Our newspapers and magazines, and our legislative halls are filled with vituperations on the part of the Southern writers and statesmen, and by those at the north there is evinced a spirit of resistance and even prodding antagonism. But so disconnected and so partisan are these effusions that the generation of the present day has been put to confusion as regards the real position of the negro on American soil. It is the desire to state this condition and recapitulate the line of events that have led up to it since the emancipation of the negro, and to point out the logically best ways for future procedure that has inspired Professor Sinclair to write this book.

In fact this is the first book by one of the black race to give a comprehensive account of the conditions of the American negro since his emancipation, as shown by the facts of history; and it contains just the information that the American voters and readers need to enable them to understand the present day burning questions concerning the negro that are occupying so much of the attention of the press, the pulpit, and federal and state governments.

This is shown by the scope of the work, which includes besides those already mentioned, chapters on slavery as an institution and its abolition; reconstruction and the Southern "Black Code;" Southern opposition to reconstruction; the war on negro suffrage; the false alarm of negro domination; the negro in politics; the negro and the law; and the omnipotence of public opinion.

As Professor Hart has emphatically declared, the race issue has become more and more acute due to existing conditions. Dr. Sinclair's book not only states these conditions but shows the manner and means by which they have been developed not as seen by the indignant Northerner or the prejudiced Southerner, but from the point of view of the most interested party of all, the negro himself. It is a forcible comment on the intrinsic merit of Dr. Sinclair's book that he has been able to anticipate the line of thought that suggests itself to such an able student of American History as Professor Hart of Harvard.

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THE METROPOLIS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Let us now have a passing view of Buenos Ayres. Here is a city of 1,000,000 people, nearly 2,000 miles south of the equator and 5,000 miles south of New York, that is growing faster than any city of the United States except New York and Chicago, and can compare favorably with the European capitals in general appearance. It is often called the Paris of South America, and it is certainly different from all other South American cities in its size, prosperity, activity, and attractiveness.

It has magnificent public buildings, imposing business structures, palatial clubs, stately residences, spacious hotels, elegant opera houses and theaters, broad boulevards, beautiful parks, excellent schools, libraries, and museums, and handsome churches. It can pride itself on its electric street-car system, its well lighted and paved streets, its telephone and electric-light facilities, and its water and sewerage works. These, indeed, are not perfect, but I know of no municipality in the United States that has as good an average as Buenos Ayres in these respects. The city government impresses the visitor as most efficient, and the police force seems well trained. I saw less drunkenness, disorder, and confusion on the streets of this great capital than I have frequently noticed in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis.

I must pause here to commend the press of Buenos Ayres. The principal newspapers would be a credit to our leading cities, and are far ahead in both enterprise and appearance of the average European journals. *La Prensa, La Nacion,* and *El Diario* are great dailies of large circulation and powerful political influence. The home of *La Prensa* is the most complete and costly newspaper building in the world, used exclusively by the paper. It cost $3,000,000. The *Standard* and the *Herald* are printed in English, and ably voice English interests. *Caras y Caretes* and *Gladiador* are clever illustrated weeklies.—*From "Argentina: The Wonderland of South America," by John Barrett, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for July.*

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Every noble crown is, and ever will be, a crown of thorns.—*Carlyle.*

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In this world a man must either be anvil or hammer.—*Longfellow.*

THE INGLENOOK

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Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given. Club rates for Sunday schools and other religious organizations. Address as above.

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HELPS FOR STUDY.

In setting forth the ideal preparation that we have had in the preceding chapter it is at once apparent that the student must have sufficient helps. It will be remembered in the preceding chapter that a statement was made that all Sunday-school lessons must necessarily, from the very nature of things, come from the Bible. Then the first and greatest help for study in the preparation of a Sunday-school lesson is the Bible itself.

The eleven points that have been discussed heretofore all have their beginning in the Bible. The chronology, geography, history, biography, relation to other lessons, doctrine, analysis, synthesis, homiletics, are all easily found within the scope of Bible study. Illustrations can largely be gathered from it, but many times illustrations in daily life must be used in order to reach the pupil. The practical application of the lesson depends almost entirely upon the pupil.

The second help, and the one that stands next to the Bible, is some good standard Bible geography. The Bible lands occupy such a small portion of the earth's surface that it requires but a short time to acquaint one's self with the entire Bible lands, and such a study is well-nigh indispensable; at least it avoids much abstract memory work.

The next help we would recommend to the beginner is a good Bible dictionary. There are a great many names and terms frequently used in Sunday-school lessons that are wholly unfamiliar to the casual reader. The dictionary clears this up and not only makes the study possible and profitable but very interesting. A Bible concordance is an auxilliary no one can afford to be without; however, a poor one is worse than nothing. The references that you know are easily found, and the ones that you don't know are not there. The best one at a moderate price is Young's Analytical Concordance. It is unabridged and systematically arranged.

For advanced scholars, especially in an exhaustive treatment of the subject, scarcely anything can be more helpful than a good commentary. However, a commentary is like any other good thing, it can be used to a good advantage, and can be wonderfully abused. The student who consults his commentary rather than to brush the cobwebs from his own brain, is making a cripple of himself. The ideal way is for him first to make his own exposition and then consult the commentaries afterward, either for support or criticism of his own ideas. If the commentary is last to be consulted it is a firm and faithful friend. If first, it intrudes upon the rights of the student's intelligence.

In order to secure the coöperation of all denominations in Bible study, International lessons have been adopted to which each denomination adds explanatory notes and doctrinal teachings to suit their own people. This makes it very convenient and satisfactory in many ways. First, on account of securing sufficient helps for study; second, it is convenient for those who travel and worship at different places each Sunday. The best idea in it perhaps is that in seven years if carefully studied it gives one a rather definite idea of the Bible story as contained in both the Old and the New Testaments. As the average scholar does not attend more than seven years during one phase of life, it proves very helpful in acquiring this knowledge.

It has been suggested by prominent scholars and teachers that the ideal way to study the Bible in the Sunday school is chapter by chapter consecutively. But this is not practical as people do not stay in the same Sunday school all their lives. Last, but not least, the other members of the family are great helps in studying the Sunday-school lesson.

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SMITHONIA.

Smithonia is not a town. It is a great big farm of twenty-three thousand acres, the annual crops of which yield the owner something more than a hundred thousand dollars, and the management of which centers in one man, Colonel James Smith, of Smithonia, Ga. Mr. Smith is now sixty-five years old. He began farming just after the war, on sixty-five acres which is a part of the farm he now owns. The first year he spent four hundred dollars and received two bales of cotton and fifty bushels of corn. But he persevered. Last year his crops were as follows: cotton, 3,000 bales; corn, 25,000 bushels; wheat, 12,000 bushels; oats, 15,000 bushels; cow peas, 6,000 bushels; sweet potatoes, 6,000 bushels; turnips, 10,000 bushels; hay, 500 tons; besides hogs, mules, horses, beef cattle, dairy cows, etc. The dairy department turns out annually about 20,000 pounds of butter for market.

Smithonia is a remarkable example of what one man can do when he concentrates his energies intelli-

gently to one thing. The farm has been brought from chaos to prosperity. Five hundred houses serve to make homes for his help. Smith has a private railroad that connects him with the outer world. The whole plantation is under a fine system of waterworks, and a magnificent electric light system has been installed. He has a blacksmith shop, corn mills, grist mills, cotton-seed mills, syrup mills, wood-working shop, and repair shops of all kinds.

Smithonia is laid out like a small republic, and Colonel Smith is the dictator supreme. His home is in the center of it, and, from the veranda of his house, he directs the army that works his farm for him. His overseers and superintendents are disciplined and ranked the same as in an army. These men make their daily reports to the Colonel and get their orders for the next day's work. When their reports are made, the Colonel cross-questions them in the very minutest details in order to know whether they have the proper amount of interest in their work.

The man in charge of the stock is not surprised if he is asked about a spavin or fistula upon one of the horses, or the wood-workman to be asked about one of the belts or pulleys in his shop. There is nothing dictatorial about Mr. Smith. Tolerance and kindness is his motto. Every man, white or black, knows that the "Kuhnel" is the best friend he has in the world.

It has been claimed by a great many people that the colored people of the South do not have intelligence enough to learn system, but this demonstrates the contrary. It also demonstrates what might be done with worthless land and worthless people if the two were brought together under the right kind of leadership.

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CHURCH LITERATURE.

A MAIL carrier informed us the other day that he and his mates can always tell when a new society is formed in the city, for he says that a new paper is at once started which increases the mails noticeably. The time has come when every organization and society feels the need of an organ through which to advocate its doctrines, theories and personal news. The age is here when people depend upon current literature for their knowledge of things. The time was when a new movement was agitated principally by its personal friends traveling from one place to another, but that is too slow for the present age.

Not many churches or organizations of any size today are without a publishing house. It is through the literature of a people that the good news of their progress is spread. Their own literature only inspires them to a continued zeal. This medium unites them in a closer union in the work they have espoused. It is their literature that makes it possible for them to successfully coöperate in carrying out plans and decisions of committees. The printed matter of a church is largely responsible for the uniformity of faith and practice, even though there be no written creed outside of the Gospel.

The growth of the church is measured not only by the spiritual development of the membership, but as well by the material growth in numbers and auxiliary organizations. These auxiliary movements in the church, such as Sunday-school work and young peoples' societies must have a medium through which they can advocate their cause and promote the general welfare. The church literature stands back of every good movement in the church and helps to build them all. It goes into the homes of the members each week, or at least it should, with something of help to everyone who reads it. This kind of help is not always appreciated at the time, but, in years to come, the sentiment which it has moulded will be the ruling power.

Literature means an education which can be obtained in no other way. It helps to bind the people together in a way that cannot be done otherwise except by personal contact, which is impossible.

We, as a church, now have our own publishing house and have our literature pretty well defined. It should be the desire of everyone to see that it prospers and remains a helpful institution in the church. The more the constituency supports the church literature, the better it can be made; and the more mission work can be done through this medium. The work has doubled itself many times in the last few years, through the hearty coöperation of the members. We certainly hope that they will continue their support in the future.

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THE LITTLE WHITE MEETIN' HOUSE.

THE above title is the name of the new series of articles which the readers of the INGLENOOK will certainly enjoy. It is far above the ordinary. It was written by Sister Oma Karn, Covington, Ohio. Some of the readers of the INGLENOOK have already become acquainted with her, and ere long we will all know her, for she is preparing some excellent material for our magazine.

The Little White Meetin' House is one of the finest pictures in the country life of our people we have ever seen, and when you have read it we would like to have your criticism on it. This story, together with The Old Doyle House, to which we called your attention last week, is worth far more than the price of the paper. Call the attention of your friends to it at once and let them enjoy it with you.

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No reproof or denunciation is so potent as the silent influence of a good example.—*Hosea Ballou.*

Current Happenings

It is reported that Emperor William, during his visit to Copenhagen, made the statement that he would support Prince Charles for the throne of Norway. He thinks that if Prince Charles does not become king, Norway will be a republic. However, he prefers a monarchy.

A Dr. Marie, who has made some recent experiments in the use of sea water injections as a treatment for insanity, is receiving much publicity through French scientific papers. The doctor says that recuperation of the digestive powers results from the use of these hypodermic injections, while appetite improves and constipation disappears.

At the close of the month of July, beginning the new fiscal year, the treasury showed that the government had spent $13,857,866 more than it took in. This is $3,532,746 less than for the corresponding period of last year, but the shortage at that time was partly due to the purchase of the Panama Canal and the Fair loan. The receipts for the month were $49,273,133. Public money in national banks has been reduced to $65,709,684.

The firm of M. Jaluzot, a Paris sugar speculator, failed Monday, with $3,000,000 liabilities, causing a suspension of quotations in the sugar market.

It is reported by the Central Statistical Committee at St. Petersburg that the harvests in forty-one of the sixty provinces of European Russia are a complete failure. In the other provinces the condition of crops is far below the average. This indicates the imminence of a serious famine.

The Boston Newsboys' Union has voted to establish a scholarship fund large enough to give one of its members an education at Harvard. The Union voted $100 to start with, and successful men who were once newsboys are expected to assist. At present twenty-six members are attending English high and Latin schools.

The city of Albany, N. Y., witnessed a horrible scene on last Tuesday, when four floors of the John G. Myers & Co.'s big department store caved in. Of the four hundred employés on the payroll, more than a hundred were buried temporarily or permanently in the debris. However, it is impossible to make a complete list of the dead and wounded, but at least thirty are dead and seventy-five injured. The building is in the center of the block on Pearl Street and runs through to James Street, is sixty-four feet wide and two hundred feet deep. Alterations have been going on for the last two months, and under the central section of the building excavation was going on in order to construct a subcellar twelve feet deep. Steel girders resting on a pillar in the center of the building for the support of the central section, extended from the basement floor to the roof. The workmen cut through the floor on each side of this pillar, for the purpose of shoring it up from the excavation below. The work was unavoidably delayed at this point, and in less time than it takes to tell it, all four floors of the central section buckled downward in the center, without a moment's warning to the great mass of employés. So far as known, but two shoppers were victims of the disaster. The loss of property is thought to be between $200,000 and $250,000.

Pennsylvania state authorities say they will prosecute the beef trust on the charge of doctoring the meats with preservatives.

The Zionist Congress at Basel, Switzerland, after an all-night session and amid scenes of great excitement, rejected by a large majority an offer of Great Britain to deed a tract of land in East Africa for a Zionist colony. The resolution of rejection declared for the foundation of the colony in the Jewish fatherland, Palestine, or in that vicinity. Thereupon the minority, known as territorialists, left the congress and began holding separate meetings, charging irregularities in the election of delegates to the congress. The leader of the radical wing is Israel Zangwill, the author. The regular congress decided to promote systematically the organization of the Jews in Palestine.

Seven persons have been killed and fifty-four injured as the result of automobile accidents in Chicago since January 1.

After some consideration and inspection of the schools and playgrounds of New York City, Superintendent Maxwell has decided to recommend the installation of shower baths in all public schools. These baths are now in use in seven or eight of the vacation schools, in one of which 1,300 children are receiving shower baths up to 3 P. M. in a single day, and Mr. Maxwell estimates that 10,000 children are now receiving daily baths in these vacation schools. He recommends the public school baths both from the hygienic and moral point of view.

THE visit made by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the "Sea Breeze Home for Children with Bone Tuberculosis," at Coney Island, has drawn attention to the meritorious character of this institution, which is conducted under the auspices of the Fresh Air Fund of the New York Association for Improvement of the Poor. In a public speech the President called attention to the fact that while the hospital had room for only forty-five children, there are more than 4,000 suffering from bone tuberculosis in the tenement district of New York. Senator Crane, of Massachusetts, accompanied the President, and their visit was a great event for the little invalids at the seaside home.

IT is claimed by the *American Inventor* that Leicester, England, is the first city in the world to have a chemical automobile fire engine. The automobile carries a large cylinder, partly filled with water, in which carbonate of soda is dissolved. At the top is a bottle of sulphuric acid. When the bottle is turned upside down, allowing the acid to flow into the solution, carbonic acid gas is developed. Thus the pressure in the cylinder soon amounts to 150 pounds, or sufficient to throw a stream of water forty feet high and four-fifths of an inch in diameter. When the water reaches the fire the carbonic acid gas escapes in large quantities, crowds out the air and prevents combustion. Reports have not been made as to the efficiency of this apparatus.

LUX and Miller, of San Francisco, recently lost one thousand head of sheep out of a herd they had in Oregon. They were shot by miners who were bent upon the protection of the water supply and forage, which they wanted for their horses.

ROCKS dislodged by earthquake from the mountains surrounding the village of Kalu, India, last week, crushed several houses and caused the death of eighteen persons.

THE striking lumber teamsters in Chicago have returned to work, under conditions imposed by the employers, and police supervision was discontinued. It has also been announced that vacant places for drivers in department stores and grocery houses would be filled from the ranks of the strikers. The police and deputy sheriffs will continue to act as store managers for a few days.

THE London Board of Trade finds that the bankruptcies in Great Britain, during 1904, numbered 8,631, of which 487 were failures of women. The total liabilities were over $60,000,000, and the loss to creditors was $40,000,000. There has been a steady increase in the number of undischarged bankrupts.

THE sympathetic strike of teamsters in Chicago lasted fifteen weeks and threw 4,250 men out of work, of whom half are permanently out of a job. The cost of the strike to the unions was over $300,000.

STATE SENATOR BUTT, of Arkansas, was arrested July 24 on the charge of bribery in connection with a bill, appropriating $800,000 for the completion of the new capitol.

WASHINGTON dispatches say it is reported that the Japanese will demand of Russia one billion dollars as war indemnity.

FIFTY-FOUR deaths from yellow fever have occurred at New Orleans.

THE *Journal of Education* states that there are now 1,218,600 pupils in private schools in this country, or seven per cent of the total school membership.

MRS. ALMIRA KRAMER who, at the age of eighty-nine, died recently at Kalamazoo, Mich., left a will, in which she appropriated $10,000 to be used in providing food and baths for tramps who visit Kalamazoo. United States Senator Burrows is named as trustee.

TWELVE persons lost their lives fighting fire in the Texas oil fields, the latter part of July.

REPORTS come from Madrid that the Morocco International Conference is to be held at the Spanish capital in the beginning of November. The United States has decided to send a representative.

THOMAS A. EDISON says, that after two years of experimentation he has now solved the problem of electrical propulsion of auto vehicles by means of storage batteries, and that within a few weeks an immense factory would be started for the manufacture of these batteries. He claims that with this new battery he can guarantee to run a pleasure vehicle under ordinary road conditions 100 miles with a single charging. He succeeded in reducing the weight of the battery to about forty pounds per horse power. Cooper Hewitt received much credit for his valuable assistance with his mercury rectifier, which makes it possible to convert the alternating currents, used in small towns, so as to be available for charging. Edison declares that an ordinary delivery wagon can now be operated for 58 per cent of the cost of maintaining a horse, and that a two-ton truck wagon can be driven at the rate of thirty-three miles an hour.

HOME DEPARTMENT

THE FARM.

It was just a plain old farm house,
But the dear old place I knew
Seems a palace now, for distance
Lends enchantment to the view,
And to-night, through rosy glasses,
Once again the scene I see,
Of those careless days of boyhood
Ah! so dear, so dear to me.
I can hear the low, soft murmur
Of the gentle summer breeze,
Just outside my attic window,
Mid the branches of the trees,
And, in fancy I imagine,
Once again beneath the shade
Of those trees, I am playing,
As in bygone days I played.
I can hear the reapers singing,
At the cradle, far away,
In the wheat-field, and the laughter
Of us children at our play.
By the odor of these lilacs,
In the vase beside me here,
The old place is silhouetted
Right before me, strong and clear;
And this sprig of honeysuckle,
With its old-time sweet perfume,
Brings a hundred scenes and faces
Close beside me in the room.
Dreams. The noises of the city
Faintly fall upon my ear,
And the sound dispels the vision
Of the old farm-life so dear.
Ah! the old farm. It was humble,
But each blade of grass possessed
Charms for me that helped to make it,
Of all spots on earth, the best.

—L. C. Bishop.

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HOW EVA CONQUERED.

USUALLY, Monday was wash-day in Mrs. Van Alstyne's house, not only in the kitchen but upstairs in the play-room, where Eva got out her tubs and washboard, and washed all her dolls' clothes just as regularly as her own clothes were washed by Nora in the laundry.

Eva enjoyed her doll children very much, although she was almost eleven years old, and she was never happier than when she was dressing and undressing them, or making pretty clothes for them.

At the foot of Mrs. Van Alstyne's garden there was a little brown house which had been untenanted for some time.

One bright Monday morning Eva was hanging out her basket of clean clothes, feeling not a little triumphant that she had gotten ahead of Nora for once, when she saw that a wagon loaded with very dilapidated furniture had stopped before the little house, and it was evident that it was to be occupied.

"I wonder who is coming to live there," thought Eva.

Two hours later when she went downstairs to bring her clothes in, she had a peep at her new neighbors. A rough-looking boy was leaning against the house, whittling at a bit of wood, while a small, yellow dog was prowling around, apparently looking for something to eat. He was such a lean, hungry-looking dog, and Eva mentally resolved to save some bones for him as she looked at him pityingly.

A sling-shot was protruding from the boy's pocket, and as he espied a cat walking along the fence at a short distance, he picked up a small stone and aimed it at her. With a cry of pain, poor pussy dropped from the fence and limped away, while the boy laughed loudly at his successful shot.

A little bird was perched upon the clothesline, near Eva, and she saw the boy take deliberate aim at the unconscious sparrow.

"Oh, please don't hit the bird," Eva exclaimed.

"Get out of my way, or I'll hit you, too, sissy," the boy answered, roughly.

Determined to save the bird, Eva sprang forward and shook the line to frighten the sparrow away.

She succeeded just in time, for the little bird had hardly spread his wings before a stone whizzed past.

"I'll teach you to spoil my fun," the boy exclaimed angrily, and he advanced towards Eva in such a threatening manner that she was frightened, and hurriedly putting the rest of the clothes in the basket, started toward the house. In her haste she had forgotten that she had left her doll leaning against the basket, and she did not think of it until she had gone several steps, when she turned back to recover it.

The boy had spied it, too, and pointing it out to his dog he cried:

"Seize it, Watch! Seize it!"

In a moment the dog's sharp teeth were fastened in the doll, and he set off as fast as he could go across the field, with Eva in hot pursuit, forgetting her fear of the dog in her desire to rescue her pet.

The boy shouted with delight as he saw the little girl's distress and terror, and although Eva begged him to call his dog, he only laughed at her entreaties.

It was not until he saw Nora coming to Eva's rescue with a stout stick, that he called to Watch to drop the doll, and vanished into the house with him.

Eva burst into renewed tears as she picked up her poor doll. Its clothes were torn and muddy, its hair was almost torn from its head by contact with the bushes against which it had been brushed, and the beautiful wax face was hopelessly scratched and ruined.

"I think he's the meanest, most contemptible boy I ever saw," Eva sobbed, as she told her mother all about it. "I'll never forgive him!"

"Hush, darling," and mother's loving touch was laid upon the little girl's lips. "Don't say that. I know he has been very unkind, but remember, that possibly he has never been taught any better, while you have been taught to forgive those who have injured you."

It seemed to Eva that she could never forgive this piece of wanton mischief, as she looked at her mutilated doll, but she said no more just then.

"I don't envy you your new neighbors," a man said a few days later to Eva's father. "The mother's well enough, but that boy is a perfect imp of mischief. The folks that know him say that there isn't but one good trait about him, and that is his perfect devotion to a little crippled sister. The father threw her down-stairs when she was a baby, in one of his drunken sprees, and she's been all crippled ever since. She has lain in bed for eight years now, and she has a hard enough time of it, poor little thing, but they do say this boy is very good to her. I suppose nobody is wholly bad."

Eva was standing by her father's side listening to what the milkman said, and there was a very thoughtful look upon her face as she turned away.

For several days she revolved a thought in her mind, and then she went to her mother, who was always her chief counselor and adviser.

"Mamma, do you know I have thought of a way to make peace with that ugly Dan Lyons, over there. I don't feel like being nice to him a bit, but perhaps if folks were kinder to him he would not be so hateful; so I am going to dress one of my prettiest dolls for him to give to his poor little lame sister, for I know that will make him happier than anything else I can do."

It did not take Eva many days to carry out her plan, and Dan was astonished when she walked up to him and gave him the beautiful doll.

"I say, you're a brick," he said, using the word that he considered the highest praise. "But—but what makes you? I let Watch spoil your doll for you, and you ought to do something to pay me back."

"This is my way of paying you back," Eva answered, smiling at his bewildered face.

"Well, it makes a fellow feel meaner than a good thrashing would," Dan answered. "I won't forget this in you, Miss Eva, and maybe I can do something to please you some day."

Don't you think Eva was satisfied with the result of her experiment, when she found she had won for a friend the boy who had been here enemy?—*The Angelus.*

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NAGGING MOTHERS.

THERE are nagging husbands and nagging wives, but the most deleterious of naggers is the mother whose continual fault-finding embitters the childhood of her children, and leaves them without the memory of motherly acts and words.

A vivid recollection of a visit to a summer resort is of an irritable invalid mother, and her unhappy, harassed boy. She nagged at him in the dining-room until the poor child lost all appetite.

One morning the father came down alone, and explained that mother was not well enough to come to breakfast. Whereupon the boy, with childlike frankness, exclaimed: "Oh, I'm so glad!"

Then, seeing his father's reproving glance, he explained: "You know, papa, I'm not glad she's ill, but—but I do enjoy my breakfast so much more when she's not here."

Memories of a mother's sweet voice have led back wandering feet to paths of righteousness; but harsh words of other mothers have driven the children to the broad ways of destruction, as did a certain widow who railed continually at her children.

They feared her when they were little; but as they grew older, they gave back railing for railing; and every son of that mother was laid in a drunkard's grave.

In another home, the nagging of the mother was repeated in the children. Old grievances were dwelt upon, magnified, and brought forward at most inopportune moments, and there was a continual round of petty fault-finding and retort.

But a realization of her responsibility came to the mother; she controlled the querulous words and turned them to gentle ones. The children were puzzled. They did not expect the new condition to last; but last it did, and now it is rare to hear an impatient word in that house from any of its members.—*How to Live.*

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LIFE, like the water of the sea, freshens only when it ascends toward heaven.—*Richter.*

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IF your cup is small, fill it to the brim. Make the most of your opportunities, of honest work and pure pleasure.—*Dr. Van Dyke.*

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PRIDE robs me of my God; anger robs me of self; envy robs me of my neighbor.—*Victor Hugo.*

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.—Acts 2: 1-4, 38, 39.

For Sunday, August 27, 1905.

I. His Office.
1. In the Godhead, ... Matt. 28: 19
2. Dwelleth in Us, ... 1 Cor. 3: 16
3. To Witness, ... Acts 5: 32

II. His Work.
1. Testify to Jesus Christ, ... John 15: 26
2. To Reprove—Convict, ... John 16: 8-11
3. To Teach, ... John 14: 26

III. Shows What Sin is.
1. Conviction, ... Acts 2: 33, 37
2. The Sinner Sees His Sin, ... Acts 9: 6
3. Strikes Sins of the Heart, ... Acts 5: 3

IV. Gives Power for Service.
1. Strength in Weakness, ... 2 Cor. 12: 9
2. God Giveth Ability, ... 1 Peter 4: 11
3. He Gives Power to do Right.

V. A Comforter.
1. Sealed Us, ... 2 Cor. 1: 22
2. Abides with us Forever, ... John 14: 16, 17

Text.—Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.—Acts 2: 38.

References.—Ezek. 36: 27; 39: 29; Zech. 4: 6; Matt. 3: 11; 10: 20; 28: 19; Mark 13: 11; Luke 2: 25-27; 11: 13; 12: 12; 24: 49; John 3: 5, 6; 14: 16, 17, 26; 20: 22; Acts 2: 2-4, 33, 37; 6: 5; 9: 31; 10: 44; 11: 15, 16, 24; Rom. 5: 5; 14: 17; 15: 13; Gal. 6: 8; Heb. 3: 7; 1 John 3: 24.

"Receive Ye the Holy Ghost."

After Jesus had risen from the dead, he met with his disciples who were glad when they saw the Lord; then he spoke to them and among other things he said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Our text speaks of the gift of the Holy Ghost, so we learn that we receive it from God as a gift, we receive it when we ask Jesus, believing that this power will be given us. If we have been born of the water and of the Spirit, the world can never satisfy us again. There is no peace, no joy for those who have once tasted of the goodness of God, if they wander away from Christ.

The Gate of God.

The nine days which intervened between the Ascension and Pentecost are among the strangest in the world's spiritual history. Christ had gone to heaven with a command on his lips that they should teach the people, he had done all he was to do. But they waited, waited for power before they went to do his bidding. They waited though they scarcely understood what for. Then when the day of Pentecost was fully come and men were gathered from all lands to appear before the face of Jehovah at Jerusalem, the Spirit came upon the disciples and worked the transformation which moulded them into a living, witnessing, and powerful church. O, believe that the Holy Spirit is God's gate through which he passes into our lives. Let us try to learn to leave the "when" and "how" with God. Let us keep grip on the promises as did these waiting and praying ones.

Power.

A certain minister was preaching and praying for a revival in his church. Two old sisters who were truly mothers in Israel, were much interested and never missed a service. The minister talked to them about the revival, but the one said, "We are praying that you might have the Holy Spirit." The minister was surprised, he did not know that he needed this gift. A few days later they again said to him "We are praying for you." Then he commenced to pray for himself and it was not long until he had received this power and where he used to convert a few, now thousands were converted under his preaching. He had power as Peter had, and men repented of their sins and prayed for mercy.

The Shining Lamp Within.

You have seen a girl who was selfish and thoughtless, grow kind and thoughtful to others. You have noticed a boy who was disobedient and disagreeable, change into a courteous, pleasant, obedient boy, who made those about him happy. This change was brought about by the Holy Spirit; they prayed for help and strength and their lives were transformed, fashioned after the life of Christ. Goethe in his wonderful tale of tales represents a fisherman's hut, rough and dark, changed into solid silver by the shining of the lamp within. And the transformation went on until even the form of the hut was lost, and instead, there was a beautiful temple of exquisite workmanship. So a holy soul within the body, rough and uncouth as the fisherman's hut, will at last dwell in an exquisite temple of the Holy Spirit.

But the Spirit of the Lord Came upon Gideon.

Not by might, nor by numbers but by the Holy Spirit, victories are won. 31,700 men left Gideon's army, and with the few remaining he conquered their enemies. You say it was a brilliant strategy that brought them the victory. Ask General Miles or Admiral Dewey if they think so. No, the secret is this; But the Spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon. A plain-

spoken country pastor visited a prominent minister in Boston, and preached in their chapel. He was not eloquent, his gestures were awkward and the city pastor was disturbed lest his congregation should take offense at these violations of conventional proprieties. But a few days later there came one of the most prominent men in that community to the pastor with the old question, "What shall I do to be saved?" And when asked what aroused him, he said it was this sermon by the country pastor. His minister humbled himself; he said, "I had written more than one sermon to reach him, and in vain, but here he was convicted of sin by one plain sentence from a plain man whom the Holy Spirit guided."

Filled with the Spirit.

"As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So when thou dwellest in a mortal soul
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown."

Have you the gift of the Holy Ghost? In what way does it manifest itself? What are you doing that you would not do if you had not received this gift of the Holy Spirit? If the gift you possess is lying idle, there is danger of your losing it altogether. You and I know of Christians who when they were first converted were full of fire. But as the years went by the fire burned low, because they refused to do the work, to which the Spirit led them, and so by degrees they lost this wonderful "gift."

Topics for Discussion.

1. Is it possible for the Holy Spirit to pervade an entire congregation? Acts 2: 4; 9: 31; 4: 8.
2. What were Stephen's qualifications? Acts 6: 3, 5.
3. Does the Holy Spirit bring trouble and mourning? Acts 13: 52; Rom. 5: 5; 14: 17.
4. Who directed that Barnabas and Saul should take up some work? Acts 13: 2, 4, 9.
5. How can we get the Holy Spirit? Luke 11: 13.

❖ ❖ ❖

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

A Question.

MANY of our boys and girls are ready to go to one of our Brethren's schools in a few weeks. Some of these were there last year, and out of this number we trust there are some who greatly enjoyed the mission-study class at school. You had plenty of good books on missions. When you wanted to learn about some incident in the life of Taylor or Morrison, or Judson, you could turn to their biographies and find just what you wanted. The talks on missions by the members of your class were enthusiastic and made you all feel that you must do something towards teaching all nations. Now you look forward to this study as something worth while, something that gives a meaning to all our talk about sacrifice and self-denial; and you feel that you will find a deeper joy in studying missions than ever before.

Now, this is our question, Why not have a mission-study class in every church in our Brotherhood? Our Circle is striving by every means in our power to bring this about. The boys and girls who cannot go to school, are even more eager to enjoy the privilege of a class or a Circle in which this most fascinating study is carried on. Now let us urge you all to do your best towards organizing a Circle. You students who will soon drive away from the country church to live at school, you have your ministers, and a group of associates. You have older members of the church always ready to aid any valuable effort. Get together and plan this work, and God will not leave you profitless.

Join the Circle. Study the books wisely, earnestly, and prayerfully and the whole church will be profoundly stirred. Who shall dare to count the gain for the kingdom?

Brother Henry E. Ward, of Overbrook, Kans., who has done much in that community to stir up an interest in missions, sends us seven new names. He says, "The most of our members have completed the first year's work; and the mission sentiment is growing. Our membership has nearly doubled. We hold our meetings quarterly, I will send you a report of our work later."

Sister Martha E. Lear, our secretary at Cerrogordo, Ill., sends us six new names; she has sent us many others in the past years. She says, "Our young people manifest a growing interest in missions."

Not plans and rules, but a *person*. That is what the weak society needs. There must be at least one energetic, patient, persistent, tactful, undiscourageable, wholly consecrated person. Let him keep up, unceasingly, the effort to develop activity. A persistent effort will obtain and get ready a missionary reading circle library. One person here and there—and the work is done.

❖ ❖ ❖

NEW NAMES.

2884. Preston Arnold, Cerrogordo, Illinois.
2885. Sylvan Arnold, Cerrogordo, Illinois.
2886. Etta Heckman, Cerrogordo, Illinois.
2887. Betty Philips, Cerrogordo, Illinois.
2888. Nellie Tam, Cerrogordo, Illinois.
2889. Mabel Heckman, Cerrogordo, Illinois.
2890. Tena Kinzie, Overbrook, Kans.
2891. Bert Bond, Overbrook, Kans.
2892. John Miller, Overbrook, Kansas.
2893. Tena Fishburn, Overbrook, Kansas.
2894. Wegie Behrens, Overbrook, Kansas.
2895. Ada Wolfe, Overbrook, Kansas.
2896. George Fishburn, Overbrook, Kansas.
2897. Stella Shaffer, Hooversville, Pennsylvania.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter XLI.

Rome, Italy.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

To-day we come to that part of our journey which is of more interest to me than all that we have seen before. I was surprised to see the increased interest which our party has taken in the work of the first day in this city. Rome is the extreme west of the New Testament world, and henceforth we will be traveling in the land of the Bible. This city is the place where a good portion of the epistles of St. Paul were written and the place where he gave his life for the cause of his Master who died for him.

It has been taught for many years that Rome was founded by Romulus, about 700 B. C., but later discoveries seem to cause some doubts in the minds of the best students. In the excavations recently made an elevator was discovered, bearing a date which is much earlier than the birth of Romulus. Rome was in the height of her glory at the beginning of the Christian era and was for a time the capital of the political world. It was the home of the Cæsars. It is the city spoken of as being set on seven hills, controlling nations, and speaking mandates to the world. Ever since that time it has had a prominent place in history, and to-day is full of interesting people

The city is built after the Roman style, every shop ladened with sculpture, paintings, mosaics etc., showing that the people of the present day have not forgotten the arts of their fathers. We expect to spend a week of the most intense interest in the historic old city of which we can write you but little in these letters. Some of it we may be able to tell you when we get home, but for the most part it must be seen to realize it.

To-day we attended High Holy Mass in St. Peter's Cathedral, the largest church in the world; however, we did not attend it for the purpose of studying the building, only the services as it is Lord's Day; and we had better opportunity to study them than any other day during the week we shall remain here. In each of the fourteen alcoves a special service of some sort was being engaged in the entire day. It is to be remembered that each one of these alcoves is larger than our church at Mayville, and will hold a fair-sized congregation. We took them in turn and studied each service carefully. In the first one we saw a young mother with her infant in her arms, standing before a priest, who was christening her darling with the usual formal ceremony. The little soul lay peacefully asleep, knowing absolutely nothing of the sacred ritual that made the mother's heart leap for joy. Miss Merritt said when we were witnessing this sight, "A mother's love is the greatest thing in the world. Who could be mean and base enough to ridicule it?" As the ceremony ended and she and her husband filed away to give place for another, the smile of entire satisfaction spread over her kindly face.

In the next alcove a choir of some forty voices sang some of the most beautiful anthems of praise while various priests, cardinals and attendants offered prayers, burned incense, lighted candles, changed robes, read passages of Scripture, etc., in a most studied manner, with a precision that clearly demonstrated that system, loyalty and formality largely comprise their consecration. They seemed to perform this service as if their lives depended upon it, which indeed is very admirable.

We passed on to the next; a great multitude of girls and women were worshiping there, the services being conducted by two priests. And here, too, we noticed the same degree of zeal manifested and the innocent, implicit faith of the little girls is a living testimony of the doctrine of child-training.

In another we saw a motley crowd of all ages and stations of life, the rich and poor, learned and unlearned, soldier and civilian, all worshiping, while a priest took bread and wine, attended by a young boy dressed in a white robe. It would take too long to tell you what was going on in all of these alcoves, but I cannot refrain from telling you one more. In this particular one a priest was seated on a high pedestal, with a long wand in his hand. One by one the people, and especially the little children, came before him; they approached until they could reach the end of the wand, where they knelt with the open Bible, and where the priest would ask them a lot of questions concerning the sins they had committed; and after he had found out all he could with a motion of his wand beckoned them to him, where they deposited a dollar or two according to the crime they had committed, or more strictly speaking, according to his immediate need of money, when he would go through some unintelligible lingo making them believe he was forgiving their sins, when they would take their departure. Many of the innocent children are far purer than the covetous priests who take their money. The poor people are imposed upon in this manner by the thousands every year in St. Peter's Cathedral.

These alcoves are arranged in a circle, around the edge of the interior of the building, which leaves in the center some acres of floor space, where the immense multitudes gather every day of the year, and stand for hours upon the stone floor. In the center of the building, immediately under the dome, is a large sarcophagus supposed to contain the body of St. Peter. Of course no one knows whether St. Peter's body is there or not; they claim that it is and do not want to hear anybody say that it is not. The Bible doesn't even say whether Peter was ever at Rome or not.

Surrounding the tomb is a large balustrade which prevents the people from coming near the casket, which is overlaid with pure gold. But if one is curious enough to pay two dollars and a half, one of the cardinals will take the traveler down a small flight of steps into the immediate presence of the golden casket, which is studded with hundreds of the most precious gems and diamonds. While one of the cardinals was showing some Englishmen the casket, Oscar treated us all to a look with his opera glasses which saved us two dollars and a half each. I'll finish this in the next letter. Sincerely yours,

Marie.

(To be Continued.)

The Q. & A. Department.

What is the original and real meaning of the word "shibboleth"?

It is a Hebrew word and originally meant "a flood." It now signifies those political opinions on which all the members of the party are agreed or the watchword by which it is intended to unite them. After the battle won by Jephtha over the Ephraimites (see Judges 12) the Gileadites under his command secured all the passes of the rivers. If an Ephraimite attempted to cross they asked him if he was of Ephraim. If he said "No," they bade him pronounce the word "Shibboleth," which the Ephraimites, unable to give the aspirate, called "Sibboleth." By this means he was detected and instantly thrown into the river. From this use of the word it came to mean a watchword.

✥

Who issued the order, "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot"?

John A. Dix, Secretary of the Treasury, in 1861, just before the outbreak of the war. The order was issued to Lieutenant Caldwell, of the United States revenue cutter *Robert McClelland,* and directed him to arrest Captain Breshwood, who, although ordered north, was detaining the ship at New Orleans in anticipation of delivering her to the Louisiana government. Caldwell was told by Dix to assume command and bring the ship north, and the order contained the words given in regard to shooting any one attempting to haul down the flag.

✥

Can you furnish me a recipe for making a blackboard?

First your board should be made very smooth; if there are any holes or cracks they should be puttied. Next the surface should be shellacked. Next the board should have two or three coats of good black paint, allowing sufficient time to dry each time. The finish should be two coats of liquid slating purchased at any good drug store. By personal experience we know this to be one of the best blackboards as a substitute for the genuine slate.

✥

Who was the first settler of Chicago?

Jean Baptiste Point de Saible, a mulatto refugee from Haiti, who located at Chicago in 1779, is generally considered the first settler. In 1796 he sold his cabin to Le Mai, a French fur trader, who in turn sold it in 1804 to John Kinzie, the first white man of American birth to make his home in Chicago. Ft. Dearborn was established there by the government in 1804. It was burned by the Indians August 16, 1812, but was rebuilt in 1816.

Who named the South "Dixie"?

"Dixie" or "Dixie's Land" is said to have been originally a negro name for New York in the seventeenth century. Later the name was applied to the South, and is supposed to be derived from "Mason and Dixon's Line," which divided the free and slave States. The name is said to have first come into use when Texas joined the Union, and the negroes sang of it as "Dixie."

✥

What indemnity did France pay Germany at the conclusion of the late Franco-Prussian War, and how long did it take to pay the same?

France agreed to cede Alsace, together with the parts of Lorraine, including Metz, and to pay an indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs. The final payment was made in September, 1873.

✥

How many United States Generals have there been?

Washington was the first, but the rank was abolished in 1802, and revived again for Grant in 1866. When he retired in 1883 the grade became extinct, but five years later was renewed for Lieutenant-General Sheridan; and since his death the rank has been abolished.

✥

Who were the Stoics?

They were followers of the Athenian philosopher Zeno, who taught that we should have absolute mastery of the passions, and should be unmoved by grief or joy.

✥

Who is the "Watchdog of the Open Door"?

John Hay, so-called because he has been vigilant in preserving the integrity of China. He died July 1, and was succeeded by Elihu Root.

✥

Why is Christmas often spelled Xmas?

"X" is the abbreviation for the word Christ. Xmas is the abbreviation for Christmas.

✥

Who led in prayer before the battle of Bunker Hill?

Dr. Samuel Langdon, President of Harvard College.

✥

When it is 12 o'clock noon at Cincinnati, Ohio, what time is it at Yokohama, Japan?

3:19 A. M. next day.

✥

Who wrote "The Last Rose of Summer"?

Thomas Moore.

MISCELLANEOUS

SEVEN MINDS.

1. Mind your tongue! Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, unkind or wicked words.

2. Mind your eyes! Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures or objects.

3. Mind your ears! Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs or words.

4. Mind your lips! Don't let tobacco foul them. Don't let strong drink pass them.

5. Mind your hands. Don't let them steal or fight, or write any evil words.

6. Mind your feet! Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked.

7. Mind your heart! Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give it to Satan, but ask Jesus to make it his throne.—*Exchange.*

❖ ❖ ❖

WHAT A CHRISTIAN OUGHT TO BE AND DO.

He ought to be honest and pay his debts.

He ought to let cigars, candy, ice cream and the like alone till he can do this.

He ought to keep clean, in body, mind, and heart.

He ought to control his temper and keep sweet.

He ought to abstain from all doubtful things.

He ought to be a member of some church.

He ought to be at its services.

He ought to give to its support.

He ought to learn to keep silent.

He ought to keep good company.

He ought to be active and not lazy.

He ought to be a living sermon on love, and do some preaching every day.—*C. H. Yatman.*

❖ ❖ ❖

CHEER UP—DON'T BE BLUE.

Cheer up.

The world is taking your photograph. Look pleasant. Of course, you have your troubles, troubles you cannot tell the policeman. A whole lot of things bother you. Of course. Business worries or domestic sorrows, it may be or what not. You find life a rugged road whose stones hurt your feet. Nevertheless—

Cheer up.

It may be your real disease is "selfishness," ingrown selfishness. You imagine your tribulations are worse than others bear. You feel sorry for yourself —the meanest sort of pity. It is a pathetic illusion. Rid yourself of that, and—

Cheer up.

What right have you to carry a picture of your woebegone face and funeral way about among your fellows who have troubles of their own? If you must whine or sulk or scowl, take a car to the unfrequented lanes.

Cheer up.

Your ills are largely imaginary. If you were really on the brink of bankruptcy, or if there were no thoroughfares through your sorrows, you would clear your brows, set your teeth and make the best of it.

Cheer up.

You are making a hypothetical case out of your troubles and suffering from a self-inflicted verdict; you are borrowing trouble and paying a high rate of interest.

Why man! In ten minutes' walk you may see a score of people worse off than you. And here you are digging your own grave and playing pallbearer into the bargain. Man alive, you must do your work. Smile, even though it be through your tears—which speedily dry—and—

Cheer up!

❖ ❖ ❖

SLEEP AND DIGESTION.

There is a time-honored notion that a nap after meals promotes digestion, and, filled with this belief, a large number of persons habitually take a nap after dinner, and think they are doing precisely the best thing for their health. There are other good authorities, too, who claim that sleep during digestion clouds the mind and predisposes those who indulge in it to apoplexy and stupidity. A physician has made this subject a study, and by exhaustive experiments has discovered that sleep does not aid digestion; but rest and a horizontal position are of great advantage in promoting the proper conditions for perfect digestion and assimilation of food.

❖ ❖ ❖

Dr. Frank Clarke, an American, was arrested at Kingston, Jamaica, July 17, charged with taking photographs of the forts.

❖ ❖ ❖

Keep your eyes open to your mercies. The man who forgets to be thankful has fallen asleep in life.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

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OUR SPECIAL GROCERY CATALOGUE. Send for it!

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14 lbs. Extra Fine Coffee,	$2.00
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10 lbs. Head Rice,	.60
10-lb. pail Buckeye Apple Butter (home-made,	.60
6 packages Shredded Wheat Biscuits,	.60
3 2-lb. packages Ralston Breakfast Food,	.40
3 packages Cream of Wheat,	.35
3 packages Pilsbury Vitos,	.35
3 packages Cracked Wheat,	.30
6 2-lb. packages American F. S. Oatmeal,	.45
2 5-lb packages Monogram Oatmeal with one piece of china table ware in each package,	.40
12 lbs. Flavored Wheat Flake Breakfast Food,	1.00
20-lb. box J. M. Soda Crackers,	1.08
20-lb. box J. M. Oyster Crackers,	1.08
20 lbs. Oatmeal Biscuits,	1.60
24-lb. box Ginger Snaps,	1.32
56-lb. sack Extra Choice Dairy salt,	.32
14-lb. sack Extra Table Salt,	.10
6 3-lb. cans solid packed Tomatoes,	.45
1-gal. can of pure New Orleans Molasses,	.40
1-gal. can Extra Fancy Table Syrup,	.35
12 cans Early June Peas,	1.10
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Address

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Acting President,
Huntingdon, Pennsylvania.

33t4

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FOR THE BRETHREN



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THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

Spiehl, Sarah
January, 1906

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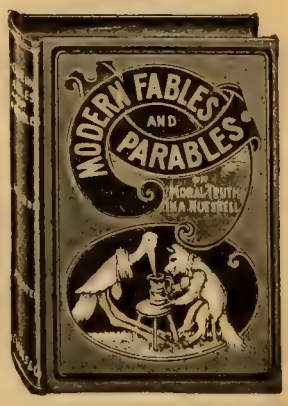
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What One Subscriber Says.

I have been a close reader of the Inglenook and am much impressed with it. Since I left school I have been deprived of it and I cannot stand it to miss those good articles of Bro. D. L. Miller. I have just returned from the Atlantic coast and if I can find time I will send you an article soon of my trip and something of the oyster industry.

Jerry M. Henry.
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A Harvest Scene in Canada.

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We own and offer for sale thousands of acres of land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our prices range from $5.00 to $20.00 per acre on easy terms. In some of our districts homesteads of 160 acres each can be obtained for $10.00 and three years' residence.

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The climate is healthy; winters short and mild. We solicit the homeseekers to come and investigate these valleys before locating elsewhere. Parties wishing to visit Idaho may also take advantage of the very low rates authorized to Portland and return on account of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, on which liberal stop-over privileges are allowed.

Exposition rates from some of the most Eastern points for tickets to Portland and return (not including trip through California), are as follows:

Omaha & Kansas City,	$45.00
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Chicago,	56.50
St. Louis,	52.00
Peoria,	53.00
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Tickets will be sold daily to September 30th, with final limit of ninety days from date of sale, but not beyond November 30, 1905. Stop-overs will be allowed on the Oregon Short Line at any point going or returning within final limit of tickets, but on return journey tickets must be deposited with the agent at point of stop-over.

Settlers' cheap one way rates will be in effect September 15th to October 31, 1905.

S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.
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D. E. BURLEY, G. P. & T. A.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. AUGUST 22, 1905. NO. 34.

THAT FRIEND.

BY H. A. GOSSARD.

Not With Us.

"Where flowers bloom on a golden vine,
And jewels crown the soil,
Where nature smiles and blessings twine
Me 'round with tender coil,—
'T'would seem a saddened place to me
If thou wouldst absent be.'"

With Us.

"Where poverty and pain, and woe,
And deep and dark despair
Doth constant come, and greater grow,
Where naught is bright or fair,—
'T'would comfort prove, and happiness,
If thou wert there to bless.'"

Howe'er our footsteps roam,
We're loved by friends and home;
But mark this truth without alloy:—
"The absence of the Lord makes absent joy."

Mt. Carroll, Ill.

SNAPSHOTS.

The friend that does not help us higher is not worth having.

Any man can make a fool of himself by trying to act smart.

A cautious man bets on the bottom facts and the top dog.

You can lead a boy to college, but you cannot make him think.

When some men think they are thinking, they are really just killing time.

Life is one grand song, but there are millions of people with no ear for music.

Knowledge of grammar is not the key to a convincing ad.

Great thoughts hallow any labor.

Stop thinking in the same old circle.

The key to success is not the night-key.

Study men's good as well as your goods.

The sun shines for all—who get up early.

The wisest owl sometimes hoots at the wrong time.

Make strong assertions if you've got a bunch of stiff reasons back of 'em.

A bold front is a good thing only when anchored to a stiff backbone.

Many a man's principles are like the hinge on the door,—working one way.

The man who falls back on his old record has reached his full growth and commenced to shrivel.

There are periods in almost every man's career when he would rather have a lie told about him than the truth.

In Adam's day woman was merely a side issue, but at the present writing she is pretty much the whole show.

Occasionally a man earns a living without getting it, but more often he manages to get a living without earning it.

Our real measure of ability and willingness is in our doing the little that we can do, and not the great deal that we would like to do.

With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

The Open Sore of the World

No. 6.

In 1864 the Universities' Mission to Central Africa was established at Zanzibar. We enjoyed a very pleasant visit with those in charge of the work at the present time. When Livingstone, the greatest of African missionaries and explorers, returned to England in 1857, he aroused the country against the evils of the African slave trade. The appeals he made for help to rid the world of this crying evil at Oxford and Cambridge resulted in their united efforts in forming a mission under the auspices of the Church of England, under the foregoing title. Its avowed purpose was the suppression of the slave trade and slavery, and it took an active part in this great work.



THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION CHURCH AND RESIDENCE BUILDINGS.
One of the Great Slave Markets of Zanzibar.

The "master builder" of the mission was Bishop Steere, an able, scholarly and most energetic worker. He spent about twenty years in translating parts of the Old and all of the New Testament into the Swahili language. He also made a dictionary, and translated "Pilgrim's Progress," a primer, stories and other books of a religious character into the vernacular of the natives. And while on his deathbed he was at work on the translation of Isaiah.

It was Steere's ambition to purchase the great slave market at Zanzibar, and on the ground erect a church, school and residence buildings, and this he accomplished in 1873. Now the East African Cathedral marks the site of the old slave market, where so many of Africa's dark children were sold into bondage. The church has a coral roof and the clock in the tower, the gift of the Sultan, strikes eastern time. At six in the evening we heard the deep-toned bell strike twelve.

A singular fatality occurred to the bishops of the Universities' Mission. Bishop Smythies died at sea and was buried in the Indian Ocean, on a summer evening in 1894; and two years later Bishop Maples was drowned in Lake Nyassa. Since the founding of the mission, sixty-six missionaries have died in the work. They have five mission stations on the island of Zanzibar, and their work also extends to the mainland, where they have schools for the education of the natives. Work is also carried on among the native girls in Zanzibar, Likoma and Nyassa by the lady workers of the mission. They also have a large number of schools in charge of native teachers whom they have educated, and who, in every case, are members of the Church of England.

The object for which the mission is founded has been accomplished, and the African slave trade abolished. The story of this unrighteous traffic has been told over and over again, but few realize the gigantic proportions of this once putrid, festering "open sore" of the world. I am reminded of it as I wander about the great slave market in Zanzibar, and meditate upon the sad evils which resulted from the inhuman traffic of which this was an important center. I thought about our own beloved land, which, a few years ago, was torn and bleeding by the war of the Rebellion, which is to be traced directly to the introduction of African slavery into the American colonies. Then I concluded that the readers of the Nook would be interested in a brief reference to the American slave trade.

The beginning of the slave trade, which Henry Drummond characterized as the "Heart disease of Africa," dates as far back as 1441, when the first slaves were carried into Europe and given as an offering to the Pope. Its cause is to be found in changed

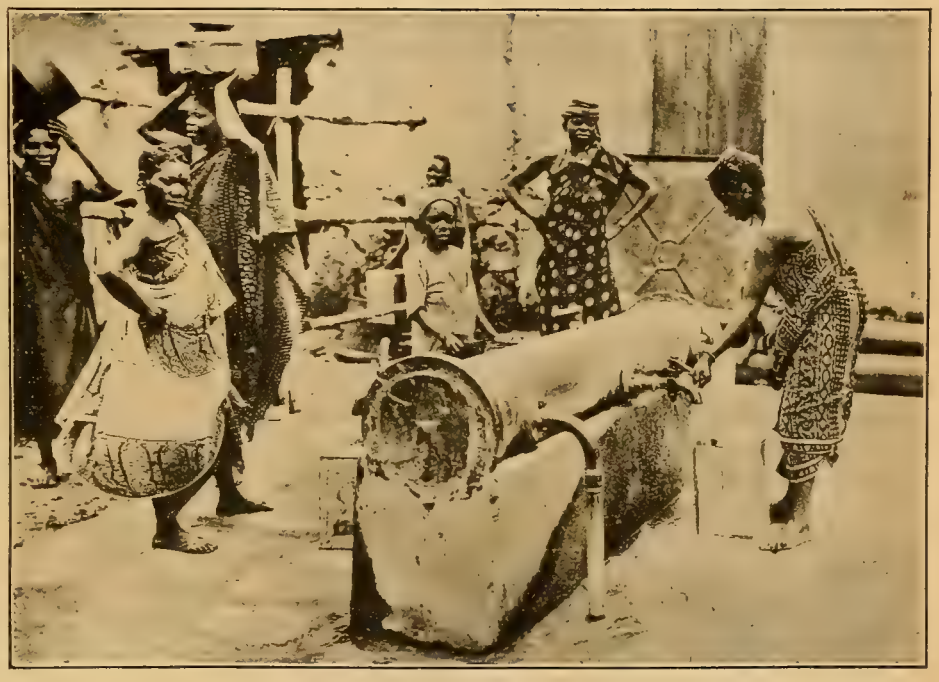
conditions in Europe, brought about by the breaking up of the Roman Empire and the discovery of the New World, which brought about an increased demand for labor. The African field had an abundance of laborers; it was easily worked and the trade increased so rapidly that in a few years after the first negroes were brought into Europe, the number annually imported amounted to seven hundred. To this was almost immediately added the great demand for laborers in the New World. In the West Indies and on the coasts of North America the colonists must have laborers to work their fields, and these were found among the black sons of Africa. After the introduction of sugar making into the West Indies the cane plantations absorbed a large number of slaves.

The trade grew rapidly, and as early as 1660 the British slave trade was an accomplished fact. Chartered companies were formed for the importation of slaves, and so rapidly did it increase that in the next one hundred years over two millions were imported into the British Colonies. Over six hundred thousand were brought into Jamaica alone, which was at that time the great center of the trade. A careful estimate places the number of negroes deported from Africa to the New World, during the eighteenth century, at no less than six million. This shows to what an extent the traffic was carried on. In 1830, twenty-three years after the abolition of the slave trade, according to Buxton's estimate, over one hundred and fifty thousand slaves were being imported into the New World every year. It seems a strange thing to say, and a sad confession to make, that when the writer was a child, sixty years ago, the population of Africa was being depleted at the rate of over two hundred and fifty thousand of its strongest men and women each year to furnish slaves for Christian States.

Slave catching was an easy thing in Africa. The traders were well armed and their thunder-and-lightning producing sticks, as their guns were regarded by the superstitious natives, terrorized them and they were taken captive and led away. Some were purchased from chieftains, who had taken them as prisoners of war, or criminals of a tribe; some would sell themselves in time of famine in order to be fed, and later on, chieftains who were strong in the number of their followers, would capture slaves for sale.

The price paid for slaves was nominal and amounted to but a few dollars in real value. Money was not used. Four yards of bright-colored calico, a few strings of glass beads, a bit of brass wire, an old worn-out flintlock musket, a few pounds of gunpowder or a gallon or two of rum, were the mediums of exchange. Women were bought at one-fourth the price of men, and the children either killed or thrown in without pay.

It is stated on the best of authority that at least one-third of the slaves died either on the march to the coast, in the slave pens awaiting the arrival of the ships, or on the voyage to the port where they were finally sold. The six million slaves imported into the New World, in the eighteenth century, meant that ten million negroes had been taken from their homes in Africa. Men and women, stark naked, were stowed away in the holds of the slave ships, from six hundred to a thousand in a single vessel, fed twice a day and were treated worse, far worse than the humane farmer treats his cattle when shipping them to market. When the trade was prohibited and the penalty of death attached, slavers, when chased by armed vessels, would throw the negroes to the sharks, or in the last extremity batten down the hold, the officers and crew take to the boats and blow up the ship, thus destroying evidence of their nefarious trade.



WATER CARRIERS FILLING VESSELS AT THE TANK.

Professing Christians who stood in defense of this traffic in humanity were not wanting. They said many of these negroes would be killed if they remained in

Africa, and they were being rescued from death. It was a necessity of the time; it increased trade and commerce; the lands of the New World could not be cultivated without the African; it found the employment for many people and added to the wealth of those engaged in it; the condition of the negro was better in slavery than in his native state; he would be Christianized and made better, and last but not least, it was argued that the slaves liked it, too. Strange indeed that people professing to be followers of Christ could find arguments so specious to satisfy their conclusions in allowing so great a sin.

But there were other men who saw the sin of the evil in all its horrors. Livingstone, in his last journal, tells of the horrors of capture and march, the dreadful cruelty of the slave stick, and the barbarous treatment of women and children, while whole districts were being devastated and depopulated by the murderous slave hunters. The dying words of this greatest of all African missionaries refer to this great evil. He says: "All I can add in my loneliness is, may heaven's richest blessings come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this 'open sore of the world.'" The "sore" is rapidly healing, and were it not for the Turk and the Moslem faith it would, long ere this, have been all sound flesh.

Others besides Livingstone have spoken of the horrors of the traffic in humanity. Stanley says: "My eyes catch the sight of that continual lifting of the hand to ease the neck in the iron collar. Many months have they been fettered together; their bones stand out in bold relief in the skin, which is wrinkled and drawn up." Another adds: "It was wearisome to see the skulls and bones scattered about everywhere; one would fain not notice them, but they are so striking as one trudges along the sultry paths that it cannot be avoided." It is said that the slaver's path to the sea could easily be followed by the bleaching skulls and human bones.

We had an occular illustration in Zanzibar of what Stanley meant in his reference to "easing the neck in the collar." The iron collars and chains are no longer used for slave gangs, but nowadays are used for chaining criminals together. I saw a half dozen prisoners carrying burdens along the street, chained together with the old slave fetters. Heavy iron collars are locked about the neck and these are fastened together with chains about three feet in length, and so the men are chained together. They make "the way of the transgressor" very hard in Zanzibar.

When Richard Baxter began raising his voice against the slave trade, he stood alone; but in 1750 the Quakers, and ten years later the Wesleyans joined in the crusade. From its organization in 1723 the Brethren church was also firmly opposed to slavery and the slave trade. To "Little Denmark" belongs the honor of being the first nation to declare against the traffic, to be quickly followed by the United States in 1794, forbidding the importation of slaves into its territory. England passed an act to abolish the slave trade in 1807. It was decided that these two nations would jointly maintain a naval force of not less than eighty guns on the African coast, for the suppression of the slave trade. Then came the abolition of slavery in the United States in 1862, and so much of the "open sore of the world" was healed. Among Christian states the traffic ceased.

In 1879 slavery was abolished in Zanzibar, and the slave collars are now put to a better, if not a more humane use. As I reflected upon what had been done here, where, in all its hideousness, the "black sore" festered to the disgrace of the name of Christianity, I thanked God that the dreadful nightmare had been dispelled and that the cruel slave trade of Africa is now but a sad memory of the past.

(To be Continued.)

STAR DISTANCES.

THE study of star distances may almost be called the mathematics of eternity. Our human minds, wonderful as they are, are scarcely able to grasp such problems of immensity. If one of the bright young men who are learning the ways of trade at the Burdett Business College, Boston, were to start out for San Francisco, it would be a remarkable accomplishment for him to reach his destination in six months. By rail he might reduce the time to one week. But we need something swifter than this to give us even a gleam of the intervals of space between the stars. No motion resulting from physical force is swift enough to be practicable as a measuring rod.

Even if we give rein to our fancy and suppose that Bro. Burdett had rigged up a car to be shot out of a cannon (after the manner described in Jules Verne's well-known romance), with the speed of five hundred miles an hour, in six hours it would be at San Francisco, in a day and night at Hong Kong, in a comfortable little journey of three weeks it would be some three thousands of miles farther from us than the moon; twenty years would take it to the sun; yet at this terrific rate of speed the car would not reach the nearest fixed star in four million years. If we can imagine a car having started from the Garden of Eden in Father Adam's time (on the basis of Bible chronology), it would at the present day have accomplished only about one seven-hundredth part of the journey. In round numbers, the distance from us to Alpha Centauri, the nearest star, is twenty million billion miles, and yet the wise men who study the heavens regard Alpha as a very near neighbor.—*Selected.*

DULL BOYS.

BY JAMES H. MORRIS.

We hear of so many dull boys in this land of ours, that we almost despair and ask whether they are not all dull. On the farm there are boys that the farmer calls dull; in the store are boys that the merchant calls dull; and, in fact, in every walk of life there are boys that are called dull.

Ask the school-teacher what kind of a boy he considers dull. He will likely tell you in about these words: "A dull boy is one who cannot solve arithmetic problems, nor analyze a sentence, nor remember a historical event, nor learn to bound his own State nor even spell simple words." No difference how much he knows about the things around him, if he is dull in books, he is considered dull and stupid. He may know from watching how and where the birds build nests; he may know quite a good deal of geology from being among the rocks; he may be a good all-around boy, but if he cannot learn from books the teacher considers him dull.

The farmer will, perhaps, say that the dull boy is the one who is always settin' around readin' the newspapers or some book; he is never interested in plowin' corn nor makin' hay; he would rather set in the schoolhouse than to dig ditch or chop wood.

Let the merchant, lawyer or doctor tell you what he considers a dull boy. He will look at his office boy and if he finds him more interested in books, horses, bicycles or automobiles than he is in sweeping the office, he will consider him dull. He is dull as far as office work is concerned but he may be a brilliant student. His mind may be arranging some invention or working some difficult problem in arithmetic while he is sweeping the office. Some boys cannot enter whole-hearted into work which is foreign to their purpose, hence they are called dull. Some of our most brilliant men have been dull schoolboys.

Definitions might be given until all leaders had their say concerning that worst of all pests, that bane to the ease-loving teacher's happiness, that sluggard on the farm—"the dull boy"—and yet the conditions would be no better. One thing that we need to notice too, that is, the dull boy is not necessarily lazy. He may be dull as a result of laziness but many dull boys are just as industrious as your bright boys.

I have no doubt that it would be interesting to know what all men think of the dull boys, but there seems to be more call for, "Why he is dull," and, "How to help him?"

One boy is dull in arithmetic because he doesn't get any encouragement along that line and another is dull because when he asks for help, the parent or teacher does all of the work and he has only to "see"(?). When he doesn't understand fractions, he needs some one to show him how but not to add them for him. A suggestion is generally sufficient.

Many a boy is dull because he must do things by some one else's cut and dried method. He is a mere machine in the hands of such a one and a machine is seldom very much interested in what it is doing. Boys are experimental beings and they don't like too much form about their work. They like to try many ways and find out the best way. If he is allowed to use his inventive power, he will learn a great many things while feeding ears of corn to the horses or pans of bran to the cows. Just watch him learn the multiplication table while handling two ears of corn at a time. That is the way he learns them anyhow and not by repeating two times three are six. If he is not allowed the freedom in doing these things, they will soon become mechanical and monotonous and he will be a dull farmer boy.

A few boys are dull from lack of brain or nerve force, but most of them have plenty of brain cells if they were only developed. The only thing that is needed is a person who can get to them and help them to develop them. Many have at least one talent and if that is properly cared for they are promised a home in heaven.

The last and most important part of the subject is, "How can I help him?"

First, I would suggest that we try the doctor's plan,—find where the trouble is and the cause if possible. When that is done, the disease is half cured.

Second, remove the cause and nature will assist in the cure.

Third, now when you know in what he is dull and the cause of his dullness, you are on a fair way to do some effective work. Now *your* power is limited, but there is one who is all-powerful and he is willing to help you if you will only allow him to. Why not go to him and ask him for his help? We depend too much upon our own strength and not enough upon God. Let us turn about and take him into our work more and see the improvement.

North Manchester, Ind.

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.—*Selected.*

We ought never be willing to live any year just as we lived the last one.—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

IN THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

BY GRANT MAHAN.

For more than half a century California has been a magic word. In the early days it was gold, and the attraction was so great that men from all over the land left their homes and families and made the long and dangerous trip across the plains, around the Horn or by way of the Isthmus. Times have changed greatly since then. In a little more than three days the Overland Limited takes one from Chicago to the coast, and on the way one has many of the comforts and luxuries of home. And now it is not so much the gold, which enriched the few, as the climate and the products of the earth, which are enjoyed by all, that draw people from all parts to this favored section. One of the most remarkable features of California is the sameness of its climate north and south. Oranges grow from Riverside to the upper Sacramento valley, more than five hundred miles north, heat and cold depending on altitude rather than latitude. This is especially true along the coast, for "at no point on the California coast from Crescent City in the farthest north to San Diego's farthest south in any month of the year is either the mean or minimum temperature as cold as that of Atlantic City in April; nor in any month of the year is it as hot as Atlantic City in June."

And California is large. Its area is greater than the combined areas of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, and Maryland. Within its borders many persons have found delightful homes, and many more are doing so each year; and there will be more people wanting homes there when all are taken. Some like one part of the State and some another, but the part that appealed to me most strongly was the Santa Clara valley, "sixty miles long, twenty miles wide, facing the San Francisco Bay and hemmed in by the golden mountains of the Mt. Diablo Range and the wooded crest of Santa Cruz; with the wealth of the Ind and the beauty of the Riviera. The valley is one vast orchard of prunes, pears, peaches, cherries, apricots, plums and nuts; the foothills a vineyard of grapes."



A prune and peach orchard on the Catherine Dunne ranch. Hay fields and live oaks in the distance.

The city of San Jose is one of the places one does not want to miss, for it is beautiful. It is located in the heart of the valley and has a population of forty-five thousand. The homes of the people are among trees and flowers along shaded boulevards which as country avenues continue among the orchards. The

city has fruit canneries and packing houses; near at hand is an ostrich farm, and not far away are the Almaden quicksilver mines. A ride on the electric road takes one to Los Gatos, and back again over a different road; and almost all the time on each side are orchards of prunes, apricots and peaches, walnut groves, etc. One cannot but wonder what becomes of all the fruit that is dried or canned. But there is a constant demand for it, and will be.

West of the valley are the Santa Cruz mountains. During the summer thousands of people spend their vacation among them. Here are found redwood trees more than three hundred feet high and sixty feet in circumference. Among the trees and along the streams one may camp all summer and need no tent, no canopy but the sky. In the streams are found fish in plenty. The Big Basin, with thirty-five hundred acres of great redwoods, has been purchased by California for a state park.

East of San Jose, and visible from nearly all parts of the valley, is Mt. Hamilton (4,269 feet high), and on this mountain is the Lick Observatory with its thirty-six inch refracting telescope. A stage road, built at a cost of eighty thousand dollars, runs from San Jose to Mt. Hamilton. The Observatory was founded and endowed by James Lick, a wealthy Californian who died in 1876. It was transferred to the regents of the University of California in 1888, and has an endowment of $750,000.



Morganhill and Dunne ranch, looking east from Nob Hill, showing Morganhill school.

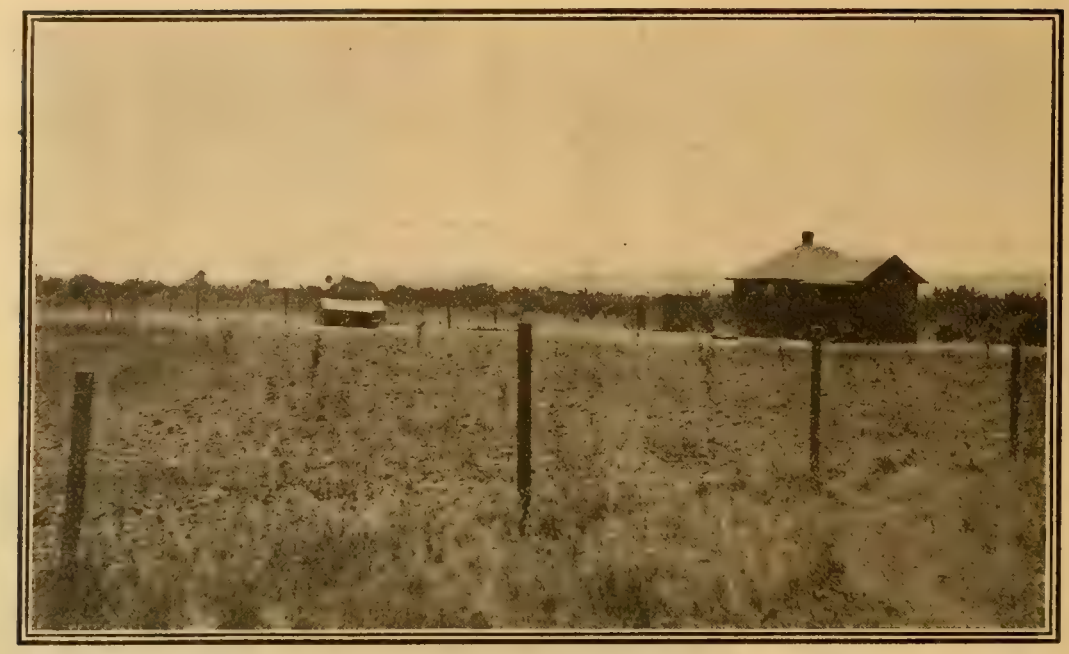


Mt. Hamilton and the Lick Observatory.—Courtesy Union Pacific R. R.



Elder David Snyder, the writer and party driving over the Catherine Dunne ranch, near Morganhill, Cal.

Twenty miles from San Jose and in a beautiful section of the valley is Morganhill, a town with four or five churches, good schools, a cannery, and no saloons. The elevation here is about three hundred feet. And here is the Dunne ranch, a tract of seventeen thousand acres which is being subdivided, and which, in the near future, will be occupied by a large number of prosperous families. It cannot be otherwise, for all conditions are favorable. Morganhill is on the coast line of the Southern Pacific railroad, seventy-one miles from San Francisco. It is also on the Monterey road, which really is a boulevard running from San Francisco to Monterey. The time is not far distant when this road will be lined with homes from one end to the other. Fruit trees need no irrigation here, and the fruit is better, having more sugar and shrinking less in drying than is the case where trees are irrigated. The soil is rich, needing no fertilization. An expert horticulturist who recently examined the soil pronounced it the strongest he had ever seen in the State. With Eld. David Snyder, of



Just beginning—a new farm of ten acres, with trees just set; buildings seen cost $200.



Residence and orchard of J. P. Ward, in Paradise Valley on Catherine Dunne ranch. Mr. Ward has been in the poultry business on this place for twelve years. The home supply is not equal to the demand. More than $1,000,000 worth of poultry is annually brought into California.



Feeding the chickens. On this ten acre tract 1,000 laying hens net their owner $1,500 per annum, over cost of feed.

San Jose, and others, I had the pleasure of driving over a large portion of the ranch, and any doubts that were in my mind after reading what had been written about the ranch were put to flight. I felt that the half had not been told.

The valley is only about four miles wide here, and the hills on each side are full of springs. The live oaks furnish an abundance of fuel. The wood more than pays the expense of clearing the land. The climate is pleasant. In the latter part of July we found the days not uncomfortable and the nights delightfully cool.

The natural desire is to know what people have done and can do on the land, for most of those who go to any country must make their living from the soil. A few examples will show.

In the fall of 1904 a man bought forty acres of hill land at twenty-five dollars an acre. In the winter following he cleared six acres and planted it to potatoes. The crop from these six acres sold for more than enough to pay for the forty. Another man from less than half an acre of hill land sold eighty-seven dollars' worth of peas. He began picking just before Christmas.

Tomatoes planted six feet apart will yield thirty thousand pounds to the acre, and will sell at the cannery in town for a hundred and twenty-five dollars. And the Morganhill tomatoes bring a higher price in California, and even in New York, than others.

Berries pay well. One man, from less than half an acre of strawberries, received more than a hundred dollars; from ten square rods of red raspberries he sold twenty-two dollars' worth, and from twenty square rods of blackberries he received over thirty dollars. Less than an acre and a half of berries this year yielded him nearly two hundred dollars.



Dunne ranch from Nob Hill, looking southeast, showing Monterey road.

J. P. Ward and son, of Paradise Valley,—on a part of the same ranch, and about three miles from Morganhill—are interested in chickens, having a thou-

sand hens, which for the year netted them from $1.25 to $1.50 each, above the cost of feed. Others have done fully as well.

The above cases will serve to show that the people need not depend on peaches, apricots, etc., for a living. The most successful persons raise poultry in their orchards, and say it is a benefit to both poultry and orchards.

Much more might be said, but the above is enough to give our readers an idea of the advantages of the Santa Clara Valley. It is to be hoped that our people will move in and establish several churches, for it is a goodly land, and should not be without our churches. And the sooner one goes the better, for land is advancing rapidly, the supply not being very large.



The fuel problem solved at Morganhill, Cal. A pile of stove wood under a live oak.

One of our old brethren, who has traveled much in California, said: "There is but one Santa Clara valley, and in it I want to make my home." Others, seeing it, have said the same thing.

Elgin, Ill.

THE GOLDEN-CRESTED WREN.

THE golden-crested wren scarcely ever warbles, excepting at the time of brooding; at all other times, it utters only a sort of single shrill cry, which is very much like that of the grasshopper. But if it does not shine by its song, it makes up for this imperfection by wearing on its forehead the badge of royalty. Its plain brown plumage is set off by a beautiful gold-colored crown. This crest consists of movable feathers, which the wren, by means of certain muscles in the head, can raise or lower at pleasure.

The crest is edged with black, a white line at its base, a black trait on both sides of the eyes mark yet more the courageous and resolute mien of this miniature monarch.

And, indeed, the golden-crowned wren is full of vivacity and energy; there is not a bird that undertakes more bravely the struggle for existence. In summer's sun or winter's cold it skips with intrepidity from tree to bush, from bush to blade of grass, shelling the yellow grain of fennel seed, clearing the needles of the larch tree, picking in the crevices of the bark of willows to find the larvæ of insects or eggs of butterflies.

It is exceedingly fond of biting off young leaves from the boughs of the trees of the pine family. The wren is a master in the art of destroying caterpillars. It has been calculated that a golden-crested wren can devour yearly three millions of eggs and chrysalids. It is fond of large trees. It suspends its nest beneath some forest pine tree, in whose boughs the wind sings melodious strains. In this nest, rocked by the waves of the big forest, the female lays from seven to eleven yellowish-brown eggs about the size of green peas.

In its small body the golden-crested wren combines at the same time royal and plebeian blood. By its size, its industrious habits, and its good humor, it belongs to the people; but it wears a crown and reigns in the forest after a fashion of its own. It enjoys a sort of mysterious, intangible royalty, which can only be compared to that of Queen Mab, or to that of Oberon. In the large, sleeping forest, the golden-crested wren represents movement and life. When the frozen brooks are silent, when not a blade of grass is moving, when the woodcutter warms his fingers by blowing on them before taking up the hatchet, he hears suddenly a light, merry cry, and sees a lovely, diminutive apparition, crowned with a crest of gold, gliding between the bare boughs. It is the familiar spirit of the big forest, the beautiful golden-crested wren, which laughs at the bleak north wind, and continues picking caterpillars from the juniper trees, almost covered with snow.—*Selected.*

COALS OF FIRE.

ROBERT STEWART, ex-Governor of Missouri, was once asked to pardon a man convicted for some crime. The man had been brought from the penitentiary to the Governor's office. He was a large, powerful fellow, a steamboatman, with the rough manners of his class.

The Governor looked at the man and seemed strangely affected. He scrutinized him long and closely. Finally he signed the document that restored him to liberty, but before he handed it to him said, "You will commit some other crime and be in the penitentiary again, I fear." The man solemnly promised that he would not. The Governor looked doubtful, mused a few moments, and said:

"You will go back on the river and be a mate again, I suppose?"

The man replied that he would.

"Well, I want you to promise me one thing," resumed the Governor. "I want you to pledge your word that when you are a mate again you will never take a billet of wood in your hand and drive a sick boy out of a bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night." The steamboatman said that he would not, and he inquired what the Governor meant by asking of him such a pledge.

The Governor replied: "Because some day that boy may be a governor, and you may want him to pardon you for a crime. One dark, stormy night many years ago you stopped your boat on the Mississippi to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board who was working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he was very sick of a fever, and was lying in a bunk. You had plenty of men to do the work, but you went to that boy with a stick of wood in your hand, and drove him with blows and curses out into the wretched night, and kept him toiling like a slave until the load was completed. I was that boy. Never again be guilty of such brutality."

And the man, cowering and hiding his face, went out.—*Selected.*

HOW IRON CHAINS ARE MADE.

The first operation is the making of the links. The material comes in coils, each containing from eighty to one hundred feet of round iron rod, which is of uniform diameter and of various sizes, corresponding to the different styles of chains.

A piece of this wire is placed in the groove of a powerful machine, the wheel is started, a twisting motion imparted, and the iron comes forth in a spiral roll, looking as the outer strand of a rope might if separated from the component parts.

The groove into which the iron is pressed, and the spindle-like arrangement about which the coil is formed, make the coil exactly uniform throughout, the links being the same distance apart, and of the same size. The machine does its work rapidly; but little time is consumed in converting the eighty or more feet of rod into shape for chain links.

The next step in the manufacture of a chain is the cutting of the links. The spiral coil goes from the hands of the first workman to another who places it in a long sheet-iron trough, suspended as high as a man's head, one end considerably lower than the other.

One end of the coil is then submitted to the operation of the cutting machine, which at a single blow strikes off enough of it for a chain link. The machine is regular and rapid in its motion. The workman has only to hold the iron in position, and from two hundred to two hundred and seventy-five links are cut every minute. They drop into a spout, and roll therefrom into a small cart, which is hauled away when full to the welding department.

So far, all the work has been done without the agency of heat, but the chain can not be completed without the agency of fire. The final operation is welding the links together. Standing beside a furnace in which a hot natural gas fire is blazing, the workman seizes a piece of the white-hot metal with his tongs, places it on the die, and putting his foot to a treadle, causes a spring hammer to descend, giving shape to the link.

Two other turns and two more blows from the hammer, and the link is completely formed and welded together. Another piece is then taken from the fire; and the open end deftly slipped around the link just formed. It is then operated upon just as the first link was; another is added, then another; the chain is growing rapidly—so fast, indeed, that two feet or more of it has been finished before the red glow has died out of the first link welded.

Of the small chain, which the workman is now making, the welding of three thousand links is considered a good day's work. More can be made of a smaller size and less of a larger. It is hot and noisy work.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

MONEY IS CHEAP AS WATER.

What will it cost the man who would like to live like a king in a big New York hotel?

To occupy a royal suite for a day costs one hundred and twenty-five dollars. But this is without anything to eat. Food suitable to be served on a gold service by a retinue of liveried attendants comes high. For instance, one portion of turkey costs five dollars; the cantaloup to begin with is one dollar a portion, and the grapes to end with are one dollar and fifty cents. Green-turtle soup is one dollar and twenty-five cents a portion, and a simple little salad two dollars. What would game cost? It might leave some change from a ten dollar bill, but nothing worth talking about. One small portion of grouse, for example, costs three dollars and fifty cents. Does one care for a cup of tea? He can have it and welcome for sixty cents. Suppose some bucolic longings come to our friend from the country. The butler looks dumbfounded at first when he asks for buttermilk, but money can do anything, and so he gets a glass at the cost of forty cents. And fees—they are always with him, or rather they are always going from him. The merest page would be insulted by a fifty-cent piece, though he might be willing to accept five dollars—on account.

It is safe to say that to live like a king in one of these New York hotels will cost the one in search of that experience at least two hundred dollars a day, and cheap at that.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

MUSICAL CHAT.

BY MARGUERITE BIXLER.

Perry Rogers, of Nelson county, Kentucky, has in his possession a very valuable relic of the Revolutionary war. It is a bugle that called the continental troops to battle in many of the principal engagements for American independence.

In the old pioneer cemetery at Bloomfield moulders the dust of John Lawson, the original owner of the bugle. He was a bugler under General Washington, and shortly after the Revolutionary war went to Kentucky and bought a farm. He prized the bugle more than all his possessions and just before his death presented it to Charles Lee, a faithful and favorite slave. Later it passed into the possession of Philip Lee, Charles Lee's brother. The next owner was Philip Shaw, a colored blacksmith. In the meantime the old horn had suffered from neglect and it became corroded and the mouthpiece was lost. Mr. Rogers purchased the bugle from Shaw. The old instrument is a unique affair and a similar one is probably not in existence. It is twenty-eight inches in length, not allowing for the convolutions, and the flare is about seventeen inches in diameter. It is made of copper and is very heavy.

A family living at Atlanta, Georgia, owns a pianoforte that was made in Baltimore more than 150 years ago. It is upheld by two legs, one at each end, but these legs branch at the floor into claws, which are of brass and handsomely beaten out.

The woodwork is of mahogany, trimmed with ebony, and the tuning board is in front of the case. It has four pedals and is six octaves. It is still a very valuable and handsome piece of furniture.

The scieva (fish), a little six-inch chub variety of the lagoons of Italy, sticks its head above the water and sings a dainty song equal to that of some species of warbling birds; trigla hirundo (sea-swallow) is known to every fisherman on the Danube and the Rhine by the peculiar grunting noise it makes. Trigla nolitans makes a whining noise like a young puppy, while scivena gather in little bands to hold regular concerts, no doubt originating the fable of the sirens.

Henry Date says: "There is a hallelujah chorus in every sunbeam, and an oratorio in every drop of dew the sun kisses." Were humanity as true to the breath of music as is nature, what a wonderful world this would be!

Could not some one in our smaller towns, at least, interest themselves in rescuing the boys and girls from the streets in the evening by organizing a singing society? Music is a very reliable missionary, and if you could not meet more than once a week, great good could be done, even from these occasional evenings of song.

HOW THEY DID THINGS IN BIBLE TIMES.

In the Persian court no one could come unbidden into the presence of the king without danger of being put to death. The extending of the scepter by the king was all that could prevent this. Esther 4: 11.

In all Oriental courts a profound and impressive silence prevailed in the presence of the king. Hab. 2: 20.

Monarchs who claimed authority over more than one country wore more than one crown. Rev. 19: 12.

Before a royal journey was begun laborers were sent on to prepare the way by leveling rough places and filling up hollows. A herald also preceded the king to announce his coming. Isa. 40: 3, 4.

In the Persian court, when the king arose suddenly and left the room, it was considered a sign of royal displeasure and vengeance. Esther 7: 7.

The Roman judge sat, while the accused stood before him. Matt. 27: 11.

The witness also stood in giving his testimony. Matt. 12: 41.

A Roman citizen had an inalienable right to appeal to the emperor. Acts 25: 11, 12.

One might compel his adversary, by force, to go before the court to settle a dispute. If settled on the way, no further process was necessary. Matt. 5: 25.

The Great Sanhedrin was the supreme court of the Jewish nation. It consisted of seventy-one members. They could try only cases involving violations of ecclesiastical law. They condemned to corporal, and also to capital punishments. The Sanhedrin is called in our Bible, "the council." Matt. 26: 59.

There were "councils" of a lower degree which met in provincial towns, and were subject to the Great Sanhedrin at Jerusalem. Matt. 10: 17.

Various methods of capital punishment are mentioned in the Bible: burning alive, Dan. 3: 6; drowning, Matt. 18: 6; throwing from a rock, 2 Chron. 25: 12; sawing asunder, Heb. 11: 37; cutting in pieces, Dan. 2: 5; chaining to a corpse, Rom. 7: 24; crucifixion, Matt. 27: 35.

There are also a number of punishments of other kinds mentioned: the hair was plucked, Neh. 13: 25; the eyes were put out, 2 Kings 25: 7; a ring was put into the lip, Isa. 37: 29; the feet were shackled, 2 Kings 25: 7; they were put into the stocks, Acts 16: 24; mutilations were practiced, Ezek. 23: 25; the prisoners were scourged, Matt. 27: 26.

Among the Egyptians the state prison formed part of the dwellinghouse of some prominent official. Gen. 40: 3.

Among the Romans the prisoner was chained to a soldier, and sometimes to two soldiers. Acts 12: 6.

Among the Persians and Romans the king's courier when on royal business could press any one he pleased into the royal service. Matt. 5: 41. To object was an insult to the king.

Among the Hebrews if a servant refused to accept his freedom, he could be bound for life to his master, by having his ears bored through. Exodus 21: 6.

According to a Roman custom the son might, on his father's death, give freedom to such of his slaves as had been born during his father's time. John 8: 36.

Among Greeks and Romans a slave could be adopted as a son, take the family name, and call his master "father." After his adoption, he was, in every respect, regarded as a son. Rom. 8: 15.

Roman citizens were not bound or beaten. Acts 16: 37.

One of the earliest weapons was the sword. The Egyptian, and probably the Hebrew, sword was short, straight, and had two edges. Psa. 149: 6.

The battle-ax was used by many ancient nations. It was a heavy-bladed instrument, and of various shapes. Jer. 51: 20.

Several kinds of spears are mentioned in the Bible. We notice the two principal sorts: 1. The *kidon,* a light spear or javelin, which, when not in actual use, was carried on the back. 1 Sam. 17: 6. 2. The *chanith,* which was a very heavy weapon. At its lower end was a point, which could be used to strike a pursuer. 2 Sam. 2: 23. It was customary for a chieftain's tent to be designated by having his spear thrust into the ground by means of this pointed end. 1 Sam. 26: 11.

Bows were made of wood, horn, ivory, and metals. They were of various shapes and sizes. The strings were of leathern thongs, horse-hair, hide, or catgut. The most common mode of bending the bow was by the foot. Psa. 11: 2.

Arrows were made of reed or wood, and tipped with metal or horn. They were barbed (Psa. 38: 2) sometimes. Some of them were poisoned. Job 6: 4. There were also hollow reeds filled with combustible material, and fired from slack-bows. These were "fiery darts." Gal. 6: 16.

Quivers were made of wood or of leather, and often highly ornamented. Through two rings, at top and bottom, a strap ran, by which the quiver was fastened to the archer's back. Isa. 22: 6.

Helmets were made of various substances, such as rushes, skins, leather, linen, iron and copper. They were also of different shapes. 1 Sam. 17: 5.

The body was, in early times, protected by skins of beasts, and later by felt or quilted linen. Various styles of metallic armor were subsequently used. One kind consisted of rings fastened closely together; another, of small plates, or scales fitting each into another, and sewed on linen or felt. 1 Sam. 17: 5.

The legs were protected by greaves made of leather, wood, or metal, and bound to the limbs by thongs. 1 Sam. 17: 6.

Several sorts of shields are mentioned in the Bible. We notice the two most important: 1. The *tsinnah,* or large shield. This was designated to protect the whole body. It was usually made of wickerwork, and covered with hides, and had a handle of wood or leather. 1 Sam. 17: 7. 2. The *magen,* or small shield, which was carried on the left arm. It was made of wood, leather, or metal. Solomon made some of gold, to be hung up as ornaments. 1 Kings 10: 17. A thick ornamental piece in the center added strength and beauty. Such pieces are called "bosses" in Job 15: 26. Shields, either leathern or metallic, were oiled, to preserve them. Isa. 21: 5. When not in use they were covered with cases, probably of leather. Isa. 22: 6.

Machine-bows and slings were sometimes used for hurling large stones and heavy arrows. 2 Chron. 26: 15.

The battering-ram consisted of a heavy beam of wood, with a head of iron, and suspended by chains or ropes from a wooden framework. By means of it the attacking party battered down walls. Ezek. 4: 2.

Cities were protected by walls and towers. 1 Chron. 8: 5.

The attacking army built watch-towers overlooking the walls. They also made inclined planes, up which their engines of war could be drawn for greater convenience in attacking the city. These inclined planes are called in our version, "banks," "bulwarks," or "mounts." Ezek. 4: 2.

War was sometimes declared by shooting an arrow or throwing a spear into the country to be invaded. 2 Kings 13: 17.

Several significant expressions are used in the Bible to denote a readiness for war: to "anoint the shield," Isa. 21: 5; to "uncover the shield," Isa. 22: 6; to "make the bow naked," Hab. 3: 9; to "make bare the arm," Isa. 52: 10.

Prisoners of war were treated with great indignity and cruelty. They were trodden under foot, Josh. 10: 24; thrust into dungeons, Isa. 24: 22; exhibited in the triumphal processions of their conquerors, 1 Cor. 2: 14; condemned to exile, 2 Kings 18: 11; mutilated, Judges 1: 6; beheaded, 2 Kings 10: 8.—*Push.*

THE prepared sphere awaits the prepared worker. —*Rev. F. B. Meyer.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given. Club rates for Sunday schools and other religious organizations. Address as above.

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INVASIONS.

In these days, when our papers are full of news concerning the great war in the East, it is not hard for us to understand the meaning of the word invasion. When we know that the Russians have imposed upon the rights of the Japs, and when we learn how they have resented the insult, we begin to realize the results of invasion. In the light of current events it certainly was easy for the most of us to study Sennacherib's invasion of Judea. These great events in the history of the world show us conclusively that contending forces are necessary to an invasion. While it is possible that sometimes both parties may be partly in the right, yet generally we find that good and evil are warring with each other, encroaching upon the rights of our fellow-men is the result of some sin like covetousness, jealousy or envy. Some one is in possession of something we would like to possess ourselves, and instead of going to work and establishing conditions, we would rather drive the man away from the possessions which he has labored so hard to gain. When we see a bird drive another from its nest, and occupy it, we feel very much like taking the part of the weaker one. When we see big boys encroaching upon the rights of little ones our righteous indignation manifests itself. And yet in cold blood we do not hesitate to drive the red men of the forest away from their possession, nor the black man away from his rights at the polls.

Of course there are good invasions and bad invasions. If some power mightier than our own government would enter our coasts and try to exterminate Christianity and compel the people of our country to espouse and support some other religion we would consider such an invasion bad enough. But, if we had this same force suggested to make war against the liquor traffic of our country, or the "frenzied" financial condition and remove far from us these great monsters that are gnawing our very vitals, we would consider such a thing a good invasion. Successful invasion demands

Good Leadership

and a faithful following. Any great movement like the temperance cause as operated by the W. C. T. U. or the great Y. M. C. A. movement demands that there be a strong organization and a loyal, devout, faithful following of the masses. The opposing forces are so strong that if leadership is inadequate, or, if any of the rank and file become deserters, the cause will be lost. The reason why we have not conquered the saloon long ago is because the people have not been loyal to the cause. The enemy of our souls and the people who work with him are not only loyal to their cause, but are exceedingly zealous in pushing their claims. He is making an invasion on state, church, home, our hearts, and our

Most Sacred Moments.

It does not take a politician to see how he has invaded our government and removed from responsible positions many a faithful office holder and placed in his stead a rotten politician who is calculated only to disgrace the office and the people who put him there. He has a corps of his great army at work on the church, and he has succeeded in creating unbelief, doubt, fear, disloyalty among the laity; not only that, but he has secured a great many hirelings and placed them in the ministry, who are telling the people what they want to hear instead of what they ought to hear. This kind of invasions must be repelled, or our cause is lost.

Again, he has a division of his forces working on the American homes. And it is appalling to know the progress he is making in getting the husbands and fathers to forsake their families several nights out of each week in order to attend the lodge, and in getting the mothers to neglect their families in order to follow the fads of society. The invasion he made on the republic of France has been a success, and such a thing as a home is practically unknown. And in American society to-day the home is becoming a product of a commercial transaction instead of the union of two hearts. One of the darkest pictures upon which we can look to-day is the great fact that he is making an invasion upon

Our Sacred Moments.

If the devil can succeed in employing our people, and especially our young people, during their idle moments, he has gained the victory and we are defeated. Invasion implies a defense. We must defend our home, church and state against evil influences. We need organization, we need leadership, we need a perfect confidence, we need education, we need fighting forces. We have the Christian church as the organization, we need an army of godly

men for leaders. We must not only be educated in the right, but we must be educated against the wrong. And in the rank and file we need ten thousand strong men, who have backbone,—genuine backbone not only to withstand temptation, but to be a support and a staff to those who are weak, so that they may come out of the battle victors even though they bear the scars of many a hard fight.

THE TEACHER AND THE LESSON.

THERE are three reasons at least why the teacher of a Sunday-school class should have a well-prepared lesson.

Because of the Teacher.

No teacher can teach what he does not know. He cannot teach what is even relative to that which he knows; he must essentially know a great deal more than he is compelled to teach. What he knows that he does not teach serves as a reserve force for cross questions or evidences that may be called out. Perhaps there are teachers who endeavor to take up the time before their class by asking a lot of printed questions, and trusting to the class for the answers, not knowing whether they are correct or not. Another class of teachers stand before their pupils, and by the use of a great many empty words rob the children of their precious time which ought to be used in teaching them something. The teacher not only ought to have the knowledge of this lesson, but he should get the spirit of the lesson. That is the real lesson; the mere outside informality of the lesson is not the lesson to be conveyed. Evidently there is a large per cent of teachers who are teaching the history and geography of the lesson to the sacrifice of the more spiritual part. The teacher that does not know his lesson well is, by the nature of things, unfitted to, in any way, apply the teaching of the lesson to himself or to his pupils.

The teacher also ought to have a well-prepared lesson

Because of the Pupil.

There are so many influences brought to bear upon the lives of the pupils to draw them away from Sunday-school services and alienate them from its sacred influences. There is one thing very sure, and that is the teacher must meet the influences or lose his pupils. The only way to meet the influences is to make the exercises of the Sunday school equally as attractive as the opposing forces. The life, nature and character of the teacher must have a magnetic influence to make the pupil want to be in his presence. The lesson must be arranged in such a tasteful manner as to be really relished by the pupil and not have to be pounded in as so many matter-of-fact statements. The application of the lesson must be discovered by the pupil rather than told; if he is told that the lesson applies to him, it will be repulsive to him, and the chances are he will not accept it. If the teachings of the lesson are brought out forcibly and clear and the application is brought out in a general way, yet having that peculiar smack of personal contact with the life of each pupil in the class, it is altogether probable that that teaching and the application will get together and the child will discover that the two are relative. The moment he discovers this there comes a change in his life in the form of conviction and resolution. If it is followed up by careful teaching it wields a moulding influence.

The two reasons above assigned are perhaps most important, but certainly the lesson ought to be well prepared

Because of the Lesson.

The lesson itself has an intrinsic value; it has an actual worth of its own peculiar to itself. It must be remembered that these Sunday-school lessons are little extracts from the great Word of God. There is no exception to this. Since we know they are extracts from the Bible we know they are pure and holy. We know that there is some special reason why the text should be studied or else it would not have been chosen for international consideration. It is true that each individual has peculiarities of his own, and if the individual follows up the course of lessons he will be sure to receive instructions adapted to his own case. No one lesson will cardinally intercept the sins of all the members of the class, but the real teacher knows the class and knows the lesson, and does not fail to bring the two together.

No teacher has the right to do less than his best. He cannot afford it; he has thirty minutes out of seven days to counteract the other influences which antagonize his work. And these few moments should be well spent. It follows then that no teacher has the right to neglect the lesson or the class.

A POLICEMAN in Belfast, Ireland, patrolled a beat in a neighborhood where there were several saloons. He was often asked, "What will you have to drink?" Invariably he would draw a card from his pocket, saying, "I want nothing to drink, give me a shilling for missionary work." One day he met a man who did not believe in missions, whereupon he said, "You are the man I have been looking for. Give me a shilling for the unfortunate men at sea." This man collected over two hundred and twenty dollars for unfortunate seamen, besides hundreds of dollars for missionary work. He had the backbone; he had the right kind of a spirit; he was not afraid to work at his business; he served his country and his master at the same time; he was not afraid to mix his religion with his business.

Current Happenings

A SUMMARY of the proceedings of the recent Baptist World's Congress at London, the first of its kind ever held, reports that thirty-five hundred delegates were present, representing six million communicants. Dr. Alexander McLaren, an able writer for the *Sunday School Times,* presided at the conference.

THE Japanese Department of Finance made its annual report recently, disclosing a revenue of $150,000,000 and a war bill amounting to $675,908,185.

THE new dock on the Manchester Ship Canal, which has been recently opened to traffic by King Edward, has a depth of twenty-eight feet along its half mile length and a width of two hundred and fifty feet. Thus, with a water area of fifteen acres, it will accommodate the largest ocean liners, being the largest single basin in the world.

THE new Cedar Grove storage reservoir, which cost the city of Newark $1,600,000, has just been opened. It has a capacity of 679,000,000 gallons and a head of 405 feet, thus enabling the hydrants in the heart of the city to do the work of at least eight first-class fire engines; streams rising from the street level higher than the tallest buildings. A stream from the water tower rose solid to a height of 220 feet.

WORD reached Christiania recently that the steamship *Terra Nova* was on its way from Franz Josef Land with the shipwrecked crew of the Ziegler expedition, which left Tromsoe, Norway, June 20, 1903, headed by Anthony Fiala. Mr. Fiala reports that his ship, the *American,* was crushed in the ice pack a year ago last winter. The highest latitude reached was 82 degrees and 13 minutes. One Norwegian of the crew died. The rescue was due to the efforts of a Mr. W. S. Champ, in command of the relief expedition, which for six weeks held its way through solid floes of ice to the point where Fiala was stranded.

A PROPOSITION is afloat to erect a public monument to the memory of Joseph Jefferson. If this should be realized, it will be the first instance in which this country has raised a statue in honor of a distinguished actor.

A SOCIETY, called the "Czarvaria Sotnia," has been founded in western Russia and Poland for the purpose of advocating the persecution of the Jews. Already work has begun in Biala, where forty Jewish houses and ten others have been burned, making homeless four hundred Jews and forty others. The Jews of the neighboring towns and villages are becoming terrified.

IT is reported by Stanley P. Edwards that at the convention of Christian Endeavorers, held in Berlin in July, there were more than six thousand delegates present, and that a committee of forty was chosen to carry on the work of organization in every country throughout Europe.

GOVERNOR LA FOLLETTE, of Wisconsin, has decided to resign his present office and will accept the office of United States Senator. He will enter the Senate at the time of the extra session in November.

THE New York subtreasury has transferred $500,000 to Chicago. One of the local banks annually transfers currency from New York to Chicago in this manner in order to meet the crop-moving demands upon it.

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH, of New York City, leader of the Volunteer Prisoners' league, has just finished a tour of the prisons of the country. She says the work of teaching the prisoners of the country the value of Christianity is progressing better than she hoped for. She is now in the city of Chicago.

KING EDWARD receives daily no fewer than three thousand newspapers and one thousand letters.

ACCORDING to the government crop report, recently published, it is certain that the year's yield will break records. The condition of corn was 89, as compared with a ten-year average of 85.4. This means a crop of 3,700,000,000 bushels, the greatest ever recorded. The total of winter and spring wheat may reach 709,000,000 bushels. Oats is marked 92.1, as compared with a ten-year average of 83.7, and barley at 89.5, as compared with a ten-year average of 85.1.

NOVEMBER 15 is the date now fixed for the coming interchurch conference, representing 18,000,000 Protestant communicants throughout this country. The place of meeting is to be Carnegie Hall, New York. The program includes sixty speakers, and bishops of nearly all the Protestant churches will preside. A number of questions are to be discussed, pertaining to religious education, evangelization, missions, fellowship and Christian progress.

A FRENCH inventor, M. Dessaud, has shown the Academy of Sciences how a sound ray may be multiplied almost indefinitely. His simple apparatus is devoid of electric current, and by means of this a whisper is magnified into a shout.

THE Grand Jury at Milwaukee, Wis., has indicted Charles F. Pfister, one of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens, on the charge of stealing $14,000 from the Wisconsin Rendering Company. This is another instance of graft. Perhaps it is an excellent thing to expose graft in high places, because it will undoubtedly lessen the number of estimable(?) gentlemen who will seek prominence during the next campaign and talk glibly about "national honor," "sound money," and "preserving the nation's integrity." It is a fact that a huge section of that particular bunch of eminent gentlemen has been sadly discredited of late. Let the truth be known that others may profit thereby.

THE Western Bank, of Denver, Colo., has closed its doors, an assignee being appointed. The bank fears a similar run to that which embarrassed the Denver Savings Bank. The deposits of the Western Bank are one million dollars.

REPORTS show that at a recent meeting of the General Assembly, at Hartford, Conn., there was expended fifteen thousand dollars for pens and jackknives for the use of 290 legislators. This was sufficient to supply each member with three fountain pens and nine knives. But, as a matter of fact, about one-third of the members only got one each. This is nothing more than outright stealing from the good, honest, hard-working people in the State of Connecticut.

PROF. W. A. DAVIS, superintendent of United States public schools, who is now in Unalaska, Alaska, gives the intelligence that at that place white persons are sold and held under bondage. In the village of Unalaska, with a population of not more than two hundred, there are six girls in bondage as servile as that of the blacks before their emancipation. He also states that it is safe to presume that the same conditions prevail all over Alaska.

PLANS have just been executed for two new turbine steamships to be built at Chester, Pa., for the Metropolitan Steamship Company, with which to inaugurate its passenger service between Boston and New York one year from date. Each will have three turbine engines, aggregating 10,000 horse power, and a speed of twenty knots an hour is required. The cost of each is supposed to be about one million dollars.

THE Pacific Wireless Telegraph Company has begun the construction of a wireless telegraph station on Mount Tamalpais, ten miles from San Francisco, in the expectation of establishing communication with a station in the Hawaiian Islands, two thousand miles away.

FORTY-EIGHT thousand immigrants arrived at Ellis Island, New York harbor, during the month of July. In July, 1904, the number was thirty-six thousand. More than one thousand were rejected during July, 1905.

IT is said that the only blind man who ever took the degree of doctor of music in England is Dr. Corbett, of Wellington, Shropshire, who, for a number of years, held the position of organist at Holy Trinity, Bournemouth and All Saints, Derby. Dr. Corbett was recently appointed professor of music at the Nottingham Blind Institution, England.

KING OSCAR, of Sweden, has decided to quit his throne, feeling that a rest and change of environments were necessary to regain strength of body. He recently expressed his intention of handing the government over to Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus.

YELLOW FEVER continues to spread in Louisiana, although the authorities announce that they have the disease practically under control.

IT is claimed that the highest lift in the world has been opened on the Burgenstock, a mountain near the lake of Lucerne, Switzerland, where tourists are raised five hundred feet to the top of a vertical rock.

ATTORNEY GENERAL MAYER, of New York, has brought suit against the Equitable Life Assurance Society, including the board of directors. He requests an accounting of the funds, and demands that the directors pay back any money acquired to themselves, or lost, or wasted through violations of their duties.

THE latest tourist scheme in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado will be an aerial car line, spanning the great gorge at its widest point and carrying passengers from the bottom of the trail to the top of the plateau, eight thousand feet in height.

THE people of Nome, Alaska, are said to be up in arms against government officials, and their alleged actions in filing upon valuable mining claims. It is charged that a ring composed of public officers is reaping large profits.

HOME DEPARTMENT

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

SELECTED BY ELMER J. STAUFFER.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let the younger go!
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the footpath damp;

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now when the cows came home at night,
The feeble father drove them home;

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer days grew cool and late;
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening winds,
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face the father knew,—

The great tears sprung to their meeting eyes;
"For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,"
And under the silent evening skies,
Together they followed the cattle home;

For gloomy prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn,
In golden glory at last may wane.

MARGIE'S CHARM.

"WHAT is it makes everybody love Margie Fitch so?" said Jennie Howard, half petulantly, as she turned away from the window after having seen the elegant Mrs. Dayton, with her little daughter by her side, gracefully rein in her horse, take Margie in her handsome carriage, and dash off again down the street. "She isn't pretty nor stylish. Now what is it, do you suppose?"

"I think I know the charm. Perhaps you would better set yourself the task this week to discover it," answered her mother, busily putting the sitting-room to rights.

The next day at school Jennie followed her like a detective. The first thing she noticed was Margie's kindness to Alice Ross, a shy new scholar, who stood quite alone, looking wistfully at the others at their gay sports. Margie went over and made her acquaintance, and after a little urging the girl joined the merry group and was soon running like a deer and laughing with the rest.

When school was called, Margie laid a rose on the teacher's desk as she passed, and smiled a cheery "Good morning," and received an appreciative smile in return.

About an hour later, while busily studying, a smothered sob caught her ear. Looking about, she saw the new scholar sitting with her head bent forward regarding her slate with a hopeless expression. Up went Margie's hand for permission to leave her seat, which was granted, as were all her requests, for they were rare, and Sister Angela knew they were never of a trifling nature.

"What is the matter, Alice?" asked Margie, sitting down beside her.

"I can't do one of these examples," she replied, dashing away a tear.

Margie took the slate, read over an example, and soon had it down correctly. With a little help at the right place the others were conquered, and the girl lifted a grateful face to hers as she thanked her.

On their way home, a troop of girls were working off their animal spirits in a game of tag. Margie in whirling suddenly came in collision with a gentleman, knocking his cane from his hand.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said Margie, covered with confusion, as she returned the cane to him. "I'm afraid I have hurt you, sir;" and she looked up with frank solicitude in her eyes.

"Not at all, my dear," he responded, heartily, pleased by her courteous manner. "Go on with your play and be happy. I am proud to doff my hat to so polite a young lady," which he did with a stately bow, and passed on.

"How did you dare? I should have been too much frightened to have said a thing," exclaimed one of the girls.

"So should I," chorused the others.

There was a Thanksgiving social in the school hall that week. Jennie still hovered near Margie, learning a sweet lesson every day from her. As they sat turning the leaves of a music book, finding their favorite songs, a lady paused to speak to them. Margie instantly rose and proffered her a chair, which was accepted with a pleased smile after Margie had insisted upon it.

The two girls started for the other room where the young people were preparing for games. Just then Margie espied a solitary figure sitting in a corner. This was the doctor's mother, who was somewhat deaf. After a handshake and a sentence through the ear-trumpet, people usually left her to herself, as the majority of people mumble or speak too rapidly to be readily understood through the trumpet.

Margie crossed the room to her, and sitting down at her side, took the trumpet in her hand, being careful to articulate so as not to make her affliction more conspicuous, she sat and chatted half an hour away, amusing the dear old lady by repeating the pleasantries and jokes that were flying from lip to lip of those around them.

"You have been a great comfort to me, my bonny lass," said the old lady, patting the hand that held the trumpet. "Now go and play with the rest. I thank you, my dear, for your thoughtfulness to an old woman like me," and Margie went away quite happy. As soon as she appeared several voices exclaimed:

"Oh, here comes Margie Fitch! Let her get in the ring. Come, Margie, and be blindfolded."

Margie laughingly consented, and a moment later was giving Jennie a lively chase around the ring. She always put her whole heart into everything she did.

"I think I have found out Margie's charm," said Jennie to her mother the next morning. "It is because she is so good to everybody."

"Yes, that is it," answered her mother. "She is thoughtful, kind, polite, and obliging. I think she must carry the Golden Rule very near to her heart." —*The Angelus.*

PAUL never marked out the path he was going to tread. Hold your reins loosely, and God will guide you.—*D. L. Moody.*

SAN JOSE SCALE.

BY EDNA BUCKEY.

THE little black scale begins to move about during the first few warm May days, and from under it crawl hundreds of the minute insects, so small that they cannot be seen with the naked eye. The scale itself is quite small, no larger than a pinhead, and it seems strange that it can cover from three to four hundred lice.

These little travelers do not go very far of their own notion, soon cease to move and go to sucking sap and making for themselves a scale and later propagating their kind. There are three or four generations in a season. During the breeding season the young may be seen running about on leaves.

They have six well-developed legs, also antennæ and eyes. After finding a suitable position, they settle down, thrust their beaks into the plant and begin to grow. The female having thrust her beak into a plant never moves her position; and if she be removed is never again able to penetrate the bark with her sucking beak and soon perishes.

They deposit from one hundred to five hundred eggs in a season. The female insects live on the plants and never advance to a winged state. The male, in a later stage, transforms to a pupa and afterwards emerges as a two-winged gnat. The life of the winged male is short. It is a delicate creature, having no mouth parts but in the place of them a second pair of prominent eyes.

The damage done by scale insects is of two kinds. The first and principal injury is the extraction of the juices of the plant, the insect in its relation to its food plant being a mere pumping machine, which is continually absorbing sap from its host. In a general way it is a sack with sucking mouth parts, the latter consisting of a long slender proboscis which is thrust deeply into whatever it may be resting upon, bark or fruit.

While the amount of sap extracted by a single insect is very small, it greatly depletes the price of the plant. They very often take up a larger amount of sap than is needed and this is excreted in the form of "honeydew," which accumulates in drops and spreads out over the bark or leaf in the form of a sticky liquid. This often attracts ants in great numbers, which gives rise to the belief that the ants are harming the tree.

Since the advent of this San José scale many million dollars' worth of trees have been destroyed. It has been controlled at last by the introduction of several insects from China. The most important of these, the lady-bird beetle, has proven an enemy to the San José scale.

Union Bridge, Md.

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

THE MISSIONARY PROBLEM.—Matt. 13:36-43.

For Sunday, September 3, 1905.

I. The Open Doors.

1. In Our Midst.
2. Near to Us.
3. Adjoining Counties and States.
4. In Every City.
5. The Foreign Fields.
6. A Great Work, ...Matt. 24:14

II. What of the Laborers?

1. Every Christian is a Laborer, ...Mark 13:36
2. Every Minister Has a Special Charge, 2 Tim. 4:1, 2

III. Personal Responsibility.

1. To Warn the Wicked, ...Ezek. 3:18, 19
2. Responsible for Our Talents, ...Luke 19:13, 14

IV. The Key to the Door.

1. Go Ye, ...Mark 16:15
2. Give Ye, ...Matt. 14:16; 1 Cor. 16:2
3. Pray Ye, ...Matt. 9:38
4. What is the Trouble? .....Isa. 55:2

V. What Can We Young People Do?

Text.—The field is the world.—Matt. 13:38.

References.—Zech. 4:6; 12:10; Isa. 61:1; Eph. 6:17, 18; Luke 24:49; Heb. 3:7; 13:3; Acts 20:28; Jer. 13:20; Gal. 6:8; Matt. 25:34-46; 24:14; 2 Cor. 12:15; Acts 22:15; 13:4; Hab. 2:2; Jonah 1:2; Rom. 1:14, 15; Acts 18:9, 10; Jer. 10:21; 1 Chron. 16:24.

No Man Liveth Unto Himself.

Where light is most needed, there Christians should go; because that is our mission. It was an idea started by Jesus Christ when he left his Father's house and forsook the riches that were his to get nearer humanity, to be tempted in all points as we are. So the missionary goes into that part of the city where the saloon rules with power, where the tenement is filthiest, where vice and ignorance and shame and poverty are congested into hideous forms; he goes there because the need is great. By the pool of Siloam Jesus healed the paralytic who had been there for thirty-eight years; it is most likely that he was the worst case there. The field is the world, the need is so great, we must go where the tares are thickest, where the deepest darkness is found. When we count the service of God the one thing to live for, then many souls will be brought into his kingdom.

"Behold the Man."

Count Zinzendorf, who did so much for Moravian missions, visited the picture gallery in Düsseldorf. There he saw that wonderful painting, *Ecce Homo*, with the words underneath

"All this I did for thee,
What hast thou done for me?"

Long he gazed on Jesus, crowned with thorns, given over to his enemies, to be tortured, and at last forced to travel the weary way to Calvary. He turned away from the painting more determined than ever to spend his life in the service of his Lord. The vision of that Face never left him, the love that passeth knowledge thrilled him and fitted him for his work.

What is the Mission Motive?

Christ is the one motive power. He moves within us, and moves us. A number of young men were going to China as missionaries. In the meetings they addressed before they left, they spoke not so much on missions, but on devotedness to Christ. They asked, "Are you ready to follow him anywhere?" "Have you given heart and soul to him with all you are and all you have?" And there were many who were impelled to become missionaries by the loving force of these questions. The only way to waken a true, spiritual, permanent interest in missions is not to aim at this itself, so much as to lead believers to a more complete separation from the world, and an entire consecration of themselves with all they have to their Lord and his service.

One Chinese Christian.

It was in 1900, when China had the trouble with the Boxers, that many of the native Christians suffered for their faith. One woman seventy years old, timid and retiring, was met by the Boxers. She asked them what they wanted, and they said, "You must give up this foreign religion and worship the gods of our country." But she answered, "If you come here to make me deny my faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, I cannot do it." They tortured her, but she endured it all, faithful to the end. Many martyrs faced death bravely, willing to die for Jesus during this awful time.

What can We Young People do?

I am glad for this topic in our lesson. The boys and girls have an important part in this work. Time was when but few young people were church members. They were not supposed to look at religion in the serious light it required, and so they were seldom seen at our communion table. But we are glad that the Sunday schools have helped to change that, and to-day our young people are everywhere working busily for Christ and the church. But what can they do for missions? Let us see.

What Some Young People Have Done.

Perhaps we can do as much as others have done. Missionary instruction is given to the boys and girls of many churches. The Christian Endeavor Society has one meeting each month devoted to the study of missions, and a fine course of mission books from which to select. The Baptist Young People's Union of America has a course of mission studies known as The Conquest Missionary Course. The Epworth League of the Methodist church has a course of instruction in missions. The Reformed church has gathered its young people into a Missionary League and is planning to do great things for missions, while the Student Volunteer Movement is the most aggressive of any organization in helping on the cause of missions. The Missionary Reading Circle of our own church has created missionary sentiment and furnished missionaries for the foreign field. It has helped to bring about these Christian Workers' meetings which are such a help to our young people.

Something You Can Do.

Right now, we are very anxious to interest more of our boys and girls in missions. You can help us. We want to place books on missions in our Sunday-school libraries. There are books that they will enjoy reading. Give them "The Chinese Slave Girl" and their hearts will be stirred to do something for the children in China. "The Child of the Ganges" is a good story on India. Oh, there are so many books to give them if you will only make it possible. Let us hear from you on this subject.

Topics for Discussion.

1. Quotations may be given by different members from "The Key to the Missionary Problem," pages 135 to 150.

2. Two incidents from "The China Inland Mission," pages 100 to 103, and 106 to 109 from "The Key to the Missionary Problem."

3. Cyrus Hamlin, from "Effective Workers in Needy Fields."

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

These are at Work.

A Circle of over forty members is at work in Elizabethtown, Pa. They interest others because they themselves enjoy the reading. Sister Bessie M. Rider, from that place, says: "It is with pleasure that I enclose two more names for the Circle. Our meetings thus far have indeed proved very interesting. And as they are open to the public those who have not become members may in this manner receive an inspiration for missions and finally express a desire to join. We always extend a hearty invitation to all to attend; we find this an excellent way to get new members. One by one others see the importance of this missionary reading, and so our organization is steadily growing. And we trust that our love for the souls of others may grow to such an extent that we may some day be enabled to send forth willing workers from our own little band to preach Christ to those who know him not."

What Can I do in the Christian Workers' Meeting?

Do you find it hard to take part in a young people's meeting? Almost everyone has found it a difficult thing to do at some time or other in his life. Do you think you *ought* to take part? I believe you do, and so you want to do the best you can.

1. You can come early and sit in the front. Sit with those who do take part. Help to sing.

2. Determine that you will take part and then pray about it. You can study the program in the Inglenook, and then *you can read a verse of scripture,* one that is on the topic, repeat it without looking at the Testament if you can.

3. You can read the verse of a hymn, or one of the paragraphs in the Inglenook that relates to the subject. Read it plainly, and read it loud enough for all to hear.

4. You can say a few words on one of the topics to be discussed. In taking up a verse of scripture you can say, "I have found this verse helpful," or, "This verse means—" and then tell in your own words what it means. If you cannot speak your part, write it and read it. Do you care enough for the prayer meeting and your Lord to do your work well? Then "study to show thyself approved." It is worth while to make an effort to do your best. Always speak slowly and distinctly.

The ideal Circle meeting never happens. In other words it is not a thing of chance. Just remember that if it is a good meeting somebody has put prayer and thought and work into it. By paying close attention to every little detail, we stand a fair chance to enjoy a good meeting.

A Word From the President of Our Circle.

Bro. Wilbur B. Stover, who helped to organize the first Missionary Reading Circle in our church, and who has always been our president, has been traveling in South Africa with Eld. D. L. Miller. He says, "When in Africa, the Dark Continent, in the cold winter weather, when ice forms on the water bucket night after night I counted it a great privilege to be there, to see the work of other missionaries in other lands. The people were different from our people in India and the work was different. Yet I felt that I could go to work right there and be content. The field is the world, and the harvest is great. This town of Johannesburg is a gold-mining town.. Greetings to all."

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter XLII.

Rome, Italy.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

I believe in the last letter I was telling you about the tomb of St. Peter. This illustrious character is the principal object of study while you are in and around St. Peter. After you leave the tomb the next place you study him is in a statue, a little to the right on a pedestal of variegated marble, about five feet high. The statue is in a sitting posture and is seated upon a white marble chair. The statue itself is of solid bronze; the attitude of supplication. As we approach it we see dozens and scores of people worshiping at the feet of the statue. We became so interested that we decided to see what would follow. We had heard and read of this before, and decided now since we had an opportunity to see it we would not let it pass.

We took our position, a little out of the way in front of the statue, and watched the proceedings. First, a finely-dressed lady came, and, with her silk handkerchief, wiped the foot of the statue, which projected over the pedestal some two or three inches, then bowing her head for a moment, kissed it, uttered another short prayer, and gave way to an aged lady perhaps some eighty years old. She was short of stature, and her form was considerably bent with age; and it was with the greatest difficulty that she raised herself sufficiently that she might kiss the coveted spot.

The third was a young maiden, who very reverently knelt, made the cross, arose, kissed the coveted foot, bowed and departed. She was followed by a very anxious devotee; he was an old man, perhaps somebody's grandfather. He was decrepit, had a wrinkled visage and long hair, and a cane supported his tottering limbs. Although very feeble, his actions and familiarity told that he had many times bowed at this shrine. Laying his old cane on the floor he kept getting down and down until his old form was entirely prostrate on the marble floor. He prayed long and ardently and asked for the blessings of the apostle. Then arising with an uncovered head he planted his lips against the bronze toes, placed his forehead in supplication, and then went his way, probably realizing that a few more such experiences would end his earthly pilgrimage.

The next devotee was a priest, clad in his priestly garments, who removed his mitre, knelt upon the floor, offered a prayer, performed the same ceremony as the others, planting several kisses, again donned himself and made room for an anxious mother, who was waiting to lift her little son and daughter to the proper height that they, too, might enjoy the great blessing. In this child-like faith they performed the ceremony and thus upon their minds were fixed the traditions of their fathers which will likely follow them to their graves. Thus the devotees come and go, for hours and hours, days and weeks, months and years, until the solid bronze toes of the apostle, which stood fully three inches beyond the marble pedestal formerly, are now worn away almos even.

We could not see any intrinsic value in the ceremony ourselves, but as Agnes said, "We must give them credi for their zeal and their unflinching loyalty to the faith they have espoused."

St. Peter's was founded by Constantine a long while ago The Egyptian obelisk in front of the cathedral is surrounded by a colonnade of two hundred eighty-four columns. One hundred twenty-six statues adorn the crest of the palisade, and the front of the corridor on the exterior of the cathedral is crowned with the statues of the twelve apostles. Just back of the tomb of St. Peter, in an alcove or chapel, is a high altar, said to contain the original chair which belonged to St. Peter when he was pope. They claim the chair was found in the catacombs. I have no doubt that this is true, but that it is the chair of St. Peter is entirely conjecture, without the slightest foundation. We have seen just enough of this place to know that it will take us a week to see it right, and this afternoon we expect to visit the art galleries and I will do my best to get Agnes to write about that, because she will be in her element; but she is so queer I do not know whether she will care to put herself on paper or not.

The boys had a great time laughing a while ago; you see they were very anxious to see the Pope, and Oscar has been trying ever since he is here to gain admission into his presence. They finally secured a ticket through the assistance of our guide. The whole affair was arranged for and we were all to get to see the Pope at eleven o'clock to-day; but when we reached the outer court of his sanctum sanctorum, we were asked a tip of $2.50 each to see the successor of St. Peter. Roscoe laughed right out loud, for which Miss Merritt reprimanded him, but by way of explanation he said if it was worth $2.50 for him to see the Pope it was worth ever so much more for the Pope to see him, because he had come so much farther. He told the guide if it was all the same to the Pope we would just call the bargain square and play quits.

Some of the most disgusting customs are prevalent here. One would hardly believe their own eyes; filth and ignorance everywhere abound. Morality has no elevated standard, and character but little meaning. The business of the people is to impose upon the traveling public and gain from them a living either by begging, stealing or cheating. At the hotels we have plenty to eat, such as it is, but Roscoe often says he would not insult his dog by offering him some things we have to eat. One of these times I expect to tell you something about their macaroni. I am writing this in the shade of one of the colonnades. The street car is coming and I must go. Street cars are called trams here.

Yours sincerely,

Marie.

(To be continued.)

The Q. & A. Department.

What five European nations were first to make explorations in America?

Spain by Hernando discovered the Mississippi river; England, through the Cabots, found the mainland along Labrador and Newfoundland; Portugal, by Magellan, touched the southern part of the western continent and circumnavigated the globe; France opened up the St. Lawrence through the explorations of Cartier; Holland found the Hudson by employing Henry Hudson.

Explain the action of the mercury barometer.

The rising of the barometer indicates the approach of fair weather; a high unchanging barometer, continued settled weather; and rapid fall of the barometer, near approach of a storm. Pressure is greater in fair weather, notwithstanding the fact that many people say during rainy weather that the air is heavy. "At a constant temperature the volume of a given mass of gas varies inversely as the pressure to which it is subjected."—*Marriotte's Law.*

Upon what does the pitch of a tone depend?

The pitch of a tone depends upon the number of vibrations per second, generally. A musical scale is made up of eight notes which succeed one another with gradually increasing pitch. The following shows the vibration number per second of each note in the natural scale: C, 256; D, 288; E, 320; F, 341½; G, 384; A, 426⅔; B, 480; C, 512.

What are the principal exports of Japan, Argentine and France?

Japan: raw silk, cotton yarns, silk textiles, coffee, rice, tea and matches; Argentine: wool, frozen meats, live stock, hides, wheat, maize, and timber; France: manufactured articles, including woolens, cottons and silks, wine, olive oil, dairy products.

Locate the principal iron, copper and lead regions of the United States.

For iron we look to Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Alabama. Copper in Michigan, Idaho and Arizona, and lead in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and Idaho.

Will you please give the address of the Perry Picture Co.?

The address of the Perry Picture Company is Malden, Mass.

Who is governor of the following: Alaska, Hawaii and Philippines? Also give expiration of term of office and salary.

John G. Brady is governor of Alaska, and receives a salary of $5,000 per annum. His term of office expires in June, 1908. George R. Carter was governor of Hawaii, at a salary of $5,000. Regularly his term of office would expire Nov. 23, 1907, but it will be remembered that he resigned his office June 27, last. Luke E. Wright, who succeeded W. H. Taft, December, 1903, is governor of Philippines.

Under what circumstances was Thanatopsis written and what does it mean?

While in a peculiar state of mind at the age of eighteen, Bryant scribbled Thanatopsis on a sheet of paper found on his father's desk, placed it among some papers in a pigeonhole, where it lay unnoticed for some years. His father found it and after consulting a literary lady as to its merits her passionate approval made him weep for joy. Thanatopsis signifies a view of death.

What causes astigmatism of the eye?

Astigmatism is caused by an abnormality usually in the cornea and the lens, when their surfaces are not segments of spheres. It is sometimes possible to correct the defect by the use of cylindrical lenses. Cataract is an affection of the sight in which the lens is more or less opaque.

What is the effect of alcohol upon the brain?

The cells of the brain are at first stimulated to excess, but by and by they become hardened, so that the unfortunate victim of the habit is incapable of clear or profound thinking, and the tendency is towards insanity.

What should be the proper temperature of a schoolroom?

Some have advised that 65 degrees Fahrenheit is the proper temperature, but our experience would suggest about 70 degrees.

What do the terms "common law" and "constitutional law" mean?

Common law is the unwritten law established by long usage or custom; constitutional law is based on the Constitution.

MISCELLANEOUS

ANTIETAM.

I've wandered o'er Antietam, John,
And stood where foe met foe,
Upon the fields of Maryland,
So many years ago.
The circling hills rise just the same
As they did on that day,
When you was fighting blue, old boy,
And I was fighting gray.

The winding stream runs 'neath the bridge
Where Burnside won his fame;
The locust trees upon the ridge
Beyond are there the same.
The birds were singing 'mid the trees—
'Twas bullets on that day
When you was fighting blue, old boy,
And I was fighting gray.

I saw again the Dunker church
That stood beside the wood,
Where Hooker made that famous charge
That Hill so well withstood.
'Tis scarred and marred by war and time
As we are, John, to-day,
For you were fighting blue, old boy,
As I was fighting gray.

I stood beneath the signal tree
Where I that day was laid,
And 'twas your arms, old boy, that brought
Me to this friendly shade.
Though leaves are gone, and limbs are bare,
Its heart is true to-day
As yours was then, though fighting blue,
To me, though fighting gray.

I marked the spot where Mansfield fell—
Where Richardson was slain
With Stark and Douglas' mid the corn,
And Brand amid the grain.
Their names are sacred to us, John;
They led us in the fray,
When you were fighting northern blue,
And I the southern gray.

I thought of Burnside, Hooker, Meade,
Of Sedgwick, bold and brave;
Of Stonewall Jackson, tried and true,
That strove the day to save,
I bared my head, they rest in peace,
Each one has passed away;
Death musters those who wore the blue
With those who wore the gray.

The old Pry mansion rears its wall
Beside Antietam's stream,
And far away along the south
I saw the tombstones gleam.
They mark the place where Little Mac
And Robert Lee that day
Made proud the north, though wearing blue,
And south, though wearing gray.

GOD BLESS THE FARM.

"And may he bless the farmer's home,
Where peace and plenty reign.
No happier spot 'neath heaven's dome
Doth this broad, beauteous earth contain,
Than where, secure from care and strife,
The farmer spends his peaceful life.

Unmixed by toil and tricks for gain,
He turns the fertile mold;
Then scatters round the golden grain,
And reaps reward an hundredfold.
He dwells where grace and beauty charm,
For God hath blessed his home and farm."

—Maxwell's Talisman.

PLANT GROWTH AND ELECTRICITY.

Flowers that bloom to-day exceed all creations of nature. Violets are doubled and tripled in size. A race of pansies has been raised up to measure two inches across their faces. Red roses have been turned into purple and black, and white ones into all colors of the rainbow.

Rosebushes have been converted into trees and vines, bearing flowers in clusters, like grapes. Chrysanthemums have been made to bloom like sunflowers, and lilies and tulips have been raised in darkness and light, so their original characteristics were almost obliterated.

In a modern plant experimental laboratory the electric light arc creates transformations that astonish the most hardened investigator. Night and day the bright light stimulates plant growth, while all sunshine is cut off. The delicate violet grows rapidly, maturing its flowers in a few weeks.

The electric arc has produced roses eight inches in diameter and violets more than an inch across. Tulips become giants, and chrysanthemums resemble cabbages in size. Experiments with electricity show further that the light modified by different colored globes produces varied results.

Red globes intensify the growth and increase the brilliancy in colors, but they also weaken the vitality of the plants. The flowers quickly fade away and decay, and the plants succumb to ordinary diseases.

White globes, which dissipate the rays and spread them more uniformly, make the plants grow steadily and satisfactorily. But the yellow globes so far have given the best satisfaction, while blue ones apparently neutralize the whole effect of the electric light.—*Lone Star.*

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FOR THE BRETHREN



Fig Orchard, Sacramento Valley River Lands. Income, $150 to $400 an Acre. No Winter. No Summer Humidity.

Since my visit to Bristol, Tenn., where I saw the great assemblage of good people and met many of them, I am more than ever desirous that the Brethren's Colony on the Packer ranch be enlarged. I desire to hear at once from every member of the German Baptist Brethren who desire a California Home, so we can determine just how much land to set aside for their colony. In all the world there is no superior land and location than that of the great Packer ranch, on the broad, clear Sacramento River. A committee of fifteen brethren visited the valley and selected a portion of this ranch for a Brethren colony, where they are now establishing their own town. They request our company to set aside the whole of the ranch for their friends. This we are willing to do, provided prompt assurance can be had that it will be soon taken. It is an ideal spot, a veritable garden. Land, as graded and priced by the committee of fifteen, ranges from $20 to $90 an acre, including a free water right and everlasting rate of $1.00 an acre for water for irrigation in abundant supply. Steamboats land almost at your door.



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Wm. Platt and J. Overholtzer's address is Princeton, Colusa County, Cal. Write me for catalogues or any information that I may give to aid this colony.



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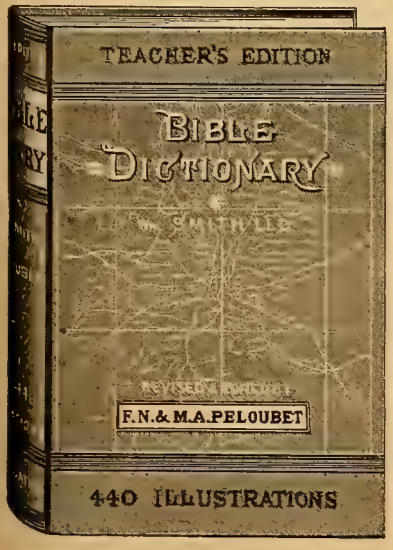
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THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

Spille, Sarah January, 1906

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A Preacher Without a Congregation.

From the Gospel Messenger Aug 12, 1905.

We often read in the Messenger of "a little band of members without a minister" and "preacher wanted," but I believe the above caption is a little out of the ordinary. I investigated some of the places with a band of members, but as I am a practical farmer I chose to settle in the best place to help myself, rather than be helped (it was largely to escape this I left my old congregation in Missouri). I came here last fall and consoled myself with the thought that if my judgment was good and the country what I thought it, the Brethren would come and maybe I could do some missionary work. In the latter I have been somewhat disappointed, for though I have found the people good neighbors it seems almost impossible to get them started to come to meeting. I keep a little Sunday school going and preach every other Sunday anyway, but am very anxious to see some members come and occupy the land and also the "empty benches."

After living here nearly a year I feel my judgment was good and I am well satisfied. There are drawbacks in the way of an occasional streak of hail and mosquitoes (on the bottom), but I think the advantages more than offset them. There are opportunities for either extensive cattle raising on the hills or intensive sugar beet raising in the bottom; also farming on the tableland and dairying (with cheap pasture and alfalfa hay) along the foot of the hills. Fruit has been much neglected by most people here, but I know of several who have made good money with it. I will answer all questions I can, but say, Come and see. One brother has come and will likely locate. Write me in any event. I am hungry for fellowship with my own people. Tell me what you want to do and I can answer easier.

Louis Macey.

North Platte, Nebr.

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The total length of the drainage canal is thirty-four miles, with a width at the bottom of 202 feet and a minimum depth of water of 22 feet. Chicago has expended $33,000,000 on the giant undertaking, but who can say that it was not money well spent?

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that we have in our bodies a drainage channel which has been delegated by nature to carry off the impurities and waste matter from our bodies, thereby guaranteeing health and happiness. If this channel becomes clogged up and its movements irregular, distressing symptoms will appear and sickness follow. How important then to watch it closely and see that it performs its functions properly! To accomplish this the old Swiss herb-remedy, DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, will be found a valuable aid. It has been tested by over a century's constant use, and never been found wanting. Thousands have testified to its health-giving powers.

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Crocker, Ind., March 20.

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Yours respectfully,

Gus. A. Wennerstrom.

A GRATEFUL WOMAN.

Wanke, Minn., July 10.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Doctor:—For a long time I have been intending to write to you and let you know what your **Blood Vitalizer** has done for me. When I ordered the trial box, I was suffering terribly with indigestion and sick headache. I would wake up every morning with such a distressing headache that I could hardly open my eyes and I was rapidly losing flesh so that I was nothing but skin and bone, but, thanks to your **Blood Vitalizer,** I am now strong and well. Although my age is 54, I am usually taken to be about forty years old. I do not use the **Blood Vitalizer** at present, but I never feel safe unless I have it in the house.

I beg you to accept my heartfelt thanks for what your remedy has done for me. Yours very truly,

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We develop the good, moral, mental and physical that's in them, the best way to eliminate the bad; there's always some bad even in a good boy.

We don't take the really bad ones.

We have had several meetings lately and the faculty has determined to take the very best care of your boy and girl.

We have turned out good business men, good teachers, good ministers—in fact, all classes. Our catalogue will interest you if you have a boy or girl. Let us send you a copy. Write to us and we will write and tell you just what we propose to do to take care of your son and daughter.

We are sure you will miss it if you don't write at once. College opens Sept. 12.

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West Liberty, Logan Co., Ohio, Oct. 14.

Dr. J. L. Miller,
Smithville, Ohio.

Kind Friend:—I feel it my duty to write you this morning and tell you of the wonderful benefits I have received from the glasses I got of you some time ago; and I think I had better commence at the beginning and tell the story.

I had been a constant sufferer for almost seventeen years with headache; sometimes a dull ache, and other times nervous and sick headache; sometimes I felt as though there was a band around my head; at other times the back of my head and neck would ache so terribly and get so cold that I really felt as if I could stand it no longer. At such times I felt as if I was looking through a heavy mist and at last after a severe spell of sickness, my sight was so poor I could hardly see at all; my eyes watered a great deal and there were dark spots before my eyes, and moving objects before me. Finally there were two objects instead of one, and my eyes would ache and burn and feel as though there were splinters in them.

So I thought I would see an optician, and see if he could help me; but he told me plainly he could not help me; so I went to two specialists, with the same result, the only hope being in an operation, and that being small hope, as the case was a very deep-seated one, and that my chances for seeing at all very long was very small. I was thoroughly discouraged, as I have five children to care for, and I was also a sufferer from nervousness, liver, kidney, stomach and spinal trouble, and then to think of being blind was almost too much.

One day I saw an advertisement in a paper that sent a ray of hope through me. It was Dr. J. L. Miller's advertisment and acting immediately on the sudden impulse, I wrote to you and stated my case and receiving an encouraging reply, in which you told me you could furnish glasses that would benefit me I sent for them (but I must confess I had very little hope of them doing me any good) I just wish to state that when they came I had a test ready for them, as I had a bad headache and had a call to go eight miles that afternoon in a carriage in the mission work, and being in the sun and reading by electric lights by night, but my headache vanished shortly after putting them on and now, after three months, I can truthfully say that I have only had a slight touch of headache a few times, and the dark spots have disappeared, so I can read some and am beginning to do my sewing again. The double objects are gone, and I have no fear of blindness. I would not part with my glasses at any price, if I could not get another pair just like them.

In conclusion I just want to recommend Dr. J. L. Miller to one and all for fair treatment and honesty, for he has proven himself to be an honest man to me, although I have never seen him; so don't hesitate to write to him if your eyesight is failing, for he will help you.

Very respectfnlly,
Mrs. Anna D. Reams.

For other testimonials, question sheet, terms, etc. write to-day.

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Tickets will be sold daily to September 30th, with final limit of ninety days from date of sale, but not beyond November 30, 1905. Stop-overs will be allowed on the Oregon Short Line at any point going or returning within final limit of tickets, but on return journey tickets must be deposited with the agent at point of stop-over.

Settlers' cheap one way rates will be in effect September 15th to October 31, 1905.

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Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. AUGUST 29, 1905. NO. 35.

COURAGE.

BY ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

Alas! alas! Time soon will pass,
Earth's fairest blossoms fade.
The richest treasure of the earth
Have each a time of death and birth,
Each in the grave be laid.

Let others yield the trampled field—
Cleave not to what is past,
And as the fleeting moments go,
Retreat not from the threat'ning blow.
You'll victor be at last.

Illinois.

SNAPSHOTS.

Laziness always lays the blame on luck.

The self-satisfied need to be shortsighted.

Love gives no license to dispense with courtesy.

Some men are too slow to get out of their own way.

Put in the facts and screw them down with reasons.

Not he who has little, but he who wants more, is poor.

Love sometimes calculates, but it has no use for the rule of three.

There is no dearer place in the world than the one where we met Jesus.

A man may have more money than brains without having an overplus of either.

It is better to right your wrongs while they are young and tender than to nurse them until they are old and tough.

It is very hard to find the owner of a borrowed trouble.

The world may owe you a living, but it has a right to demand that you prove your account.

We have all heard of the man who was killed by kindness—but the proof is lacking.

Nothing pleases a little man so much as a chance to sling mud at a big man.

Most of us have trusted to luck so often that there ought to be a good deal owing to us.

Opportunity is a visitor who should be made welcome without regard to circumstances.

Most of Paul's letters were written from prison, and yet there isn't a blue line in any of them.

An enemy may strike you in the face, but it takes a man whom you have befriended to strike you in the back.

The flesh cries for bread; the heart cries for love; the soul cries for God. In either case it is a hungry cry for food.

As there must be fire where there is heat, and substance where there is shadow, so the God of love is not far off where the love of God is manifest.

Is there anything that bores you quite so much as the amateur photographer who insists on showing you the photos he took during his summer vacation?

Self-conquest is the greatest of victories, and he is the mightiest Columbus who has most widely navigated the wide seas of his own soul and most perfectly explored the unknown regions in his own breast.

With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

The Ivory Trade.

No. 7.

ZANZIBAR is the center of a large ivory trade, and about seventy per cent of the entire product is handled by an American firm. I need scarcely refer to the fact that the elephant tusks furnish most of the ivory. These are carried in from the interior on the heads of the natives. Each man is supposed to carry sixty pounds and receives for his services about ten cents a day and a supply of food. As the tusks are carried many hundreds of miles the cost of transportation is considerable. It is collected by ivory traders in the interior and these are mostly Arabs of the Moslem faith. They are cruel, rapacious, and do not hesi-



Large Ivory Tusk, Weighing 200 Pounds.—Zanzibar.

tate to commit murder, burn villages and devastate districts in order to rob the natives of the ivory they have found.

Stanley, writing on this subject, in "Darkest Africa," has this to say: "Every tusk, piece and scrap of ivory in the hands of an African trader has been steeped and dyed in blood. Every pound weight has cost the life of a man or child, for every five pounds a hut has been burned, for every two tusks a whole village has been destroyed and every twenty tusks have been obtained at the price of a district with all its people, villages and plantations. It is simply incredible that, because ivory is required for ornaments or billiard games, the rich heart of Africa should be laid waste at this late year of the nineteenth century (1889), signalled as it has been by so much advance, that populations, tribes and nations should be utterly destroyed. Whom, after all, does this bloody seizure of ivory enrich? Only a few half caste Arabs and negroes, who, if due justice were dealt to them, should be made to sweat the remainder of their piratical lives in the severest penal servitude."

A visit to the ivory market is interesting, and, were it not for Stanley's terrible pictures of the cruelties practiced in obtaining it, would be enjoyable. Tusks there are of all sizes, varying in weight, say from twenty pounds to as high as two hundred. The latter, however, are exceedingly rare. The illustrations show three of the largest tusks ever brought to Zanzibar. The large tusk held up by four men has a wholesale market value of six hundred dollars and the other two about the same. The smaller tusks are the best, being of finer grain. These are used entirely for making billiard balls and ornaments and sell in the market here in a large way at four dollars per pound. The larger tusks are cut up mostly for piano keys and sell for three dollars a pound.

Down by the sea is the clove market and you may find it without mistake by following the "spicy breeze" that comes to you as you reach the neighborhood, where the spice is bought, sold, baled and shipped. Last year's crop was the largest in the history of the island, and in the last six months over two hundred and twenty-five thousand bales of one hundred and ten pounds each have been shipped from the port. They are sold here by the "frazzel," about thirty-five pounds in weight, and bring twelve rupees per frazzel. The large crop of this season reduced the price from eighteen rupees. This means about twelve cents per pound for the spice at wholesale. The clove tree has a handsome growth and attains a height of some thirty feet. The cloves grow thickly all over the tree, each one separate. They are dark green in color when picked, and shrink to a fifth of their size when drying. The spice is picked in November when it ripens. It is then carefully dried, and allowed to pass through a sweat, after which it is ready for market. It is packed in mats or bales made of the fiber of the fronds of the cocoa palm, and is then ready to be shipped to all parts of the world. It is singular that nearly the entire world supply of cloves should be grown on a small island containing but three hundred and eighty square miles, with a population of but fifty thousand souls.

Walking along one of the streets of the city to-day near the seaside we caught sight of the stars and stripes floating in the breeze. It was a heartsome sight, good for the wanderers far from home and

native land. We raised our hats and after saluting "Old Glory" decided to call on the American Consul, for it was over the United States Consulate that the dear old flag spread out its stars and stripes to the breeze on "Africa's coral strand."

We had a short but very pleasant and enjoyable visit with the consul, Mr. Mitchell, of New York. He looks after American interests in this part of the world in an able and satisfactory manner. In proof of his ability and energy he has just been promoted to a consulate in China, where both pay and responsibility are greater. Mr. Mitchell is like unto Nimrod, a "mighty hunter before the Lord." The consulate rooms look like a museum. All the trophies are the result of the skill of the consul in hunting big game. His collection is as unique as it is valuable, and to him it has the added value that he made it himself. There are lion and lioness skins, leopard, and the skins of about every variety of deer and hart beast in Africa, some of them very rare. On the wall are the heads and horns of a great variety of animals. There are elephant feet, looking like great stumps, hollowed out for umbrella stands. Mr. Mitchell shot and killed an elephant larger than Barnum's noted Jumbo. He very kindly showed us through his collection, gave us information as to the trade of the city and treated us most courteously and kindly.



The Clove Tree.



Cocoanut Palm.

The natives of the city are a light-hearted, happy sort of people. They are fond of music and are often heard singing at their work. They are respectful to strangers, and for the most part you will find them at their work. There is not half the lounging on the streets of Zanzibar as is to be seen in some European and even in some American towns. Walking about the streets we heard many times these words of greeting from native lips: "Jam-ba San-na Bop-pa." The literal meaning of which is, "A very good morning to your father." They are pleasant and polite. They have an air of independence about them in striking contrast with the lower caste people in India. The latter are cringing and always make way for the whites. The Zanzibarians have an air about them which, while not impudent, seems to indicate that they feel they are as good as you are. I like this spirit of independence.

Stover Sahib finds his Gujerati very useful in our walks about Zanzibar. In the shops and on the streets he uses it without stint, there in bargaining and here in inquiring the way to places we wish to find. Yesterday as we were walking we met a man

who seemed much pleased to hear himself addressed in his native tongue. He smiled and inquired from whence we came, and when the facts were learned we found that he lived not far from Bulsar himself and had often been there. He was here on business with two of his brothers, and he insisted upon our going with him to his place of business and meeting his brothers. We went and they all seemed as much pleased as if they were meeting old friends. There is a touch about one's native tongue, when away from home in a foreign land, hearing only a strange language, that warms up the heart and establishes a feeling of fellowship and friendship at once. Our new-found friends were glad to see and hear the Sahib, and we were also glad to see them, and especially since their seeing us made them so very happy.

In some places the African house, or rather hut, very much resembles a giant beehive. They are from ten to fifteen feet in diameter. A heavy pole is set up in the center which forms and supports the center of the roof. A circle is drawn about the center with required diameter. Poles four feet high and about a foot apart are set in the ground around the circumference. The rafters are tied with bark thongs, or the fiber of the cocoanut palm, to the center pole and to the upright poles. This is the framework or skeleton of the building. The walls are completed by entwining grass about the poles and this is plastered over inside and out with mud. A thatch roof made of grass is put on, a door three feet high is made at the desired place and the hut is completed. Among the tribes where polygamy is practiced, and this is common, especially among those who have become Mohammedans, when a man brings home a new wife, a new hut is built for her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THAT LITTLE DRUM.

COULD you, dear reader, do more and better work if you were suffering from a headache, if every nerve in your body was quivering with pain, than if you were free from ache and pain? Certainly not! If a dog were to bite you, or even to growl at you in a menacing manner, would you feel more happy and kindly than before? Would you feel just like patting it on the head, and saying, "Good Doggie, come with me and I'll feed you"? Why not? Some people seem to think that a loud, cross tone of voice, and a few kicks will make Bossy give more and richer milk, than a gentle, soothing tone, and a few loving pats. But there is no more effectual way of drying her up than by scolding or abusing her. There is a certain reason for this. Some seem to think that loud, harsh tones, even oaths, threats and other forms of abuse, will help their horses to draw their loads better. But the men who resort to such methods of persuasion usually have balky horses. Why?

There are, sad to say, men and women who seem to think that harsh, loud tones and threats make better servants and more obedient children. But they are the people whose servants and children are the most insolent and disobedient. Why?

There are, oh, what a pity! men who seem to think that their wives should be greatly improved by hearing their husbands growl at them continually. (If there are any such women, the same will apply to them.) Is it just a spirit of contrariness which makes the abused cow, horse, or human being refuse to do the things required? Let us see. Take, for instance, the profane man. When he is suffering from a severe headache he can not work so well as when free from pain. Yet he swears at the horse, cow, or human being who serves him, *on purpose to give pain.* Then he *knows* the abused one *can not serve so well.*

Within the center of the head of either animal or human soul there is a little drum. When a harsh, loud, discordant note strikes that drum it causes pain. Now this drum is in some way connected with the brain; and with the brain is directly connected the whole nervous system: so that anything which hurts when the little drum is struck not only causes pain in one part, but the whole body or being suffers in consequence. This may be proven by speaking harshly to a dog. Notice that immediately after the harsh words have reached his ears his tail drops and hangs between his legs, his legs also crouch or bend and the whole attitude of the animal indicates pain. Why? You did not touch the tail, nor any part of the body. It is because the sensitive eardrum was harshly stricken, and this, echoing upon the brain, caused pain throughout the entire nervous system, which reaches to the very tips of the fingers and toes of a human being, and which vibrate through the entire body of every form of animal life.

Many a wife, weary with the cares of her family, has been thus whipped (for the punishment was no less painful) until her head throbbed with the most intense pain, and her hands and feet almost refused to perform their accustomed tasks, being so nearly paralyzed by the pain that it was well-nigh impossible to get them to work. Likewise do our children, our servants, and our domestic animals suffer when we hurl at their sensitive eardrums the things which wound. Some men seem to think that they deserve much credit because they provide food and shelter for those dependent upon them, and do not beat their bodies with clubs. Yet they frequently hurl against the far more delicate and sensitive parts the tones of anger, cursing and sneers—the things which must hurt the entire being of those thus assailed. The abused creature *can not* be a good servant, child or

companion. So the fault lies with the one who causes the suffering.

There are many worldly men whose wives are members of the church—men who once *said they loved* the one whose life service they dared to ask. They *claim to love* their children. It is doubtful if those who do not love the Creator and the Savior *can* love any human being. Beware, young sisters. Satan has *said* many things. Do not believe a thing just because some one *says* it is so. But weigh carefully the character of the one who is so heartless as to reject the suffering Redeemer ere you commit your own lives to the merciless grasp of those whose tones may not always be mild and loving.

But, men! If you would have people to believe that you are capable of tender feeling, do not hurl the cruel clubs of profanity, nor the hard stones of unkindness, nor the dirty clods of sneers, at the sensitive little drums in the ears of those about you, whether they be human or only beast. It is Satan that craves to cause suffering. To take delight in causing pain to others, whom we ought to love and protect, is satanic.

But there is another way of treating the delicate little organ. There are sounds of music which make the whole soul *well:* the feet become nimble, the fingers deft, the faces look beautiful,—every line is changed from that of pain to one of joy. Then how quickly and well the work is done, then how nimbly the feet patter to and fro as they carry the precious burdens—no longer heavy, and how readily the mind thinks of the things that would please papa, husband or neighbor. What a joy it is to do good to those who are kind to us! Oh, there are sweet, mild, gentle tones and kind words that can quicken the languid step and send the warm lifeblood bounding through the arteries of a happy soul, so that it becomes the easiest and most natural thing to do the things that were before well-nigh impossible.

So let us be careful how we play upon the little drum that is hidden away in the head of every living creature. For the impressions there made are recorded upon the books of Eternity.—*One Who has a little Drum.*

FACTS ABOUT CORAL.

If we take the equator as a natural center, and if we measure off a space of 1,800 miles north and the same distance south of the equatorial line, we shall include between these limits the great fields of coral life. Thus, within these limits we shall find included the north coast of Australia, the Eastern Archipelago, the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, Madagascar, and across the Atlantic the West Indian Islands, and also the South Pacific, which latter may be called the great region of coral islands. Round the British coasts there is only one living coral. This is the little "cup coral" of the Devonshire coast, which, like the last of the Mohicans, remains with us to remind us of a once plentiful coral population in the European seas.

Charles Darwin, in 1843, as the result of his study of coral reefs in their native regions, advanced the idea that the true explanation of coral formation was to be found in a geological fact, namely, the sinking of land. We know, as geologists, that large tracts of land have subsided as other large tracts have been raised from the ocean's depths. There is, therefore, no preliminary difficulty regarding the sinking of land. Darwin tells us, in his story of coral reefs, of what is called the fringing reef. The island of Mauritius offers a good example before our eyes of such a reef.

Here the coral animals settle down on the sides of existing land and build a reef running around the land at their own depth. The coral reef here, therefore, is a fringe or belt of coral bordering the land. If the land remains stationary no great change can happen in the reef. The coral animals cannot build farther down, and as they cannot live out of the water, the reef, while growing and increasing within its own limits, will practically remain without any material change.

It is said that every layer of sea water, one hundred fathoms deep and a mile square in extent, will afford more than sixteen tons of carbonate of lime. If this material be used by the chalk animalcules it might be supposed a foundation could, in this way, be spread over a mile square, forming a layer not more than 1-1000th of an inch in thickness, or at most the tenth of an inch.

The time occupied in building up a foundation from miles of sea depth on this estimate would be simply inconceivable, or as another authority estimates, the annual accumulation of chalk would not exceed the 1-9000th part of an inch, and therefore it would require 100,000 years to form a layer one foot thick. On this basis, if from the ocean bed one hundred fathoms of water, say, are to be built through to the lowest limits of the coral life, we should require a layer of seventy-five fathoms thick. To effect this 45,000,000 of years would be required at the ordinary rate of deposition. On grounds like these we may well rest content to hold that Darwin's theory explains the erection of coral reefs consistently with the facts of nature, and not the least wonderful part of the coral consists in the construction of an adequate explanation of a difficulty which, prior to Darwin, seemed insuperable to scientific men.—*Glen Mills Daily.*

He that seeks to pick holes in the character of others digs into his own soul with the butt end of his weapon.

The Little White Meetin'house.

By OMA KARN,
Covington, Ohio.

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Part I.
The Awakening.

"SAY, old man, do you wan'ter have some fun?"

The form stretched at full length under the shade of the great beech tree, puffing away at the short, black pipe, turned and looked inquiringly at the speaker, a great, heavy, lumbering figure that now wore a broad grin of mischief and cunning on his swarthy, evil-looking countenance.

"Don't know about yer fun. Depends on what it is. Did yer git any grub?"

"Naw, everybody gone but the dog,—a great big feller that showed his teeth. Did not care to let him sample me. Guess they're the "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" kind round here. There is a little white meetin'-house down here in the holler; saw lots goin' in. 'Twould be a good time to load up if it weren't for the dog, but just git among the pious kind and you're sure to find a great savage dog watchin' things. Wonder what they would do if it weren't for their preachers and their meetin'-houses."



"There's a little white meetin'house down here in the holler."

His companion made no reply. He was as dirty and as ragged a specimen of the human race as you seldom see, but through it all a close observer could have detected traces of past refinement still showing on his boyish-looking face. He was a perfect picture of laziness and contentment as he lay there flat on his back looking up into the hazy blue of the September sky. He was aroused by a nudge from his companion who had thrown himself down beside him.

"Say, old man, hear that?" From the distance, mingled with the peaceful murmuring of the little brook nearby came the sound of singing. "Let's go down thar and take a squint through the winder."

The one addressed got up slowly.

"All right, anything to keep movin'. But mind, pard, there is to be no tomfoolery; let people that's tendin' to their business alone."

"I promise sure," but there was a wicked-looking sparkle in his bleary eyes as he said it. He looked as if he were planning some mischief.

A short walk brought them to the little sanctuary standing among its silent graves. Softly they made their way over the sunken mounds, through the long, tangling grass and crouched beneath one of the windows. The opening hymn and prayer were over and the words of that beautiful prayer song,

"Father, I stretch my hands to thee,"

which has so often held up the hands of a weak and fearful servant of the Word, were floating out on the still air, when the two raised to their feet and screening themselves by the ivy that clambered riotously over the sides of the little building looked at the peaceful scene within.

The words of mockery they had intended to whisper to one another were silenced. Especially was the younger of the two affected by the sight. "Dunkers!" he said in a whisper of such wonder and reverence that his companion, who had recovered from his surprise at the unusual and somewhat peculiar appearance of the worshipers, and was about to utter a low, offensive oath, looked at him in wonder, and changed the remark he was about to make to one of admiration.

"Looks kinder purty, don't it? See them little white caps on the wimmen's heads, and the men are a fine-lookin' lot; look like they was in airnest, makes a feller feel kinder good to be here, don't it, pard? Know anything about 'em?"

"My father and mother's faith," was the brief reply.

"You don't say! S'sh, thar's the preacher gittin' up; likely lookin' chap, ain't he?"

Jonas Eaton was well beloved by the little country flock over which he watched, and rare indeed were the Sundays when the little white church was not filled with an attentive and appreciative audience. But this beautiful Sabbath morning he felt strangely depressed. He looked over the audience of well-dressed, cultivated people, many of them young in years and still outside of the fold, and he felt not only a sense of his great responsibility but also a lack of ability to

win them to Christ. He intended to preach to-day from the text, "In my Father's house are many mansions." He had his Bible lying open upon his knee to glance once more at the comforting words that followed his text—that matchless chapter of comfort and consolation to the weary. Almost involuntarily his head sank upon the open pages, while the brief petition, "Father, grant me the strength to touch one heart," went up to the heavenly throne.

He raised his head; as he did so he gave a start, half surprise, half annoyance. At one of the windows, in such a position that they were hidden from the main part of the congregation and yet plainly visible to the speaker, were two of the most villainous-looking faces he had ever beheld. He smiled at his own annoyance, only tramps, he thought. Well, that is no reason why I should start like a guilty schoolboy; they surely are not such an unusual sight. His first impulse was to go to the door and invite the rough-looking strangers in, but on second thought he changed his mind,—better leave them where they are. But as his eyes left the half-leering, half-interested faces at the window, and took in at a glance the comfortable-looking, well-kept congregation before him, another thought struck him, "Why not preach to the wandering sheep to-day? Did not the Master bid us go out into the byways and gather them in? But will my text altogether suit the occasion?" Like a flash came the words of the prodigal, "I will arise and go to my father."

He was considered an able expounder of the Word, but to-day he surpassed himself. His audience sat spellbound as in simple, earnest words he told that old, old story of the Prodigal Son. He pictured it all so perfectly, the younger son full of restlessness, chafing at restraint, heedless of his father's advice, his heartbroken mother's tearful pleading, starting forth with a light heart to make his own way in the world,—to do as he pleased. In earnest and thrilling words he pictured the first downfall; then step by step he followed on until at last broken-hearted, friendless and alone he comes to his senses and realizes he is lost and far from his father's house.

He showed vividly the awful homesickness and heart sickness that pressed upon him, the struggle between pride and longing to go back, the determination at last to go if he could respectably work his way back, and when that failed, in utter desperation he gives up and goes home, "back to his father's house," a ragged, rough-looking tramp.

And then in low, tender tones he showed the homecoming, the father meeting him on the way with outstretched hands of welcome, the mother waiting at the door to fold his ragged form in her arms, while with broken cries of joy she welcomes home "her boy." No matter what clothes his form, no matter what sin has tainted him, he is still her boy. A few more words, showing the still greater joy in heaven when a wandering, sin-sick soul comes home, and then, "Let us pray."

As the congregation within sank to their knees, the younger of the two watchers, unmindful of the low whistle, half amazement, half contempt, of his companion, sank to his knees also on the soft grass outside. But he did not hear the words of the simple but earnest prayer that was being offered up. His thoughts were traveling back into the past to another little country church and a happy, care-free boy standing in the grass-grown walk clinging to his mother's hand.

And then there came to his mind another Sabbath morning when, angry and defiant, smarting under imaginary wrong, hating his own brother, he had refused to accompany the rest of the family and while they were gone he had packed together a few of his belongings and started out to try the world by himself, thus carrying into effect an ofttimes repeated threat, leaving behind him only the cruel words, "I am done with home forever."

He had meant to be something, to show them he could be great without them. And what was the result? He was but a poor, homesick tramp—ashamed to go home, ashamed to even go in and sit in the house of God. And his mother! Oh, how often her face rose up before him! Was she living yet, or was she lying under one of the grassy mounds in the little churchyard? A great sob shook him and as the words, "Father, grant that they may be fed from thy abundance," came through the open window, he sprang to his feet and not even noticing that his companion had disappeared, walked hurriedly away, the light of a new resolve on his face.

The minister dismissed his flock and hurried outside; he had not failed to notice the rapt expression of one of his hearers and he longed to offer him the hand of fellowship. But they had disappeared.

"I saw strangers at the window," he said to Deacon Jones, who had followed him out, "I thought I would speak to them."

"No matter," replied the good deacon, "'twas only a couple of tramps, the country is full of the lazy rascals; had half a notion to come out and chase them two off,—thought onc't I heard one of 'em whistle."

"I would have been sorry if you had, I think one of them was very much impressed."

"Nonsense! You can't impress them fellers that way. I think bread and butter or a big cross dog would have impressed them more—that was a fine sermon you gave us to-day, Brother Jonas."

"Thank you, Brother Jones, it is encouraging to hear you say that."

But there was an odd look on the minister's face

as he went in to greet the rest of his flock. "Of course the deacon meant what he said, but did his words of a few minutes before look as if my sermon left any lasting impression?" was what he was asking himself. How would his heart have bounded with joy had he known he had been the means of starting a wanderer home to his Father's house!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"OLD FORT CHARTRES."

BY O. H. KIMMEL.

TWENTY miles above Old Kaskaskia, one mile from the Mississippi, lies a ruinous, irregular mound of earth and masonry in which lie buried the hopes and ambitions of a once installed and hopeful American nation. The mound is all that is left of grand old Fort Chartres and incrumbled with the ruins lies the fate of the once-dreamed-of magnificent New France.

From earliest dawn of French conquest in the New World they had planned a magnificent inter-oceanic dependency. The mighty Father of Waters and the magnificent prairie lands and wooded river valleys of Illinois seemed to attract the romantic eye of the Frenchman and he determined that this locality should be the heart of his vast estate.

So when in 1718 the wide-awake village Kaskaskia received from France a new military commander for Illinois in the person of Pierre Duque Boisebriant, he brought with him the command to select a site in Illinois and construct a somewhat pretentious fort.

The site finally selected was on the valley lands one mile back from the Mississippi about midway between Kaskaskia and Cahokia. After over two years of incessant toil the fort was completed at an expenditure of over 1,000,000 crowns. It was built partly of hewn logs from the surrounding forest and partly from stone from the bluffs some four miles away.

With its completion it became the seat of French military power in America. Factories, warehouses and other appendages to frontier life and soldiery were added, the lands from Cahokia via Chartres to Kaskaskia were cleared and a mighty agricultural locality was opened up. French people of prominence, military heroes and social men and women centered at the place and soon New Chartres became famous throughout all America. French chivalry, Paris fashions, military pomp and splendor were adhered to, and it was a common saying in those early days that "all roads lead to New Chartres."

The soldiers, however, were often kept busy. The troublesome English, the fierce Chickasaw over whom the Frenchmen could wield no influence, and even the Spaniards from far-away Santa Fe would give them trouble.

By 1750 the French decided that the fort was inadequate and in consequence it was enlarged and reconstructed of solid masonry. Here, far inland, nearly a thousand miles from anywhere but the Mississippi and Kaskaskia, was completed the strongest and most formidable fortress in America. Of solid masonry, the walls were constructed eighteen feet high, many feet thick, and enclosed four acres of ground. The bastillions, of which there were four, were of solid masonry, each containing eight embrasures, forty-eight loopholes and a sentry box. Over the arched gateway was cut a stone platform reached by a stone-step stairway. The iron used in this structure was fashioned in France and imported to the fort. The masonry was moved from the bluffs over roads constructed for the purpose.

We often are made to wonder why history is practically silent on this structure, or its influence, and why minor fortifications are mentioned whose soldiers were trained and sent out from Chartres.

When Washington surrendered in the French and Indian War it was to the soldiers sent out from Fort Chartres. Braddock's downfall was wrought by its magnificent soldiery. Its influence was felt and feared all over North America and it was the pride of the French throughout the New World.

But the haughty place was doomed. Amid the splendor of militarism, the whirl of fashionable society and the clatter of gentlemen's voices came the downfall of Quebec and the ultimate surrender of New France. The real purpose of building the fort, the perpetuating and developing of the great French-speaking nation, had been foiled and Chartres in 1765 was formally delivered up to the victorious English.

But it was not to remain in the possession of the English. The great river arose in flood from its banks, swept as a monster over the bottom lands and as if to avenge the downfall of the French swept away part of the walls of the fort and it had to be abandoned.

So the structure which had been the pride of the pompous French and the fear of the English and Spaniards was rent asunder by the stream on whose banks it had grown up and whose growth the stream seemed to foster.

The English moved their military base to the old fort opposite Kaskaskia which was now named Gage in honor of General Gage.

Thus in ruins lie buried the hopes of the French in America and their greatest fortification. Around the ruins has grown up a great commonwealth, one of the greatest of the Union, which serves as a proof of the accuracy of the French foreshadowing, of what might have been.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

STORKS IN GERMANY.

As the return of our robins and bluebirds signifies their message of spring, with warmer airs and greening fields, so the arrival of the storks in Germany is hailed as the most welcome sign to announce the beginning of a new season. The children greet them with songs, and the grown-up people when they pass each other on the streets are apt to say: "The storks are here; do you know it?" Such interest is manifested in their presence. Allied to our herons, with long legs and a straight conical bill, both of a light red color, the body and long neck covered with white feathers, the wings of a deep black, the stork is a remarkable bird, frequenting in its search for food the marshes and low meadows where lizards, frogs, snails and snakes have their abode. Standing about three feet high, nature has provided it with such feet and bill that it can walk in the tall grasses and rushes and approach cautiously with a slow step for the capture of the creature it wants. In the last days of March or first of April the male bird arrives over night, and is seen standing in his old nest early some morning. When the conditions of food and weather are favorable he departs again, after a few days' stay, and then returns with his mate in three or four days, according as the outlook has been in their favor.

Invariably they occupy their old nest, which is built in the village on the gable end of the houses, preferably those with straw-thatched roofs, and on which the owner fastens two crossboards to invite their nesting. He is always a welcome guest, especially to the children, not alone for bringing babies, but his presence means luck, and to harm a stork is considered a great wrong. Many people believe a house where he nests is charmed against evil, and lightning also will never strike it. Occasionally he builds on church towers, if some provision for his safe location is made. Trees he does not frequent. Like the swallows, once mated the pair is constant in its affection and keeps together during life, which is a long one. The female lays five white eggs, and both parents care for and feed the young. They sleep standing on one leg, the male alone while the female is breeding, but he never deserts the nest at night, but stands guard over her like a sentinel. Their clappering noise with their bill is the expression of content or of signaling. It can be heard at a great distance.

In the Baltic provinces, in Mecklenburg and Holstein, are very many of them during the summer, while there are extensive meadows to supply their food. In September they migrate to warmer climes. It was long a conjecture where they went, but since steam and telegraph communication have been discovered many doubtful questions of this kind have been settled. It is known that they cross the Mediterranean and inhabit the islands as well as the delta of the river Nile and other points in Africa.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

CANNIBALISM IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

CANNIBALISM has long been suppressed by the Congo Government, just as murder is suppressed among civilized communities; but the horrible practice is still indulged in here and there, as opportunity occurs for evading the vigilance of the authorities. So recently as 1898, and possibly to the present day, it was necessary to maintain a constant guard at the cemetery in Leopoldville, the chief station on the upper Congo, to prevent the Bangalas unearthing the dead and carrying them off to feast upon. Several such cases were proved against them, and capital punishment had to be resorted to in order to stamp it out. Not all cannibal tribes are so repulsive and cruel as the Bangalas. Most of them eat no other human flesh but that of their enemies slain in battle. That source of supply will not suffice for the Bangalas, who make up this deficiency with prisoners and slaves. Having broken their prisoner's limbs, they place him in a pool of water, with his head supported just above its surface so that he may not drown. After having left him in that position for three days (if he survives so long), he is killed and eaten. Another method is to behead the victim, singe all the hair from the body over an ember fire, and then cut it into pieces for cooking. The portions not immediately eaten are smoke-dried and put aside for another occasion. The teeth are extracted and made into necklaces by the women. Sometimes the skin is used for drumheads.—*From "The Story of Congo Free State," by Henry Wellington Wack.*

THE WORLD'S DIALECTS.

OVER 5,000 distinct languages are spoken among men. A calculating prodigy would be wanted to compute with exactness how many separate dialects are in use. Sixty years ago it was reckoned that sixty different vocabularies were to be found in Brazil, but the actual number must be far greater, for in much smaller Mexico the Nahua language is broken up into 700 dialects. There are hundreds in Borneo; in Australia there is no classifying the complexities. And generally the number of dialects is in inverse proportion to the intellectual culture of the population. Assume that only fifty dialects, on an average, belong to each language, and we have the colossal total of a quarter of a million linguistic varieties. In this babel the battle is incessant.—*Exchange.*

IF a young man marries a poor girl he can settle down, and if he marries a rich one he can settle up.

BEAUTIES FROM UGLINESS.

BY CLARA E. STAUFFER.

A FEW years ago we knew a little boy who had his tongue badly stained with ugly words. It became a question in the home how to cure him of this awful habit. One day his sister, to whom he had spoken some of those bad words, decided upon a somewhat ugly plan for this cleansing. After talking to him kindly, trying to appeal to his higher self by explaining the great need of cleansing his dirty tongue, she applied soap and water to the tongue quite freely. The little fellow thought it rough treatment, but it served its purpose. Beauty came from ugliness. He learned a lesson he never forgot.

In a certain large city there lived a little boy who quarreled so much with his playmates in school. One day his teacher said to him, "Do you know what the Bible says about returning good for evil?" She quoted, "If any man smite thee on the right cheek turn to him the other also." The little fellow listened, but heard it his own way. Some time afterwards when corrected at home for the same trouble, he exclaimed, "Teacher said if any one hit me on one cheek I should hit him on the other cheek."

This little ugliness only portrays to our minds what many of us are. We are so prone to make the golden rule read, "Do unto others as they do to you." Beauty comes from this by more emphatically contrasting the worldly inclination with the Bible teachings.

Another time a servant girl was awfully abused by a high-tempered mistress, and in spite of the ugly face and the awful tongue lashing the servant kept her peace. This awful display of ugliness was such a lesson to her that ever after that her life was made more beautiful by refraining from displaying her own temper because of its ugliness.

One time a young Sunday-school teacher was teaching a class of young people whom she dearly loved. All seemed congenial and happy. She prayed and worked for their conversion, and she looked forward to the time when they who had not yet accepted Jesus should do so. Unknown to her an ugly, underground current was doing its work. Suddenly she was snatched from her work one Sunday. It was a dark week to her. The beauties of heaven seemed almost hidden and all seemed dark and ugly when she learned during the week it was spitefully done. She was given a primary class for the next Sunday only as the result of ugly actions and she knew it.

Oh, the ugliness of human spite! Can any one deliver? She thought of all this during the week, hoping to be delivered by being restored to her former work the next Sunday. Before going to Sunday school she humbly fell on her knees, asking her heavenly Father to use her and help her through the day. Thus beauty came out of ugliness. As the contrary superintendent, who is now in the world, announced the change she submitted and as she went before her class they looked like so many angel faces beaming up into hers, and she won the battle. She who before had been made to appear ugly portrayed the beautiful. To-day she is only the stronger girl for having won while those who instigated the ugliness are in the world. Right prevailed. Beauty came out of ugliness by appealing to the heavenly Father.

Even in my own experience we have seen how beauty came from ugliness. One February evening while out soliciting means for the Indianapolis church-house I felt cast out into a cold world, unwelcomed to stay by a warm fire. I felt keenly the ugly feelings of being unwelcome. I left the place for another town. On account of bad roads I could not walk into the country or outer edge of town, where some of our people lived, but I tried it anyhow, but the One above guided me to a home where I was nicely received. The man was sweeping the porch and although he was a stranger I felt that he was a brother. I went to the home, and found it a true Brethren's home. Their hospitality was only more beautiful because of my former experience.

Often we may come to a place where all seems ugly and dark, but if we do our best we need not worry. Ugliness can be all about us and near us, and our very existence shrouded up in mystery, but we need not fear as long as the Holy Spirit holds the keys to our hearts. We can just fall down on our knees in a quiet corner and let the Spirit open up our hearts to the heavenly Father. Then the beautiful will only shine out more beautifully because of the ugliness. Right, which is beauty, will prevail, if not in its fullness here, it will in the world to come.

Out of darkness, yes, ugliness, Jesus came. He lived a life of beauty amidst ugliness. He died because of it, but he rose from the midst of it to a world of splendor untold. Thus we are encouraged, when we see beauties untold triumphing in the end.

R. R. 3, Elkhart, Ind.

FRIEDERICH FRŒBEL.

HIS LIFE.—Friederich Frœbel was born on the 21st of April, 1782, at Oberweisbach, a hamlet situated in that picturesque section of Germany included in Thuringia. During his infancy he had little or no care, since his mother died when he was yet a babe, and his father was obliged to give his attention to a number of small parishes in the district.

In early manhood he had the opportunity of seeing the effects of Pestalozzi's work, and he was not content until he could sit at the feet of the great Swiss educator. An opportunity occurred in 1805, when he

spent a two weeks' vacation in Pestalozzi's school at Yverdun. In 1808 he established a school at Yverdun, under the direct influence of his master. His work continued for several years until he opened the first kindergarten in 1840. His declining years were devoted to the establishing of similar institutions in various sections of this country. On the 21st of July, 1852, at the age of seventy, Friederich Frœbel died.

The whole work of the world-renowned kindergarten can be placed under two heads: *Gifts* and *Occupations*. Under the first there are six colored, soft, elastic balls, to introduce things, objects, and colors. A wooden ball, cylinder and cube, are in the second gift to illustrate shape; eight one-inch cubes, forming a two-inch cube, to represent divisibility. The principles of the fourth gift impress upon the mind the ideas of dimension and equilibrium. The nicely formed and divided blocks of the fifth gift, with its oblique surfaces, illustrate beauty and direction, while the many forms embraced in the sixth gift, the finishing touches, by leading on to proportion and position. *Occupation* includes bodies in plastic clay, cardboard or sand, and surfaces formed by folding sheets, cutting and pasting, and painting with brush, crayon, lead, or slate pencil; third, lines, as interlacing slats, joined slats, weaving mats and embroidering; and fourth, points brought out by stringing beads or perforating. Thus gradually and unconsciously the children of the kindergarten are conducted from simple to complex objects. The machinery of the mind is simply started in preparation for harder work in after life.

It was a new revelation to the world when Frœbel taught it the way of learning without tears. He, first of all who have lived, made the people believe that pleasure and learning could be united. He opened to children a veritable child-garden filled with flowers, playthings, and all sorts of delights. He made this garden a home where all the natural activities were cultivated, where all the lovely, kind, cheerful, and Godlike influences were cherished, and where the nature was led out and up along the lines of its natural activities. Frœbel said nothing about total depravity, but much concerning the divine in man. His theology was uncertain, but his inspiration from the divine mind was great. He felt that he had a mission to perform as an apostle of a new era of love and delight for all those whose tender feet are just beginning to tread the rough path of life. He gave his mind and heart for many years to the task of finding out what he thought were God's ways of developing the minds of children; he discovered and named the institution, not a school, but a kindergarten.

* * *

THE greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

THE VOICE IN THE TELEPHONE.

How the Beef Trust Controls Trade in the Chicago Stock Yards.

"SUPPOSE you are paying an early morning visit to the Chicago Stock Yards," says Charles E. Russell in *Everybody's* June installment of "The Greatest Trust in the World." "The Yards open at seven o'clock. In the old days selling began at that hour, but now the drovers stand idly by their pens waiting, waiting. Certain men that will be pointed out to you as the buyers for Armour, Swift, Morris, and the National Packing Company go about observantly, noting all but buying nothing. Before long these disappear, to presently return. You do not know it, but in their absence there has been a mysterious conference over the private telephone wires in Packingtown. If the day be Monday, let us say, the buyer for Armour now goes briskly along the line inspecting cattle and offering up to a certain figure, perhaps $4.50, for good stock. If the drover accepts the offer, well and good. If not, the genial buyer walks his way serene—he does not care. Take it or leave it, is his motto.

"And behind him moves the buyer for Swift & Co., and he goes languidly among the offerings, and nothing he sees suits him. And if the drover becomes insistent and will not let him go without a bid, Swift's man bids, but it is at just the same price as Armour's, always the same. And after him may come the head buyer for Morris, and he is of the mind of Swift's man, exactly the same. And after him may come the head buyer for the National Packing Company. And he is of the same mind of Morris' man. One price among them all, and only one ready to buy.

"*Can you indict a voice? I don't know. But that voice in the telephone everyday is the instrument by which the combination in restraint of trade lives and moves and has its being.* One little voice! To this stage has trade consolidation and industrial monopoly come at last. *One man's voice in a telephone determines how much a million farmers shall lose on their cattle.*"

* * *

A COMPETITOR OF POPCORN.

A COMPETITOR of popcorn has appeared at last. Rice is being prepared in a fluffy condition and sold to confection manufacturers, who mix it with various candied preparations. Such puffed rice cakes are all the rage with the children, in place of popcorn molasses cakes. Sometimes a little popcorn is added to the rice to impart the corn flavor. Rice puff is most agreeable to eat, and has none of the harsh residue so common to popcorn. To what extent this new preparation will displace popcorn remains to be seen. We do not regard it a serious competitor as yet.

EARLY COMPOSERS.

BY LEE H. DIERDORFF.

Among the most prominent composers of music in the early years of the Christian era, Ambrose (4th century) and Gregory (6th century) stand out as the most noted. It was they who did the most for early church music.

Two monks who developed the art of part-singing were Humbold and Guido. The latter lived in Italy in the eleventh century. He invented, or, at least, first used the lines of the staff and the spaces between them. It is very probable that Guido was the first to use the syllables *ut(do), re, mi, fa, sol, la.*

In the twelfth century, Franco, of Cologne, first introduced the principles of harmony and classified the chords. In this period bars were used, but the value of the notes between them was decided by the number of syllables in the verse. It was not until three centuries later that the measures were of equal length.

Out of the works of these musicians grew the Polyphonic school, from which have developed the later European schools. Of this school Palestrina (1524-1594) was the most important. He developed the beautiful music and prevented the music of the age from going back to the early chants. Other important musicians of this school were Okenheim, Despres, Lasso and Goudimel. Despres (1440-1521) was a Flemish composer and pupil of Okenheim. Most of his compositions are sacred music.

Following the Polyphonic came the Monodic school, from which have developed our symphony, sonata, and oratorio. Monteverde (1568-1643) was the greatest composer of this school. His lifetime marks a radical change in the theory of music, as he introduced anything which seemed best to convey the sentiment of the words.

The last great genius of the Polyphonic school in England was Orlando Gibbons. He was born in 1583 and died in 1625. He wrote many anthems, hymns and other church music, among them the anthems, "O clap your hands," "God is gone up," "Hosanna," "Lift up your heads."

Franklin Grove, Ill.

ENORMOUS CANNON BALL.

The biggest cannon ball ever made weighed 2,000 pounds, and was manufactured at the Krupp works, Essen, for the Government of the Czar. The gun from which this projectile was fired is also the largest in the world, and is placed in the fortifications of Cronstadt. This gun has a range of twelve miles, and it is estimated that each shot costs $1,500.

CUTTING OUT THE ROTTEN.

BY JOHN HECKMAN.

In northern Wisconsin about twenty-five years ago there were the very finest of pine forests. Lumber companies got possession of these forests and began taking out all the pine trees large enough for lumber. The axman was instructed to fell all trees from a given size up. Then followed a crew of men skidding the logs out to well-constructed roads on which they were hauled to the river and floated down stream to the sawmills.

The skidders rejected many logs because of various imperfections. These rejected were left in the woods to rot. But as years went on and lumber became scarcer and higher in price, many of these rejected logs were found to be good enough for use, picking them over and taking the best of them. Later they were picked over again, and last winter they were going through the timber the fourth time, sorting over these old and apparently rotten logs. They are now taking the old logs out so closely that very little but rot is left. Logs twenty-five per cent good are taken.

Builders will understand by this why lumber in general is so poor and why good lumber is so high in price. Anything that will hold together to be hauled out of the woods can be sold at a price and is used for something. It is said there is a process now to make fine finishing lumber from the very poorest rotten stuff. Of course we are not surprised at anything in these days of inventive ingenuity.

The roads they made in the early days of lumbering were very carefully constructed for winter use only. Water was sprinkled on the track of snow during freezing weather. This became very solid. On this hard roadway were cut two grooves a few inches wide and as deep and five feet apart. In these grooves the runners of the large heavy sleds were to run. On such a roadbed of ice two good horses could move a load of from four to seven tons.

Polo, Ill.

OUR NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

The United States, after a twelve-months' halt in its trade activity, has again moved forward, with evidences on all sides of healthy industrial expansion. Two tests habitually applied by experts as a measure of trade conditions in this country are the exchange of bank checks at its clearing houses, showing the volume of business actually done, and the consumption of manufactured iron, showing the plans of general industry. If merchants, bankers, and manufacturers make fewer payments through their banks, it means that the sales and purchases in their industry are reduced. If orders for iron and steel diminish, it is a

sign that manufacturers, builders, and transportation companies foresee small business and are curtailing orders for new machinery, new structural material, and new rails or cars. Each of these signs of the times foretold with unpleasant clearness the reaction of 1903. The shrinkage in clearing-house exchanges, and the cutting in two of the country's iron production, pointed unmistakably to the coming storm. But the storm passed over rapidly. This season, bank checks put through the country's clearing houses have surpassed all records in our history, rising in value 50 per cent over 1904. Iron production has reached a magnitude twice that of December, 1903, and never approached in the history of the trade. Consumption at the rate of nearly two million tons a month, where a million tons was the highest monthly average of any year up to 1900, is witness to the state of our industries.—*From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for June.*

FAILURES THAT HELP.

WHILE there is truth in saying that nothing succeeds like success, it would not be unreasonable to speak also of successful failures. The success of to-day is largely built upon the failures of yesterday. It might be said indeed that in order that one should succeed, ten must fail, on the principle that the most of the trees in a wood must be small in order that here and there a giant of the forest may stand forth in lonely grandeur. But success that is built up on inferiority or discomfiture of one's rivals, it must be conceded, is but the poorest kind of a triumph.

True success is self-development which helps rather than hinders the growth and good fortune of others. Such self-realization is often the product of one's own previous disappointment and discomfitures. It takes rebuffs and denials to bring a young man to a sense of his own weakness and to an appreciation of the cost of success. Jacob was thrown back in weakness upon himself at the ford Jabbok, until he halted upon his thigh before he was worthy to be invested with the panoplied strength of God. David was beaten and badgered about among the mountains of Judea in order that, having often been discomfited, he might afterwards learn how to bear the regal honors with soberness and humility. The most divinely successful life in the history of the world was a failure in the eyes of Christ's contemporaries, the passing shame contributing to the permanent success.

This general principle runs through human experience. To fail in one way is to find another way, to be disappointed to-day is to be exalted to-morrow, to be crucified now is to be crowned forever. The loss of a lesser thing is often the attainment of a better thing. To succeed too quickly is to court final defeat. Grant was defeated at Shiloh that he might win at Appomattox. O. O. Howard failed at Chancellorsville that he might prevail before Atlanta, sharing in the triumphant progress "with Sherman to the sea." The danger to-day is lest young men and women should be content with the cheap success of early life, and the insincere plaudits of a flattering public. It is perilous to become intoxicated with the sense of achievement while as yet life's hardest riddles have not been solved or its fiercest battles fought. Better a humbling defeat at the outset of a career than a series of Moscow retreats, issuing in a bitter fiasco of overwhelming reverses at its close.

No young man who has the right stuff in him will allow himself to be discouraged by a few initial failures. Pitt, Disraeli, and other British statesmen failed repeatedly in their first attempts at public speaking, only to end by enthralling Parliament with their eloquence. Inventors, manufacturers, missionaries, and educators have labored for years against seemingly insuperable obstacles until at length their efforts have been crowned with success in behalf of civilization or Christianity.

Nothing that is really worth doing is done in a moment. It takes time to develop individual character or to mature great plans for the race. By the slow process of the toiling, and sometimes may seem failing, years is success built up. Succeed where you can, but when you fail try to work even your failures into the scheme and fabric of a larger triumph. "Build the ladder," and then "mount to its summit round by round."—*C. A. S. Dwight, in Young People.*

ASK YOURSELF.

Do you appreciate as you should the queen of your heart and your household—your wife or your mother? With what infinite patience does she bear the burdens of home! For ten or twenty or perhaps fifty years she has gone about her duties with a merry heart and a tireless hand! How monotonous and irksome those duties would have become ere this if love had not enlightened the labor! Over and over again through these cycles of these never-ending cares—sweeping dusting, cooking, table-setting, sewing, mending, not to mention the even more exacting duties of motherhood. So cheerfully and uncomplainingly has she performed these duties that they have become mere matters of fact to you and you are apparently ungrateful for them as for the God-given air you breathe! Husbands, daughters, sons, listen! You owe no debt of gratitude and love and devotion to any one in this world equal to the debt that you owe to that sweet, patient, loving wife or mother of yours! How thoughtless, how mean when an appreciative word will help to pay the debt, to withhold so simple a recognition of her priceless services! Oh, say the word and say it often.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' MEETING.

In Sunday-school work many factors play a vital part. The character and personality of the superintendent, the relation of the church, the corps of people, the environments, and many other like factors go to make possible the existence and development of a good Sunday school. But no one thing can so materially assist every single member of the Sunday-school body as can a good, wide-awake teachers' meeting. The Sunday school that has never had one knows nothing of its value. The Sunday school that has been used to having one, if it has been a good one, will never dispense with it. It is claimed, in a great many instances, that it is impossible to have these meetings in the country. And quite a general feeling has gone out that they are calculated only for city Sunday schools. This is a mistake.

Several country Sunday schools have splendid teachers' meetings, which have been in existence for a number of years. This resolves the problem into one thing only, and that is if the desire and will of the teachers is sufficiently strong the teachers' meeting can be had. It is like every other good thing, it costs something to get it, and is absolutely worthless unless it does cost something. A great many teachers' meetings

Are a Failure

because they are carried around from house to house among the teachers. This plan will fail in ninety-five cases out of a hundred. The simple reason is that the host or hostess feels the responsibility of entertainment, and the first several minutes are spent in social intercourse which ought to be devoted to the Sunday-school lesson. In the second place people are not so liable to be punctual at a private house as they would be at the church, for the reason they expect them to visit until they arrive. In the third place there can never be the sanctity and sacredness about a dwelling that there is about the house of the Lord, dedicated to his service. Again a great

Many are Disinterested

on account of the superintendent asking the teachers of the Sunday school in turn to become instructor of the rest. This is the duty of the superintendent. He is the only person that has the opportunity of visiting all the other classes and seeing what kind of work is being done. The other teachers are attending to their own classes at the same hour, which renders them unfit to make applications to teachers and classes which they have never seen nor heard. The superintendent should

Embrace Every Opportunity

of presenting to his teachers, in a clear, pointed way, the teaching points of the lesson, where there is any chance for digressions from the fundamental tenets of doctrine. It is to be remembered each teacher has his peculiar individuality which must be used in teaching; but the superintendent cannot afford to have one teacher teaching one thing and one another. And the only way to prevent this is to have the matter thoroughly discussed, which will result in uniform instruction for the school. When a point has been reached which is to be taught in all the classes, then each teacher should be allowed to tell how he expects to present that to his class. This should be done for two reasons: First, because there might be a chance for the teachers to help him to perfect his teaching points. The second reason is, the other teachers may learn some good teaching points from him for their own classes. This should be the last place in the world for selfishness. If there is a teacher in the corps that does not like to tell

The Good Things He Has

to the other teachers, that they may be carried to the other classes, he should not be allowed to remain a teacher. A teachers' meeting should be devotional in its character, with a song and prayer that is short and spiritual. The exercises should not be made purely intellectual; a hearty, healthful, spiritual tone should be established. The general interests of the Sunday school should be discussed. The difficult problems of the teachers should be presented to this cabinet for advice and counsel as to how to proceed. The proper gradations and promotions should be carefully cared for. Here is a place and a point where

Many Teachers Do Wrong.

They object to giving up their pupils, when the pupil is full ready to be promoted to the next class, and also instill into the pupil the spirit of unwillingness to be promoted. Again the teacher sometimes objects to receiving pupils from a lower grade, because they are not so far advanced.

Another duty of the teachers' meeting is to prepare the class examination at the end of the quarter, in order that a correct estimate may be made as to the number of promotions that should be made. The teachers' meeting should be as full of illustrations as a cloverfield is with blossom. It positively is no place for a debate, lectures, quarrels, speeches, or visiting. Any or all of these are very detrimental to the spirit of the meeting, and will, in time, ruin the meeting and those who participate.

RESTING.

Resting is another one of our many blessings that is abused in two ways. In the first place so many people like it so well that they are inclined to rest all the time. In a case of this kind resting soon becomes idleness, and, as idleness is the devil's workshop, it soon becomes mischievousness, which continually leads from bad to worse and sometimes ends in crime. That is the result of overuse of this blessing.

The other misuse is by the hard-working people, who are so full of energy and industry that they make themselves believe they do not have time to rest, and they hammer away the livelong day, straining every nerve to accomplish a certain end, not once thinking that their resources have all been exhausted. And when night comes, with a fitful fever, they lie down to roll and toss amid hard dreams, and rise wholly unprepared for the day's work. If this class of people would fall into the practice of resting a moment now and then a great deal of this trouble would be eliminated.

When overburdened and overtaxed, if you could but just lie down for ten minutes and fall asleep, just to lose consciousness; or, if environments make lying down impossible, sit down, lean back, close your eyes, and do not think over what has happened; do not think over what is going to happen; forget everything; rest; relax, even if you do not sleep, rest.

This practice will make you live longer. It will make you live healthier while you do live. When you are healthy you are happy. Your life may make other people want to live longer. It will take the tangle out of your nerves, the wrinkles out of your face, the irritability out of your temper; it will make your eyes brighter, and your face fuller. Try it. Try it to-day.

THE SLAVE.

In the vestibule of a church, not long since, a poor, tired, worn-out lady was heard to remark to another standing near, "I hear the street skirts are to be worn short again." The response came quickly from her neighbor, who was equally exhausted, and she said, "I am really glad of it, for indeed my arm aches continually from carrying my skirts all the way home." Poor slave! Were she and her sister hirelings some place and oppressed like that, what a civil war would be begun upon employers by the employés! And all the faddists, who are continually looking for a cause to advocate, and who would be a hero of some occasion, would be alive with irritant sympathy for them. But here they are, free and independent women! Women of a country, where women have the greatest freedom on earth, bowing a submissive head to the tyranny of a dressmaker until their lives have been almost dragged out. These same poor slaves pity the poor ignorant savage women, who are heathens and who have more sense than to trail heavy skirts through town to sweep the streets, wear tight, stiff corsets, tight shoes and gloves upon their feet and hands, and cover their only possible chance of seeing things with lace veils. Civilization is a misfortune when it denies people of cleanliness, health and happiness.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The young people of to-day are what they make themselves. Good and evil alike are spread out before them. They have an opportunity to choose the right and the good, and to be great and useful people, or, of course, they may choose the evil and be a pest to creation as long as they live.

Ancestry, education, wealth, titles amount to little, but very little. There are no heirs to the throne of America; it is strange, but true. A majority of the great men of to-day were poor boys forty years ago, he who will be our president forty years from now is no doubt an apprentice, learning some useful trade. A very few senators have seen their sons hold positions of trust and honor. Boys and girls reared among cushions and Brussels carpets are usually too tender for the rocky roads over which the public service must travel. The boy with mettle, backbone, and an inherent spirit of honesty and energy, gets there. The boy who is dishonest, dissipated, slothful, careless, and without a purpose, is worse than a failure.

The possibilities of an American boy or girl, either for good or evil, is practically unlimited and illimitable.

A WORD TO YOU.

If you have not read "The Little White Meetin'-house" on page 822, you had better turn to that page at once and read it. It is not only worth reading, but re-reading. There are two more chapters to follow, which are illustrated and which will be of more than ordinary interest to the Inglenook family. Let us know how you like the story.

Current Happenings

THE steamer *Athos*, disabled by broken machinery, was recently towed into New York, seventeen days overdue, with passengers and crew nearly starved to death.

THE Ziegler polar expedition has failed as an enterprise, and their leader has arrived at Hull, England, and tells of years of hardships.

THE Chicago & Alton railroad has bought a lot at Harrison street and the river, in Chicago, for the extension of its freight terminals.

THE new Manhattan bridge, of New York, is liable not to be ready for public use until 1910, on account of three or four years' delay caused by political corruption. New York is paying several million dollars, and the above-mentioned delay, just to learn the lesson that other cities are learning, that it does not pay to have political bosses do business for the municipality.

THE New York Central railroad has ordered thirty-five electric locomotives for their through express service. These, together with one hundred seventy-five cars, which are to be used in suburban service, will incur an expense of about six million.

THE Czar thinks he will have to answer "No" to the proposition submitted to him by Japan.

THE State of Georgia has passed a bill abolishing negro militia. The House and Senate have already passed the bill, and it is believed the governor will immediately sign it. The excuse for this action is that they will do more harm than good if called out. If this is true, it is too bad it was not found out sooner. If it is not true, it ought to be registered as another nuisance committed by race prejudice.

IT is said that the Pope of Rome receives three thousand letters daily.

PANAMA'S new motto is, "The earth divided, the world united." We may have to wait some time before the second clause goes into effect.

A PASSENGER train and freight train collided on the Nickel Plate line, near Kishman, Ohio, a few days ago, resulting in the death of twelve persons and the injury of twenty-five others.

A LARGE body of Russian exiles are planning an assassination of the Czar.

THERE are no hopes for the Chinese treaty until the boycott stops.

ARRANGEMENTS have now been completed for the construction of one of the largest power plants in the world on the Susquehanna river, near York, Pa. Harvey Fiske & Sons, of New York, are managing the syndicate to underwrite $10,000,000 of the bonds. William Barclay Parsons is to act as chairman of the engineering board. The river will be dammed about twelve miles from York, and the power thus generated will be distributed electrically as far as Philadelphia and Baltimore.

SENATOR LODGE, of Massachusetts, in a recent interview with President Roosevelt, said that, while he was abroad, he found that France and England now had practically an *entente cordiale*, and that both of them have a warm feeling for the United States. The inference was that an alliance of France, England and America was not an improbability.

ALL railroads engaged in interstate commerce have been requested by the Interstate Commerce Commission to increase their equipment of air brake freight cars. Recent accidents have illustrated the danger of trains buckling when only a part of the cars are equipped with the air brakes. It is thought that if in each train at least fifty per cent of the cars are controlled by the engineer, such accidents may be avoided.

IN the revised rules, sent out to the ministers of the Methodist church, the word "keep" is substituted for the word "obey" in the marriage service. Hereafter the women must promise to "love, honor and keep" their husbands. The change is in response to numerous requests from brides, to omit the word "obey."

A CONGRESS of over two hundred Russian peasants (representing organizations of peasants in different parts of Russia) have secretly met and passed resolutions demanding universal suffrage for the coming National Assembly and a system of land proprietorship by handing over to the people all lands now belonging to the state and to the religious institutions. They demanded also that free education be obligatory, that the schools be secularized and that the assembly have power to initiate legislation. This was the first peasants' congress in Russian history.

YELLOW FEVER has appeared in Gregory, Mo. The quarantine officers are watching it with much concern.

ABOUT the most pitiful sight that may be witnessed to-day is in the leper camp at the mouth of the Bayou on the Gulf Coast, far to the south of New Orleans. The camp has been smitten with yellow fever. Sanitary regulations and quarantine provisions are next to impossible. The marine hospital corps are in charge, but there is little hope of stopping the plague until the camp is depopulated. Total number of cases to date aggregate about 1,500.

IT is the prevailing opinion in official circles, in Washington, D. C., that Secretary Shaw will retire next February, and in view of this, Postmaster General, Cortelyou, will be his successor. Mr. and Mrs. Cortelyou recently visited the President at Sagamore Hill, and this is stronger evidence in favor of the rumor.

PROFESSOR EARNEST W. BROWN, of Haverford College, in a recent issue of the *Popular Science Monthly*, asserts that there is no relationship between the changes going on upon the sun's surface and the weather on our earth, so far as any scientific evidence now exists. He thinks it probable that the effect of the sun spots is unimportant, compared with causes in our own atmosphere.

SPAIN is now a victim of the famine enemy. It is said that in the district of Andalusia the famine riots have extended to many cities and are practically unchecked. The hunger-driven peasants, which were looting all the towns not protected by troops, have forced all the wealthier residents to give up their property. It is estimated that over one million are desperately hungry, and that one-tenth of these are actually starving.

TWENTY thousand Finlanders met in mass meeting, recently, to protest against the proposal of the government to remove political offenders from the jurisdiction of the local authorities, transferring their trials to the Russian military court. The meeting demanded the arrest of the governor and the chief of police, who are charged with having fomented the disturbances which occurred last January.

REFEREE FRANK PLUMLEY, of Northfield, Vt., has awarded claims of the French Government against Venezuela for damages to French merchants in the revolution of 1901, amounting to slightly over $650,000.

AN excursion train on the Atlantic Coast Line dropped through an open draw in a bridge near Bruce Station, Va., recently, and sixty-two negroes in the forward coach were drowned.

CABLEGRAMS from Stockholm say that King Oscar, on the advice of his doctors, will hand over to his son the reins of government.

THE Lick Observatory, at San Jose, Cal., recently sent the intelligence to Harvard that a seventh satellite of Jupiter had been discovered. It was first observed on August 8.

THE dreaded disease, yellow fever, continues to spread in the South. It has spread to other Gulf points besides New Orleans. One hundred cases were reported at Bayou Lafourche, La., and others at Mississippi City, Miss., and at one point in Alabama. The discovery of these cases has caused many people to seek refuge in Atlanta and other hospitable cities. At Mississippi City the cases had been taken for malaria. The plague has begun to take hold of the well-to-do classes, and every town is suspicious of its neighbor. The New Orleans list of cases passed the one thousand mark early in the week.

THE *Manufacturers' Record* shows that forty-one per cent of the American exports, during the last fiscal year, originated, directly or indirectly, from the South. The total value of our exports was $1,591,744,695. The increase in values over the preceding year was $56,565,678. More cotton and less wheat were sent abroad.

THE most severe earthquake shock in twenty years was felt throughout the States along the Ohio river. Vibrations are said to have lasted fully one-half a minute, and were so severe in some places as to upset ink-bottles, and spill dishes out of the cupboard. In some towns people were miraculously saved from panic.

IN London there is an English organization for the protection of animals, called "Our Dumb Friends' League," which has secured the necessary land in London for a public hospital for animals. It will require at least $25,000 to equip the new hospital.

UPON investigation it is found that the engineers have only made ten miles more tunnel under Chicago than had been authorized by the city. That does not seem much in proportion to the other grafts that are in style now.

HOME DEPARTMENT

THE MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

A gentle face looks down on me,
A face with a frame of silver hair,
A smile in its tender, loving eyes,
And peace enthroned on its forehead fair.

O beautiful rings of snowy hair!
How often, coaxing you into place,
Have I wondered if ever a haloed saint
Wore sweeter look on its gentle face;

And I marvel not that the sad monk knelt
With a love-lit face, on his cell's bare floor,
And prayed to the dear Christ's Mother, the while
A warm glow thrilled to his old heart's core;

For the sight of this gentle mother-face,
With its trace of sorrows nobly borne,
Has a power to scatter the breath of sin,
As chill mists fly in the light of morn.

O mother! The bright suns rise and set,
And evening follows the busy day,
The sweet stars gleam in the dusky night,
And fade in the dawning, chill and gray;

Still distance shuts, like a thick, strong veil,
Thy face afar from its human shrine,
But the pictured, tender lips and eyes,
With their mystic spell, are always mine.

Like an angel's gentle presence falls
Its smile on my tired or tempted heart,
And nobler thoughts from the shadows spring,
As flowers out of the darkness start.

Elgin, Ill.

CHUMS.

BY JOSEPHINE HANNA.

It's nice to have some one to whom you can go under almost any circumstances and talk over matters. It just seems like the finishing touches are not put on to daily happenings if you cannot run in to Jennie's and talk them over,—exchange estimates, as it were, upon them. When you make a success of some undertaking, the cup is hardly sweet enough, unstirred by her hands; or if, alack, you dash it to pieces ere it reach your lips, no one can put it together, and fill it with sympathy so well as she. Plan? Of course Jennie must be consulted; and as to work, how much of it can be done together! Then for recreation,—calls, teas, drives, picnics, etc., are mutual pleasures. Clothes and beaux, cozy nooks and latest books, are subjects for special discussion. To church together, everywhere together.

It's nice,—no one will deny that it is nice,—and sweet young girlhood could hardly be at its best without this special friendship. But there are, alas, with all its advantages, some grievous drawbacks to it, and it would be unfair not to consider them, also. Granted that Jennie is all you claim for her, yet with all her loveliness and cleverness there *are* others to whom you are more indebted. There is a face whose bloom faded, *watching* over you; there are hands which have lost their beauty, *toiling* for you; there is love which, when you and Jennie will have grown apart after diverging interests, will be watching over you, waiting for you, and trusting in you, still,—the hot springs of a *mother's* love. How much that loving *mother* would appreciate your confidence, and enjoy your recreations, if entered into with the same spirit as with Jennie! How her eyes would thus brighten, her step quicken, and life grow young again to her! It would pay, over and over again, to give her this happiness—a fraction of the debt you owe her.

Then there is father, whose daughter's good name is his guarded treasure, his toil her support; he is breaking, and daily interest on what you owe him would no doubt be in order, in the way of appreciation shown by numberless kindnesses; and your love for him would make this a pleasure to yourself.

And that noisy brother of yours—now is the time that love may turn his path to honor, to integrity, and to God. Sister's future may also be preserved, by a confidence that only the present can keep alive. Grandparents must look to you for all the flowers and fragrance of spring they may henceforth enjoy; but they have paid for all beforehand, in your dear parents, and through them, in your very existence; and they love you as their own child.

Perhaps there is also an aunt, or an uncle, whose loving care reached out to you continually, while its need was felt, who, without the demand for, or appreciation of it, knows no more how to manifest it. Ah, Jennie! are you not culling the sweets from a garden not your own?

But is this all? It is enough, but alas it is not all! "What of thy neighbor?" There is Grace! When we had our revival you and Jennie worked, as Christians should work, to bring souls to Christ; for you are at heart true Christian girls; it may not have been through your instrumentality, but it was through *God's power*, that Grace's name was inscribed in the Book of Life, and you rejoiced that it was written there. But Grace was but a babe in Christ, and often,

when her soul has cried for Christian companionship, has she beheld you two enjoy this sweet cup in her presence, without realizing her thirst for it. She does not feel that the fold is as warm a place as she had thought it to be; in her heart she wonders if her Savior has forgotten her; although he has said, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." Grace may lack some outward attractions, but her soul is a jewel which God himself desires.

There might be yet more drawbacks to such a special friendship between *others,* but yours would hardly lead you into *uncharitable* gossip, or unbecoming conduct; for the intimacy of Christians does not lead away from Christ; it does not lead worldward; and it is a lack of thought, rather than a lack of regard for others, that excludes them from your pleasures; for in your hearts is a real desire for their happiness.

As to ways and means of bringing this about, two heads are better than one; may I not appoint you and Jennie a committee for this purpose? And I wish you much success in your noble endeavors.

VACATION OR RECREATION?

Too many of us take our *vacation* in the literal sense of the word "emptiness." We might as well call it *vacuum* without demur. To loll on a piazza, to smoke one's cigar (or embroider an eminently useless pin-cushion cover) under a shady tree, to while away the sunny hours with a novel, to "kill time" as the terribly truthful expression goes,—these are apt to comprise our idea of vacation, whether we are clerks with a fortnight's freedom before us, or millionaires able to use steam yachts and "red devils" as adjuncts and auxiliaries in the aforesaid slaughter. All over the United States the average man, woman, and child is just now counting the days that intervene before the advent of this magical season, whether it be weeks or months, which is to release us from the regular treadmill of our labors, and which has grown so marvelously, be it said, during the last quarter of a century, to be a reckoned portion of American life. It is to be wished that an earnest sermon might be preached on the text, "Not Vacation, but Re-creation,"—not emptiness, but renewal of life, upbuilding of physical, mental, and moral strength, during these precious summer months when, as children say, "we can do anything we want to."

Carlyle somewhere says (I have not the exact quotation by me), "Work is the clear stream which sweetens and purifies the foul swamp of existence." Applying this to vacation-time, we need not restrict the word to hard labor: it is the old English meaning of definite earnest occupation of any sort, as where Shakespeare wrote,—

> "Come on Nerissa: I have work in hand,
> That you yet know not of."

In any holiday crowd at a baseball match one can hear the same use of the word from the "bleachers," "Oh, get to work there!" meaning, to "play with all your might!"

Right here is the secret of the profitable use of vacation. Let us do something, not dawdle, nor loll, nor dream the hours away,—do something and do it hard, do it with our might. In the change from the regular routine of work of necessary labor, in the vigorous exercise of mind and body, in the glow of blood and tissue and muscle, as well as the alert motion of the intellect, we shall truly rest and be re-created. And in this creation, which knows no "vacuum" or emptiness of life, the moral vigor, the highest energies of which we are capable, will receive a new and healthy tone and plentiful scope of action.

The languid, dreamy Sabbath itself will find us, not yawning over the Sunday paper, but ready for action along fine and noble lines. Everywhere there are people to be helped over hard places, everywhere and every day in the year there is a call for the best there is in us. Shame on empty life, be it winter or summer! *Frisch auf!* and to work, to the truest employment of "another blue day" that dawns, to the truest rest, the veritable re-creation that is possible to every one of us, when "school is done and vacation begun" this good year 1905.—*Willis Boyd Allen, Boston, Mass.*

"FOOD FOR THOUGHT."

1. "There is nothing small in a world where a mud crack swells to an Amazon, and the stealing of a penny may end on the scaffold."

2. "A fifth-rate something is better than a first-rate nothing. Be master of your business."

3. "Four things come not back: the sped arrow, the spoken word, the spent life, and the neglected opportunity."

4. "A false balance is abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight."—Proverbs 11:1.

5. "What is put into the first of life is put into the whole life. Start right."

6. "Test yourself by three sieves:—"Is it true?" "Is it kind?" "Is it just?"

7. "The bicycle falls the moment it stops; industry keeps many a life from falling."

8. "To be thrown on one's own resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune."

9. "That which concerns me I will attend to; that which concerns me not, I will leave alone."—Pythagoras.

10. "Where bread grows on trees, we find the weak races."

11. "What we do not understand we do not possess."

12. "Plan your work thoroughly, then thoroughly work your plan."

13. "Water falling day by day, wears the hardest rocks away."

Cyrus Grove,
County Supt. Schools.

Freeport, Ill.

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

ARE WE ASHAMED TO CONFESS CHRIST?

Matt. 10:32, 33; Rom. 1:15, 16.

For Sunday, September, 10, 1905.

I. As Sinners.

1. Was His Life not Faultless? .....1 Peter 1:19
2. Was His Origin Not Divine? .....Acts 2:36
3. Was His Mission Not Sublime? .....John 6:40
4. For Whom was the Sacrifice Made? ....1 Cor. 5:7

II. As Christians.

1. Does the World Offer Anything Better—Safer? .....1 John 5:19
2. Is Any Friend so Near as Christ? ...John 15:12-14
3. Are We Expecting a Crown Without Wearing the Cross? .....Matt. 10:38

III. The Tide Will Turn.

1. What Will be Our Plea for Recognition? .....Titus 3:5, 7
2. What Victories Gained? .....1 John 5:4
3. What Will be the Result of Our Failure? .....Heb. 3:18, 19

Text.—For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first and also to the Greek.—Rom. 1:15, 16.

References.—Mark 11:9; 5:6; 3:11; 7:37; Luke 7:16; 13:17, 4:14; John 5:23; 1 Cor. 1:18; 1:9; Acts 4:12; 2 Tim. 2:12; 1 John 2:22; Philpp. 2:10, 11; Heb. 4:15; Rev. 5:8-14; Matt. 9:8; 14:33; 21:8-10; Rom. 15:3; Psa. 45:17.

It Requires Courage.

Paul's courage was of the highest type, he fought with beasts at Ephesus, he faced an angry mob time and again without flinching, but he finds it worth while to tell us that he is not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; he was not ashamed to preach it in the Roman forum. Our soldiers follow the flag on the battlefield, unafraid. They are proud to unfurl it in strange countries; every ship in our navy carries the colors, and how many thousands of men have died for the honor of the old flag. It stands for the glory, the power and the magnificence of our country. I believe that Paul means that we shall honor the Gospel of Christ wherever we are, just as the soldier glories in his country's flag. Men who have been held in the bondage of sin are made free by this power and they are glad to honor and glorify God.

Peter.

We often speak of Peter's denial and think that we would have been braver and truer than Peter was, but I am afraid some of us would have been in hiding just as Peter was. We would have feared the cross, as he did.

"Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted.
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

"One look of that pale, suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness.
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness."

—Longfellow.

Johann Naas.

In the old Cassel library I read the story of one of our brethren who was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. When King Frederick of Prussia was forming a company of tall soldiers his officers had orders to bring any man who was taller than the average before the king. One day they met Johann Naas, and as he was over six feet in height, they at once asked him to join the army, which he promptly refused to do. So he was placed under arrest and tortured and at last brought before King Frederick. When the king asked him to serve in the army he answered, "I have already enlisted under the banner of King Immanuel and I cannot serve in your army." The king was so struck by his courage and bearing that he dismissed him. You can read the entire story in the "History of the Brethren," by M. G. Brumbaugh. And I hope you will ask yourselves this question, Are we as ready to witness for Christ as our fathers were?

Not Ashamed to Confess Christ by Our Works.

We are living epistles, known and read of all men. There are people who do not read the Bible, but they study our lives carefully, and if we live the Christ-life they know it; if we fall short, they see it. Duty forbids you and me to spend all our time in devotions, however holy, or in psalm singing, however sweet, or in any other lovely Christian experience that we so much enjoy. There is too much work to be done,—too many trials to be endured, too many burdens to be borne. Jesus will bless us just as surely in our common, everyday tasks as in the church service on Sunday. By our patient daily work for him we honor him as much as when we stop to talk about him and his Word alone. When we do kitchen work as it should be done we can do it to the glory of God.

"O Son of the carpenter, now on thy throne,
Reveal unto me thy wonderful plan
For building an earthly, yet heavenly life,
For growing in favor with God and with man."

The Blessing.

Ian McLaren tells us of one boy who confessed Christ. When George Howe came home from the university to die, he felt that he must say something to his old schoolmaster about Jesus, but he hardly knew how to begin. After a while he took a book from under his pillow and said, "Wull ye take this buik for a keepsake from your grateful scholar? Wull ye read it, Dominie, for my sake, and maybe ye'll come to see—" and he said no more. But Dominie understood. "Ma laddie, I'll read it till I die, and George, I'll tell ye what livin' man does not know. When I was your age my heart was turned from the faith. Wull ye mak a prayer for yir auld dominie afore we pairt?" And that gift and the prayer that followed it won the old man to Christ.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Someway, it seems easy to witness for Christ. He has done so much for us. Temptations that we could not overcome in our own strength have little power over us now. He gives us joy, peace and gladness, hour by hour. He gives us strength and comfort in all our sorrows and troubles, he is the truest friend we have. We would not be treacherous enough to become traitors. We pray that our boys and girls may glory in the cross of Christ.

Topics for Discussion.

1. Who makes us ashamed of the Gospel? Matt. 13: 19.
2. Was Cornelius ashamed to serve him? Acts 10.
3. David was true to God. Acts 13: 22.
4. Ruth was ready for any sacrifice. Ruth 1.
5. Do worldly amusements lead us away from Christ? 1 John 2: 16.
6. Covetousness blinds us to the Gospel. 2 Tim. 4: 10.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

The Miner.

We have read of one who had hunted gold for thirty years, but had never "struck it rich." He would find a few nuggets here and there, enough to keep him going but no more. He had been prospecting alone for months at a time, often hungry and cold, and yet expecting every day that the next would find him rich. Now he was old and worn, yet his face was full of hope which when he talked blazed into enthusiasm.

The lookout committee in your society should seek for boys and girls as the miner looks for gold. If they do not respond when the committee first tries to win them the committee should not be discouraged, but try some other plan. If you have half the zeal that the miner had you will gather them into the church. These boys and girls, whose parents belong to your church, you should look after them, as a miner looks after his claim,—he works over every foot of it. The committee will find no leisure days, these boys and girls are growing up and we want to win them now.

The committee must be tireless in their efforts and self-sacrificing. What if the boy you expected to see at Christian Workers' meeting failed to come? Go to him again. Never give up and God will reward you for your fidelity.

Good Leaders.

The leaders for your meetings should be appointed by the program committee. All the leaders for the entire year should be assigned their particular topic, and the time they shall serve. This gives them plenty of time to study their subject thoroughly and get their members interested in the meeting.

The leader should be wide-awake, earnest and ready to say the word in season when he opens the meeting. If there is a small attendance, do not refer to it in your opening talk, do not say anything to cast a gloom over the meeting. Let him read the chapter and say what he has to say as if he really enjoyed doing it; and those who take part will follow in the same way.

Coöperation.

Part of the success of the meeting is due to the amount of coöperation the leader secures from the members. It is not what he pours into the meeting but what he gets out of the members that makes it a success. To get coöperation there must be a plan. We know one leader who talks to every one of the members who are expected to take part at least a week before the meeting takes place. He advises them as to what part they can do best and there is a perfect understanding between leader and members.

Lead Somewhere.

A leader must not only be able to strike the right keynote of the meeting but he must close it with some impressive thought that will linger in their minds. The hymns should be well selected, and those who take part should feel the glow and the blessing of thus serving the Lord. The true leader prays earnestly for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, for his power to sweep through the meeting, and kindle a blaze of love in the hearts of each.

NEW NAMES.

2879 Ethel Reese, Elizabethtown, Pa.
2880 Mary Ressler, Elizabethtown, Pa.
2881 Bertha E. Bryant, R. R. No. 10, Dayton, Ohio.
2882 Mary Kessler, Beatrice, Nebraska.
2883 Forest Eisenbise, Beatrice, Nebr.
2884 Allie Eisenbise, Beatrice, Nebr.
2885 John F. Wampler, Timberville, Va.
2886 Nina G. Wampler, Timberville, Va.
2887 Franklin Buyer, 404 E. Ross St., Lancaster, Pa.
2888 Andrew C. Hollinger, 442 N. Mary St., Lancaster, Pa.
2889 Mrs. Will N. Zobler, 102 N. Strawberry St., Lancaster, Pa.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter XLIII.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

Marie has been at me for almost a week to write a letter for your paper on the decorations of the Vatican. I have tried every way that was within the bounds of honor to get rid of the duty, but without avail. Miss Gertrude has written a letter or two home and the boys have written their letter, and I suppose it is my turn to contribute my little piece. I have been living in a state of intoxication, over the beauties of the place for two or three days, and the trouble is, one can see and appreciate such things as these, but cannot impart it to others.

It is almost impossible for the casual reader to think of a building being eleven hundred feet long; and if you will stop to figure how many rods this is and have some one suggest to you some object about that far away, a rather comprehensive idea may be obtained as to the length of the Vatican and St. Peter's Cathedral. There are so many stories and so many rooms in each story, that it is impossible for one to find his way through the building without a guide. The janitor told us that he had three hundred keys and only one key for each room. In most of the rooms, in the hallways and under the porticoes are decorations of the rarest kind. The ceilings, side walls, the alcoves, all bear the work of the master artist. The choice masterpieces of the world are collected here in one grand profusion. All that heart can wish has been provided for.

One of the finest rooms in the whole building, and the one which is of the most intense interest to me, is called The Chapel of Sistina. Here is where the Pope is seen on certain occasions, and of course the best is not too good for this room. On the right side-wall of this room are the following pictures:

1. Baptism of Jesus.
2. Temptation of Jesus.
3. Christ Calls the Four.
4. Sermon on the Mount.
5. Peter's Great Confession.
6. Adam and Eve's Sin.
7. The Resurrection.

These, you will notice, are all scenes from the New Testament. On the left side of the wall are seven grand scenes from the Old Testament, which are as follows:

1. Circumcision of Moses' Children.
2. Moses Viewing the Promised Land.
3. Pharaoh in the Red Sea.
4. Moses and Tables of Stone on Mt. Sinai.
5. Moses' Punishment of Aaron's Son.
6. Moses Reading the Law, and his Death.
7. Angels Defending the Body of Moses from Satan.

In the rear of the room, behind the altar, was one grand picture of the last judgment, which covered the entire end of the room. It is certainly magnificent. Upon the ceiling are the following:

1. The Creation of the World.
2. Sun, Moon and Stars.
3. Land and Water Divided.
4. The Creation of Adam.
5. The Creation of Eve.
6. Adam and Eve's Sin.
7. Noah's Sacrifice.
8. The Deluge.
9. Noah Intoxicated.

Then in the four corners of the room, in the angles of the cornice are the following:

1. David and Goliath.
2. Judith and Alphed.
3. Haman and Mordecai.
4. The Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness.

Let the description of this room be sufficient for an idea as to what may be expected in all of the rooms. In one room we saw the masterpieces of Raphael, "The Madonna"; also "The Transfiguration." To my mind, however, all, or nearly all, of these famous paintings are more or less subject to criticism. For example, in some of them the Palatine Hill of Rome was used for Mount Hermon, and the Tiber river for the Jordan. But, of course, the artist was a Roman painter and executing for the papacy, and it must be so. But we saw this everywhere we went. If the artist was a German, the face of Jesus bore the German characteristics. If he chanced to be a Frenchman, the Savior's beard was French style, and if Italian, of course the curly locks carelessly played on the shoulders of the Redeemer.

Raphael never lived to finish his "Transfiguration"; but Julia Romana finished it for him. When one looks at the "Madonna" and then at the "Transfiguration," he can easily see that they are not the work of the same hand throughout. The whole Vatican is one halo of art, and one can drink in the pleasures for weeks and months and never tire of the endless profusion. I am tempted very seriously to stay here and make some copies of this work, while the rest of the party go on their way sightseeing. But, then, when the time comes for them to go, I do not feel as if I could afford to miss anything, and I suppose I will have to come back this way when we return from Jerusalem, for we decided last night to go to Jerusalem while we are this close.

Marie just now looked over my shoulder and said, "You have enough written for one letter," so guess I better quit. Sincerely yours,

Marie Stewart.
(per Agnes Clarke.)

(To be continued.)

WONDERS OF AMERICA.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi.

The largest valley in the world is the Valley of the Mississippi.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the Natural Bridge in Virginia.

The Q. & A. Department.

To what extent is osteopathy recognized by the States, and how is it gaining prestige as a science?

Since November, 1896, when the first legal recognition of osteopathy as a distinct school of therapeutics was effected in Vermont, twenty-five States and territories have regulated its practice by legislative enactment. In eight States there are boards for examination and registration,—Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Minnesota, Michigan, Missouri, Montana and Oklahoma. In three States there are members on the medical board,—Kentucky, Ohio and Wisconsin. In five States registration of diploma from a reputable college gives recognition,—North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, New Mexico and Tennessee. In eight States students are examined by the medical board, but in such branches only as are taught in common in both osteopathic and medical colleges,—Alabama, Arizona, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, North Carolina and Virginia. In Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Mississippi, Utah, Colorado, West Virginia and Texas, students are exempt from restriction by court decisions. In every case the candidate for certificate must be a graduate of a reputable osteopathic college, one recognized by the American Osteopathic Association, having a course of instruction equal to that of the recognized medical colleges. No other school of therapeutics can represent such a record of growth and popularity. Osteopathy can attribute its marvelous success solely to the results it has attained.

How did the United States come into possession of Texas?

Texas became an independent republic in 1836. Soon, thereafter, she asked admission into the Union, and was admitted by joint resolutions of Congress in 1845 just before the expiration of President Tyler's term.

How are the Philippines governed now?

The Philippine Islands are governed as a colony or dependency of the United States. The civil has superseded the military where practicable. The governor and other high officers are appointed by the president of the United States.

What was the most important battle of the Revolution?

Battle of Saratoga, which was fought twelve miles east of Saratoga Springs. It was the most important because it thwarted the design of the British to cut off New England from the rest of the colonies.

When was the first Christian Workers' meeting held in the German Baptist church, and how many of the churches have these services?

Our Missionary Reading Circle was organized in 1893, and soon after its organization, the committee in charge of the Circle discussed the necessity of holding Young People's meetings, and laid plans to bring about what we now have, Christian Workers' meetings. As nearly as we can tell they were held in a few churches in 1898, since which time they have multiplied rapidly. We have no statistics, however, as to the number now in existence, but we believe they are held in the majority of the Brethren congregations.

What is apperception?

Apperception is mental digestion and assimilation of what has been acquired through the process of perception. By apperception we saturate the knowledge acquired through the senses with our own experiences and innate ideas, until it becomes a part of our subjective mind or physical being.

Who is President of Cuba and Mexico?

Thomas Estrada Palma is president of Cuba since May 20, 1902. General Porfirio Diaz has been president of Mexico since Dec. 1, 1884.

Who wrote Rasselas?

Samuel Johnson, an Englishman. He was a writer of some note and wrote Rasselas of evenings one week.

What is periosteum and its uses?

The *periosteum* is a dense lining membrane, covering the bone except at the joints. Its use is to give vitality to the bone.

How are vacancies in the House of Representatives filled?

The governor of the State calls an election in the district in which the vacancy occurs.

What is the address of the American Humane Society?

Better address George T. Angell, 19 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

When was the liberty bell cracked?

On July 8, 1835, it was cracked while tolling for the death of Chief Justice Marshall.

MISCELLANEOUS

WHAT IS IN A TRADE.

A TRADE makes you independent.

A strong crutch upon which to lean.

It is a passport to all countries and climes.

A demand note which passes current everywhere.

Something which can be carried in our heads and hands.

The only property which cannot be mortgaged or sold.

It is a calling which can be declined or taken up at pleasure.

The one thing that cannot be learned in an academy or college.

A thing about which neither friends nor kindred can quarrel.

SAVED BY A VENTRILOQUIST.

MR. FRED HIGH, the well-known ventriloquist and all-around entertainer, tells the following strange story:

At the Kansas City depot, where I was one time waiting for a train, an Irishman sat down on a rough box that contained a coffin. A faint voice was heard within the box: "Oh, please, take me out of here, I am dying." The Irishman looked around, and seemed utterly astonished when he saw what he was sitting upon. The voice still cried: "Please get me out of here." The Irishman said: "Is this the dead speaking?" To this question he only received the faint moan: "Oh, Oh!"

The Irishman called two of his friends to his assistance and proposed that they open the coffin and rescue the dead man, and as they all heard a faint groan within, it was decided to remove the lid; but as they were in the midst of their work, a middle-aged woman, in widow's weeds, put in a fierce objection. She raged with indignation. It was explained to her that the man was not dead, that he had called for help, but she said: "I know that my husband is dead, and I won't have him disturbed." But the son of Erin would not allow a mere widow to stop him in a humane work. "I heard the corpse call for help," he said, "and if there is any help to be brought to him I'm going to bring it." So while one man argued with the woman in tears—she wept, sobbed, and scolded—they went right on, removed the top from the box, and while the woman shrieked and appealed to heaven, they lifted the lid from the casket, and to their utter surprise found the coffin filled with flasks of gin, whiskey and other products of the Kentucky mountains.

The funeral that was supposed to be billed for a small town in Kansas did not take place that day for the want of a corpse.

The supposed widow was smuggling this contraband firewater into prohibition Kansas. When I boarded the train for Texas, I saw all hands were sharing the widow's grief, and, like Rip Van Winkle, were trying to drown their sorrows in the flowing bowl.

A CASE OF COWARDICE.

"DID you advertise for a boy?"

"Yes. Have you answered the advertisement?"

"I have. But I'd like to know first what you mean by saying that you want a boy who ain't afraid of work?"

"It's plain enough, isn't it?"

"Maybe it is, but I should think you'd rather have a boy that was a little afraid of work. Just enough afraid of it to catch hold of it quick and wrestle with it and down it and jump on it, and show it that it won't get a chance to prove too much for him. That's the kind o' boy I should think you'd like—instead of the kind that ain't afraid of work. Why, I knew a boy once who wasn't the least mite afraid of it and he'd rub up against it, and walk right into the cage where they kept it, and let it eat off his hand, and at the same time never meddle with it enough to soil his finger tips."

"That's enough, young fellow. The job is yours."

A QUEER TIMEPIECE.

THE hands of the clock remained stationary. The dial revolved.

"What a strange timepiece," said the visitor.

"It is Chinese, and a great rarity," the missionary answered. "I got it in Shanghai. I have refused several offers of large sums for it.

"The Chinese see nothing peculiar about this sort of clock. They see no great difference between it and ours. After all, you know, whether the dial revolves around the hands or the hands revolve around the dial it comes to the same thing in the end.

"The small dial, which turns more quickly, marks, of course, the seconds."

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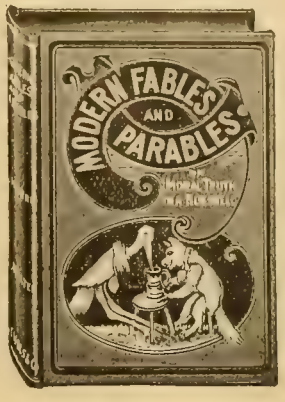
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Poage's Mill, Va.

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FOR THE BRETHREN



Fig Orchard, Sacramento Valley River Lands. Income, $150 to $400 an Acre. No Winter. No Summer Humidity.

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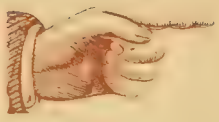
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A Preacher Without a Congregation.

[From the Gospel Messenger, Aug 12, 1905.]

We often read in the Messenger of "a little band of members without a minister" and "preacher wanted," but I believe the above caption is a little out of the ordinary. I investigated some of the places with a band of members, but as I am a practical farmer I chose to settle in the best place to help myself, rather than be helped (it was largely to escape this I left my old congregation in Missouri). I came here last fall and consoled myself with the thought that if my judgment was good and the country what I thought it, the Brethren would come and maybe I could do some missionary work. In the latter I have been somewhat disappointed, for though I have found the people good neighbors it seems almost impossible to get them started to come to meeting. I keep a little Sunday school going and preach every other Sunday anyway, but am very anxious to see some members come and occupy the land and also the "empty benches."

After living here nearly a year I feel my judgment was good and I am well satisfied. There are drawbacks in the way of an occasional streak of hail and mosquitoes (on the bottom), but I think the advantages more than offset them. There are opportunities for either extensive cattle raising on the hills or intensive sugar beet raising in the bottom; also farming on the tableland and dairying (with cheap pasture and alfalfa hay) along the foot of the hills. Fruit has been much neglected by most people here, but I know of several who have made good money with it. I will answer all questions I can, but say, Come and see. One brother has come and will likely locate. Write me in any event. I am hungry for fellowship with my own people. Tell me what you want to do and I can answer easier.

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North Platte, Nebr.

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The old time-tried herb remedy. It contains nothing but what will do you good. It cleanses the blood and strengthens the entire system. It holds an unbroken record of success extending back over one hundred years. Thousands have testified to its health-giving powers.

SAVED HIS LIFE.

Greenbush, Wis., Sept. 26.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir,—I am not a very good correspondent, but I thought I would write you a few lines. I am an old soldier of the war of 1860. About three years ago it was thought that my funeral sermon was about to be preached, but I obtained your medicine just in the nick of time. Your **Blood Vitalizer** saved my life when down with la grippe. I am sixty-six years old and can do more work than I have been able to do for the last sixteen years.

Yours truly,

A. M. Sheldon.

THE TALK OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

Morton, Mo., Nov. 16.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir,—I have been away from home or I should have written sooner. Your **Blood Vitalizer** is doing great good in this neighborhood. The people are talking about my case, as they know how I was afflicted, how long I suffered, and how much I spent for medicines and doctors, and all to no purpose. They see me now, how well and strong I am, although nearly seventy-four years old. They all admit it is a good medicine.

Yours very truly,

Mrs. A. D. Freeman.

Unlike other ready-prepared medicines, it is not a shelf-worn drug store article, but is supplied to the people direct through special agents appointed in every community. Address the sole proprietors,

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.,

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue,

CHICAGO, ILL.

SEND TO-DAY for catalog of Bonnets and Cap Goods showing eight shapes of Bonnets.

CATALOG FREE.



Style B.

Patterns 10c each.



Style C.

NEAT AND PLAIN.

Style B.—The forepart of this bonnet is made of chenille and the crown and frill are of taffeta silk. It is made over a rice net foundation. Average cost of a **made-to-order** bonnet like this one $2.30. **For making only,** 75 cents.

Style C.—This bonnet is made of straw cloth over a rice net foundation. It has a chiffon lining and the ribbon is plaited so as to form the frill. Average cost of a **made-to-order** bonnet, $2.40. **For making only,** 85 cents.

For One Bonnet we use 1 yd. Strawcloth, 1 yd. Rice Net, 2½ yds. Wire, 1½ to 2½ yds. Ribbon, ½ yd. Chiffon Lining, 1½ yd. Braid for Trimming. Cost of material 98 cents to $2.25, depending on quality.

Send us your measure and we will make you a Bonnet or Cap. **We guarantee satisfaction.**

Catalog shows 12 different materials.



Easy to Take the Measure for Cap or Bonnet.

1st. Length over head.
2nd. Width across back of neck.
3rd. Width of forepart from where crown is set on, to the front edge.

Note.—We are so well known that no street number is necessary. Just address

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,
Dept. I, CHICAGO, ILL.

McPherson College

OPENS SEPT. 12.

Students coming over the Missouri Pacific, Union Pacific, Santa Fe or Rock Island railroads will be met at the depots. Write and let us know when you expect to reach McPherson.

26t2

Juniata College

The Fall Term of 1905 will begin Monday, September 11th. Correspondence is invited with young people and parents who may be interested.

Address

I. HARVEY BRUMBAUGH,
Acting President,
Huntingdon, Pennsylvania.

33t4

To Homeseekers and Investors

Homesteads on good **Grain** land in the United States is what we have searched for for years. We have found a **limited number** of the best we ever saw in Morton county, North Dakota.

If you are looking for a safe investment, where your capital will double or treble in five or six years, write me and look over our lands. We sell the land in alternate sections at from $7 to $15 per acre and locate you, if you desire, on contiguous homestead, coal, best water, large native grasses. Lands on adjoining township not on market. **Act now!** Brethren minister moves there in spring and other members.

For particulars address

S G. RUPERT,
1216 Manadnock Building,
35t2 Chicago, Ill.

The Reedley Tract

The Gem of the San Joaquin Valley.

Is destined to be the home of many Brethren. Those settled here are well satisfied and are advising others to come.

The exceptional advantages of good irrigation with perfect natural drainage, insures lasting success. No alkali. No tule ponds or stagnant water, hence, no malaria. No lands subject to overflow. In fact, no excuses are necessary on the Reedley Tract. We are not experimenting in any line. Actual results speak for themselves. Come and see all kinds of fruit, grains and alfalfa as they grow here. Complete investigation solicited.

Elder D. L. Forney, late Missionary from India, has just purchased land near Reedley. Other leading brethren will locate soon.

Write for booklet and full information.

Address:

O. D. LYON,
Reedley, Fresno Co., California.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE INGLENOOK.

McPHERSON (COLLEGE) KANS.

Your boy's life in boarding school is the most important of his life. Be sure of the College if you want to be sure of your boy.

Most of us have been here from ten to sixteen years and we know we are doing better work now than ever. It is quality, not quantity, that counts.

We develop the good, moral, mental and physical that's in them, the best way to eliminate the bad; there's always some bad even in a good boy.

We don't take the really bad ones.

We have had several meetings lately and the faculty has determined to take the very best care of your boy and girl.

We have turned out good business men, good teachers, good ministers—in fact, all classes. Our catalogue will interest you if you have a boy or girl. Let us send you a copy. Write to us and we will write and tell you just what we propose to do to take care of your son and daughter.

We are sure you will miss it if you don't write at once. College opens Sept. 12.

HELLO, BOYS!



How would you like to carry one of these handsome, THIN MODEL, 16 size, gun-metal or nickel case, guaranteed timekeeper?

Write us at once and we will tell you how to get one absolutely FREE through answering this ad.

The president of our company carries one of these watches and highly recommends it.

Equity Mfg & Supply Co.
153 So. Jefferson Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.



FREE SAMPLE

Send letter or postal for free SAMPLE
HINDOO TOBACCO HABIT CURE
We cure you of chewing and smoking for 50c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford, Indiana. We answer all letters.

HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys
Along the

Oregon Short Line Railroad

IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming
is Done by Irrigation.

Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley also yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry.

The climate is healthy; winters short and mild. We solicit the homeseekers to come and investigate these valleys before locating elsewhere. Parties wishing to visit Idaho may also take advantage of the very low rates authorized to Portland and return on account of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, on which liberal stop-over privileges are allowed.

Exposition rates from some of the most Eastern points for tickets to Portland and return (not including trip through California), are as follows:

Omaha & Kansas City,	$45.00
St. Paul & Minneapolis,	45.00
Chicago,	56.50
St. Louis,	52.00
Peoria,	53.00
Dayton, Ohio,	62.50

Tickets will be sold daily to September 30th, with final limit of ninety days from date of sale, but not beyond November 30, 1905. Stop-overs will be allowed on the Oregon Short Line at any point going or returning within final limit of tickets, but on return journey tickets must be deposited with the agent at point of stop-over.

Settlers' cheap one way rates will be in effect September 15th to October 31, 1905.

S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.
J. E. Hooper, Agent, Oakland, Kans.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. & T. A.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. SEPTEMBER 5, 1905. NO. 36

THE CARPENTER AT NAZARETH.

That evening when the Carpenter swept out
The fragrant shavings from the workshop floor,
And placed the tools in order, and shut to
And barred, for the last time, the humble door,
And, going on his way to save the world,
Turned from the lab'rer's lot forever,—
I wonder, was he glad?

That morning, when the Carpenter walked forth
From Joseph's dwelling in the glimmering light,
And bade his holy mother long farewell,
And through the rose-shot skies with dawning bright
Saw glooming the dark shadows of the cross,—
Yet seeing, set his face toward Calvary's height,
I wonder—was he sad?

Ah! when the Carpenter went on his way,
He thought not of himself for good or ill;
One was his path, through shop or thronging men,
Craving his help e'en to the cross-crowned hill.
In toiling, striving, teaching, suffering, all
His joy, his life, to do his Father's will.
And earth and heaven are glad.

—British Weekly.

SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

BY JOSEPHINE HANNA.

Ability in the good, wins respect from the rude.

Patience waits but doesn't stop working to wait.

Opportunities for good, golden ladders upward rise.

Men lament rare opportunities, and slight common ones.

Progress will pay Endeavor, should Success fail to do so.

Time will give you an advantage if you meet it at the dawn.

Weak, indeed, are they whom indolence itself can overcome.

Face the sun and it will cast the shadows behind you.

"A time for all things" means little time for anything.

He who climbs to reach his goal reaches it in his own soul.

One may reveal a lack of authority in a tone of authority.

Paltry affairs consume a lifetime,—no more requires a worthy end.

Pluck is back of luck; it catches up with it, however, and finds it kin.

They who discuss the failings of others evidently get the most satisfaction from them.

There may be "a time for all things," but there are many things not worth the time.

We may set our own value upon time, but we must hurry—not hold it—to get our price.

Difficulties but dam up the forces of life for sufficient power to turn the master-wheel.

The gold dust of common opportunity will aggregate more than the nuggets in search of which we overlook it.

Character, like an abatis, is composed of many branches of defense, from which the loss of one may give access to defeat, and sacrifice the whole.

Opportunity does not always wear an inviting face; to the contrary, she often tries us with a repellent one, and wears an everyday dress, the non-Parisian name of which is duty.

Flora, Ind.

With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

Life in Zanzibar.

No. 9.

In Zanzibar, in the native quarter of the city, the houses are somewhat more pretentious than the ones described in the foregoing chapters. I was interested in the primitive methods of construction and watched their building operations. The houses are either square or oblong. The outer walls are from eight to



Tippu-Tib.—Slave Trader.

ten feet in height, and these are made by setting up poles of the required height, firmly planted in the ground. At the ends the poles are longer so as to form the gable. Smaller poles are now tied transversely to the upright posts about six inches apart. A center post of proper height is fixed so as to give the roof the necessary pitch, and hold the ridge pole on which the upper ends of the rafters rest. The structure is now ready for roof and the mud to finish the walls. In its present stage of construction the building very much resembles a large cage. Not a single nail or wooden pin has been used in putting the skeleton together. Every stick and pole has been tied in its place with strong cords and ropes, and it stands as firmly as if it had been nailed and bolted together. The interstices in the walls are now closed with mud. The material is made stiff enough to be moulded into balls, and is then forced between the poles and pressed firmly in its place. When completed the walls have the appearance of having been constructed of mud balls. The roof is of thatch made of grass, laid on in many thicknesses. Doors are made where desired, and the house is ready for occupancy. They are substantially built and afford some degree of comfort to those who dwell in them.

Wages here range from ten to twenty cents per day for common work; skilled labor being correspondingly higher. It is about double what is paid in the interior of India. This brings the Indian coolie to South Africa. The cost of living is also somewhat higher. It costs about the same to live here as in a city of corresponding size at home. Hotel charges are from one to three dollars per day, and I am told that the hotels are fairly good. In the interior living is cheap for those who can satisfy themselves with the native bill of fare. This means corn bread, eggs, poultry, goats' milk, and such few vegetables as are grown. Any fruit in the shape of canned fruits or vegetables is very expensive in the interior. Everything of the kind must be carried on the heads of porters, and if the distance is great the cost of transportation is very high.

We find quantities of food in the market places and in the bazaars. Just now is the time of oranges,—great, fine, juicy, sweet, thin-skinned oranges which may be had at from twenty to forty cents a hundred. In flavor they are fully equal to California's best fruit. If they were seedless and had the same rich color of the navel orange they could not be excelled. Mangoes are hardly ripe enough to be at their best, but the pineapple, rich and juicy, is abundant. Of course the cocoanut is found in great abundance. This species of the palm is partial to the sea coast and is not found inland. By examining the illustration given in Inglenook No. 32 it will be seen how very fruitful this palm is under favorable conditions. There must be nearly a hundred nuts on this tree for the other side hangs as full as the one in view.

At Zanzibar most of our deck passengers disem-



A busy Day for the Barbers. Zanzibar.

barked, taking with them their cows, calves, goats and kids. After the disembarkation the temporary cow stable was flooded with sea water, and the deck thoroughly scrubbed and disinfected. This treatment was vigorously repeated a number of times, and now the foul smell of the stable has disappeared. The smallpox has also abated. The tent amidship, where the patients were kept, and everything in the shape of clothing which they had used, were tumbled into the sea and disinfectants vigorously applied. We are now well rid of the disease and are thankful to the Lord that we escaped as well as we did.

The four days at anchor were made good use of by the ship's crew, aided by a lot of muscular Zanzibarians, in discharging twenty-six thousand bags of rice and a thousand packages of various articles of merchandise. The *Nuddea,* lightened of this immense burden, has risen several feet out of the water, not a very desirable thing in time of storm and rolling seas. But we are not likely to meet with storms at this season of the year.

The house of Tippu-Tib was pointed out to us, and the name brought to memory the interest taken in Stanley's preparation for his last journey across Africa. The expedition was fitted out at Zanzibar early in 1887, the object being the search for, and relief of



A Zanzibari's Home.—Homely, but Home after all.

Emin Pasha. Tippu-Tib, known as African king, slave trader and collector of ivory, made a contract with the great explorer to furnish men and assist him in his journey across the Dark Continent. Stanley expressly stipulated in his contract with the Arab that there was to be neither trading in slaves nor slave catching; there was to be no pillaging or oppression of the natives. In consideration of a considerable sum of money Tippu-Tib undertook to furnish Stanley with six hundred native carriers and to assist him in his work.

How the wily old Arab deceived him is told by Stanley in his book, "Darkest Africa." Tippu-Tib proved a master in the art of delay, prevarication and double dealing. His failure to carry out the contract entered into resulted in a great loss to the expedition, much anxiety and many weary miles of travel in the jungles of central Africa. At one time no man had greater influence in that part of the country, and he made a fortune in the slave and ivory trade. He is now an old man, living quietly in his own house at Zanzibar.

It was here also that Stanley reappeared after his marvelous journey across the great continent. It was three years and over after he plunged into the unknown regions at Stanley Falls, on the west side, until he reappeared on this side, and the cables flashed the news around the world that the expedition had succeeded in its object. All civilized nations rejoiced and did honor to the man who had risked so much and accomplished so much and endured so many hardships to relieve a fellow-man in distress.

At four o'clock in the evening of our fourth day's stay at Zanzibar, the order was given to heave anchor, and in half an hour we were slowly passing out of the harbor. The masts of the Sultan's sunken warship soon disappeared in the distance, as well as the hulk of a great steamer partly submerged on a reef, illustrating the danger of navigation on this coast. As the sun sank behind the rippling waters of the Indian ocean, we lost sight of the American consulate, where the old flag was still floating in the breeze, and were soon out at sea on our way to Mozambique, six hundred and fifty-three miles distant.

ECONOMY AND STINGINESS.

"I DECLARE to goodness," said the farmer, as he leaned on his hoe and watched the lawyer walk by, "that man's stingy as all creation! Got a horse in the stable, and walks to and from the station to save the wear and tear on his old buggy." It never occurred to the farmer that the lawyer, who was cooped up in his city office all day, was walking for his health. In the same way he misjudged the young doctor, who took care of his own horse to save the expense of a hostler that he might have money to buy books and instruments.

Economy is doing without what you don't need; stinginess is doing without what you ought to have. The man of ordinary means who will not buy strawberries in midwinter is economical; the rich miser who will not buy a nutritious steak or chop, when he is weak and needs it, is stingy.

"Mother," said Harry Harmon, after his first day's work, "I'm working for the stingiest man in town. Instead of sweeping the floor right into the street, he makes me pick out every bit of paper and string, which he intends to sell."

"Harry," said Mr. Harmon, looking up from his paper, "is the United States government stingy?"

"I should say not!"

"Yet government employés are expected to account for every penny, stamp, ounce of old iron, scrap of leather—indeed, every bit of waste paper and piece of string. That is not stinginess; it is economy."

There is such a thing as mistaken economy. Some things we can hire done cheaper than we can do them ourselves. It would not be economical for our young doctor to saw his own wood and take care of his horse if these interfered with his duty to his patients, any more than it would be for the wood-sawyer to prescribe his own medicines to save the doctor's fee.

"Do you know," said a prosperous lawyer to his fellow-traveler on a suburban train, "I believe I'll reshingle my barn during the court vacation. I might just as well as not save the money."

"H-m!" said his friend, dubiously. "I hope you will save money, but I doubt if that is an economical way to do it."

The lawyer did not see the force of this remark until he slid off the roof and broke his arm. Then he counted up his pain, the doctor's bill, and the expense of shingling, which had to be done anyhow, and sent word to his friend that if he "saved much more money that way he would be ruined."

This reminds one of the literary gentleman who undertook to paint the interior of his house.

"My dear," he said to his wife, "the painter is extortionate enough to ask thirty-two dollars for the job. Now I can buy the paint, oil, turpentine, and brushes for fourteen dollars, and save eighteen dollars. You know what Franklin said about a penny earned?"

His wife knew, but being a wise little woman, said nothing for a week, and then she laid this account before his eyes:

Paint, brushes, etc.,	$14.00
1 pair trousers ruined,	8.00
1 Moquette carpet, daubed with paint and ruined,	30.00
1 mirror broken,	3.00
Total,	$55.00

"Did Franklin say anything about the cobbler sticking to his last?"—*Selected.*

The Little White Meetin'house.

By OMA KARN,
Covington, Ohio.

* * * * * * * *

Part II.
The Return.

"Dora, what do you mean by standing there idling over those few dishes all morning? Don't you know it is almost time to start to Sunday school? And the children are not half ready, to say nothing of yourself. Go to work at once."

Dora, a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, lovable girl of twelve, lost to "present duty" in a dream of some future greatness, was idly letting the dishwater play through her fingers, totally oblivious of the pile of unwashed dishes at her side, or of the fact that the hour hand on the clock pointed to a quarter before nine. She gave a guilty start and there was a flash of resentment in the brown eyes as her mother's voice, with a decided and unusual sharpness in it, broke in upon her dream. But the last words together with certain things her father had said, when on a former occasion she had been late for the same reason, caused her to go to work with a vigor that soon dispatched the odious task before her.

Her usually merry face wore a very much abused expression and two red spots were still glowing in her cheeks, when, a few minutes later, she burst into the room where her eldest sister, Hester, with busy, capable hands was getting the two younger children ready.

"I don't see what does ail mamma here lately! She is crosser than a bear! She—"

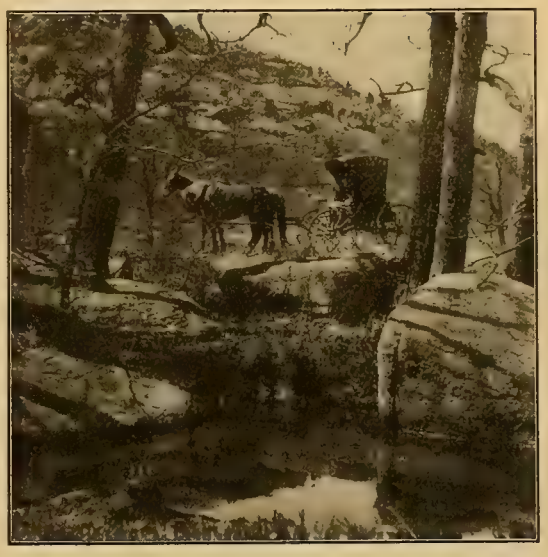
"Dora! How can you talk so about mamma! Remember what day this is."

Dora was down on the floor, hastily lacing up her shoes. She looked up penitently. "O Hester, how very wicked I am! Poor mamma, no wonder she feels sharp! I clear forgot; this is the day little Jessie died and Ralph ran away. I 'spect her poor heart is just about breaking. Don't you think she would feel better, Hester, if she knew Ralph was lying over there at the meetinghouse beside of Jessie?"

"But Dave don't do right, either. 'Twas all because of their quarrel about that old strawberry patch that Ralph went away like he did. And because mamma felt so awful bad and kind o' stood up for Ralph, why Dave won't even mention his name to her. He ought to have been at church last Sunday instead of up at 'The Grove,' and heard S. S. Miller preach about the 'Ninety and Nine.' Dave thinks he's awful good, but—" the rest was lost in the depth of the washbowl, for under the force of Hester's hand Paul's curly head went into it with a vigorous splash.

"Don't care, Ralph was to blame, too. You needn't throw Dave clear over the fence. Just because Ralph had been away to school he thought he ought to be everything and run everything. Besides Dave always staid at home and worked and he had a right to claim what was his own. Ralph was always running around over the country spending more than he earned. Hope he'll get enough of gadding now!" Wilbur's face was hot and flushed with suppressed feeling as he struggled manfully with a refractory collar button and took up arms in behalf of his elder brother.

"Boys, boys! Shame on you! What are you doing but following Dave and Ralph's example! Here papa has gone out to hitch up and you are not half ready yet. I advise you to get a move on you." And with this warning Hester disappeared in the direction of her own room.



"I see Dave's have already gone. Why, the tracks go the other way. Where could they have gone up that way?" "To the Grove, I suppose," answered Sarah.

The deep furrows that showed on the once smooth brow and around the mouth of Sarah Haller were not caused by age but trouble. She was a comely-looking woman, still on the sunny side of fifty. It was not a sense of the beauty of a perfect autumn morning, but hard and bitter thoughts that filled her mind as she locked the door behind her, and, after carefully placing the key under the flat stone beside the kitchen steps, went out and climbed into the low buggy, which every Sunday, be the weather "fair or foul," carried Joseph and Sarah Haller to the little country church.

She had stood on the porch and watched her children go through the orchard and disappear down over the hill. They always walked to church. The time was when she did, too, and enjoyed it as she had in her girlhood. But ever since that dark day, four years before, when they returned and found that Ralph, "her boy," the "apple of her eye," had left home—gone away from his father's house in anger and resentment, leaving behind him only a few cruel words, her health had slowly but surely failed. And when, one year ago to-day, the Death Angel had flapped his broad wings over their home and took from them Jessie, her baby—the light and joy of the already grief-stricken home—it was too much, and for months she lay in a state of utter prostration.



"They were passing the snug, well-kept farm buildings of 'the elder son,' as he spoke."

She rallied at last. But she was a changed woman, reserved and ofttimes irritable to those about her. Her merry-hearted children, too young yet to realize the pain that was gnawing at their mother's heart, often grew rebellious under what they considered unjust reproof.

And she knew she was often unjust and severe. But her heart was crying; would not be hushed for the one that was not. Other childish forms might flock around her, other willing feet spring to do her will, other childish hands caress her—but "Benjamin is not." Ah, how often does that sad cry find an echo in many a poor mother's heart.

She knew she had been unjustly harsh to Dora that morning. Dora her "dream child,"—and Dave her firstborn, why must she feel so hard towards him? He had been a faithful son to them, and he was really not to blame.

It was battling with such thoughts as these that caused the deep shadow on her face and called forth the heavy sigh as she sat silent at her husband's side.

"Go along, Doc!" he said, shaking the reins over the sleek back of the big grey. "We'll be late this morning, mother, I see that Dave's have already gone, Why the tracks go the other way! Where can they have gone up that way?" "To the Grove, I suppose," answered Sarah somewhat shortly but not without a note of sadness in her voice. "Dave seems to find more inspiration up there than he does in his home church."

Joseph sighed, too. He understood why the mother's heart was aching and why Dave preferred the "Grove church." He was a tender and affectionate father and he had done all that parental love or authority could do to save his headstrong boy. It was of no avail. He wanted his own way and he got it. "He made his own bed; he must lie in it," was the thought with which he tried to stifle the unutterable yearning that was always pulling at his heartstrings.

"Looks nice, doesn't it, mother? Dave surely knows how to farm and take care of what he has got." They were passing the snug, well-kept farm buildings of the "elder son" as he spoke.

"He surely ought to, he has had no lack of chances." But she could not keep a hard note out of her voice, however hard she tried.

"Dave has been a faithful child to us, mother," said Joseph, gently but firmly. "He deserves all he got. We would have done as much for Ralph, but his own wilfulness ruined him; but the prodigal came back, mother, 'back to his father's house,' and found 'plenty and to spare,' and who knows but what God, in his love and mercy, will lead Ralph back to his father's house? He who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb' will neither forget us nor ours, nor will ever deny us his divine support."

They were just rounding the hill and the abrupt turn brought the little burying ground into full view, the white headstones standing out in sharp contrast to the rich coloring of nature that surrounded them.

With tender care Joseph assisted her to alight. She

sought at once the far corner of the lot, where there was a tiny mound with the grass of but a year growing over it and a small stone at its head. Only three words on its white surface, but they spoke volumes of bitter heartache—"Jessie, aged five." Another longer and fresher mound was beside it—her mother,—the saintly grandmother of that once happy home. She knelt down between the two graves and laying a hand upon each, wept such tears as only a lonely mother with empty arms can weep.

There was a footfall behind her and Hester, who had been anxiously watching her mother from her seat by the window, slipped her arm about her and gently laid her mother's head on her strong young shoulder.

The mute sympathy had its effect. The mother at once grew calmer. "Let's go in now, mother, there is a rich treat in store for us. Bro. Eaton is here to-day. You know how well you like to hear him. There, they are beginning to sing."

She turned towards the tiny mound with a lingering look. Were her thoughts with the little lamb, safe in the tender Shepherd's fold? Ah, no, they were with her erring boy. And oh, how she wished he were lying there beside her baby.

While these stern realities of life were being enacted, down the white turnpike, trimmed on either side with its neatly-kept hedge rows, came the figure of a man; a rough, unkempt-looking creature who glanced about him from time to time with a shifting gaze as if he had seen it all before and yet been guilty of something that made him fear to look upon it again. On he trudged. People in their comfortable conveyances passed him and looked curiously at him.

"Seems to me I ought to know that fellow, he certainly reminds me of some one," remarked some woman as she passed.

"Likely you do," replied her husband humorously. "He is about as tough looking a tramp as I have seen this good while."

"But he has pretty blue eyes," said the child at his side, with a note of pity in her voice.

On and on trudged the subject of their comments. Finally he came to the brow of a timber-clad hill and stood looking down into a fruitful valley, sleeping and smiling in the autumn sunshine. Quickly his eyes sought the northwest corner, where a little brook found its way through the well-kept fields. Yes, there it was, looking just as it had when he had last seen it. The square white farmhouse, nestled amid its orchards now bending under their wealth of ripened fruit; the great bank barn with its neat outbuildings, the fish pond gleaming in the sunshine; the clump of willows at the foot of the hill, beneath whose shade peeped the little white springhouse. Ah, how often, when he had suffered from the pangs of hunger and was glad even for the husks, had memory brought to his mind that little white springhouse and the good things that were brought from its depths. The dusty road stretched away into the distance and away off to one side he could just make out the little white meetinghouse.

He turned aside from the road and skulking along the hedge rows, crossed a meadow, now brown and bare, slipped through the farmyard, past the spring, at which he could not help stooping down and drinking, just as he had when he was a boy; and then up the well-remembered path to the kitchen door. Dick, the big shepherd dog, was lying on the broad doorstep. Dick was not considered cross, but he had an antipathy to tramps and he flew at this one with a savage yelp and gleaming teeth.

"Dick! old fellow, don't you know me?"

At the well-remembered tones, Dick stopped as if he had been shot. He stared at the intruder for a minute and then retarded, still growling, with doubt and amazement written on his canine face. A few more words of coaxing and, with yelps of delight, Dick recognized his old master.

"Nobody home but you, old fellow? All gone to church?" And the delighted animal gave a yelp of assent. "Well, you are glad at least. Let's see what I look like, old fellow," and he deliberately walked to the little square mirror that hung against the porch wall. "Guess they won't sing, 'Lo, the conquering hero comes' for me like they did for Al Harris when he run away and come back at the end of ten years a congressman. I meant to be something too when I went away; I look like it, don't I?"

The reaction had set in. Now that he had come home the full extent of his past folly and its result almost made him regret his decision.

He stretched himself at full length under the great apple tree and buried his face in his hands. Dick sat silently by, his great, intelligent, brown eyes bent pityingly upon his master. Suddenly the intruder sprang to his feet and going to the broad, flat stone beside the steps turned it over.

Yes, there it was, just where it used to be. How often he had watched his mother put it there. He held it in his hand while he asked himself the question, "Shall I go in or not? 'Tis my father's house." "But," said a still, small voice, "you have no right to go in; you are only a tramp, you must ask forgiveness ere you can have the right to enter again."

He laid the key down and carefully replaced the stone. Whistling to Dick he started off; he meant to take a ramble over the place and visit some of the well-remembered haunts of the "old days," but almost unconsciously his feet turned towards the road and in the direction of the little meetinghouse. How well he remembered the road! How often Hester and himself had traveled it in the happy days gone by!

And then memory recalled a time, farther back than

that, when two boys, brothers, had gone blithely along the same road. They had grown up under the same roof. Their lives had been as one in the happy days of childhood. They had shared everything alike. What brought joy to one brought equal joy to the other. They had never been parted until he—Ralph—went away to school. It had never seemed the same after he came back, and then came the quarrel. Oh! the folly of it, to quarrel about a little piece of ground. This must be Dave's place now, he thought, attracted by the same look of thrift that had called forth the praise of his father earlier in the morning. Trust Dave to take care of what he gets. I wonder what kind of a wife he has, and whether he will ever forgive me for cursing him so? And he fell into a fit of bitter musing that lasted until he was suddenly aroused by the sound of rapidly-spoken words and found himself at the lower entrance of the little burying ground. An almost irresistible longing came over him to go in and sit once more in the seat he had so often occupied in the past.

"I can't go in this way," he thought. "I have disgraced them enough already. I will just slip up to the lot and then go back home." But what caused his face to turn suddenly white, while a groan of anguish burst from his lips! Ah, why? Alas! there were two new mounds there. Who was sleeping beneath them? Tremblingly he drew near and read on the little gravestone the name "Jessie." It was baby Jessie, then. Ah, how well he remembered the morning he resolved to go away. He had taken her in his arms, and with the purpose in his heart had kissed her good-bye. He remembered how she had clung to him with her fat little hands, as if trying to draw him from his evil purpose and cooed to him in her soft baby language. But who was lying beneath the other mound? Was it his mother? Had he killed her with his waywardness? Absolute terror took possession of him, and he sank down between the two mounds in despair, such as he had never known before. Out from the open window came loving words, words of encouragement to the sheep that had strayed from the Shepherd's fold. Jonas Eaton was at his best. He was preaching from the text, "All we like sheep have gone astray." The words sank deep into the heart of the poor black sheep outside. Nearer and nearer he crept until he stood just outside the door where he cowered in fear and trembling. He had recognized the voice of the speaker and again came the irresistible longing to go back, not only to the earthly father, but to enter the fold of the heavenly Father. Tears fell from his eyes as the impassioned appeal went on within, to leave all and trust to the heavenly Shepherd to lead them—"The door of the fold is open now, who will be the first to enter it?" The voice of the speaker ceased and "Just as I am" came rolling out, a wave of melody.

Ralph Haller was no coward. He had "started back," and he made a complete surrender. With the prayer, "Lord, take me as I am," regardless of the rags that clothed his body or the dust that begrimed his face, he entered the church and walked down the aisle toward the sacred stand.

For the second time Jonas Eaton was startled for one brief instant. Then he recognized the uncouth figure coming towards him, and with outstretched hand welcomed the prodigal home. The audience looked on in wonder, the hymn they were singing almost dying away in their surprise. Joseph Haller, from his place in the "deacons' seat," his near-sighted eyes bent on his hymn book, looked up in wonder at the sudden halt. Something familiar in the figure approaching caused him to look more closely. The book he was holding fell to the floor with a crash, and with a sob of thankfulness his head fell forward on the seat in front of him. Back in the audience was a woman's voice, crying in tones which those that heard never forgot—"My boy! My boy!"

(To be Continued.)

THE STIR IN NORWAY.

"SOMETHING is doing" in Scandinavia. The venerable King Oscar, aged seventy-six, has handed the reins of government to Crown Prince Gustaf "until further notice." Like many other married couples, Norway and Sweden have their differences. The failure of negotiations to establish separate consulates for the two countries has produced in Norway a crisis in which an interesting personality has for the first time become conspicuously prominent touching Norwegian politics, Dr. Nansen, famed as an Arctic explorer. The Norwegian Cabinet, elected in 1903, had the distinction of being unprecedently strong for the Right or Monarchial party. It held office until the beginning of March this year when it resigned in consequence of the failure of the negotiations above referred to. There is a strong anti-Sweden party in Norway, to which party the late Ministry has been opposed. This party stands for a department of foreign affairs separate from that of Sweden. It is a growing party. Dr. Nansen belongs to it. The Hagerup Cabinet has been succeeded by a coalition Ministry of which M. Nicholson is Premier. The Crown Prince, in this capacity as Regent, has issued a manifesto in which he declares that the welfare of the country is dependent upon a union with Sweden, though there is no reason why, under certain conditions, there should not be separate consular services for the two countries. Dr. Nansen is the author of an appeal of the people in which he contends that the Norwegians have done all that they can properly do to secure separate consular services, that Sweden insists upon conditions that no self-respecting nation

can consider. On the whole, the situation appears to be somewhat critical.

ROBERT FULTON.

On the 20th of August, 1807, the first steamboat left the wharf at Albany for its trip to New York. For two days a large placard announced the day on which it was to sail, and the price of passage—three dollars—the same as the sailing vessels, but only two passengers came on board. The two brave people who took passage were French travelers. During the trip down, Mr. Fulton showed them over the boat, explained its workings, and talked much about the future of steam power. One of the Frenchmen asked if it would be difficult to obtain coal for heating the boiler. Mr. Fulton replied that he intended to have wood cut in the forests and stored at stations along the route.

"I have noticed," said the Frenchman, "large beds of bituminous coal just over here in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, which is very easily mined. The people go after it with pickaxes and wheelbarrows. If some way could be found of transporting it to market, either New York or New Orleans, it would make a great reduction in the price of fuel."

"I am very glad to hear of this," said Mr. Fulton. "It shows another use to which steam can be put. It can be made a means of carrying the produce of the interior of the country to markets on the coast. There is a great future for steam." This conversation took place eighty-two years ago.

Mr. Robert Fulton was born Feb. 21, 1765. He is remembered as the builder of the first steamboat. Other remarkable things he did are lost sight of in view of this great one. Before he was twenty-one years old he saved up money enough to buy a farm, which he gave to his mother. He was then a portrait painter. He went to Europe to study under Benjamin West, the great English painter, but his love of machinery was greater than his love of painting, and he became a civil engineer. He invented a mill for sawing marble, for which he received a medal from the British government. He invented machines for spinning flax, for making ropes, and for dredging channels for the passage of boats. He invented a diving boat, "in which," somebody says, "he prowled about beneath the waters of the harbor of Brest, during the summer of 1801, coming to the surface like a gigantic balena to get breath, plunging beneath it again, rising or diving, moving forward or backward, turning or returning, and, after a time, coming above water where least expected, and sailing away like any commonplace craft, with which the harbor was crowded."

Fulton thought that his diving boat could be made a very effective weapon of warfare, by fitting it up with torpedoes, which could be placed beneath an enemy's ship, and, while the little boat was gliding safely away beneath the water, the big ship would be blown up. At first people laughed at the idea, but Napoleon gave him a ship to practice upon. It was all blown to pieces by the very first charge from the little boat.

At this time James Watt was working on his steam engine. Mr. Fulton heard of him, and visited him. The one had his head full of steam engines, the other of boats; they met and put their heads together, and the result was a steamboat. Mr. Fulton came to New York and built it, and the whole world to-day is receiving the benefit of it.

Mr. Fulton afterward put his ideas of warfare and steamboats together, and made the first war steamer ever built. It was named "Fulton and First."

JUDGE STUBBS DEFENDS CIGARETTE LAW.

Judge Stubbs, of the Indianapolis juvenile court, in defense of the new cigarette law in Indiana, says in part:

"We have most drastic regulations for the suppression of opium joints, and the users of cocaine are severely dealt with. Why not argue that such laws and ordinances are paternal and socialistic because they interfere with the personal liberty of the citizen?

"I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not pretend that cigarette smoking by men is as bad for them as the opium or cocaine, but I do mean to say that the smoking of cigarettes by boys, who inhale the smoke—and the boys who smoke cigarettes do that—is as bad for them, as injurious to their physical, mental and moral faculties, as is opium or cocaine upon the man or woman who uses these drugs.

"Any one ought to see that this must be so if he will but remember that the child is immature. His bones are soft, his muscles undeveloped and his whole system, including his will power, very weak. If the cigarette habit takes such hold on men that they resent with great indignation any attempt to interfere with it, what must it be on a boy, with his childish brain, who has no power to resist the cravings of a vitiated appetite, once it is cultivated?

"Men should not insist upon their right to smoke cigarettes when to do so is to subject the boys to the dreadful results that are sure to follow in the case of every cigarette fiend who is under fourteen. The use of cigarettes by boys is of recent growth, but it foreshadows an actual menace to the youth of our country unless it can be checked. Of course, everybody knows that if men can lawfully indulge in their use the boys will find a way to get them. Every good citizen should stand by the law for the sake of the boys."—*Glenwood Boy.*

"CEYLON."

BY W. R. MILLER.

THROUGH the providential care and keeping of our heavenly Father I have been granted the extreme pleasure of a short visit to this one of the claimed seats of the Garden of Eden, the island of Ceylon. I believe Ceylon, Honolulu, and Kashmir, have all in their turn been credited with this honor, while the faithful historian whose faith in God's Book has not weakened, still looks to Mesopotamia as the birthplace and cradle of the race.

So far as climate and scenery together are concerned, it cannot be doubted that Ceylon easily carries off the palm. And its central table-lands form the culminating points which offer a paradise that almost fulfills one's ideals of the lost Eden of Adam.

More especially can one enjoy this tropical flora in all its splendor, beauty and freshness after having spent six months or more in the upper provinces of India, with no rain to wash the dust away, and where the earth is dry to the extent of great gaping crevices.

Only can one fully realize and appreciate the wealth of tropical vegetation and its marvelous beauty, as it grows under the equator, and watered by the generous showers, raised by the powerful beams of an equatorial sun, I say, only can one realize all its splendor as he sees it with his own eyes.

I cannot conceive any scenery that presents a greater contrast to the arid plains of northwest India, or that would be more likely to dwell in the memory of its beholder, than that of Colombo, or Kandy. Some one has said that "Kandy is a gem apart, or rather a casket of gems, a romance, a dream of what nature can do in this prolific clime."

About one hundred miles from Colombo is the Dikoya tea district, with a mean annual temperature, at four thousand feet elevation, of sixty-six degrees; the highest in May, 70, and 63 the lowest in January, a range of only 7 degrees in the year.

At Colombo the rainfall averages about as follows: January, 3 inches; February, 2; March, 5; April, 11.3; May, 12.4; June, 7.9; July, 4.6; August, 3.6; September, 4.8; October, 14; November, 12.6; December, 6.1, or 87.8 inches for the year. Notice from this table that the rainfall is distributed throughout the year, while in India it is confined to about four months, June, July, August and September.

Here at Colombo are to be found the noted pearl fisheries, and in the mountains are the gem mines; the cocoanut palms grow here in all their luxuriance and splendor. A cocoanut orchard is one of nature's sights I never tire of. Mt. Lavina, a few miles out from Colombo, is where the Boer prisoners were kept during the Boer war, and a more beautiful, healthful location would be difficult to find. I must not continue this letter longer, as I only wanted to speak of the beautiful appearance of Ceylon, beautiful Ceylon!

And so I close this on my way to Singapore, where we can mail letters.

I may yet say, to my numerous NOOK friends, that I am now, after eighty days, so far recovered from my painful accident as to be able to lay aside the crutches and walk with a cane.

Singapore, June 12, 1905.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

THE brilliancy of lightning is due to the excessive vibration of the huminiterous ether caused by the flash; the deafening sound of the thunder results from the violent vibrations excited at the same time in the air. The sudden heating and electric disturbance along the path of the flash have much the same effect in producing sound as the firing of an explosive substance. When the flash occurs near the observer, the sharp, cracking reports first heard come from the smaller branches that are nearing the trunk; the heavy crash immediately following comes from the nearer part of the trunk flash; and the rolling thunder that then succeeds comes from the more distant part of the trunk, as well as from the reverberations among the clouds. The rolling is greatly intensified among lofty mountains.

When lightning strikes the earth, it sometimes fuses the sand along its path, forming verified tubes of fulgurites, having a depth of several feet below the surface. A flash may pass along the surface at a slight depth, turning up a furrow of earth, probably by the sudden vaporizing of the moisture that it encounters. In striking trees, the bark may be split off, or the trunk shattered; but if the bark is smooth and well wet by rain, little injury may be done. When an unprotected house is struck, its walls are more or less fractured, and if built of wood may be set on fire. There is no truth in the saying that lightning never strikes twice in the same place.—*Extract from Davis' Meteorology.*

PEBBLES.

"A pebble by the river's brim,
A pebble, only 'twas to him,
Only that and nothing more."

THERE are some people who go through life and never think or notice the poetic or romantic side of nature; they seem to be only practical. They go day by day through the fields, by the roadsides, by river banks, and see many beautiful flowers and plants, strange insects, and many curiously shaped stones and pebbles. They never once think to take one of these to examine and see the beauties of nature, their structure, their shape, and their uses. Ask them of

and about a pebble, and you receive the reply, "Well, it is only a small, round stone, that's all." They know nothing of the world, only what they can see with their eyes, only the outside appearance of things. If you will take a handful of pebbles and view them through the microscope, you will at once begin to admire them and see that they are something more than mere round stones. Probably the first thing you will notice will be the variety of colors, which is due to the different oxides of iron or nature's dyes. The next will be their contents and value. Some of them are moss agate, and really look as if the forests and mountains had been photographed on them. Some of them contain crystals, some of them contain diamonds, and very rarely you will find one with a speck of gold or a grain of silver, and many other valuable things. They are specimens of nature's jewelry.

The workman of old who worked so many years in rock and stone seems to have never thought of what painted or made the rocks. It now becomes a question of the making of the pebbles. Looking at one of these you will readily observe that they were not the work of man. It is stated that at one time in the history of the Ohio valley it was covered by an immense glacier, and is called by geologists the "Glacial Epoch." It is thought that the glacier, in sliding over the land, picked up large pieces of marble, and slowly sliding, day by day, the masses of ice rubbing and grinding, entering milder climates and melting, deposited their rocky debris all over the country. Their smooth and polished appearance is caused by friction in the water, as this is the way the sculptor gets his marble into working condition—a method taken from nature. Pebbles are made by the action of water, and are found all over the land. So, wherever we find pebbles we know that at some time water must have been present. This is a revelation that this was once the bed of a great ocean, and the mountains have been lifted by the gradual cooling of the earth. Pebbles have a great deal to do in determining the history of a country. They are found in the valleys of the West; the rivers and streams have washed them about. It has been said that "Old Mother Nature gathers her apron full of pebbles and spills them out over the land." In some places it looks as though she accidentally let go of one corner of her apron and spilt a great pile of them. Most pebbles are round. They are nature's marbles. Nature is playing marbles every day. The pebbles are jumping and knocking each other about in the water continually. There is scarcely a thing in the universe, that has been created or caused to be made, that was not destined by the Creator to be of some use. The little pebbles which we tread under foot have their uses. They are nature's filterers, and keep the water clear, cool, and pure. The pebbles of Brazil are used by opticians for making lenses for spectacles. The clear, crystalline pebbles of California are precious, and are termed California diamonds. In the Indian ages the Indians, when taking long journeys, put pebbles in their mouths to prevent thirst. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, who was afflicted with stuttering, placed pebbles in his mouth to assist in preventing him from stuttering while learning to speak. Then there was King David, who picked some pebbles from a brook, and with his sling threw a pebble and killed the great giant Goliath. Other uses of the pebble could be mentioned, but these are sufficient to show what great things have been accomplished by the seemingly insignificant pebbles. There is so much room for study and observation on the little pebble, and a great many other things which seem to be of no benefit or use. The fact is that we are all asleep during our lives, and it is only by hard shocks or rude awakenings that we ever come to know or understand anything. There is a parable of the pebble which ought to be mentioned: "A rolling stone gathers no moss." A pebble is a restless, rolling thing. The rough, angular stone finds a sticking place, the moss grows over it, and it nestles in some snug nest for centuries. The round, polished stone rolls about from place to place in barrenness. So there is many a young man with polished manners and brilliant mind who wanders about from place to place, and never amounts to anything. "A rolling stone gathers no moss." So it is best to be a little angular. Another very important lesson we should learn: We are the pebbles of this generation, washed about by the tide of time. A pebble on the sea beach sometimes starts seaward with the tide, and each returning tide bears it a little farther out, till some day it goes out with a great wave and down into the great deep. Each day a new tide of affairs rolls in upon us, and we are carried farther out. There will come a last day and a last tide which bears us out into a great deep, and we disappear from the shores of time.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

—*Echoes.*

SHINGLING HIS OWN ROOF.

BISHOP MCCABE tells of a drinking man, who being in a saloon late one night, heard the saloonkeeper's wife say to him, "Send that fellow away, it is late." "No, never mind," said her husband, "he is shingling our roof for us." This idea lodged in the drunkard's mind, and he did not return to the saloon for many months. On meeting him in the street one day the saloonkeeper said, "Why don't you come around to my place anymore?" "Thank you for your kind hospitality," replied his former victim, "I have been shingling my own roof lately."

THE SONGS OF THE HEBREWS.

For me, Hebrew Hymnology has always had a peculiar charm, and it is ever a delight to read and recognize new thought pertaining to it. Upon request, Bro. E. B. Hoff, of Chicago, who devotes much time to the Hebrew language, has very graciously given me the following article, and I suggest that while we read it we use our Bibles and get as much of the richness and completeness of the article as is possible.—Marguerite Bixler.

THE Greeks and the Romans rivaled the world in the arts of sculpture and architecture, but the Hebrews have amassed for the world a legacy of song that will enrich all nations.

"Poetry is the mother tongue of the human race." "It is in point of fact older than prose; all the most ancient utterances of different nations are couched in poetry. One may lay down this rule: In case of primitive people all discourse that is intended for publicity or for memorial purposes will be found clothed in poetical form." The poem, too, was sung before it was written.

The Old Testament Scriptures contain many fragmentary poems; called folk song. Many of these are written in verse form in the revised version. They indicate that the Hebrews were a mirthful, song-loving people. The homelife and the community gave frequent occasion for the song, both the secular and the sacred. The excellent *Magnificat* of Mary (Luke 1: 46-55) and Zacharias (Luke 1: 68-79) were by many centuries antedated by Sarah's significant little birth-song of Isaac. Gen. 21: 6, 7. And Hannah's beautiful beaming song (1 Sam. 2: 1-10). The wedding had its festive week of mirth of which the song was a prominent part. See Jeremiah 7: 34; 16: 9, and especially Solomon's Song, which is one of the greatest wedding songs that has ever been written.

The fatherly patriarchal blessing was made the more impressive and lasting by being coined into song. It was literally sung into the soul of the son. Thus Noah sang a song for his sons. Gen. 9: 25-27. Thus Isaac blessed Jacob and Esau. Gen. 27: 27-29; 39, 40. Note also Jehovah's Word pointing to the same event. Gen. 25: 23. Note especially Jacob's blessing for his sons. Gen. 49: 1-27. And a similar one by Moses. Deut. 33: 1-29. The song of lament for the dead, too, was common, and was given by relatives, friends or professional mourners.

Thus we have David's sad lament for Saul and Jonathan, and also for Abner. The book of Lamentations is of course the funeral dirge, not for the individual, but for the nation.

Almost every concerted action of the community was accompanied by song—the gathering of the harvest and the vintage and the pressing of the wine. There was the little "well" song of Num. 21: 17, 18—

Spring up, O well;
Sing ye unto it:
The well which the princes digged,
Which the nobles of the people delved,
With the scepter,
With their staves.

Thus in the digging of the well and the drawing and carrying of the water, as the maidens marched along one by one, the drudge burdens of life were sung away.

In our recent visit to Palestine and Egypt we were impressed to learn how much of the everyday life is, to this day, permeated by the song. Nearly the whole town of Tiberias, on the western shore of the Sea of Galilee, gathered around the gate to chatter, to sing or to dance in honor to a couple that was about to be married.

In nearly every funeral procession the bier is preceded by a company of men who chant, as they go, a doleful, monotonous dirge.

While at Cairo we saw a couple dozen men in file, marching slowly along, pulling a heavily-loaded wagon, all the while chanting a sort of song that accorded. They reminded us of the temple records of the ancient Egyptian slaves dragging the heavy monoliths.

While at Wady Halfa, just below the second cataract, our mile boat stranded on a sand bar in the middle of the river. Our Arab sailors buried an anchor into the sand in the river at some distance and then they heaved and tugged, and heaved and tugged for hours, all the while singing a melody(?) that would help them unite their efforts.

The stokers, too, who carry in the coal upon the vessels, drive away the toilsome hours by their monotones of music.

The rich in their luxury reveled in their songs of mirth (Job 21: 12; Amos 6: 5), and thus attempted to palliate the sting of the conscience, as probably Lamech (Gen. 4: 23, 24) had tried to do. The scoffers, too, defamed the holy art by their denunciations and taunts. Isa. 28: 9, 10. (The rythm of the Hebrew in this passage is very marked.)

In no other part of the life of the people is music so prominent as in their religion, for they are preeminently a religious people. And probably at no other time did their songs reach such heights of sublimity as when, under the spell of inspiration of some great victory, the people burst forth in praise to Jehovah. Note, for example, the great song sung at the Red Sea. Ex. 15: 1-21, and the song of Deborah, which was sung to celebrate the victory over the tribes of the north.

Many of the Psalms join these in celebrating either individual or national victories. Others are sung for the first time while the individual or the people are under the burdens of some great calamity; while still others are the echoes of hearts that respond to the unspeakable glory of the universe. They are sung over

and over again in the temple and synagogue services.

The verses of Job and the prophets are the mingled throes of agony and acclamations of joy over great truths that are being born into the world, while the gnomic couplets of the Proverbs are the maxims of truth, gathered from the ripe experience of many a life, and sung and resung into the ears and hearts of the youth of the land.

The hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise of the Old Testament times, grand as they were, are but an accompaniment to the heavenly choruses mentioned in Rev. 19.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago, Ill.

A TOTAL ECLIPSE.

Few readers have ever seen, or are likely ever to see, a total eclipse of the sun. The attenuated cone-shaped shadow of the moon sometimes does not reach the earth at all—in which case the eclipse is known as either "annular" or "partial"—and at best makes hardly more than a black dot upon the earth's surface. So small is this shadowed area, from which alone the observation is complete, that, as Professor Langley says in "The New Astronomy," "Many centuries usually elapse before such a total eclipse occurs at any given point."

Professor Langley, at the time of his writing, had witnessed three total eclipses,—in 1869, in 1870, and in 1878,—but had not found the spectacle less impressive upon repetition. Indeed, there is a general agreement that the sight is one to inspire a feeling of awe, not to say terror.

The eclipse of 1869 was nearly central over Louisville, Ky., and Professor Langley's station was not far from the Mammoth Cave. He had some special observations assigned to him, and of course tried to give his undivided attention to them during the few precious moments, but he says:

"A mental photograph of the whole spectacle seemed to be taking without my volition. First, the black body of the moon advanced slowly on the sun, as we have all seen it do in partial eclipses, without anything noticeable appearing; nor until the sun was nearly covered did the light of day about us seem much diminished.

"But when the sun's face was reduced to a very narrow crescent, the change was sudden and startling, for the light which fell on us not only dwindled rapidly, but became of a kind unknown before, so that a pallid appearance overshadowed the earth with an ugly livid hue; and as this strange wanness increased, a cold seemed to come with it.

"The impression was of something unnatural; but there was only a moment to note it, for the sun went out suddenly as a blown-out gas jet, and I became as suddenly aware that all around where it had been there had been growing into vision a kind of ghostly radiance, composed of separate pearly beams, as though the black circle where the sun once was bristled with pale streamers, stretching far away from it in a sort of crown."

Professor Langley was struck with "the extraordinary globular appearance of the moon." "Owing to its unwonted illumination," he says, "its actual rotundity was seen for the first time, and the result was to show it as it really is—a monstrous, solid globe, suspended by some invisible support above the earth, with nothing apparent to keep it from tumbling on us, looking at the moment very near, and more than anything else like a gigantic cannon-ball hung by some miracle in the air above the neighboring corn-field.

"But in a few seconds all was over; the sunlight flashed from one point of the moon's edge, and then another, almost simultaneously, like suddenly kindled electric lights, which as instantly flowed into one, and it was day again."

The reader will be interested to compare these impressions of the man of science with those which the same spectacle produced upon the ignorant plantation negroes, who had gathered in considerable numbers about the astronomers' tents.

"Those trees," said one of the observers to Professor Langley afterward, "were black with negroes, and they kept up their noise till near the last. Then they suddenly stopped, and all at once, as 'totality' came, we heard a wail and a sound of tumbling, as though the trees had been shaken of their fruit; and then the boldest did not feel safe till he was under his own bed in his own cabin."—*Selected.*

THE DESTROYER.

What John G. Holland said in 1872 is all the more true to-day: "Men dread cholera, the yellow fever and the smallpox, and take expensive precautions against them, while the ravages of all of them in one year do not produce the mischief that intemperance does in a month. It is worse than plague, worse than fire or inundation or war. Nothing but sickness, death, immorality, crime, pauperism and a frightful waste of resources comes of it. Nothing noble is born of it. Meantime our public men are timid about it, our children are half indifferent over it, our scientific men dispute about the nutritive properties of alcohol, our politicians utter wise things about personal rights and sumptuary laws, and the people are going to the devil."

Fathers, mothers, don't drink yourselves, and teach your children to avoid the use of intoxicating liquors as they would shun the cholera and the smallpox.—*Cleveland World.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given. Club rates for Sunday schools and other religious organizations. Address as above.

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TRANQUILLITY OF SPIRIT.

If covetousness was not a direct violation of God's law we could hardly blame one for desiring the admirable quality of those who seem to be always perfectly anchored and whose feelings are not harassed until their judgment is dethroned and their very nervous system racked. Individuals become chronic with nervousness by allowing themselves to be overtaxed and fretted, which is all wrong.

Tranquillity does not come by accident, and seldom by inheritance, but it must be planned for and deliberately cultivated. In order that we may cultivate this disposition it is highly necessary that we do not overburden ourselves with multiplied labor and unnecessary engagements and cares. It is all right to be busy; it is profitable to be busy. No Christian man has a right to not be busy, but there is a limit to all things, especially to the earthen vessel in which man's talents are served to him. One should make as few engagements as possible and keep them promptly and sacredly. It is very nice to have a sufficient number of friends, but did you ever stop to think that one can have too many friends—in this sense, that true friends require attention, deserve consideration and appeal to you for sympathy and counsel. All this requires nerve energy, which is supplied by lifeblood. This matter of human friendship, sacred as it is, should be held like a loosely-fitting garment, in order that it may be taken off without being oversaddened, otherwise anything in the way of friendship, position, honor, or affection, if lost, would wreck our lives. Some people have been known to attach themselves so closely to their children that the loss of one would make them lose their mind. Others have gone to a premature grave over the loss of property. Such things can only happen when one has failed to reserve self from being put into vital partnership with things that are wholly terrestrial.

We must die sometime, unless Jesus comes first, and only think how death will separate from everything and everybody on earth. Tranquillity of spirit is to live in a state of death, where our inner life is not ruffled by the things about us pushing into us. To avoid this let our friendships, plans, engagements, and even words, be as few as possible, except it be in cases which might possibly be exceptions to the rule. This should not be construed to mean that one should be a hermit, or even reserved in so much as to alienate themselves from society, church or state. As long as we are factors of the great universe we must contribute our part to the life of it.

If our lives, methods and plans are reduced to simplicity as much as possible, and we do not try to spread ourselves out into multiplied and complex relations in business, our vitality will last many years longer. Our lives will be much more pleasant to ourselves and to others. It should be our aim to undertake only what we can get through with. We are not called upon to accomplish everything, but to aim to please God and seek his will instead of seeking great results. People who aim to make two days out of one are as wrong as those who make one day out of two. God evidently knew the amount of labor and service people were calculated to stand. We should have time to labor, eat, sleep, pray, to think, to love, to read a little, but not let the devil make a pack saddle of our souls.

PERSONAL WORK OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

The superintendent is the one person in whom the church has entrusted the care and keeping of the Sunday school. The church has said, by placing him there, that he has the ability to care for the school, he has a sufficient amount of love for the souls of humanity to earnestly labor for its best interests, and that he is an organizer who is able to get the best possible results from the Sunday-school effort.

Too many times the superintendent is thought to be a sort of machine, expressly desired for Sabbath-day work; to ring bells, to hand out cards and do formal things. Such things must necessarily be done, and it may be necessary that he do them himself, but these are the least of all the things that he is to do. The vital point of contact is when the superintendent visits the teacher in the home and personally talks over the interests of the Sunday school until he knows the teacher thoroughly. If he finds the teacher in sympathy with Sunday-school work, church work, and the salvation of souls, and has a special adaptability of applying himself to the work, he goes away feeling that he has made one step nearer to the heart of the Sunday school.

He makes a special study of the character of the

teachers. By gaining this knowledge he knows to which classes to assign his teachers. Some teachers who would make a success in primary work would be an absolute failure in advanced work, and *vice versa.* It is his personal duty to know something of the preparation of the teacher for the work. The Sunday school is too sacred and too precious to be hindered by a teacher who has had no preparation.

As much as lies within his ability, he should visit his pupils. First, the sick pupils should claim his attention, and he should tell them how he missed them and how the other pupils missed them. He might suggest to the other pupils of the same class that they visit the sick pupil. He might offer the same suggestion to the teacher of this pupil. He should also visit the families and parts of families who are non-attendants. Sometimes children attend whose parents never do; by visiting the homes and telling of the work of the children, it is possible for parents to be induced to come and see how their children are doing.

Again there are even members of the church who do not attend Sunday school. And sometimes it may be on account of never having had an invitation from the officers of the school. Sometimes, of course, it is through negligence and lack of interest. Above all things the superintendent should frequently confer with the pastor of the church, concerning the work of the school.

DISCONTENT.

"IDLENESS is the devil's workshop." This has been quoted hundreds of times and is just as true as it can be. Much of the discontent in homes to-day is from idleness. It is barely possible for a man or woman, when single, to be idle and yet be happy for awhile. But this condition ceases with matrimony. When people are married their energies are united and must necessarily respond to each other.

Young people, who are dreaming about the married life and get their notion of it from among the stars, where they have been living, and who think all is wind and moonshine, or from novels which end just before the real trouble begins, have very vague ideas of what it means to be circumscribed by the union of energies. People, when married, either raise crops, children or trouble. They must raise something. It is possible for a man or woman to ride or walk a long distance to their work in the morning and find happiness at the end of the trip. But you can seek happiness all the world over in a steam yacht or automobile and not find it.

A woman can find interest and amusement from the basement to the nursery of her own house; but give her license to gad the streets with a bunch of theater tickets, and trouble begins. There is always an idle woman or man in every divorce case. There has been an idle tongue going before a lawsuit is called. If it is right for a man to eat his bread in the sweat of his face, it is also right for the woman to perspire a little while baking it.

Busy people are generally happy. There are two kinds of discontent: the first is the discontent that works, and the other the one that regrets. The first gets what it wants, the other loses what it has. There is no cure for the first except success; there is no cure at all for the second, because people seldom know what they want when they are discontented. They are like spoiled children who want potatoes and when they get them want molasses instead.

Happiness is like salvation. It is a condition that makes you enjoy the good things you have, and reach out for better ones. Home isn't what surrounds you, it is what is in you.

ANOTHER FREAK.

By this time nearly all the world knows what Doctor Ossler said about people becoming worthless at sixty. Most of the people have passed their opinion on the Doctor's ideas, and those who have not have done a good deal of thinking. Since the Doctor has found out the unpopularity of his ideas he has tried to deny a great many things that he said. But the Ossler theory, with all of its unpopularity, hardly compares with the theory advanced by a Doctor Hatch, of Quincy, Ill.

At the national prison congress the Doctor advocated homicide, or the right to let diseased persons take their own lives, when their disease was found to be incurable. And he thought if the diseased person had no inclination whatever to put an end to his misery, and especially if the case was one of permanent insanity that such persons should be put to an easy death.

A certain Doctor Ransom, of New York, who was present, said that he thought all reforms were started to save lives instead of destroying them, and that he did not believe that we had better take into our hands the functions of the Almighty. Doctor Ransom is right. The Almighty has a place for everything and everything in its place, and he has use for all of his creatures, even those who are not satisfied with his work.

WOULDN'T THAT BE RIGHT?

If you like the story about "The Little White Meetin'house," wouldn't it be right to tell your friends about it? Tell them now. There are only three chapters. Then there is another story following which will also be very much appreciated. It is "The Old Doyle House." Don't wait until they are half gone before you let them know about it for they will miss some of them.

Current Happenings

GALVESTON'S GREAT SEA WALL.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, speaks proudly of her recent construction of a solid concrete wall, four and a half miles in length, seventeen feet high, and sixteen feet at the base. It weighs 40,000 pounds to the linear foot. The wall is built upon a round piling foundation, the piles being 45 feet in length, not less than twelve inches in diameter at the top, and seventeen inches at the base. It is protected from undermining on the Gulf side by an apron of riprap 27 feet wide, and by a row of sheet piling, extending the entire length of the wall. This was certainly an immense undertaking, when, for three and one-half miles of the extension it required 13,300 carloads of material, 5,200 carloads of crushed granite, 1,800 carloads of sand, 1,000 carloads of cement, 1,200 carloads round piles, 400 carloads sheet piling, 3,700 carloads of riprap, and 5 carloads of rim-filling rods. The total cost of grade-raising and the wall was estimated at $3,505,040. This work necessitates the raising of over 2,000 houses. The construction work of the wall was begun October, 1902, and finished August, 1905. The city had been repeatedly warned to take measures for protection, but it remained for the great disaster of Sept. 8, 1900, to bring the people of Galveston to a complete realization of the need of protection. On that date over 8,000 lives were wiped out of existence, and more than $20,000,000 worth of property was destroyed.

THE Standard Oil Trust recently declared a dividend of six dollars a share. The total distribution amounts to $6,000,000, of which John D. Rockefeller receives $2,400,000. Rockefeller's Standard Oil dividends for the entire year of 1905 are estimated at $16,000,000. It is claimed that his total income amounts to $26,000,000 per annum.

THE yellow fever in the States of Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas is somewhat under control. Records for the month ending August 21 report 1,385 cases and 196 deaths in 311 localities. The average death rate was 14.1. The most lamentable conditions now are to be found in the smaller towns along the coast, where scientific methods have not been applied. One case has been reported as far north as Gregory, Mo.

IT is claimed by sea captains that the Gulf Stream is changing its course. They say it is active up to within twenty miles of Nantucket South Shoal Lightship and runs strong as far north as 40.20. The temperature of the stream ranges from 86 to 72 degrees, and there is a drop of ten degrees upon leaving the current.

W. C. BIERD, of Chicago, who succeeds H. G. Prescott as superintendent of the Panama railroad, has gone to that place to take up his new duties.

ASHCROFT, an Indian village with a population of five hundred, situated in the northwestern portion of Yale district, British Columbia, was destroyed by a landslide.

IT is understood that the Chinese government is preparing to make a demand on both Russia and Japan for damages sustained by Chinese citizens in Manchuria during the war. The crops have been ruined in the hostile zone and many of the Chinese there are destitute. The war zone has been entirely within Chinese territory. There were, before the war, 12,000,000 Chinese in this province.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR is one of the best known musicians in England. He recently received a degree from Yale university.

THE Norwegian Storthing passed a resolution last week, requesting Sweden to coöperate in the dissolution of the union, and authorizing the government to open negotiations to that end. This is believed to have given general satisfaction to both countries.

IT is said that, upon the shores of Mobile Bay, about one mile north of Daphne, Ala., is a wild grape vine, commonly known as the "General Jackson vine." It is so named because General Andrew Jackson twice pitched his tent under it during his campaigns against the Seminole Indians. In June, 1897, this vine was reported to have a circumference of 6 feet 1 inch at its base, and its age was estimated at that time to exceed 100 years.

THE people of New York have recently witnessed a practical demonstration of aerial navigation, by means of the dirigible balloon, constructed and operated by A. Roy Knabenshue, of Toledo, Ohio, who became famous by navigating the airship Arrow at the World's Fair at St. Louis. Crowds of people collected to witness the scene. The navigator claims to have reached a maximum height of 5,000 feet, at which point he could distinctly hear the tooting of automobile horns and the clang of trolley bells in the streets below.

JOHN HENRY STUESSEL, of St. Louis, a veteran of two wars and wearer of the iron cross of the German Empire, died recently.

LAKE ERIE stands 573 feet, and Lake Ontario 246 feet above sea level, so that Niagara River drops 327 feet in its course of twenty-seven miles between them, which concentrates a waterfall in that part of the river between Port Day, in the city of Niagara Falls, and the foot of the Niagara Escarpment at Lewistown and Queenstown, a distance of about eight miles. There are a number of power sites about Niagara Falls. At present there are several projects of power plants under consideration, and some already in operation, the most prominent being the construction of a canal 37,500 feet long from La Salle to the Devil's Hole, a deep ravine in the bank of the Niagara River. The head of water thus made available is 300 feet. All the plans for power development, thus far considered, involve reductions of the volume of water going over the great cataract.

A RESIDENT in the town of Warren, Pa., recently attempted to drive a well in order to furnish water for his bath room, when, to his surprise, after a short flow of water, oil ran instead. Upon investigation it was found that oil is to be reached only fifteen feet under ground. The people of the town are greatly excited and many are rushing to obtain leases.

HUGO LIEBER predicts that within one year radium will be used in all hospitals that fight cancer in all its forms.

IT was recently announced at New York that George J. Gould had been appointed acting president of the Wabash Railroad, and that in all probability he would accept the presidency. The office has remained vacant since the unlimited leave of absence granted Joseph Ramsey, Jr.

SOMNOFORME is the name of a new anæsthetic that has been thoroughly tested at the Bordeaux School, Paris, and throughout the British Isles. It is a combination of chloride of ethyl 60 per cent, chloride of methyl 35 per cent, and bromide of ethyl 5 per cent. The administration of somnoforme is very similar to that of nitrous oxide.

THE solar system theory, as observed by two of our leading professors, F. R. Moulton, of the astronomical department of Chicago University, and Thomas C. Chamberlain, of the geology department, after four years of research, differs much in the origin from that of the nebular hypothesis or ring theory, brought out by Laplace in 1796. Professor Moulton says they believe that a second sun—a disturbing sun—moved down near our sun, causing there enormous tides thousands of miles high. These tides were similar to the tides of the sea, but as the disturbing sun moved in an elliptical orbit, the tide masses were thrown off, one after another, in a spiral formation, thus accounting for the orbits of the planets.

AN immense army of crickets lately visited the city of Omaha, Nebr. The insects were piled so high on the street car tracks, one day, as to interfere with traffic. They are even taking possession of the homes, destroying carpets and clothing. In some places in the city they are being swept out of the stores by the bushel.

AMERICAN surgeons at Manila declare they have discovered a positive cure for leprosy. The method used is a system of X-ray.

IT is reported that an attack has been made on the American Consulate at Amoy, China, in July. The attack was the result of a meeting to establish a boycott on American goods, following the lead of the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce. The Chinese threw mud at the building and threatened the servants of Consul Anderson with death. The uprising was put down by local authorities, and the offenders were punished, thus closing the incident.

AN international bank, with a capital of $1,000,000, is being formed by Budapest and New York financiers. This movement is for the purpose of carrying on banking between the United States and Hungary, and also to handle the accounts of immigrants from the Balkans. The head office will be in Budapest, and branch offices will be established throughout the United States.

CARL JAEGER, of Maywood, N. J., is the inventor of a recording compass which is expected to take the place of the traditional ship's record known as the log. An aluminum spiral of one coil is attached to the needle, being fastened at the pivot and the north pole. It is so arranged that tiny electric sparks leap from the spiral to the radical conductor under the chart, so as to perforate the paper at different points as the course of the ship changes. The blowing of the whistle and every revolution of the engine will also be recorded. Mr. Jaeger has been at work on this device for fifteen years, and it is expected to revolutionize navigation.

THE Venezuelan government has entered into a one-million-dollar contract for guns and ammunition.

HOME DEPARTMENT

"TO MEMORY."

BY FRANKLIN E. HATHAWAY.

Long, long ago, a pleasant voice I heard.
Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?
So sweetly from the lips did flow each word;
That far into my heart they found their way.
A voice so full of faithfulness, consoling,
There's not a silent hour, but I am hearing
That same sweet voice that will not die away.

Long, long ago, I saw a fair, sweet face.
Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?
Above a spotless collarette of lace
Something to me alone it seemed to say.
A world of joy then blossomed into being
Without a word; and now I daily seeing
That one sweet face; it stays with me alway.

Long, long ago, I saw a patient smile.
Ah, was it long ago or yesterday?
And blushes stole into the cheeks the while
A lovers' cross was signed, that fain would stay.
But ah, the silent parting too soon came!
Too soon, alas! I dearly love the name
Of memory, that has kept thee near each day.

Long, long ago, but now I see it clear.
It was not long ago, but yesterday,
I saw the loving smile and face so dear.
Let not one thought be dimmed or hope decay!
The voice, the faithful heart, until our meeting,
I'm trusting daily to thy tender keeping,
Sweet mem'ry; keep them true and dear alway.

Chicago, Ill.

READING.

THERE is a great deal of talk in these days about reading, how to learn to read, and what to read. Now, there is nothing mysterious about reading any more than there is about seeing, and it is really no more credit to a person to be able to read than it is to be able to see, or to hear. The object of reading is exactly the same as the object of seeing or hearing—to get information. The notion that a person has gained an accomplishment when he has learned to read should be no more a source of pride than the fact that he can see and hear. It takes the puppy nine days to open his eyes, and it takes the infant a much longer time apparently before he can distinguish one thing from another. When he can do this, we say he begins "to take notice." A boy may be able to read a long time before he begins to take notice. The use of seeing and hearing and reading is to establish relations with the world. The puppy does very well in this respect by the use of his eyes and his ears, but as he can not learn to read, he never gets as far as the boy, that is, as the boy who learns how to turn to account his ability to read. But as some boys seem to see or hear little that is good, they also derive small benefit, and often great harm, from what they read. A boy can receive as much injury from bad reading as he can from bad conversation. So, it appears that there is no moral quality in the mere ability to read.

Reading is the easiest way of being entertained, and it is the most convenient way of getting into your mind what you want to know. I do not think it very serviceable to make a list of books for children to read. No two have exactly the same aptitude, tastes, or kind of curiosity about the world. And one story or bit of information may excite the interests of a class in one school, or the children of one family, which will not take at all with others. The only thing is to take hold somewhere, and to begin to use the art of reading to find out about things as you use your eyes and ears. I knew a boy, a scrap of a lad, who almost needed a high chair to bring him up to the general level of the dining table, who liked to read the encyclopedia. He was always looking round in the big books of the encyclopedia—books about his own size—for what he wanted to know. He dug in it as another boy would dig in the woods for sassafras root. It appeared that he was interested in natural history and natural phenomena. He asked questions of these books, exactly as he would ask a living authority, and kept at it till he got answers. He knew how to read. Soon that boy was an authority on earthquakes. He liked to have the conversation at table turn on earthquakes, for then he seemed to be the tallest person at the table. I suppose there was no earthquake anywhere of any importance but that he could tell where it happened and what damage it did, how many houses it buried, and how many people it killed, and in what shape it left the country it had shaken. From that he went on to try to discover what caused these disturbances, and this led him into other investigations, and at last into the study of electricity, practical as well as theoretical. He examined machines and invented machines, and presently he was an expert in electricity. He knew how to put in wires, and signals, and bells, and to do a number of practical and useful things, and almost before he was able to enter the high school, he had a great deal of work to do in the city, and three or four men under

him. These men under him had not read as much about electricity as he had.

It is quite impossible to lay down rules for reading that will suit all children, and generally difficult to map out a "course" to be inflexibly pursued by any one. But nearly every mind is or can be interested in something, and a very good plan is to encourage reading concerning the subject the child shows some curiosity about. One thing will certainly lead to another, for nothing is isolate in this world. Try to find out all you can about one thing, one fact in history, one person, the habits of one animal, the truth about one historical character; pursue this, and before you know it you will be a scholar in many things.—*Charles Dudley, in St. Nicholas.*

THE COCOANUT TREE.

The cocoanut tree grows to a height of fifty or sixty feet. It has no branches, but it has a cluster of long-stemmed leaves at the very top. Under this cluster are bunches of great nuts. These nuts are inclosed in a fibrous sheath which is two inches thick. This sheath, when cut off, makes a good scrubbing brush. Before the nut is ripe the inside is soft and creamy, and may be eaten with a spoon; this becomes hard, white nut-meat before we buy them at the North.

Do you like those three-sided, brown Brazil nuts? Do you know that several of them grow together inside a larger shell, almost as big as a cocoanut? They fit in together like the lobes of an orange.

I have heard of children who thought pineapples grew on trees that resembled pine trees. Pineapples grow on little plants which are set in rows in fields. The crown of each pineapple makes a new one if it is set in the ground. There are several varieties. The apples when freshly picked are much better and juicier than those bought in northern lands which are gathered before they ripen.

Did you ever eat guava jelly?

The guava looks somewhat like a quince, but the meat is pink and it has small, hard seeds. There is a fruit that looks much like guava, which is called areca.

The pomegranate is a refreshing fruit. The pomegranate trees bear bright, scarlet blossoms; the fruit looks like a large, light green apple and it has something which looks like a crown on the blossom end; it is full of red, juicy grains as tender and agreeable as the pulp of an orange. The fruit often bursts open on the tree, and the tempting, red grains peep out.

A pomegranate tree is a beautiful thing to look at, at the time when it is full of scarlet blossoms, and at the time when it is full of ripe, bursting fruit.—*Anna R. Henderson, in Our Little Men and Women.*

THE YOUNG MAN WHO DRINKS.

The time is coming fast—indeed, it has already arrived in our commercial life—when a young man who has habits of intemperance is narrowing very rapidly the possible range of openings in which he may make a living.

Fifteen years ago, as the trainmaster on a division of one of our large railroads in America told me, he sat in his office one day and saw a freight train stand for two hours waiting for a member of the train crew to recover from intoxication. When they were able to handle the train, it moved out of the yards. Now, the trainmaster said, if the brakemen or any of the train crew were found using intoxicating liquor, or if they were seen even to enter a saloon, they were instantly discharged. The idea of keeping a whole train waiting for a man to recover from drunkenness would seem perfectly absurd to the railroad corporations now. The time will come when such an idea will seem equally absurd in the army.—*Happy Home.*

LIBERTY.

People talk of liberty as if it meant the license of doing just what one likes. The only liberty that a man, worthy of the name, should ask for, is to have all restrictions, inward and outward, removed that would prevent his doing what duty demands of him. That man alone is free who is master of his lower appetites, who is able to rule himself.

He, alone, is free who has his instincts in full submission to reason and the divine law; who fears doing evil, but naught beside. He is free who has learned that most blessed of all truths—that true liberty consists in obedience to the power and to the will and to the law that his higher nature reverences and approves.

No one is free because he does as he likes, for, following perverse inclinations, in his better moments his soul protests against those acts, and rejects the authority of the passion which commands him, as an usurping force and tyranny. He feels that he is the slave of his own unhallowed passions. But he is free when he does as he knows he should do, because there is no protest against that submission.—*Selected.*

SUGAR COOKIES.

BY MAUD HAWKINS.

Two cups sugar, two eggs, one cup lard or butter, one cup milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in milk.

Towanda, Pa.

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

INFLUENCE.—Matt. 5:13-16.

For September 17, 1905.

I. Influence of God's Word.
   1. Penetrating, ...Heb. 4:12
   2. All Must Yield to Him, ...Philpp. 2:10, 11

II. Influence of the Life of Christ Upon the World.
   1. In Love, ...1 John 4:19
   2. Self-Sacrifice, ...Luke 4:18, 19

III. What has Christian Influence Done for the Home?

IV. What in the Lives of Others has Influenced Me Most for Good?

V. The Influence of Bible Men and Women.
   1. Daniel—Firmness.
   2. John—Loving Interest in Others.
   3. Dorcas—Giving to the Needy.
   4. Zachæus—True Penitence.

Text.—Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—Matt. 5:16.

References.—Mark 4:21, 22; Neh. 4; 1 Kings 22:42, 43; 2 Chron. 22:3; 1 Tim. 6:1; 1 Peter 2:11, 12; 1 Cor. 10:6; 3 John 11; Lev. 20:23; Prov. 22:24, 25; Jer. 17:1, 2; Hos. 4:9; Deut. 18:9; 1 Cor. 10:6; Titus 2:7, 8; Heb. 13:7; 1 Peter 2:21.

Influence Cannot be Measured.

THE sitting room was fragrant with sweet odors, we looked for the cause, and there was a vase filled with lilies-of-the-valley, only small in bulk but large in influence. You have thrown a small stone into a quiet stream, and watched the waves radiate far out, and then farther still small wavelets are seen, all started by that little stone. Every one of us lives in a glass house. What songs of birds and whirr of insects, words of prayer, as well as curses reach us through the ear! What beauty of sunset, of land and sea and sky, of good deeds as well as bad deeds are observed by the eye! And thus we are influenced by the forces about us; we influence others, and the Savior has left us the task of influencing others for good. That is the meaning of this lesson. He that loseth his life in serving others shall save it.

A Prophet's Influence.

When King Saul sent his soldiers to take David, they found him at Ramah with a number of prophets, and Samuel as their leader. As they looked and listened the Spirit of God came upon them and they also prophesied. And when the king heard of this he sent another band of soldiers, and they, instead of arresting David, remained and prophesied also. And when the king sent messengers the third time, and they remained with the prophets, he was exceedingly angry. And he rushed from the palace and hurried to Ramah, intending to take David; but lo! when he came before Samuel, the Spirit of God made manifest in Samuel overcame him also, and as a penitent he also remained. Do we possess such power?

An Evil Influence.

An evil spirit said to a man, "The gift I have given, you shall give again, go where you will!" And from that time he saw men who had been kind and loving become ungrateful and selfish and hard after he talked with them. In his misery he exclaimed, "I am charged with poison for my own mind and the minds of all mankind. Where I felt interest, compassion, sympathy, I am turning into stone. Selfishness and ingratitude spring up in my blighted footsteps." Then he prayed to have this dreadful gift taken from him. And if there is anything worse than sin, it is leading others into sin.

Follow Jesus.

Childlike men and women really are the salt of the earth. We could not bear to live in a community where there were no Christian people unless it was with the express purpose of bringing them to Christ. Christ shines through men. Does he shine through you and me? To become like Christ is the only thing in the world worth caring for, and just so far and just so fast as we are able to receive it God gives his help and Christ dwells within us. Every one that loveth is born of God.

Shine!

Some one has said that a body of Christians is like a church filled with unlighted candles. The church is in darkness until the candles are lit, and then the darkness is gone, and every corner and crevice is bright with light. Does Christ shine through me when I am too selfish to deny myself a pleasant drive in order to give pleasure to another? Does he shine through you when you leave all the work for mother to do while you go out to play with the girls? Did he shine through you, brother, when you got angry and lost your temper? If our light should shine on steadily and brightly without flickering, without wavering, how many souls would come to Jesus, anxious to shine too.

Influencing Others.

Our thoughts and aims are not easily concealed;

character leaves a faint record on our faces. A young woman applied for the position of superintendent in a charitable training school for girls. She was highly recommended, and the founder of the school asked her to call, and they would discuss the matter. But after this brief visit she declined positively to give her the position. Years afterward the founder gave these reasons: "She was fully qualified for the position, but she came to me dressed far beyond her means, and not only that, but by several little acts she strove to call my attention to her dress. Such an example placed before our young girls would have proved most harmful."

Our Good Works.

We become like those we most admire, so let us look steadily unto Jesus, then we shall become like him. If our hearts glow with love divine we warm those about us. Let us strive to be such men and women that our presence restrains others, softens and transforms them, and makes right living easy. Bad men should forget to swear when in the company of Christians, they should appear their best about the sincere light-bearer. Study the influence of Jesus wherever he moved, a light ne'er seen on land nor sea shone on man.

Topics for Discussion.

1. Lights in the darkness. Philpp. 2: 15.
2. Great influence for Christ. 1 Thess. 1: 7, 8.
3. Hints on shining. Luke 11: 33-36.
4. Influence of one wicked woman. 1 Kings 21: 25.
5. A wicked king led a nation wrong. 2 Kings 21: 9.
6. Serving Jesus. Matt. 20: 28.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Sister Lovenia S. Andes did a good work as our secretary at Lancaster city, Pa. An active Circle was started there about five years ago. Many good missionary programs have been given in that church. Sister Emma C. E. Landes is our present secretary, and every few months we have two or three new names to record, which shows that they have not grown weary in well doing. She sends us three new names.

Sister Allie Eisenbise, of Beatrice, Nebr., has been working for the Circle in her church. She sends us three new names, and we pray that this may be the beginning of a large Circle, that it may grow and increase like the mustard seed.

Sister Rebecca Bowman, of Harrisonburg, Va., is a source of inspiration to our workers. She is so interested herself that others are won over to the cause. She sends two names this week.

We often feel like expressing our gratitude to the secretaries who work so earnestly and faithfully. They speak to this member or that Sunday-school teacher, they refer to some book on missions that they particularly enjoyed, or they ask some questions about missions which set their friends to thinking on the subject, and so on, and then another joins the Circle, inspired by these secretaries who love missions.

This Does Not Refer to Your President.

The president who knows it all is difficult to manage. He wants to do every bit of the managing himself. When there is a motion before the meeting he must have his say. He sees so many sides to everything that no matter how many speakers have discussed the subject, there is yet a delicate shade of meaning which no one but himself is able to bring out. Then he asks the vice president to take the chair while he explains his position on the subject in all its bearings. Then if the vote accords with his view he takes the credit because he advised the meeting at this crisis. If the vote goes against him he feels that the society has made a fatal mistake. But, remember your president is different, he wouldn't be guilty of such things.

Then the precise president is not exactly a favorite. He is finical and fussy, nervously afraid that things will not be done just precisely as he thinks they should be. He cannot help a gentle criticism right in public, and a half apology for some little minor faults of which very few in the meeting were even conscious. His standard is high and he is thoroughly uncomtortable for fear that some who will take part in the meeting will fall below it. If he could only do less worrying and more smiling it would be so much better.

The mechanical president does not help the society very much. He conducts the meetings just exactly as some other presidents did. He has neither enthusiasm nor inventiveness. Indeed he is not very much interested in the meetings, he is doing his part in an automatic, machine-like way that proves his indifference to the cause. He was elected and now he is filling his place, that's all.

NEW NAMES.

2890 Charles McClauey, El Paso, Ill.
2891 William Kindig, Roanoke, Ill.
2892 Charles Wolfe, Roanoke, Ill.
2893 Ray Haines, Sidney, Ind.
2894 Lizzie R. Pugh, 720 E. Pine St., Santa Ana, Cal.
2895 Nettie Martin, Mercersburg, Pa.
2896 Gertrude F. Rowland, Clearspring, Md.

RECEIVED CERTIFICATES.

James H. Morris, North Manchester, Ind.
D. W. Crist, Timberville, Va.
Effie Wiggs, Prymont, Ind.

LOCAL SECRETARY.

Pearl A. Mishler, Collamer, Ind.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter XLIV.

Rome, Italy.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

While Agnes was writing you the last letter, and doing some art work, in fact having one of the greatest times of her life, the rest of the party visited some of the other interesting places in the Imperial City.

The Roman Forum is one place where travelers are very much interested. There stands the original milestone, which, at one time, according to the Romans, was the center of the earth, from which all distances were measured. I think I have mentioned before that this is where Romulus is buried. In some of the excavations that are now being made in the Forum Romanum we saw a painting of the fifth century,—"Christ on the Cross Between Two Thieves." In another room we saw the "Resurrection of Lazarus," and in another the "Virgin Mary and Jesus." The excavator's pick and ax are uncovering many things of interest to the scientific and religious world.

Many old apothecary shops, bazaars, wine shops, and other places of business, just as they were hundreds of years ago, are found in rather good state of preservation.

Three distinct ages are represented,—the Republic, Kingdom and Empire. The location of the houses of the Cæsars is easily found and recognized. The old Appian Way of which Paul speaks in his epistles, terminates here in the Roman Forum, and in some places we could see the original stones with which the highway was paved. At the south end of the Forum stands the Arch of Titus. It was erected in honor of his victory over Jerusalem in A. D. 70, when the Holy City was utterly destroyed. The arch stands there to-day as a living testimony that the prophecies of God were literally fulfilled. There are several other arches here as well as temples and palaces. For instance there is the temple of Prosperity in southern Rome, built in 546 B. C. A little farther to the south is a small chapel, of a very ancient date, supposed to be the spot where Paul and Peter separated the last time.

In the extreme south of Rome is St. Paul's Cathedral. This church has been destroyed and rebuilt and now the interior far exceeds that of St. Peter. The floor is of the very finest polished marble, and faithfully reflects every object upon it like a mirror. In the front wing of this cathedral forty-four massive columns support the structure. They are of the finest marble, except the first two, which are of Egyptian alabaster, and are very rare. Above these are the scenes of the life of Paul from the stoning of Stephen to the imprisonment of Paul. Immediately below these are the portraits of two hundred sixty-three popes, beginning with Peter and ending with Leo XIII, and room for one hundred and thirty-five more. In the center of the building is a grand altar, under which is supposed to lie the body of St. Paul. The place seems so grand that it is only mockery to attempt to describe it.

The catacombs stand among the first of the interesting places to me. We could not visit all of them for want of time, so we visited the catacombs of St. Caluxtus. It is not only one of the very largest, but the one in which one hundred seventy-four thousand persons are buried, and where we found many chapels where the agape and eucharist were formerly celebrated. After we had spent nearly half a day winding round through the streets of that subterranean city, viewing the resting places of the saints, the guide wanted to dismiss us but we insisted on seeing the chapels where the love feasts were held by these primitive Christians. We succeeded in finding several; in one, in particular, we found a painting on the ceiling, in all probability, of the first century. It was a painting of Christ and the twelve eating the Lord's Supper. Another of the Savior washing the disciples' feet was seen by us. In the corners of these chapels we often found vessels used in the communion service. In the hallways, leading from one of these chapels to the other, there were three tiers of niches cut in the soft rock. In these niches were deposited the bodies of many who died for their religion. We saw and handled the bones of many of our brethren to whom Paul addressed the Roman letters. In fact Miss Merritt read for us on the tombs of several the same names that are recorded in the sixteenth chapter of Romans. We found out later that several of these marble slabs, containing their names, had been taken to the Vatican and we saw them there when we visited that place. These catacombs are certainly a great testimony as to the truth of the Bible and early church history.

As we returned again to the city we saw the Trajan monument, made of iron, with war scenes from Asia, Africa and, especially Babylon, in bas-relief. We passed by the house where St. Paul lived for two years and preached the Gospel. Roscoe took a snapshot of the house, which has been partly rebuilt, and no sooner had the camera snapped than more than a hundred dirty little Italians surrounded him and demanded tips. He was captured; they impeded his progress so that he could not escape. He pulled out of his pocket a handful of almost worthless Roman coins and threw them over the crowd. There was a cloud of dust, a babel of confusion, and he succeeded in escaping by the help of us all.

The Pantheon is an octagonal structure, dating from 26 B. C., built by Augustus. Its name is quite significant,—pan meaning many, and theos meaning god. In it there were six male gods, and six female gods. The six male gods are Mars, Jupiter, Uranus, Saturn, Vulcan and Mercury; the female gods are Apollo, Diana, Vesta, Julius, Neptune and Venus.

We, too, saw the arch of Janus, built in 300 B. C., bearing six male and six female gods. It is an arched passage of four facades of the later imperial age, supposed to have been erected in honor of Constantine the Great. In olden times it was a cattle market. We had the privilege of visiting the prison of Peter and Paul (said to be), and the column to which they were chained. I would like to tell you about the Coliseum yet, but have not time now.

Sincerely,

Marie

(To be continued.)

The Q. & A. Department.

I enjoy reading the Bible, but sometimes I come across a chapter that is insufferably dull. What would you do with the dull chapters?

Well, I never had one of them to deal with. Sometimes I have found reading a dull task, but I have usually attributed the dullness to myself, and not to the chapter. If a chapter is dull at one time and interesting at another, the dullness is not in the chapter. When the mind is clear and the heart is warm every inspired word throbs with life. At one time I have found reading genealogical tables a delight; at another the tenderest words of Jesus and the most comforting of the Psalms have had the taste of stale crust. There are many remedies for dullness. Looking up the references is usually successful in arousing the drowsy mind; praying is better. If you sit before the Book and get nothing, try reading it on your knees.

Why are preachers' children always worse than other people's children?

This is a very rancid "chestnut." Preachers' children are not worse than other people's children. They *seem* to be worse because more is expected of them than of other children, because they are before the public more than other children, and because they get a great deal of free advertising. If a lawyer's or doctor's son commits a murder the papers announce that John Jones shot Bill Smith. But if the criminal happens to be a preacher's boy the news is headed in jumbo type, "The Horrible Crime of a Clergyman's Son."

What were the seven utterances that fell from the lips of our Savior while hanging upon the cross?

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

"Woman, behold thy son! Son, behold thy mother!"

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!"

"I thirst."

"It is finished."

"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"

How long will Bro. D. L. Miller remain in Africa?

He has already returned to India, where he will remain some time, helping with the mission work there in its various phases. He may not return to America for some time yet.

What is the best method of cleansing drab silk when soiled?

That depends on the soiling. Sometimes warm rain water will clean it. If soiled by grease, better wash entire piece in gasoline or benzine; if only a part is washed it will settle in rings instead of spots. Vinegar is also good to remove some kinds of spots. None of these, however, will restore lost colors. In such cases the piece had better be dyed.

What is instinct?

Instinct is a natural impulse which leads animals to perform certain actions for bodily welfare or propagation of species, prior to all experience and without understanding the object or method to be employed. The cells of the bees are perfect in design, which reasoning man could not equal except by mathematics.

What is the history of "Hail Columbia"?

This familiar national song was written by Joseph Hopkinson in 1798, and was first sung in a Philadelphia theater. The music is the "President's March."

What is a simple method by which farmers can test the purity of drinking water?

The Nook does not know and would like for some Nooker to tell us how.

How remove paint from the hands?

Use turpentine first, then soapsuds made of good hot rainwater and castile soap.

What is the motto of Ohio?

Imperium in imperio is the motto of Ohio, which means, "An Empire within an empire."

What islands do we possess?

Our island possessions are Hawaii, Porto Rico, Guam, Philippines, and Tutilia.

What changes occur in bones with advancing age?

As bones grow older the proportion of mineral composition in them increases.

Is water a food?

Water is a food. Its function as a solvent is indispensable.

MISCELLANEOUS

AN OBJECT LESSON.

"Boy at the head of the class, what are we paying for liquor as a nation?"

"$900,000,000 annually."

"Step to the blackboard, my boy. First, take a rule and measure this silver dollar. How thick is it?"

"Nearly an eighth of an inch."

"Well, sir, how many of them can you put in an inch?"

"Between eight and nine."

"Give the benefit of the doubt, call it nine. How many inches would it take to pile these $900,000,000 in?"

"100,000,000."

"How many feet would that be?"

"8,333,333 feet."

"How many rods is that?"

"505,050 rods."

"How many miles is that?"

"1,578."

"Miles of what?"

"1,578 miles of silver dollars, laid down, packed closely together, our national liquor bill would make. This is only one year's grog bill."

Boys, if you need facts about this temperance question, nail that to a post and read it occasionally. It would take ten men with scoop shovels to throw away money as fast as we are wasting it without scoop shovels.—*Christian Observer.*

KNOWING HOW TO MILK.

KNOW how to milk? Of course we do!

And yet, if the old cow could speak, she might quite often say that, in her humble opinion, you could profitably take a few lessons in that gentle art.

It is business for the cow to be milked. She considers it so, and you ought to.

It is not fair to sit down to a cow and pull her and haul her until she steps around in the stall and acts as if she were being shamefully hurt. Sometimes a cow will stop eating and wait until the ordeal is over before she will resume operations in that line.

The cow that does that is not comfortable. Uncomfortable cows do not do their best for their masters.

Other men have a way of milking that so pleases the cow that she clearly shows that she enjoys the process. These are the men after whom we should pattern.

Watching them, we see that they never yell nor strike, nor otherwise mistreat their cows. They sit down quietly, take hold of the cow's teats gently, no matter in how much hurry they may be, and begin to draw the milk, without pressing too hard, for they know that they are touching her at her tender point; then they keep steadily at it until the last drop is out.

It pays to milk carefully. The cows will give more and the milk will be richer for it. Then go about it as if you had something at stake, and not as if it was a job that you hated, that would bring nothing back, and that must be done at a now-or-never rate of speed. —*The Arrow.*

PORTABLE TELEGRAPH.

A PORTABLE wireless telegraph apparatus has been brought out in Germany. It weighs only 445 pounds if the necessary electricity is supplied by the dynamo and generating apparatus resembling a stationary bicycle, or 510 pounds if accumulators are used for supplying the current. Only ten men are required in the first case, only eleven in the second. The total equipment may be carried on three horses, the first carrying the telescopic masts, the second the transmitting and receiving instruments and the third the dynamo, or storage battery. A distance of about fifteen and a half miles of flat country can be telegraphed across. Further developments may make this extremely valuable for war purposes, for example, between the advanced wings of an encircling force.

AN ISLAND OF TURKEYS.

THERE is an island of about four thousand acres in Long Island Sound that is almost wholly given up to turkeys. They are tame turkeys, though they roam over the island almost like turkeys in the wild state. No shelters are provided and they secure much of their food the same as wild ones do. In winter they roost in the thick foliaged fir trees. As a result of this treatment they are very hardy, seldom have diseases of any kind, and the largest sometimes attain a weight of fifty pounds. They really have something of the game flavor, and command the highest price in the market. They are raised there by thousands.

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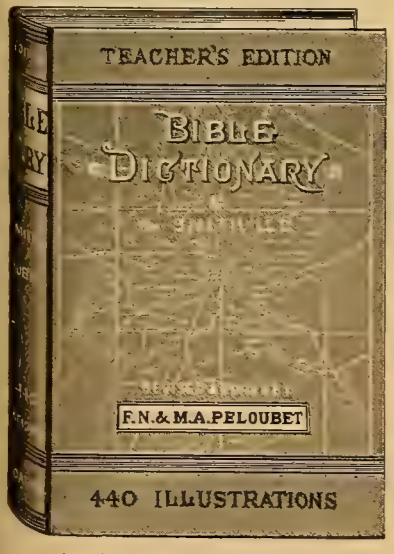
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Studio, Sarah Saunders, 1906

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"Follow His Steps."
"Abide in Him."
"God is Love."
"He is Precious."

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"I Love Them That Love Me."
"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."
"Love One Another, as I Have Loved You."
"We Love Him Because He First Loved Us."



No. 318.—LANDSCAPE GEMS.



An artistic series of text cards with fine landscape designs, embossed border. Each card corded. Price 5 cents each or 50 cents per dozen. Assorted texts and designs. Size 3¼ x 4. Texts:

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"The Peace of God Shall Keep Your Hearts."
"Jesus: He Satisfieth the Longing Soul."
"I, The Lord Have Called Thee And Will Keep Thee."
"The Lord Will Hold Thy Right Hand."
"Do Those Things That Are Pleasing in His Sight."

No. 277.—FINLAND VIEWS.

A charming series of views from Finland on cut-out shield with effective silver border. Price, 10 cents each or $1.00 per dozen. Size, 6¼x 8¼. Corded. Assorted texts and designs. Texts:

"Be Not Afraid, Only Believe."
"Hold Up My Goings In Thy Paths."
"Watch Ye, Stand Fast In The Faith."
"He Is Faithful That Promised."



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"Able to Keep."
"God Our Strength."
"God is Love."
"Rest in the Lord."
"Come Unto Me."

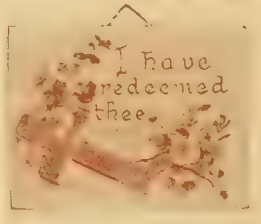
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Cut out in shape of a shield with pretty landscape designs. Each card corded. 12 cards in a box, assorted texts and designs, 25 cents. Size, 3¾ x 3. Texts:

"He Will Be Our Guide."
"Lead Me In Thy Truth."
"Seek Ye The Lord."
"Stand Fast In The Lord."



No. 280.—SCRIPTURE EMBLEMS.

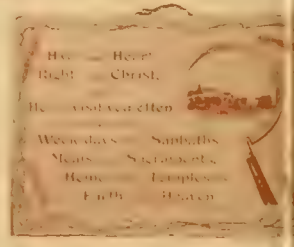


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"My Words Shall Not Pass Away."

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Brethren Publishing House,
ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

Spitle, Sarah
January 1906

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

ptember 12, 1905 **$1.00 per Year** Number 37. Volume VII

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Union Pacific Railroad

Omaha, Neb.

A Preacher Without a Congregation.

[From the Gospel Messenger, Aug. 12, 1905.]

We often read in the Messenger of "a little band of members without a minister" and "preacher wanted," but I believe the above caption is a little out of the ordinary. I investigated some of the places with a band of members, but as I am a practical farmer I chose to settle in the best place to help myself, rather than be helped (it was largely to escape this I left my old congregation in Missouri). I came here last fall and consoled myself with the thought that if my judgment was good and the country what I thought it, the Brethren would come and maybe I could do some missionary work. In the latter I have been somewhat disappointed, for though I have found the people good neighbors it seems almost impossible to get them started to come to meeting. I keep a little Sunday school going and preach every other Sunday anyway, but am very anxious to see some members come and occupy the land and also the "empty benches."

After living here nearly a year I feel my judgment was good and I am well satisfied. There are drawbacks in the way of an occasional streak of hail and mosquitoes (on the bottom), but I think the advantages more than offset them. There are opportunities for either extensive cattle raising on the hills or intensive sugar beet raising in the bottom; also farming on the tableland and dairying (with cheap pasture and alfalfa hay) along the foot of the hills. Fruit has been much neglected by most people here, but I know of several who have made good money with it. I will answer all questions I can, but say, Come and see. One brother has come and will likely locate. Write me in any event. I am hungry for fellowship with my own people. Tell me what you want to do and I can answer easier.

Louis Macey.

North Platte, Nebr.

✣ ✣ ✣

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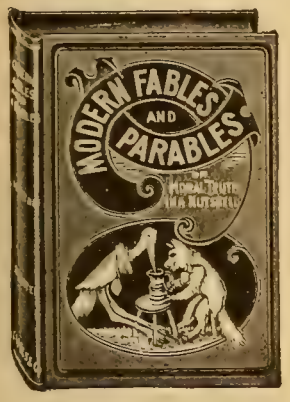
The government engineer wires that he is well pleased with the work that has been done in the South Platte valley and that test wells will be sunk in the next ten days between North Platte and Sterling. Here the climatic conditions are perfect and authentic statistics show that in this section potatoes have yielded 250 bushels to the acre, corn seventy-five bushels to the acre, wheat forty-five to fifty-seven bushels, oats sixty to ninety bushels and every other kind of vegetable in abundance.

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What One Subscriber Says.

I have been a close reader of the Inglenook and am much impressed with it. Since I left school I have been deprived of it and I cannot stand it to miss those good articles of Bro. D. L. Miller. I have just returned from the Atlantic coast and if I can find time I will send you an article soon of my trip and something of the oyster industry.

Jerry M. Henry.
Poage's Mill, Va.

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Do You Get HEADACHE?

Do you have headache nearly every time you go away from home, and have you pains between the shoulders, nervousness, heart trouble, female troubles, etc.? It no doubt comes from defective eyesight. To prove it, sit before the window and look at a cloud or any distant object, and in about five seconds, by the watch, your eyes will pain you so you must close them. If you are troubled in this way, write and get a question sheet and I will send you two weeks' treatment for only fifty cents, for a short time. Write to-day to

DR. J. L. MILLER,
Wayne Co., Smithville, Ohio.

(See Nook of Aug. 29, third cover page, for testimonials.)

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McPherson, Kansas

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Inglenook Cook Book

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We are printing it on much better paper this time and are binding it in our own bindery, insuring a much better book than previous edition.

It contains 1,000 recipes by the best cooks in the country and are all simple and practical. Many good cooks tell us they have laid all other cook books aside and use only the Inglenook Cook Book.

It is being bound in a substantial paper binding and also good oil cloth.

If you do not have a copy, send now, and you will be pleased.

Price in paper binding, each, 25 cents
Oil cloth binding, each, ...35 cents

Brethren Publishing House,
Elgin, Illinois.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

A MORE important question could hardly be asked than this: How is your digestion? Few people realize how much the digestion has to do with the maintenance of good health. The digestive apparatus of the human body is very much like the ordinary stove, with which we all have had more or less experience. If we let it get clogged up with ashes and clinkers, no matter how much good fuel we pile on, our fire will be a failure. We will be unable to get any steam or heat. If we remove the clinkers, however, and shake down the ashes and supply the fuel, we will soon be greeted with the joyful singing of the kettle, and the bright glow of the crackling fire will light up the otherwise cheerless room.

It is largely so with our digestive organs; if they become weak and, in a measure, inactive or clogged up with waste and effete matter, our whole system will suffer. What we eat will not agree with us, but in place cause us distress and give us an uncomfortable feeling of fulness. How many are there not who feel just that way! The stomach not being able properly to digest the food taken into it, the food lies there and ferments, liberating gases which give pain and discomfort. Undue pressure is brought to bear on the heart and other organs, which causes a feeling of worry and anxiety and gives rise to symptoms of "heart trouble." Many have suffered from that form of "heart trouble" and never dreamed that the bottom of the difficulty was purely and simply an aggravated form of indigestion.

Indigestion causes, besides the trouble just mentioned, a long list of ailments. It gives rise to headache, nervousness, constipation and, what is worst of all, an impoverished condition of the blood which means a general breaking down of the whole system, unfitting one for either work or pleasure. What is needed is a mild yet invigorating remedy which will tone up the debilitated organs and eliminate the waste and effete matter from the clogged-up channels. When that has been done, the food you eat will nourish your system as nature intended, your meals will be a comfort instead of, as now, a discomfort. On the whole, life will again appear worth living. To accomplish this end, there is probably no remedy which has met with such success as DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. It works like a charm on the digestive organs.

CAN WORK AGAIN.

Lone Rock, Iowa, December 28.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I take great pleasure in telling you what your **Blood Vitalizer** did in my case. Two years ago last spring I was taken sick. I suffered from indigestion, constipation and lack of appetite. Through the healing power of the **Blood Vitalizer** I was quickly restored to health. I am now well and able to work again. I have full confidence in both you and your remedies. Please send me terms for an agency. Yours very truly,

Mary McElvain.

EXCELS ALL MEDICINES.

Schaller, Iowa, February 18.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir,—The Lord's blessing be with you. Your **Blood Vitalizer** proves its worth in an abundant manner and gives satisfaction. I would like to keep it on hand as I know I can do a good work by recommending it to sufferers. I desire to do this for the following reasons: First, it has served me as a cure. I was suffering with stomach trouble for years. I now feel well, and keep well with careful diet. Secondly, your **Blood Vitalizer** excels all medicines which I have used. I can, therefore, recommend it heartily. Respectfully,

(Rev.) H. H. Schwietert.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is an infallible stomach regulator. It whets the appetite, tones the digestive organs, clears the complexion, and makes life worth living. It is not a drugstore medicine, but a plain herb remedy which is supplied to the people direct through special agents appointed by the proprietors,

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Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold Sept. 14 to 16, inclusive, with favorable return limits, on account of Anniversary of Battle of Chickamauga. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

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The climate is healthy; winters short and mild. We solicit the homeseekers to come and investigate these valleys before locating elsewhere. Parties wishing to visit Idaho may also take advantage of the very low rates authorized to Portland and return on account of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, on which liberal stop-over privileges are allowed.

Exposition rates from some of the most Eastern points for tickets to Portland and return (not including trip through California), are as follows:

Omaha & Kansas City,	$45.00
St. Paul & Minneapolis,	45.00
Chicago,	56.50
St. Louis,	52.00
Peoria,	53.00
Dayton, Ohio,	62.50

Tickets will be sold daily to September 30th, with final limit of ninety days from date of sale, but not beyond November 30, 1905. Stop-overs will be allowed on the Oregon Short Line at any point going or returning within final limit of tickets, but on return journey tickets must be deposited with the agent at point of stop-over.

Settlers' cheap one way rates will be in effect September 15th to October 31, 1905.

S. Bock, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.
J. E. Hooper, Agent, Oakland, Kans.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. & T. A.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. SEPTEMBER 12, 1905. NO. 37.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

BY ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

"Faith is the substance for which we hope
And evidence of things unseen."
In darkness intense we blindly grope,
Till Faith lights the way up the dizzy slope,
Helping us to the heights revealed.

Hope is the anchor which holds the soul
Of man, when life's troubled wave
Pitches his bark, with an angry roll,
Expecting a watery grave;
And the howling winds of the angry storm,
Near the breakers' surf toss the straining form
Despairing of help to save.

Charity, as the cloak of the sin-sick soul,
Hides sins that before were shown,
As the love of the lowly Nazarene,
'Round the penitent is thrown.
In the pearly gates Faith and Hope ne'er go,
They're fulfilled when the truth we know,
Yes, Love will enter alone.

Illinois.

SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

BY JOSEPHINE HANNA.

Truth is the backbone of character.

Influence designs character for others.

Small talents will grow large if well-cultivated.

Small rails have thrown large engines off the track.

As samples of our religion, how are we advertising it?

If you trample upon your conscience you will get mud upon your character.

The Master's meat—the doing of the Father's will—is seasoned to suit various tastes, ere partaken of by the multitude.

Purpose, being a thing of choice, at once reveals our taste, judgment, and character.

By doing the duty of the moment we turn the sands of life into gold which time cannot pass away.

Worry lays the burden of years upon us in a day, while reality places but a moment's burden upon us at a time.

When we are young time carries us so slow we urge it on, and lo! it runs, unchecked by any rein, till it is gone.

We must preserve the fruits of time or they will soon decay. Turn every day into account, and store it, thine, away.

Never put that little contrary "or" between foreign and home missions, for Christ himself united the two in an "All the World" mission.

We lose by getting even with one to whose level we must lower ourselves, and the worse he has treated us, the more we lose by getting even.

Each moment carries its own responsibility. It will not send it ahead though dread should go to meet it; neither will it leave it bchind though regret should follow it.

Choose between Purpose and Ease, but remember that Ease is now at her best, while good Purpose, however inspiring, reserves her best until we prove ourselves worthy of it, and crowns a hero.

How almost universally the son follows his father politically! Fathers, if this fact measures your influence over your sons, what will your answer be when God takes you into account for their spiritual condition?

Flora, Ind.

With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

In the Mozambique Channel

No. 10.

Now as we go south we find it steadily growing cooler. It ought, according to our northern notion of things, to be getting warmer, but it is not. A blanket at night and heavier clothing for the day are coming into active demand. I have unpacked my heavy overcoat in anticipation of the wintry breeze that will meet us as we go farther south. And then these are the last days of May, and I think of lawn mowing, gardening, sowing and planting, the opening flowers and blossoming trees at home. Who of us in the northland would think for a moment of associating the pitiless ice and snow of December with the spring grass, opening buds and the flowers of May? But that is the way it is down here. Winter has set in and one must radically change his notions of the times and the seasons, and this is hard to do after having had it the other way for three score years. The early spring poet is not in evidence here now, and the editor has peace. He comes out of his winter fastness in November and December.

Yes, things are sadly changed around in these parts. At noon time you look for your shadow where you have been accustomed all your life to see it, but it is not there. It has changed to the other side of you. Something strange has happened. Either the sun has gone wrong, or we have gone to the other side of the sun, but it is better to take the latter conclusion. At noon, these days, if you face the west, the sun shines on your right hand and your shadow falls to the south. It is just the other way at Elgin, where the Nook is made, and in the homes where it is read. 'Tis strange! Yes, passing strange, and yet 'tis true. Not very long ago I met a good Christian brother who entertained strong convictions as to the shape of the world. To him it was flat before and still flat after our talk. I am of the opinion if he were with me on this cruise I could convince him that after all the earth is a globe.

When Vasca de Gama, the great Portuguese navigator, sailed down to Cape Good Hope, and up this side of Africa, he and his hardy sailors observed the conditions referred to in the foregoing paragraph. When they returned to their homes, they told about the sun shining on the other side of them and their shadows falling to the south at noon, and were promptly disbelieved and branded as untruthful men by their friends. We now know, as a matter of fact, that they were giving to their unbelieving associates, the strongest possible evidence that they had reached the southern hemisphere.

What wonderful navigators those old Portuguese were. Before Columbus discovered America they had been searching for an ocean highway to India. In 1486 Diaz sailed south along the west coast of Africa until he sighted a bold headland jutting into the sea. He called it the Cape of Storms, because of the rough weather he encountered there; but on his return to Lisbon his king changed the name to Cape Good Hope, "For now," said he, "I have good hopes that by this route we shall reach India." And his hopes were fully realized. July, 1497, Vasco de Gama sailed from Portugal, and ten months later he landed at Calcutta, and the ocean route to India became an assured fact. The Portuguese made many discoveries and planted their king's flag on many lands. To their descendants little is left but the memory of their renowned ancestors. A narrow, ribbon-like strip, extending from Cape Delgado on the north to Delagon bay on the south is the measure of their attenuated influence in Africa. They did the sowing, others the reaping and gathering in the harvest.

We were just called out by one of the officers to see a waterspout, the first one either of us had ever seen. It could be traced plainly from the clouds to the sea, where the water rose in an irregular, column-like shape. We were too far away to get a good view of this strange phenomenon of the sea.

At Mozambique, a small Portuguese town, we lay at anchor from four in the afternoon until six the next morning. A visit to the shore revealed nothing of interest. We asked an official for information as to population, trade, etc., and he said the census of the place had never been taken. He seemed much surprised to be asked a question of that kind. What difference does it make how many people live here? Judging from the number of houses we saw in our tramp ashore we concluded that there might be three or four thousand people in the place. It is a clean, well-ordered, quiet little place under Portuguese and Catholic rule.

Here we took on board a hundred sacks of cowrie shells, each sack holding about three bushels. They are for the Bombay market. They are found in great quantities at Mozambique, and are used in central India as a medium of exchange. In some places it is the only money the poor people have. They are also used very extensively in decorating harness and trappings for horses, bullocks, camels and elephants in all parts of the Orient. The demand is large and the supply is inexhaustible. The sea continually

washes them ashore, and they are gathered and shipped to different parts of the East.

Five hundred and seventy miles south of Mozambique is the Port of Beira. It was scarcely ever visited by vessels until the outbreak of the last Boer war, when it suddenly grew into a place of considerable importance. It became the port of entry for the supplies of the British army. Here the mules, shipped from New Orleans in such great numbers while the war lasted, were landed and shipped inland. The place is now connected by rail with Capetown, fifteen hundred miles away. But it has lost much of its importance since the close of the war. While it is on Portuguese territory, and nominally under the same rule, British influence predominates and it is only a question of time when the zone of British influence will include this little that is left to Portugal.

We spent a day and a night at Beira and are now on the last stretch of our long voyage. With fair weather and barring accidents we shall reach the southern limit of our cruise on the 28th day of May. If so we shall have been on board the *Nuddea* no less than forty days, much the longest voyage I have ever made. We have both enjoyed most excellent health on the entire journey and thank God for his goodness to us.

Our next letters will be descriptive of the Transvaal and the interior of the country.

Mozambique Channel, Opposite the Island of Madagascar, May 23, 1905.

THE OSTRICH.

The large bird which we call an ostrich is a native of Africa. It runs across the deserts of sand much more swiftly than a horse. Any one who has seen ostrich feathers would naturally suppose the bird which wore them had wings, and could fly swiftly. But the ostrich cannot fly at all,—he can only run with his long legs, and when he raises his wings in his flight it is to balance himself.

The male ostrich, when full grown, is more than nine feet in height; his legs are very long and strong. A kick from one of them would break a man's leg, and it is by striking out with his feet that he defends himself when attacked. The female scoops out a hole in the sand for a nest, and lays from twelve to sixteen eggs. But not more than half of these eggs are deposited in the nest; the others lie scattered around and are never hatched. Those in the nest are hatched by the heat of the sand and the sun, for the mother does not sit on them as other birds do. The egg shells are so large and strong that the natives of those desert regions use them for water vessels, often having no others.

The ostrich is gregarious—that is, it lives with other ostriches in a flock or herd. They may be seen, fifty of them at a time, feeding on the plains with zebras, antelopes and other animals of the same kind. But it is very difficult to catch or kill them, because they have wonderfully keen sight, and on those wild sandy plains, where no hills or trees or houses intercept the view, they can see the enemy approaching as quickly as the enemy can discern his prey. To run them down would be impossible, even with a fleet steed, did not the bird make doubles in running, and by watching these the hunter can sometimes ride across the country and fire at the swift creatures as he speeds along. Their endurance is equal to their speed, for they can keep up the same rapid pace for hours together. Sometimes a shot is obtained by lying in wait for them at the springs which they frequent. There is more chance also of catching them after they have been drinking, because they cannot run so well.

But there is one cunning way the natives have of killing them that is very curious. A bushman will strip a dead ostrich of his skin and feathers in a piece. With this skin he covers himself carefully, and, taking his bow and arrow, manages to approach the flock, who suppose him one of themselves, and do not fly at his approach. Then he begins to shoot his poisoned arrows and destroy the birds, who cannot discover where the shots come from, and before they take to flight the ground is covered with slain.

You will wonder why so much pains are taken to destroy the ostriches. The reason is that a great deal of money is made by selling their beautiful feathers. Ladies wear them as ornaments in their hair and on their hats. Indeed they are so common now that many a little girl wears them who knows nothing yet of the hot plains of sand from which they come, and the birds which are shot to make her look smart. Now you can understand why the natives take so much pains to kill the ostrich, and why large numbers of their feathers are sent to America every year.

GOLD FROM MOSS.

Miners along the Trinity River, in Northern California, save no inconsiderable amount of gold from the river moss. One country storekeeper at a small place on the river bought during the season just closed $4,000 worth from them. He says that on the rock and bedrock along the sides of a channel, especially on riffles and in places where the current is swift, moss forms in the summer months. When the water rises in winter it overflows these places and the moss acts as a gold-saver. When the water begins to fall in summer the miners gather the moss and either put it in the sun to dry, burning it later and panning out the ashes, or they wash it in a tub of water until the gold is all washed out.

HOW WE LEARN.

BY MARY I. SENSEMAN.

Did you ever wonder why you are what you are, why you can learn some things so much more easily than you can others, why you can understand a matter as presented in one way and not at all comprehend it as explained in another, why you can grasp the meaning of anything better at a certain age than you could previously, why you have opinions, why you sometimes do things "backwards," why so many things you do are not up to your own standard of what they should be, why you can learn to like some work which you at first disliked, why you remember, how you acquire self-control, why you are unhappy, despite favorable circumstances and conditions, or happy in spite of very adverse ones, why you at one time in your life would not do a certain thing because it was contrary to the dictates of your conscience and at a later period you did it and had no conscience pricking?

As the last question is somewhat to one side of the line of thought, we shall talk of it for a moment here. What is a conscience? Suppose a person had been taught in childhood that it was wrong, unquestionably, to ride on a train. In manhood he often rode and had no qualms of conscience about it. It was not an instance of conscience-hardening, but of his distinction of right and wrong as directed by his highest education at each time in his life. That is, as highly educated as you are in the path of right your conscience will direct you. It is not an infallible guide but easily misleads unless one has been taught to be perfect in goodness. Conscience won't tell you to do a thing that nobody or nothing has ever taught you is right.

An infant's brain is just an empty box. It has capacity for mathematics or history, mechanics or language. It has power to act rapidly or slowly. It is sensitive or dull. It has breadth of thought or more or less of brute force.

By nerves of sight or hearing, smell, touch, or taste, something is carried into the empty box. If there is space prepared to receive it the child gains knowledge. Perception makes possible this understanding, this transmission of new things from brain to mind. For the brain is only the mind's storehouse. You know that you see, you hear, a great many things that you know nothing whatever about, and some time afterwards, in thinking of those things, you fully comprehend them. By the power of perception you understand. Perception is to the mind what assimilation is to the body.

Further, the child sees its mother smile. If it has any capacity of joy it gains knowledge, it understands the smile. Slowly or quickly, as it has power, after having seen more smiles the child directs its own lips. It has taken one step in practice, one simple act, education, or "leading forth" knowledge.

The child hears laughter. It sees the smile again and with it hears the sound. It was able to smile. It adds vocal sound, another simple act, and laughs. So it continues throughout a lifetime. One step comprehended by the mind, given forth in one simple action or in one word expressive of an idea, followed by the other steps, second, third, fourth.

Whether we have much or little ability for a work, we cannot understand it unless we have mastered each step of it. Everything is acquired in the same order. We see something, or hear it, smell, touch, or taste it. We comprehend.

The same thing takes place in the body. Food is taken into the stomach as a new thing is carried into the brain. The bodily food is digested, or assimilated, corresponding to the mental power of perception. The food having become a part of the bodily cells is used, given forth, and new food is required. Just so does the mind need new food—after the old has been used or given forth in act or word.

That we can not master a work unless we can perform every part in succession may be illustrated. How well can you deliver an address on your comprehension of the manufacture of steel or on your knowledge of any other subject unless you can speak or write your ideas in exactly applicable language? Or how well can you bake a loaf of bread, after having seen it done time and time again, unless you have trained your hands to perform each step of the work?

To show that we cannot understand a new thing until after we have mastered something that is just a step before it: A child inquires what keeps a steam engine running. You in turn ask him what happens to the lid of a kettle full of water when the steam can be seen coming from the kettle. If the child is able to tell you that the steam, going up, pushes the kettle-lid upward it is very easy to answer his question by saying that there is steam in the engine, and that that steam, pushing on rods and wheels, properly arranged, keeps them in motion.

An individual's aptness for anything means that it takes him a comparatively short time to learn to do that. And if a phrenologist were to examine the shape of that person's head he would likely tell him that a certain part of the head was markedly developed. There was unusual capacity in that brain to store everything pertaining to the line of work in which the man showed aptness.

We have natural liking or taste for certain things for the same reason. But unless things we like are brought into the brain, then are comprehended according to the law of step by step, our desires are not satisfied. Then, unless these stores are given forth, there is no room made for new things along the same

line. In this are shown the advantages of good environment. With only good food given to the mind, only that part of the mind is fed. And if each one of us represses the giving forth of the bad in his mind, no room is made for more of that character. But note that a thought in words is in reality putting to use some knowledge just as much as if we had told somebody that thing we knew.

We nearly all have perfect minds. That is, each of us has more or less space in the different thought regions. So everybody is able to learn something of everything with which his senses furnish his brain. He understands the new thing if he has mastered a step immediately preceding. We must consider mastery as ability to give forth in word or deed. Or, if he has to skip a step or two, he sets an opinion on the new thing.

There were never found two opinions exactly alike. You cannot tell another person exactly how you feel about something, how something affects you or appears to you, what your personal opinion is, simply because it is merely an opinion instead of actual knowledge. An opinion is a phase of the individual himself. His thought-regions are like so many colors of paint, there being different quantities of the various kinds. Now add a little more of one color and the resulting hue must yet differ from that of another mixture of similar colors in different proportions.

Opinions are useful as stimulants to self-control because of their furnishing temporary satisfaction by being sham knowledge. Self-control itself is acquired by doing, by controlling self.

All education is dependent on the "doing." That is what education really is. Intellect is our best natural mental capacity for different things. But education is the leading forth of the things which occupy the intellect.

If one's capacity or ability for a certain thing is not extensive he will learn along that line more slowly than along another. But attention (a thorough chewing of the food) makes perception possible. Perception means the assimilation of new food. That is strength renewed. And is there not happiness in strength and in its use in skillful performance of what we undertake? Unless you do give forth knowledge step by step you can not do it at all correctly. You do it "backwards."

Memory is the tangible part of the mind. It is to the mind what the protoplasmic cells are to the body. The cells are themselves being constantly destroyed and renewed, but the new ones simply take the place of the old. A new mind is constantly being built up but in memory appears its similarity to the past mentality. So the individual's trend of mind remains comparatively the same from year to year, forming a memory, which we may call the cells of the mind.

But how do we account for being able to hold in memory the things which we do not understand, which have not been assimilated into the mind? The brain is the stomach of the mind. We know that bodily food may be contained in the stomach for some length of time. It is not impossible that the brain actually retains undigested,—uncomprehended,—new things. The protoplasmic cells which compose the brain, are being destroyed and replaced by new ones by the thousands constantly. We know that different regions of the brain control different kinds of thoughts. Drawing a conclusion from those facts, it gives some authority for the statement that for each thought there may be a distinct arrangement of the protoplasmic cells of the brain. The truth of the matter is too much in doubt, however, to permit its being granted the name of even a theory.

Unless we learn to do what we have learned to know, whatever we undertake can only come short of meeting our own approval. The knowing is like stones in a rude heap. The doing is like those stones being built into a complete structure. Knowing is intellect. Doing is education.

We can overfeed the intellect by "cramming" with book-learning, sight-seeing, and the like. All new things must be digested in the brain. Everything sent in there by the senses destroys cells. Too rapid wearing out of those cells makes a tired, sickly brain.

We can each distinguish our individual intellect from education. Intellect thinks in images, without effort, comprehending a matter in its entirety. It is one's real self. It directs our acts. Education is what one lets himself make manifest of his true self or requires of himself to make manifest. It directs our method or way of acting.

If we wish to show others some strength or talent we possess we must learn to act in the way, or acquire a command of language, that clearly demonstrates that strength or talent. Image-thought must become word-thought.

Covington, Ohio.

THE London police have a collection of 70,000 sets of finger prints of criminals. It has been completely established that the thin capillary ridges on the tips of the fingers undergo no natural change of characteristic from the cradle to the grave.

THERE are seven peers in the British House of Lords whose combined ages reach 623 years. Lord Gwydyr is 95; Lord Field, 92; the Earl of Cranbrook, 91; Lord Masham, 90; Lord Gimthorpe, 89; Lord Brampton, 88, and the Duke of Rutland, 87.

THE Empress Dowager of China has built herself a tomb which cost $5,000,000.

The Little White Meetin'house.

By OMA KARN,
Covington, Ohio.

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Part III.
The Elder Brother.

"I WONDER what's going on at father's to-night? See how the house is lit up!"

David Haller and his wife had staid for evening services at the Grove church and were just now returning home.

"Company, probably," said Agnes. "Susie Wine told me that Jonas Eaton was to preach down at Spring Creek to-day. I could not help wishing we had gone there instead of to the Grove. I do like to hear him. I expect he is at father's to-night. Can't we go in a little while, Dave?"

"'Most too late. It must be well onto ten now, and I must go the rounds and see if Jeff has made everything right for the night. But I don't feel quite right until I know what all this illumination is about. Father may have one of his sick spells. If you will hold the lines, Agnes, I will just slip up to the window and see what's wrong."

When after a few minutes' absence, David Haller came back and climbed into the buggy, his face startled Agnes, so white and drawn it was. He looked old and haggard in the moonlight. To her anxious question, "Who is sick?" he replied in the shortest tones, "No one."



"If you will hold the lines Agnes, I will just slip up to the window and see what's wrong."

Agnes hesitated a moment. In all the two short happy years of her married life, David had never spoken to her in such a tone before. She did not understand it, but anxiety getting the better of her, she said, "But what is wrong, Dave? Who is sick? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I did," was the brief reply.

Agnes was silent. What did ail Dave? And what caused him to answer her so? What was wrong at father's? There was a new pain at her heart, one she had never felt before.

As David pulled up the horse at their own gate he flung the lines out over the wheel with an impatient jerk. Silently he helped Agnes out, and then busied himself with the care of the horse, not even offering to carry the baby into the house,—something that had not happened since that precious bit of humanity had taken his first ride with his admiring parents.

Pride struggled with anxiety as Agnes, clasping her babe closer to her, hunted around in the dark for the key and then for a match and finally struck a light. Her hands trembled and her eyes were dim with unshed tears as she prepared the little "Everett" —now crying lustily at this unusual interruption of his slumbers—for his crib and soothed him to sleep again.

But why didn't Dave come in? He had surely had time. When did he ever stay out so long before? There was a nameless fear pounding at her heart as she busied herself about some household tasks. They were going over to the "farther farm" to cut corn to-morrow and things must be astir early in the morning.

At last she heard him coming, with slow, heavy footsteps,—surely now he would explain. His face looked even more ghastly in the lamplight. Agnes forgot her pride, but to her anxious inquiry, "Dave, are you sick?" he made the same short answer, "No." Removing his shoes he dropped a light kiss on the

face of the sleeping babe, and grumbled out, "Do hurry, Agnes; don't fuss around here all night," and passed into the bedroom, leaving Agnes feeling as if the whole universe were sinking beneath her feet. Ah, how often does evil cast its shadow over the lives of the innocent!

And what had caused all this unusual proceeding? What ghostly form of the past had presented itself to the surprised and amazed eyes of David Haller, as he peered into the cozy living room of his father's house? 'Twas his own brother. His brother whose bitter curses had never ceased to ring in his ears, who had disgraced the family with his waywardness, broken his mother's heart and whitened his father's head with grief. The marks of dissipation and sin still showed about him. Yet there he was sitting in state like a king, his obedient subjects with happy, smiling faces sitting around him. David could see his mother's face and the light that o'erspread it; his father's fond gaze as it rested upon his returned boy, and sitting beside the prodigal, his hand on his, talking low but earnest words, was Jonas Eaton—his favorite minister.

For a few minutes everything reeled before the eyes of the astonished man. Then came Resentment, fierce and strong, and close upon her, with her baleful eyes, came her twin sister, Jealousy. What had Ralph done to deserve such favor? What did he ever do but disgrace the family? He had influenced his mother against him, schemed to get a double portion of his birthright, and when told of it had cursed his brother with the most bitter curses; and because his father had refused to be unjust he had left home with only a taunting message.

"I suppose the fatted calf has already been killed," said David grimly to himself, as, with one more glance at the joy within, he stole away from the window, swallowing hard on the bitter feelings that were forcing their way up.

"I've served faithfully ever since I was big enough to handle a hoe, but precious little was there ever made over me. What I've got, I've got by my own hard work. And now this upstart comes with his advanced knowledge and modern wisdom to rule it over us again. Well, mother will be glad; she has had a sore spot in her heart towards me ever since he went away. But brother or no brother, Ralph and I are done with each other."

But David Haller found he could not sleep that night. All night long there was before his eyes a vision of the boyish face and two innocent blue eyes that looked up to him in admiration as the elder brother. Ah, the happy days of their childhood. How gayly they had lived then, with their childish sorrows, their innocent crimes, their fleeting remorses. Hand in hand they had stood together in everything,—but now,—and yet they were brothers still. He fell asleep at last only to awaken from a troubled dream in which he had seen a form, its hands bleeding, its garments torn, its countenance marred by suffering, staggering under the burden of a heavy cross,—the face of the Master he tried to serve,—and he would not forgive his own brother.

Agnes took up her duties in the morning with a heavy heart. She was more mystified than ever. David had gone away early to his work with only a few briefly-spoken words to her. All night long he had muttered and groaned in his sleep; more than once she had caught the name Ralph. She knew that David had a brother Ralph, that they had quarreled for some trifling reason, that he had gone away in anger, and that David never mentioned his name. That there was some trouble between his mother and himself on account of it she had felt rather than known. The younger children had sometimes spoken of their absent brother, but if either of the parents was by they were quietly ordered to be still. To herself David had never said a word on the subject. She had come into the family from a distance and its past history was unknown to her. No wonder her cheerful face wore an unusual shadow as she went about her work.

Men were always glad to work for David Haller. He had no trouble in getting or keeping hands. But the half dozen working under his orders to-day wondered what in the world had come over their usually reasonable employer. They were glad when the noon hour came that they might have time to rest and breathe a bit.

"Tell you what," said one, "I believe 'tis all on account of that scapegrace Ralph coming back. Guess Dave feels sore about it. You know they had a great fracas, though they are so close-mouthed that no one ever found out what 'twas about. Say, you fellows, you ought to have been at meetin' yesterday, and seen the chap come back. He joined church, you know, just as he was, wish you could have seen what a figure he cut. He was the toughest-looking tramp I ever looked at. That fellow Eaton from back east somewhere was there and I'll be blessed if he didn't meet him like it was the president himself had come. Joseph Haller don't like to show his feelin's in public, but he wasn't far from having somebody to tote him out. While Mis' Haller she cried right out, 'My boy! my boy!' Tell you it made a fellow feel queer to hear it. Shouldn't wonder—" but here the voices died away in the distance, and David, lying face downwards in the hay above, knew it all now.

"So that is why Eaton was sitting there holding his hand last night. Ralph surely can raise sensations if he can't do anything else. He always was good at acting. S'pose mother is more than ever pleased with her Benjamin now."

All that long week his good and bad angels strug-

gled together for the soul of David Haller. It was Saturday evening and to-morrow, some gossippy neighbor had informed him, "Your brother is to be baptized."

Joseph Haller had been to the eldest son's home on Monday evening, the glad tidings he brought making his face look ten years younger. He was not prepared for the cool reception that met him. There was a short but sharp discussion between father and son. "Go home and finish eating the fatted calf; you do not need my presence to grace the occasion," said the angry son.

"And you, sir, are acting the calf, so take the consequences. Not a member of the family can enter your house so long as you act in this unreasonable manner."

And with this outburst of righteous indignation, the usually gentle-spoken man strode away.

David went on to the barn. To say that he was surprised at the sudden outburst of his usually mild father would not begin to tell it. It was a week of bitter conflict, for at heart David was a Christian man. How often during the week had his thoughts gone back to the days of childhood. Again and again did the suffering face on Calvary rise up before him, and yet he could not forgive his own brother. Time and again he had almost resolved to put it away and go to his brother. But up would come the words of that bitter parting and with it that evil and cowardly spirit that says, "I cannot."

"I wonder what they will do to-morrow anyway? He can't be taken into the church under these circumstances."

And then once more the angel of mercy drew near and lightly touched his heart. He dropped the fork he was holding and sinking to his knees in the fragrant hay, buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. Twilight gave way to darkness and still he could not conquer. Like Jacob of old, it looked as if he must wrestle until "the break of day."

Agnes, alarmed at his long absence, could stand it no longer. Little by little during the past week she had learned the whole story. In after years she often referred to that week as one of the darkest of her life. She lighted the lantern and leaving the baby in care of Jeff, "the hired help," went out to search for her husband. She found him at last still kneeling on the hay, emotion shaking his strong form. It was just at the moment when a featherweight of influence turns the tide for either good or evil. Agnes set the lantern down and kneeling beside him put her arms about him and whispered brokenly, "Oh, Dave, put it all behind you."

And the Angel of Darkness disappeared with a bitter laugh as David Haller, after a moment's hesitation, looked up into his wife's face and said, "Agnes, you are right, I will."

It was very seldom that such a crowd gathered at the Spring Creek church as was seen there the day Ralph Haller was baptized. The news of his return has spread like wildfire as well as the somewhat startling way in which he had come. People came for miles around, many out of curiosity, and many through a feeling of joyful sympathy for Joseph and Sarah Haller. The church was well filled. When David and Agnes entered and took a seat behind his father, people looked curiously at them. In spite of their reserve an inkling of the trouble between them had gotten out. All morning David had been trying to make himself go over home and greet his brother. But the evil spirit was not quite vanquished. Again she drew near with her insinuating smile and whispered, "He was the transgressor; let him come to you first."

He looked eagerly around for Ralph. Yes, there he was, sitting beside his mother. He created an altogether different appearance from what he had one week before. Suddenly the eyes of the two brothers met. Ralph's dropped to the floor, while a red flush of shame showed through the tan of his face.

"Ha!" said the evil spirit, drawing a step nearer, "see how guilty he is. No wonder he is ashamed."

David put it sternly from him and during the powerful sermon that followed sat with bowed head.

It was over. Ralph had come forward to have the usual formula laid before him. Jonas Eaton stood in front of him with his Bible opened at the eighteenth chapter of Matthew. And yet the brothers were not reconciled. But "he giveth his angels charge over thee." David Haller looked up to meet another pair of eyes, eyes that were flashing with the feeling that was burning within. The eyes of the man that had converted him, that had led him down into the baptismal stream, the man he reverenced next to his father. Without a word, David arose and stepping to his brother's side held out his hand. Ralph took it and looking up into his brother's face knew that forgiveness was full and free. The mother sitting at his side looked into his face too. And the glory that shone about them was not the glory of earth.

Covington, Ohio.

ISLE OF MAN.

In the Irish Sea between England, Ireland and Scotland lies the Isle of Man, a triangular piece of land, its greatest breadth being twelve miles, and its length thirty-two miles, with a population of sixty thousand souls. Its people are called Manx people. They have a language, literature and poetry of their own. Their native language is as distinct from the English as is that of the French or Welsh. They are a large, well-formed, energetic and a very prolific people—many of their families, both among rich and

poor, numbering fifteen children. There are sixty thousand permanent residents, with excellent schools, at the head of which is King William's college, to attend which many English gentlemen send their sons; also an asylum for the insane.

It is a great place for resort in summer, it being very common in "the season" for them to have an influx of one hundred thousand travelers and seekers after health and pleasure. Their hotels are magnificent, and the accommodations for their transient population unequaled. There are four principal cities: Douglas, the capital, Castleton, Ramsey, and Pearl, the latter noted for its fisheries, as many as seven hundred or eight hundred fishing boats manned by seven or eight men each, going out from its port daily, and obtaining vast loads of herring for the various marts. The bay of Douglas is a beautiful and commodious harbor. It should also be stated that they have several excellent newspapers. The principal industry is farming, the land being very fertile and productive, every inch of which is tillable and being made useful.

The island contains an elevation of 3,000 feet, which they call Sneafal mountain, the upper height being devoted to woods and sheep pasturage. They have a kind, native to the island, called mountain sheep, rather small and adapted to the situation. Some owners have a flock of a thousand, and each knows his own by some peculiar mark which he puts upon it; all feed in common. They have also a breed of nicely-shaped, small horses, called Manx horses—Manx cats are an anomaly among felines—being devoid of a caudal appendage—not having the vestige of a tail. Many of them are sold to travelers as natural curiosities. They are found in as many colors as elsewhere, but the choicest ones are deep, rich-colored tortoise shell.

Daily communication is held between Douglas and Liverpool, a distance of eighty miles. Their lines of very fine steamers make the transit in four and a half hours.

Their government is headed by a man called Lieut. Governor, who is appointed by the king, as is also the attorney general. Their legislature of twenty-four members is elected by the people and called the House of Keys. Their judges are called deemsters. Their Episcopal churches have one bishop, but all the other denominations are represented.

The rich are very rich, and the poor, many of them, very poor. Wages are low, and there is much emigration from the island. There is quite a large settlement of Manx people near Cleveland, Ohio. It contains many excellent mechanics, and mostly worthy, intelligent people.—*Selected.*

THE secret of success is constancy to purpose.—*Disraeli.*

PERSONALITY AS CAPITAL.

A PLEASING personality is of untold value. It is a perpetual delight and inspiration to everybody who comes in contact with it. Such personality is capital.

Very few people ever come to your home, or ever see your stocks and bonds and lands, and interest in steamship lines; but your personality you carry with you everywhere. It is your letter of credit. You stand or fall by it.

What indescribable wealth is packed into some fine, beautiful personality we meet now and then!

How the character-millionaire dwarfs the mere money-millionaire! How poor and despicable does a man who has gained his wealth in a questionable way appear before a superb personality, even without money-wealth! The millionaire of brains, of self-culture, puts to shame the man who has dwarfed and cramped his soul for his money-millions.

What a boon it is when you meet a friend on the street for a few moments to be able to fling out the wealth of a rich manhood or womanhood into his consciousness, and to make him feel that you have wealth much superior to that of mere money!

How unfortunate it is that young people in our homes and schools are not taught the value and importance of personal wealth, which they always carry with them, and which is on perpetual exhibition in a world's fair!

We should never begrudge any expense, time, or effort within our reach which will add to our personal wealth,—which will enrich and beautify the character of those about us.

No matter how deformed your body may be, it is possible for you to throw such a wealth of character—of love, of sweetness, of light,—into your face that all doors will fly open to you and you will be welcomed everywhere without introduction. A beautiful, sweet heart, the superb personality of a soul, belongs to everybody. We all feel that we are personally related to one who has these, though we have never been introduced to him. The coldest hearts are warmed, and the stubbornest natures yield under the charm of a beautiful soul.

To be able to throw the searchlight of a superb personality before us, wherever we go through life, and to leave a trail of sunshine and blessing behind us; to be loved because we scatter flowers of good cheer, wherever we move, is an infinitely greater achievement—a grander work,—than to pile up millions of cold, unsympathetic, mean, hard dollars.—*Success.*

UNDER the terrible charge of having killed and eaten many children whom they had stolen, twenty gypsies have been arrested near Jaszbereny, Hungary. The leader of the band alone is alleged to have eaten eighteen children.

DRAGON FLY.

BY JOHN A. BLAIR.

Dragon fly is the name applied to the members of a remarkable group of insects known in some parts of the United States as the "Devil's Darning Needle," and in many parts of England as the "Horse Stingers."

These insects, excepting some insects upon which they prey, are perfectly harmless, though some of the larger type may inflict a somewhat painful wound with their very strong jaws.

As the structure of the dragon fly is somewhat remarkable it may be well to enter slightly into detail. The head is comparatively small, connected very slightly with the prothorax, on which it turns almost as a pivot. The eyes are generally enormous, often contiguous, but sometimes widely distant. In front of these is a portion called the vertex, before which are placed the three ocelli, and on either side are inserted the antennæ, which are smaller in proportion than on most insects; these consist only of two short basal joints and five or six bristle-like threads.

The abdomen is long and slender, containing nine segments. To the thorax are attached two pairs of veined wings and three pairs of legs.

The internal structure is comparatively simple. The salivary glands appear to be absent and the whole digestive apparatus consists of an elongated canal extending from mouth to arms, comprising the æsophagus, stomach and intestines.

Dragon flies eat their prey completely and do not content themselves with merely sucking its juices. The female lays her eggs in mosses, perhaps sometimes singly, but generally in groups. This operation may be witnessed by anyone in localities frequented by these insects. The eggs are deposited generally on the surface of water weeds, but perhaps many are deposited in water where there are no weeds, and fall at once to the bottom. Some observers have noticed the female creep down the stems of aquatic plants several inches below the surface of the water, coming up after the art of oviposition had been effected, and sometimes the female makes slight incisions in the stems or leaves of water plants and deposits an egg in each incision.

The duration of the subaquatic life of a dragon fly is no doubt variable, according to the species. In smaller forms it is probably less than a year, but precise evidence is wanting as to the occurrence of two broods in one year. On the other hand, it is certain that often a longer period is requisite to enable the creature to attain its full growth and three years have been stated necessary for this in the large and powerful forms. Like all insects with incomplete metamorphosis, there is no quiescent pupal condition, no sharp line of demarcation between the larva and so-called "nymph," or penultimate stage. The creature continues eating and increasing in size from the egg to the time when it leaves the water to be transformed into the aerial perfect insect. The number of times it sheds its skin is uncertain, but it is doubtless many times.

For a considerable time after the insect emerges it is without characteristic colors and is weak and placid, the wings being held vertically in line with the abdomen, but by degrees the parts harden and the insect essays its first flight, but even then the wings doubtless have little power.

In most species the prevailing color of the body is a brilliant bronze, green, blue or black, but the colors vary much and often differ in the sexes. The wings are typically hyaline, colorless, but in many species they may be wholly or in part opaque, and often black.

There is a beautiful little genus from the Amazon that is a gem in the world of insects, the posterior wings being of the most brilliant, fiery, metallic color, whereas the anterior remains hyaline.

These insects are preëminently lovers of the hottest sunshine, but are found distributed over the whole world, excepting the polar regions, but are especially insects of the tropics. In fine warm weather they are the most powerful and daring on the wing, but in dull weather they are comparatively dull and lifeless, allowing themselves to be captured by the fingers without making any effort to escape.

Many of the larger species have a habit of affecting a particular twig or other resting place, like a fly-catcher among birds, darting off after prey and making long excursions, but returning to the chosen spot.

There are many species of dragon flies, being about seventeen hundred known at present.

Union Bridge, Md.

A BRAINLESS FROG.

More than five years ago Dr. Wilder, of Cornell University, took a live frog and removed its cerebrum. His claim had always been that the cerebrum was the seat of consciousness and volition, and that it is through this part of the brain that a person is able to know and understand and move about.

He put his brainless frog into an open glass jar, where it lived for five years. During all this time the frog showed no sign of making any move of its own accord. The only movements it made were very slight and about the same as the muscular movements of a person that is asleep. The nerves of the eyes were uninjured, so it was evident that the frog could see. But it showed no signs of any understanding. It noticed nothing, not even its food. The attendant every day had to open its mouth with forceps and

push the food far back until the reflex mechanism of swallowing was aroused. If anyone touched the frog it would move, and if they placed it in water it would swim until it reached some support. If turned upon its back it would right itself, but it never moved of its own accord.

This experiment would seem to show that Dr. Wilder's conjecture about the cerebrum is correct. The cerebrum is the larger brain, and is doubtless the seat of understanding and volition, the cerebellum simply presiding over the automatic functions of the body.

We cannot see, however, that anything has been gained for the human family by this cruel experiment with the frog. Even though Dr. Wilder has proven that the cerebrum of the frog is the seat of understanding and volition, it would not necessarily follow that it is true of the human brain. It may be that it is, however. But, at any rate, we do not think that anyone is justified in torturing an animal for the doubtful benefit it may prove. There is quite a wide difference between a frog and a human being. And the five years' suffering of this brainless frog has doubtless proven nothing for the human family.

The lower animals are just as sentient as a human being, and to inflict any suffering upon them, even though it be in the name of so-called science, is cruelly barbarous. It was never meant that the human race should advance in knowledge at the expense of the lower animals.—*Medical Talk.*

THE CANDLEFISH.

Of course, whenever it is night, people must have some sort of a light to see by. Among us, lamps, gas, and so on, are used. But what do you suppose people do where there is nothing of this kind? Why, in some places they use one thing; and in others, another. In Alaska, and other far-away lands to the north, all they have to do is to set a candlefish on fire, and they have a good, clear light which will last more than an hour.

The candlefish is about ten inches long, and somewhat the shape of our smelt. It is very fat, and just the thing to make a lamp of. The natives fasten it in a rude kind of candlestick made of strips of white oak and set it on fire. They light it at the head, and it burns steadily away, down to the very tail.

Of all the queer ways of making a light to read or sew by, I think this is the queerest. Nature seems to provide almost everything needed by the people in the place where they live. The candlefish is so oily that it can not be preserved even in alcohol. The nights at the North are very long, and if it were not for this fish the people would be most of their time in entire darkness.—*Our Little Ones.*

THE BROOKLYN CHURCH.

BY J. KURTZ MILLER.

Rejoice with us! The six-hundredth pledge has just arrived. Yet we are in need of fourteen hundred more to make the two thousand. How many of the Nook readers will pledge to stand by us and help us raise the needed amount?

Bro. Geo. Brindle, of Oakland, Kans., says: "I am surprised that the pledges do not come to you more rapidly. Enclosed find one I received for you, just by the asking.

Sister Eva Martin, of Ephrata, Pa., sends in three pledges besides her own. We appreciate this help very much. Who will go and do likewise?

Edna R. Forney, of N. Dak., sends her pledge, and says she is going to raise onions to pay it.

Bro. D. L. Miller writes us from the Indian Ocean, whilst on his way to South Africa, saying he hopes we may have the new church ready to dedicate by the time he returns next spring. We would be only too glad to do this, and can do it, if our dear people all over the Brotherhood will give us a little help.

Remember the Brooklyn churchhouse at your harvest meetings, and send us your offering.

Subscription Pledge for the Brooklyn Churchhouse.

The Lord willing, I hereby pledge to give as a "free-will offering" to the LORD, ONE dollar a year for FOUR years, said money to be used to erect a plain, substantial churchhouse in Brooklyn, New York, to be owned and controlled by the Brethren General Missionary and Tract Committee, of Elgin, Illinois.

First payment of this pledge is due Jan. 1, 1906.

Your name, ...

1906	1907	1908	1909

Post Office, ...

Street or R. F. D., ...

State, ...

Don't send any money now unless it is your choice to do so. We simply now want the names of about two thousand of the Father's children who will stand by the Brooklyn churchhouse and respond (the Lord willing) to the amount they pledge themselves for, about Jan. 1 of each year until the pledge is paid.

The locating committee are:

Eld. D. L. Miller, Mt. Morris, Ill.
Eld. A. B. Barnhart, Hagerstown, Md.
Eld. Jesse Ziegler, Royersford, Pa.

The committee on plans, appointed at the board meeting at Bristol Annual Meeting, are:

Eld. A. B. Barnhart.
Eld. J. Kurtz Miller.
Ephraim Strayer.

Sign the above pledge, cut it out and send it, at once, to the secretary of the building committee.

5901 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY SAMUEL J. BURGER.

When we speak about our friends we ought to speak of them as a vital part of our being and existence, for if we accept the Fatherhood of God, we must likewise accept the brotherhood of man. As we are related to the countless beings of our race, we to that measure and extent sustain a relationship with beings celestial.

The power to attract, especially things in which we find the principle of attraction, is not only great but constant, ever ready for the cementing influence, hindered only by conditions foreign to each. So our friendly ties are broken by a foreign nature and element.

Friendship! what is it? Is there not something of the divine and mysterious about it? What could life be without it,—anything less than failure? How can we gain its endearing ties?

Friendship cannot be bought, nor sold. It is not placed upon the world's market, waiting only to be purchased by those whose earthly treasure is great, but from every walk in life, each has an equal opportunity to be its possessor. Before we can gain this great blessing we must see that from within our own selves, our own resources, there comes that true devotion that calls for another of its equal; for Solomon by wisdom declares that whosoever would have a friend must show himself friendly.

True friendship needs but few words. It has passed beyond the audible means of communication, and has learned to respond in that silent, mysterious way which no tongue nor language can know.

True friendship, not unlike the ever-present foliage upon the tree called evergreen, yields itself to earth's needs in each time and season as they come and go. It calls forth the beauties of our better being, like the glistening dewdrop when nature unites to sing to God and man its supreme beauty.

Friendship is never lost, but like the sparkling brook it finds its way through hill and dale until it unites in the great ocean of waters.

Friendship, oh thou costly gem,
Gained by love and not mere sham.
Gained for time,—not time alone,—
Gained for that eternal home.

As through sorrowing years we go,
Mingling each with life's dread woe,
As we journey through the night
Friendship doth our souls unite.

As we walk through sighs and tears,
Sharing each our timely fears,
As we journey to that home
Friendship then becomes our own.

Brighton, Ind.

A CRUSADE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOR HONESTY.

No argument is needed to prove that dishonesty in this country is regnant. This is dangerous. This the more when among public officials. No labored argument is needed, the fact of prevalence with this, a glance at recent facts, is sufficient. Look at the boodlers and bribers among the St. Louis aldermen. Worse, when we consider the fact that after conviction of fifteen or twenty in the lower courts; every one was turned loose by the higher (supreme) court. If possible, worse still, when we look at the legislature of Missouri, and see members of both the house and the senate, including the lieutenant governor, among the bribe takers.

Passing on mere mention Philadelphia, Minneapolis and Adrian, Mich., we reach what is worse still because of position, the federal government. Were we looking from the days of Washington, Adams and Jefferson, we would stand aghast. Think for a moment of a large part of the president's time in these days consumed in ferreting out criminals in the public service! Added, the fourth assistant postmaster general worn into invalidism by the same work, with the result of thirty officials under arrest, and many more suspected.

Crowning the climax, a United States senator sentenced to the penitentiary, barred from public office, disfranchised as a citizen and disgraced for life. Shades of Washington, Adams and Jefferson! Where are we?

In the light of these lurid facts and multitudes untold, I submit the need, yea, imperative need, of a "Crusade for Honesty." This crusade must be somewhere and should be everywhere if we would save the republic; but I know no place so fitting and so potential as the public school.

1. Fitness. These schools are established and sustained by the government—to make good citizens. 'Tis no Fourth of July gush to say, "These schools are the hope of the country." This is a great fact, and I have often wished our people could realize its full meaning and in its higher sense; not in its lower sense of intelligence only, but in its higher—honesty, integrity, loyalty to principle and to government; governments—city, state, national. Hence, logically and philosophically, being the creatures of government, we have a just right to demand of these schools efforts in behalf of governments, *i. e.*, their purity, prosperity and perpetuity.

These efforts, as intimated above, must not be for intelligence only, which I fear has been our dream heretofore—at least was mine in former years. I need not elaborate this proposition. The facts of the hour are proof. We have intelligence; the schools have brought this. They must go forward to the

higher work, virtue. Succinctly they must secure both virtue and intelligence if they fill their government mission. The fathers said: "Virtue and intelligence are the safeguards of the republic."

We have intelligence enough to run a dozen republics, but not virtue enough to run one on the high plane of honesty and justice. The crying need is used in the broad sense of the word. This is broader than our theme, hence we narrow our work to one of its ingredients, honesty; and the means to this end, the public schools. We have said fitness, hence duty of these schools to do this work. Duty granted, we notice:

2. Their Potency or Efficiency. Fundamentally and universally, what you want to appear in the life of a nation or people, put in the school of that nation or people. Reason: Six, eight or twelve years of the child's life in school will, as a rule, determine the man's life thereafter. Hence, if virtue, honor or honesty is thoroughly implanted in the school it will assert itself in the after life, whether in the private citizen or public official. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This is the basic law in education. Deny this law and all is gone in education. Hence our proposition is established as a legitimate sequence of the above: train the boy in honesty if you want honesty in the man, sequentially in the nation; *i. e.,* train him systematically, persistently, severely.

We might rest the argument here, but a few words in detail may help.

1. And negatively. A little talking or lecturing is not adequate, it must be training. Mere teaching or talking is not training. Training is doing. Every case of deceit, equivocation or falsehood must be exposed and corrected. The culprit must publicly be brought to account, and if it involves action, must make it right by undoing or correcting the wrong. Fair character is not made by hearing about the right but by doing the right.

This training must become a fixed part of the school work; if need be, provided for and prescribed by school boards or superintendents. This will take time. Give it. It is better for the private citizen, saying nothing of public official, that he go out of school, if needs be, with less arithmetic, less geography, less history, no algebra and no chemistry, no botany, provided he go with sterling, unswerving honesty.

Private life needs this honesty; public life imperatively demands it.

There are numerous, yes, multitudinous details in this work. These are too numerous and complex even for mention in this paper. They must be wrought out and systematized just as the details in teaching reading, or arithmetic. In the lack of this systematizing is found a large cause of failure of this teaching at the present. 'Tis largely incidental, almost accidental, rather than systematic. Arithmetic, or any other branch taught in this way, would be a sad failure and would not be tolerated either by parents or school boards.

A caution in closing, namely: let not teachers or school boards excuse themselves from this work by turning it over to parents. If so, 'twill not be done, and for three obvious reasons:

1. Confidence in the schools. Many parents have such confidence in the schools that they implicitly trust all this work to them. Here is an evil out of good. Confidence is good, but over-confidence is evil

2. Indifference. Many parents are so indifferent in general, and in this especially, that they give it no thought or care. They have little relish for school work or studies of any kind, least of all for this; hence little or no training.

3. Unfitness. A sad fact, but fact nevertheless, some parents are unfitted for this work; (1) Because of want of knowledge. (2) Because of want of moral character. Take the drunken father, and worse, the drunken mother, and where is the fitness for training in morals in general, and honesty in special? Happily, this class is small in villages and rural districts but in large cities it is alarmingly large, especially among foreigners and their descendants.

Hence, viewed from any point, there is imperative need of moral training in our public schools. Viewed from a political or governmental point the demand is urgent for training in the special virtue, honesty. If dishonesty shall ever reach the point when a majority of the people believe that laws are made by bribes and for bribers, instead of "by the people and for the people," then revolution is near. In the people resides the power, and when they arise, the end is at hand, as history abundantly testifies.

Hence, the public schools must do what they can to avert so awful a catastrophe.

If any console themselves by saying these are the words of an alarmist, we ask them to take a single historic example out of many, Rome, and note results. Three steps: 1. Rich. 2. Corrupt. 3. Ruin. Analogy: we are rich, we are growing corrupt, hence —.

Therefore, let the public schools take up this work systematically and earnestly.

The star of hope hangs over the schoolhouse.—*Geo. W. Hoss, A. M., LL. D., in Kansas Educator.*

The United States navy will abandon the use of 16-inch guns as they are too costly. It is thought several 12-inch guns will prove more effective than one large gun. It costs $825 to fire a projectile from a 16-inch gun.

The largest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain of Missouri.

THE INGLENOOK

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The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

In traveling from the valley to the Golden Gate one must cross the mountains by slow climbing to the summit and making the descent on the other slope. In the journey of life the traveler, day by day, toils onward and upward until his zenith has been reached, and then regretfully, but rapidly, rushes down the slope to the setting of his sun. The companies that have promoted the railways have leveled down the hills, tunneled the mountains, filled up the valleys, which made it possible for a roadbed to be made. So in the journey of life, and a corporation called the Church of Christ, with special plans from the Divine Architect, have filled up the low places and removed the high ones, pierced obstacles and almost unsurmountable difficulties and laid a Christian pathway from where the wayfaring man now lives to the Golden Gate of eternal rest. They have reduced the track to a grade as nearly level as is possible to make it.

Christianity is alike to all men. The train or vehicle that runs upon this well ballasted roadbed is the church of the living God. There is no baggage car on the train, and the people traveling this way take none of their effects with them. The precious cargo that is being transported is the human soul; it is the most valuable thing in the whole world, and therefore is committed to the transportation company with an unlimited capital. This company insures transportation without damage to property. The train has been making its journey for thousands of years, and has never yet fallen behind the schedule. Not a single car in the train has been wrecked, for the workmanship is divine. The bridges over chasms along the way are built upon the eternal Rock of Ages. The propelling power of the vehicle is the Holy Spirit. The motive power is created by the fire of God's love and the water of eternal life. The engineer has had control of the train almost two thousand years; has never run into an open switch; has never allowed the headlight to be extinguished; has never run by any station at full speed; he stops the train at every station, if flagged. Every station is a flag station; if a single person wants to board this train all he has to do is to wave his hand at the engineer; the officers of the train assist him aboard and she proceeds on her journey. The little milestones along the way tell how rapidly she approaches the end of the journey, and here in the distance, just around the curve, is the next one already in sight. It is marked '06. The ticket agents furnish no return tickets; the company has none for sale; in fact the train does not return. Its destiny is the New Jerusalem. The owner of the road lives there; he keeps constantly in touch with the progress of the train, not only at the station, through his agents, but by the wireless telegraphy of prayer, while running at full speed. He dispatches an additional coach when necessary. The dining cars are supplied with the Bread of Life and the Blood of the Redeemer, of which, if the passengers eat, they are guaranteed a safe arrival and perfect health throughout the journey. There are no sleeping cars on the train. The only price the passengers have to pay for their ticket is a written contract, signed by themselves that they will assist the officers of the train at every flag stop, in helping the passengers aboard, and as the train runs day and night there are no chances for sleep.

Occasionally a passenger ignores his contract, falls asleep, forgets his duty and is put off at the next stop. After the train has gone on and he comes to his senses he invariably regrets that he did not stay with the company. But there is no such thing as overtaking the train when once you have lost your transportation. The train is beautifully illuminated. The light is above the brightness of the noonday sun, because it is lighted by the love of God.

Often at the stations large crowds are congregated, some board the train willingly, while others, by the very presence of the train, conclude that other trains will follow, which offer just as good service as this, and allow procrastination to rob them of their opportunities.

LIGHT.

Light is one of the fundamental elements of the universe. In the creation of the world God found it necessary to create light in the very beginning of things. By the creation of light he was able to give to the world heat, sound, color, and many other things that are dependent upon light for their very existence. Without it colors would be unknown; without it heat could not exist; without it vegetation could not

live, neither could animal life endure for any great length of time.

These laws of natural life have their existence in the moral, spiritual and natural world. It is the light of the Sun of righteousness that makes Christianity popular. It is possible for men to invent artificial illuminations that will last for a season, but they are brief, to say the most. But the luminary of the heavens contains a circuit without cessation and illumines every part of the world which comes in his pathway, in an impartial manner. So in the Christian world, men may organize institutions that last for a time and have some good in them, but they are not everlasting and eternal like the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ.

As we said in the beginning, colors could not exist without light; in fact the color is in the light. When the sun shines upon the raindrops it reflects the seven prismatic colors in the rainbow,—violet, indigo,, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. There is no color in the raindrop; the color is in the eye and becomes visible when the rays of light are properly turned upon it by the sun. The same experiment may be repeated by the use of a triangular prism of glass, although the glass is perfectly transparent, yet when held in the direct rays of the sun will produce upon the white wall the seven primary colors named above, in their proper order and relation to each other.

This same law in the Christian life can be illustrated by the use of this figure: The Sun of righteousness, shining into the heart of a Christian, will produce the same effect as the illustration above, and will throw on the world around him, not the seven colors of the rainbow, but the seven Christian graces,—virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness and charity. If, in the first illustration, one takes a handkerchief and wraps it around the glass prism, the seven colors will not be reproduced on the wall. So in the latter case, if the Christian's heart is completely wrapped up in a napkin of envy, jealousy, pride, wickedness or any other sin, it will prevent the Sun of righteousness from shining into the heart of the Christian and therefore, indirectly, prevent the Christian from showing, to the world around him, the seven Christian graces. The only way the glass prism will produce the seven colors is by keeping it scrupulously clean, and by keeping it entirely, or wholly, in the sunlight. The only way the Christian can produce these graces is to keep himself unspotted from the world, and keep himself constantly in the sunshine of God's glory.

Light is just as capable of producing deformities and abnormal conditions as it is perfect development, other things being unequal. A ray of light in a dark cellar will cause the plants to become soft, pale and tender. It is not the quality or quantity of light that is needed. Again, a flower on the top of the mountain would perish right under the rays of the sun because of its altitude. Therefore light is not the only necessary condition of growth. But we are the light of the world; let us keep our characters burnished and polished that the light of God may reach the world around us by having it reflected through us.

LIGHTHOUSE.

Not long since we had the opportunity of hearing a brother preach a very excellent sermon in which he used a lighthouse for an illustration in the following manner: He said that in the evening the traveler might see along the shore almost an innumerable number of lights, including the grand lighthouse which had been erected by the government for the purpose of guiding seafaring men. About an hour later the observer would be able to see only about half as many lights as he had seen before. As the time passes away the lights continue to disappear, until finally no light is left but the great beacon light in a lofty tower. He gave as a reason for this that the little lights below were owned by individuals, and were extinguished at pleasure. They were owned and controlled by the individual himself, and he had a perfect right to do with them as he pleased. The light in the lighthouse is owned by the public and is kept for the benefit of the public; in fact it is the life-saving institution for the mariner and those who travel the high sea.

The preacher drew this conclusion: We have no right whatever to use that which has been left in our care and keeping for individual benefit only. It is the same as the confiscation of public property. We came into the world with nothing and will leave it the same way. All that we have, in the way of wealth, talent, or any other possession, has been acquired because the good Lord has chosen to bless us with it. As a matter of fact, then, our possessions are not ours, but his. He has asked of us that we give these to the world in his stead. Since this is true, we have no right to allow our energies to cease in giving to the world that which we have. We have a perfect right to stop our private interests at will, but we should ever continue to promulgate the Gospel for the best interests of mankind. God uses the church as a lighthouse, and his people as the light-keeper; and they are constantly to warn the seafaring men on the ocean of sin and folly from wrecking their barks on the rocks of time. The work of the Christian is one of absolute unselfishness.

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Current Happenings

DURING a late hurricane, which visited the Korean Channel, four hundred Japanese fishermen were reported to have been drowned.

BOTH Vesuvius and Stromboli have lately shown to the people of Italy that they are full of activity. They broke out into violent eruption, accompanied by a severe earthquake, especially in the Island of Messina, where Stromboli is situated. Many houses fell and church steeples tottered.

THE Great Northern railway is preparing to enter upon an active campaign for passenger traffic, and with this end in view, the management is having between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000 worth of new equipment constructed, to be put into transcontinental service late in the fall. A large portion of the new equipment will be used to fit out eight complete trains, which will be known as the Oriental Limited and will run between the twin cities and the Puget Sound country, with its western terminus at Seattle.

CONSUL GENERAL GUENTHER, of Frankfort, Germany, writes that the Swiss diet has decided to allow, from Jan. 1, 1906, goods from United States to enter under rates of the Swiss treaty tariff. Hitherto many of the products of the United States were only admitted on paying the customs rates of the Swiss general tariff, which rates are much higher.

THE people of Germany and Austria are thought to be exposed to Asiatic cholera and it is causing consternation throughout all Europe. Hamburg is said to be the danger spot, because through this port such a large number of emigrants from eastern Europe regularly travel on their way to America. Authorities have forbidden the passage of Russian emigrants through the port, and the steamship companies are not booking steerage passengers.

THE large dam in Wyoming, for the Shoshone irrigation project, will be 240 feet in height and the foundation will be 88 feet deep, resting on solid bedrock. There will be 19,000 cubic yards of concrete work in the foundation and 50,000 cubic yards of rock and cement work in the dam proper. The outlet tunnel is 480 feet in length. The building of the foundation will necessitate the removal of 32,000 cubic yards of gravel and sand and 10,000 cubic yards of solid rock. It is said that no other dam on earth has necessitated the removal of so much material in order to complete the work.

STOCKHOLM cablegrams say that King Oscar no longer opposes the acceptance of the crown of Norway by his son, Charles.

DR. ALEX. BJERNHO, a Norwegian professor, in the Imperial library in Vienna, discovered a most valuable manuscript in the handwriting of the first North Pole explorer, known as Claudius Claussen. The manuscript, which dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century, is exceedingly well preserved and shows how far the Norwegian explorer penetrated into Greenland, where he named a number of settlements, the origin of whose names has heretofore been veiled in mystery.

THE statistics, as given by a Frenchman, in regard to the amount of money spent in tips annually to waiters, cabmen, box-openers at theaters, etc., in France, amounts to nearly $100,000,000. In Paris alone nearly $60,000 changes hands in this way daily. This evidently means a tax of seven centimes on each Parisian every day. The yearly amount of tips given in Paris is about 100,000,000 francs. In the provinces it reaches 372,000,000 francs, which gives a tax of three centimes daily for each French person living in the departments. There seem to be no signs of an approaching abolition of the tip system, which undeniably flourishes in France.

REV. THOMAS DIXON, a noted Southern writer, in commenting on the work of Booker T. Washington, at Tuskegee, says that Washington is "silently preparing us for the future heaven of amalgamation, or he is doing something equally dangerous, namely, he is attempting to build a nation inside a nation of two hostile races." Mr. Dixon says this is merely storing dynamite beneath the pathway of our children. He thinks that Tuskegee is not training negroes to take their places in any industrial system in which the white man can control him, but rather to be the masters of men; to plant their own fields, to buy and sell their own goods, and to destroy the last vestige of their dependence. He predicts that the negro will refuse to work for the white man, and then hostility will produce a frightful catastrophe. Mr. Dixon believes that the only solution to the problem is to ship the negro population *en masse* to Liberia and there allow them to be industrially independent. Why not wait and see who makes the best citizens, before we do the shipping?

THE Pennsylvania Traffic Company's store at Johnstown, Pa., was consumed by fire recently. Loss, $1,500,000.

THE population of China has been recently estimated at 432,000,000. In the province of Szechuan, of which few Americans have ever heard, the population is estimated at 78,000,000, substantially the same as the entire United States.

A PLATFORM at Pittsburg, Pa., collapsed, and more than five hundred men, women and children were thrown into a cellar way. All were injured, but there were no fatalities.

DURING a storm at sea the steamer *Peconic* was sunk off Fernandina, Fla., a short time ago, and twenty men were drowned.

DURING a recent storm, which swept over Staten Island, the ship *Marlborough Hill* was struck by lightning. The vessel, laden with cases of oil and naptha, was destroyed, but the crew escaped.

THE report of the Internal Revenue Bureau for the last fiscal year shows that beer is increasing in popularity among the consumers of alcoholic beverages, while whiskey is on the decline. The report shows the increase of beer 1,251,407 barrels, and a decrease of whiskey 704,040 gallons. At the same time the decrease of fruit spirits amounted to 42,202 gallons.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT made public the announcement at Oyster Bay, last week, that the Chinese government had decided to pay $6,750,000 as indemnity for cancellation of the contract to build the Hankow-Canton Railway. This amount was known to be agreeable to the stockholders. There was so much popular opposition to the project that the contract had to be cancelled.

A NEW South American port is now under consideration, in view of the fact that the port of Buenos Ayres is too shallow to admit the large ocean steamers. A concession has been secured by Arturo Castana for the construction of this new port in the bay of Samborombone, fifty miles toward the Atlantic, along the river Platte. The expenditure of the scheme is likely to be about $40,000,000, most of which has been subscribed in Paris.

THE Filipinos are seeking independence, and their report was listened to by the visiting Congressmen at Manila last week. They were not deeply impressed with the arguments put forth. Mr. Cooper, of Wisconsin, said that the grant of independence would be followed by a factional break-up. Many disorders have already been reported, and stations recently abandoned have been reoccupied by our troops.

DISPATCHES from Berlin report that conditions in German East Africa are becoming more serious.

As the result of a recent cloudburst near Trinidad, Colo., great damage was done to the property of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. Ten people were killed.

IN the town of Zurich, Switzerland, the people have taken steps toward the municipalization of medicine, by levying a poll tax on all the population over sixteen years, sufficient to make an income of $100,000 with which to pay the doctors. There are forty doctors, each receiving $2,500, with the understanding that they must give all needed attention to all the citizens of the district, young or old. The amount of tax levied will be about eight cents a head. This is getting medical service at a cheap rate, and still the doctors will be fairly well paid. If this plan proves a success, other towns and cities are likely to adopt the same rule, and possibly other countries may recognize it as being worthy of acceptance.

THE Catholic Seminary of Quebec has sold three hundred square miles of spruce timber lands on the river St. Anne, in Canada, to the Bayless Pulp and Paper Company, of Binghamton, N. Y., for about $1,000,000. The charter for this property dates back about three hundred years, when it was granted by the King of France.

A NEW magnetic chart is under consideration. A survey of the north Pacific Ocean has been begun by the Carnegie Institution, the expedition on the brig *Galilee* having started from San Francisco to pursue a spiral course across the entire North Pacific. The object is to secure data of the distribution of magnetic forces for the purpose of navigation. It will take about three years to accomplish the work, at a considerable cost. Dr. L. A. Bauer, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, is in charge, and the expedition is commanded by J. F. Pratt.

YELLOW FEVER cases have been slightly increased, caused by the excessive heat, but this does not seem to affect the hopeful feeling of those engaged in the campaign against the disease.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, known as Mark Twain, rather holds that the peace making at Portsmouth defeats the hope of Russia's emancipation from the insane and intolerable slavery, and rivets her chains to stay.

THIRTY persons were injured in a railroad wreck near Demopolis, Alabama.

HOME DEPARTMENT

TEDDY'S SOLILOQUY.

Grown folks are queer, it seems to me!
They almost make me vexed;
They think I ought to be one day
What I can't be the next.

One day my sister Kate and I
Went out-of-doors to play
Beside a little muddy pool -
She got right in my way.

I didn't think, but threw a stone
And spattered Kate's new frock;
She jumped, and home she crying went
To tell about the shock.

Then mother said, "Why, Teddy Jones!
A big, smart boy like you!"
And grandma said, "You've grown so big
I thought you better knew!"

My father said, "Boys will be boys,"
But Aunt May hushed him quick.
"Ted Jones," she said, "is much too big
To play that shabby trick!"

And Aunt Maud pitied "poor dear Kate;"
At me sharp looks she threw.
"You ought to act the man," she said,
"A boy as big as you!"

Next day I asked to do some things
That big folks well enjoy.
"Oh! no," they said; "you're much too small—
You're just a little boy."

Of course, I know grown folks are right;
But truly I'm perplexed
At finding that I'm big one day
And very small the next.

—Clara D. Gilbert, in March Lipppincott's.

THE HABIT OF BLAMING.

Some people spend most of their time blaming other people. They blame this one for one thing, and that one for another thing. All day long they are blaming somebody, accusing some one, bringing up a list of damaging accusations against various people.

The practice reacts upon the one who does it. It is disagreeable to all who hear it. There is no good in it whatever. It is nearly always unjust, and without exception uncertain. It is very difficult to be sure when anyone is to blame for anything. It is much safer to assume that no one is to blame.

Why blame anyone? The matter is past. The thing has been done. The next thing to do is to try to prevent a repetition of the occurrence. Blaming children, blaming scholars, blaming co-workers, or superiors, is very bad business. If something has happened that is evidently wrong or unpleasant, maybe something can be done to prevent the thing happening again. To go about it in a vigorous but judicial way, to fix it so the same thing shall not be repeated, this is sensible. But to waste any time in blaming each other is foolish.

To illustrate, let us suppose two neighbors' yards adjoin. One neighbor has a dog. The other has some young children. The children are afraid of the dog. The dog does not like the children. Some day the dog frightens the children. They run screaming into the house.

Now, these neighbors may quarrel over the affair. One will declare that the dog did not intend to bite the children. And the other will insist that the dog is a vicious one and ought to be killed. They can quarrel over this affair to doomsday and make it no better.

The thing for the neighbors to do is to get together and talk the matter over, and see if there is any way to prevent a recurrence of the incident. Is there any way that the children and the dog can be reconciled or separated?

Drop the past, no matter what has happened. Let all that go. Set your faces toward the future. Try to solve the problem in such a way that no unpleasantness can occur again.

This is the way to settle all difficulties. It does no good to say that somebody is mean, and has a bad disposition, and to recount the many circumstances of ill usage that one has suffered. That does not help the matter. Is there not some way to prevent future unpleasantness? This is what everyone should go about solving, if he can. If there is a possible solution, find it. Then the annoyance is removed.

But if no possible solution exists, then adjust it, whatever it is. Make the best of it. The less disputing and argument the better.

Do not blame the children for anything. Simply set to work to see if you cannot fix it some way so that the child will not again commit the same offense.

Do not blame your neighbor for anything. Seek an interview. Talk the matter over, and if some intolerable relation exists, reach some understanding by which it can be made tolerable.

Do not blame your wife or husband for anything. Let the past be past. But go to work with determination and patience to effect a readjustment of affairs so that the unpleasant thing shall not keep bobbing up day after day.

Seek the cause of the difficulty. Remove the cause. There is no use going through the childish performance of saying you did or you did not. This never leads to anything but further difficulty. Proceed in a rational manner. Talk it over. Be frank. Keep nothing back.

Say to the one who displeases you, "Now, this is the way it happened. You did so and so. I am not blaming you for this, only can't we fix it so it won't happen again?" And then consult together. It is surprising how nearly every one thinks alike if they only give each other a chance to think. The moral judgment of all people leads them to about the same conclusion, if they are appealed to in the proper spirit.

Do not harbor things in your own mind. Sometimes it is regarded as good breeding not to say anything about an offense, but just grin and bear it. This is a very poor policy. It ought to be talked over, and talked to a finish, in a perfectly business-like manner.

The longer anything is brooded over the larger it grows. It is surprising how small a thing will appear sometimes when an attempt is made to talk it over. So long as it was simply thought about it seemed like a monstrous affair. But an attempt to reason about it, to put the whole subject into words, shrivels it up into complete insignificance. Raking up bygones does not do any good except so far as they may assist us in arranging for the future.

The days to come are the ones we ought to talk about. The days that are gone, we cannot do anything about them. It is the days to come that should engage our attention. To handicap ourselves with some unpleasantness or misunderstanding is sure to darken the brightness of the future. Drive away the fogs and mists that gather before you by the clear sunshine of reason and frank conversation. Five minutes face to face talk at some critical period will dissipate years of unpleasant relations.

The habit of blaming is looking backward. The endeavor to reach an understanding is looking forward. The murky clouds of the past can never be dissipated, but the threatening storms of the future can generally be set aside with a few words fitly spoken at the proper moment.—*Medical Talk.*

SEEING OPPORTUNITIES.

THERE are men and women who would pass through a gold mine without seeing anything precious or worthy of their notice, or through a forest without seeing firewood. Some people never see opportunities anywhere, although they are always looking for them. Others will find them in the most barren and out-of-the-way places. Watt saw an opportunity in an old syringe used to inject the arteries previous to dissection.

Bunyan found an opportunity in Bedford jail to write the greatest allegory of the world, on the untwisted paper which had been used to cork his bottles of milk. The opportunity is in the man far more than in the place or surroundings. Some boys cannot see any chance for improvement because they are unable to attend school, while others will pick up the equivalent of a college education in their evenings and spare moments.

When Charles Sumner entered the United States Senate, it was said that all of the great questions had been practically settled and it seemed as if he would not have an opportunity to show what he was made of. But certain it is that he saw his opportunities and that all of the great questions were not settled for never before in the history of the world were such opportunities open to ability and persistent effort as there are to-day. Although thousands and thousands are out of employment, yet other thousands are searching the country over for the right men and the right women for good places.

Most young men exaggerate the advantages of large centers. They think, because they are on a farm or in a country town, they have no opportunities. But the fact is, many of the most successful men in our country have found their opportunities in just such places. It is true that later in life many of them moved to large cities for wider fields, but they got their start in the country. Energy, push and determination will bring openings even to very small places. If one is hungry for an education; if he longs for self-improvement, he will find ways of getting either in a country town. The small towns are healthier, quieter, and afford a better chance to learn to think. There are less distractions and fewer exactions on one's time, while the nervous strain is infinitely less. The excitement, the competition, the hurry and strife of the large cities ruin many a fine constitution and bring failure to many who would have succeeded in smaller places. We are not saying anything against the large centers, as they afford many opportunities of culture which cannot be found elsewhere, but we do say there are advantages in the smaller places which compensate for their deficiencies in other directions. A robust physique is the foundation of all success, and a city is a poor place to build up a good physical foundation. If we should analyze members of congress in Washington, we should find that the majority of the strongest and most robust characters are from the country. There is a great deal, too, in the physical aspects of the country. We do not realize what a great part the rivers, the meadows, the sunsets play in the life of a successful man. It was easy to detect in a Webster the granite hills of New Hampshire, and the sunny South in a Clay or a Calhoun.—*The Arrow.*

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

LESSONS FROM JOSEPH.—Acts 7: 9-18.

For Sunday, September 24, 1905.

I. Joseph's Obedience.
1. Gen. 37: 13.
2. Gen. 46: 29.
3. Gen. 28: 7.
4. Eph. 6: 1, 2.
5. Prov. 10: 1.

II. Joseph Kept Himself Pure.
1. Gen. 39: 9.
2. Rom. 6: 13.
3. 1 Tim. 5: 22.

III. Joseph's Honesty and Fidelity.
1. Gen. 39: 22, 23.
2. Gen. 41: 38, 39.
3. 2 Cor. 8: 21.

IV. Joseph Returns Good for Evil.
1. Gen. 37: 28.
2. Gen. 42: 21.
3. Gen. 45: 4, 5, 15.
4. Matt. 5: 44, 45.

Text.—And the patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt; but God was with him, and delivered him out of all his afflictions, and gave him favour and wisdom in the sight of Pharaoh king of Egypt.—Acts 7: 9, 10.

References.—Gen. 18: 19; Josh. 22: 2; Psa. 1: 2; 103: 17-20; 17: 3; Prov. 1: 33; 28: 7; Eccl. 12: 13; Isa. 1: 19; Mark 3: 35; Ex. 23: 22; Matt. 19: 17; Num. 14: 24; 1 Sam. 12: 24; Philpp. 2: 12; John 15: 10; 1 John 3: 22; 5: 2, 3.

Obedience.

Joseph's father told him to go and see how his brothers were. He answered by saying, "Here am I." By this he meant that he would go anywhere his father sent him. He did not say that the journey was too tiresome, or that it was not necessary. He was just a boy, but he was ready to obey his father; and the boy who is willing to obey his parents in the Lord is usually on the right way. Disobedience to parents is the first step in the wrong path. A boy who was locked in the prison cell cried and moaned as he said, "Oh, if I had only minded my mother." Our boys and girls should remember that Joseph was an obedient boy.

Character Building.

We might speak of Joseph as a man of good character. He lived right as near as he could. He had his troubles and his temptations, but he lived close to God, and his purity of character is well known. He believed in God, he had faith for the foundation, and no boy is safe unless he believes with all his heart on God. And then on top of his faith he builded virtue—that is, courage and manliness. He was brave enough to overcome difficulties, to do the right thing when it was easier to do wrong.

The Lord was with Joseph.—Gen. 39: 22, 23.

Joseph was thrown into prison because he would not do that which was wrong. But even in prison the keeper saw what an honest, straightforward young man he was, and he gave him something to do and trusted him fully. "The keeper of the prison looked not to any thing" that was under Joseph's hand, he was so sure that everything was done as it should be. Men like to employ boys who do not require any watching, boys they can trust and believe. For such there is usually a place waiting. And we are told too, that whatever Joseph did, the Lord made it to prosper.

Advancement.

After Joseph had interpreted the king's dreams the king said, "See, there is none in my kingdom so wise as thou art, thou shalt rule over my people, only in the throne will I be greater than thou." Then he took his own ring and put it on Joseph's hand, he put a gold chain around his neck, and made him ride in the second chariot, and so he became ruler over Egypt. In these days our young men talk much about having a "stand in," a "pull," but the young man who is industrious, ready to do what should be done, and reliable, will find himself in the line for promotion.

Joseph Grew in Favor with his Employers.

Growth in grace is a wonderful thing. We want to help you boys and girls to grow rightly as God wants you to. One morning a gentleman found the flat flagstone in front of his house lifted up out of its proper place. A policeman looked at it and turned the stone over and what do you think he found? You can never guess, so I'll tell you that it was what country children call toadstools. The stalks are so tender that you could crush them, but in growing they had lifted the stone out of place. How they could do it we don't know, but the power of growing things is immense. Are you growing towards God as Joseph did?

Joseph's Forgiveness.

Although his brothers had sold him into slavery and made their father believe that he was dead, yet as the years rolled on, there came a time when they came to him for corn to keep themselves from starving. You want to read all about Joseph in the Bible, but you want to always remember that Joseph freely forgave his brothers for all their cruelty. His fa-

her was glad to know that his son was yet alive, and oseph embraced them all and welcomed them. In he story of the prodigal son you know the elder rother did not like to see his father forgive and elcome the prodigal; he was hard and cold and elfish, but Joseph forgave and loved them though ey had harmed him. You want to learn to be kind nd forgiving even to your enemies.

Better than all my Hopes.

Joseph cried when he was carried away from home nto a strange land. But when he grew old his song ight have been:

"He was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears;
He made a road of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears."

Suggestions to the Leader of this Meeting.

The biography of Joseph is a very thrilling one. t might be well to appoint some boys and girls to elate it, or read it. Better have them tell it in their wn words, as briefly as possible. Assign these topics nd you will have a good biography:

1. Joseph's Dreams. Gen. 37: 1-10.
2. His Visit to his Brethren and what Transpired. Gen. 37: 13-35.
3. In Egypt. Gen. 39: 1-23.
4. More Dreams. Gen. 40.
5. The Famine. Gen. 41.
6. Buying Corn. Gen. 42 and 43.
7. Joseph Forgives his Brethren. Gen. 45.
8. Brought before Pharaoh. Gen. 47.
9. His Father's Death. Gen. 48.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Harvest.

THE harvest again is in the past, and we can look ver the lessons it has to teach us. "The harvest is ast, the summer is ended, and we are not saved" as the lament of a prophet. God grant that it may ot be too late for you, my friends. Come to Jesus ow and then help to save the great world harvest eyond the seas as well as in this land. The harvest hat is ripe is not the old man, but the child. It is n our power to save the children and we must do it. We should lose no time in this important work. This s distinctively an age of young people. The church nd the state both need young men and need them adly.

President Roosevelt recently said that the work of he Christian Endeavorers is more important to-day han the combines and the trusts, and it is the truth. Our fathers learned that when they sowed wild oats hey reaped a bitter harvest in tears. We know that y winning our young people to the church, by train- ng them early in the habits of Christian service, they vill become mighty workers for the cause of right- eousness. They will learn the truth that to do and be one's best is impossible without Christ.

Afraid to Try.

"I would like to take part in our Christian Workers' meetings, but I am afraid to try," said one young girl. But why should she hesitate to make the attempt at least? Is it that she fears failure? But the flattest failure cannot be worse than failure to begin. Is it that she dreads the comments of the thoughtless ones? She must remember that people always have more respect for the one who tries, who does his best, even though he fail than for any one who holds back through fear of defeat. What if Mary had been afraid to break the alabaster box? Do your very best, then try again.

King Josiah.

In our Sunday-school lessons the work of Josiah has been put before us. The first part of his task was to remove idolatry from the land; the second was to reinstate the worship of God, and this was a gigantic undertaking. To get the Israelites to pray to God only, after they had been even more zealous than their heathen neighbors in the worship of idols, required a mighty effort and years to make it a success. When our friends can tell that we find joy in Christian service, it will not be so difficult to win them to Christ. These meetings are intended to promote an earnest Christian life among the members, and to make them more useful in the service of God. This is the second part of Josiah's task, and the means and methods which best secure these results are the ones we must employ. There may be some who must be urged to take part, some whose interest is lagging, some who seldom attend, yet some good is done. We will see more members drawn closer to the church, they have greater readiness in prayer, more love for the Bible, and they enjoy the society of our young members, and a steadfast, Christian character building is one result of our humble efforts. Josiah succeeded only in part.

A Large Circle.

Sister Bessie M. Rider, of Elizabethtown, Pa., says, "I enclose seven names, making thirty-nine new names from this place. We have had several business meetings, and the interest seems to be increasing. We realize that the Lord is blessing our efforts and we trust that we will all continue faithful. Our organization in the town last evening resulted as follows: President, Barbara Weaver; vice-president, Nathan Martin; secretary, Martha Martin; treasurer, Nathan Martin. The committee supervising the work consists of two members, Brother A. G. Longanecker, and the local secretary; after the class is fully organized at the college we shall have a third member on the committee from that place. We pray that God will bless his humble workers everywhere."

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter XLV.

Naples, Italy.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

I did not get to write any more letters from Rome. I should like to have written you a couple of letters concerning the treasuries and the statuary halls of the Vatican. I should very much like to have told you about our walks around the Imperial city of Rome, the Tiber river, the old Viaduct, the Appian Way, the Three Taverns, and many interesting things which I will have to leave till I come home, as we have to catch our ship in a few days at Naples, and hence have come down to this place to stay until the ship arrives.

Our ride over the Apennines from Rome was full of interest. It takes about five hours to make the run on a good train, that is, good for Italy. When we reached Naples it was pouring down rain. There was an awful thunderstorm that night. Oscar said he could not sleep, tninking every time it thundered that Vesuvius had exploded. The Apennines certainly are rugged, barren mountains, scarcely a living shrub on the most part of the ridge. We saw hundreds of holes dug back in the solid rock, which are the homes of the natives. We also saw thousands of flocks of sheep and goats and herds of long-horned cattle. The whole district seems very much poverty-stricken, and is filled with a shiftless, lazy, dirty, careless set of people. The farther south we go the slower the trains run, and the poorer the accommodations. Naples is the port of Italy and is larger than Rome, and is said by many to have the very finest bay in the world. We did not really know how beautiful the bay was until we had run out to sea.

The first day's ride around the suburbs brought us to a macaroni village; it is the first macaroni village of the world, there are many large factories and veritably acres of the golden product strung up on poles to dry for market. Ships from England and America bring cargoes of flour to this place to be converted into macaroni, which is then reshipped to the place from whence it came. Of course there are a few factories in America, but their product does not sell like that bearing the foreign trade mark. Their process is wholly unknown to the world. In the factories the flour passes through a process of "treating" as it is called, which requires about as many operations as paper from pulp to the finished product. Lastly, when it has passed through the rollers and is ready for the drying process, it appears in great long hollow tubes; when you buy it at the store you find it done up in little square boxes about a foot long, but it is not so when it comes first from the mill. These little hollow tube-like strings of dough are at least eight feet long, and are hung on poles which are about four and a half feet from the ground so that when these "noodles" are hung over the poles they almost reach the ground. These poles are arranged just as close together as they can be without touching each other. Then at the end of the poles is an aisle wide enough for the laborers to pass through, and then another row of poles, another aisle, some more poles, etc., until several acres are actually covered with macaroni for America.

It seemed to us there was enough macaroni there to last the world twenty years, at least, as Roscoe says, "If the world could see how it was made." Of course these fields of macaroni are right along the streets, where the dust is several inches thick; and the camels, donkeys and dogs travel right through the streets and aisles, and even our carriage was driven right through the middle of the macaroni field. There is no end to the dust that settles on the macaroni, and besides the millions of flies that use these poles for roosts.

Miss Merritt said she did not mind the camels, donkeys, dogs and flies so much as the filthy women who were working with the macaroni, who, while they were waiting for another cart load of macaroni to hang up, would spend their idle time picking the lice off their children's heads. Somehow we did not have a very good appetite for macaroni at the table. The fact is I do not think we will hereafter. It is queer that the commercial world is not satisfied with the clean American products in preference to this filthy stuff; but I suppose it is like the olive oil which is shipped to America. American experts will not believe that it is pure olive oil until it is diluted fifty per cent with cotton-seed oil. The fact, however, remains that we must give the Italians credit for what they really deserve. They can make macaroni and music.

We have planned to go to-morrow to see Mt. Vesuvius and the next day to Pompeii, and I expect to write you a letter about each one of them. If Neapolis, or Naples, was as wicked when Paul was here as it is now it is no wonder that the Lord destroyed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The streets run riot with immorality and shame; character and reputation count for nothing. Honesty is a virtue almost unknown. It is of no use whatever to make a contract, for make it as you will in writing or verbally, you can depend on having a quarrel at the time of settlement. Quarrels are the avenues through which people expect to make their profit in this country. They invariably make their price cheaper than they can afford to do the work, in order to get the job, and then depend on stealing and cheating at the time of settlement for the profits. They are sure to do their best to induce you to believe that that is all the cost, and then when you settle they will tell you that the cost is the employer's price and that they have nothing for their services, and that they must have extra pay for their services. We found men serving in hotels who actually paid the boss a dollar a day to work for him, and depended on tips from the people for their support, and then made good wages. It is something awful the way they take your money away from you. I am really glad we have only two more days in Italy.

Yours sincerely,

Marie.

(To be Continued.)

THERE is great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability.—*Rochefoucauld.*

THE most necessary learning is not to unlearn what you have learned.—*Laertius.*

The Q. & A. Department.

In the war of the Rebellion how many lives and how much property was destroyed?

It is almost impossible to estimate the amount of property destroyed. The war debt, however, reached the awful sum of $2,845,907,626. Of course the States and cities had other debts besides this. Two million slaves were freed, which of course meant loss of much property to the South. It is estimated that 300,000 northern soldiers lost their lives, while the loss of the South perhaps exceeds that by 50,000. The losses to the people who did not engage in the war were enormous, especially in the South. They were bad enough in the North, but the depreciation of Confederate money made the cost of common necessities in the South all out of reason. For example, boots cost sometimes $200; bacon $10 a pound; potatoes $25 a bushel; butter $16 a pound. So after all no estimate of the cost can be made.

What are the duties of the President of the United States?

He is commander-in-chief of the army and navy; he has power to grant reprieves and pardons against the United States, except for impeachments. He has power, with the Senate, to make treaties, to nominate ambassadors, ministers, consuls, and judges of the Supreme Court. He has power to fill all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate. Besides there are various appointments that must be made by him personally. The most of his time, however, is spent in getting rid of men who are not fit for office.

What were the "X. Y. Z." papers?

They were cipher dispatches from our commissioners who went to Paris, trying to negotiate with the French directory in 1797. Our commissioners were Pinckney, John Marshall and Elbridge Gerry. The "X" was Hottinger, "Y" was Bellamy and "Z" was Hauteval, these, of course, were the French commissioners. Their report to Congress was received as if by magic, April 3, 1798.

What is the reason North Dakota is such a good country for hard wheat?

Well, in the first place, the soil is very porous, which resists the drought; besides, the subsoil, which was produced by glacial drift, has very peculiar properties, which, together with the decomposition of limestone, cause it to contain the proper ingredients for the production of this cereal.

In the land of the midnight sun, what direction must one look to see the sun?

Of course this depends upon the time the traveler is there. If he is within the Arctic circle when the sun is farthest north, one seems to stand upon the top of the earth, the sun revolving around him, rather than over and under him as it seems to do in the tropics. Bro. D. L. Miller has told your editor personally that when he stood upon the top of Mt. Dunderet, in the morning at 6 o'clock he saw the sun directly in the east, at 12 M. in the south, at 6 in the evening in the west, and at 12 o'clock midnight the sun will shine full in your face from the north.

My son says dew does not fall; I claim it does. How is this?

As soon as the temperature of the air sinks below the point of saturation, dew is formed and latent heat is given out, and at night the earth gives off more heat than it receives and becomes cooler. The clouds serve as a blanket and prevent the rapid radiation of the heat from the earth. Thus we say no dew falls on a cloudy night.

How does water put out fire? And does it have the same effect, whether hot or cold?

Water puts out fire for two reasons: (1) The production of steam absorbs a great deal of heat and thus cools the fire below kindling point; (2) the water forms a film to shut off the oxygen of the air necessary to combustion. The same effect is produced by either cold or hot water.

What is the "Bug Bible"?

It is a certain translation of the Bible which was issued in 1551, which is so called on account of the peculiar translation of the fifth verse of the ninety-first Psalm, which reads, "Afraid of bugs by night."

Who built the trans-Siberian railway, and what are its termini?

It was built by Russia for the purpose of carrying on trade with the East, and, of course, for Japan, and extends from Berlin to Port Arthur *via* St. Petersburg and Vladivostok. It is 6,350 miles long and passes through southern Siberia.

Who is the brother that expects to conduct parties to Palestine?

M. Roy Murray, of Parsons, Kans.

MISCELLANEOUS

CLEVER GAME OF AUTHORS.

THE following game is amusing and at the same time instructive, and will afford a lot of pleasure on any occasion. The game consists in having someone read the list of descriptions, and the assembled guests are to guess the authors:

The youngest author—Child.
The healthy author— Hale.
The sickly author— Haggard.
The farmer's author—Fields.
The gardener's author—Ouida.
The sportsman's author—Hunt.
The harvester's author—Hay.
The pugilist's author—Knox.
The warrior's author—Shakespeare.
The jeweler's author—Goldsmith.
The angler's author—Hooker.
The chef's author—Cooke.
The dude's author—Taylor.
The domestic author—Holmes.
The greedy author—Hogg.
The woodland author—Hawthorne.
The cunning author—Fox.
The pontifical author—Pope.
The evasive author—Dodge.
The submarine author—Cable.
The painful author—Bunyan.
The groaning author—Paine.
The dangerous author—Wolfe.
The aboriginal author—Savage.
The blistering author—Burns.
The refreshing author—Brooks.
The breakfast author—Bacon.
The dinner author—Lamb.
The snappish author—Crabbe.
Gabriel's author—Horne.

TESTIMONY OF A SKEPTIC.

A WELL-KNOWN judge in one of the southern States, says the *Religious Intelligencer,* when speaking of his younger days, says that about fifty years ago he became skeptical, and that Mr. H——, a noble, whole-souled man, whom he revered almost as a father, but who was a confirmed deist, though he had a Christian wife, soon found him out, and endeavored to instill in his mind his own deistical notions. "But he charged me," said the judge, "not to let his wife know that he was a deist, or that he was skeptical.

"I asked him why, to which he replied that if he were to marry a hundred times, he would marry only a pious woman. 'Because,' he said, 'if she is a Christian, it makes her a better wife, a better mother, a better mistress, and a better neighbor. If she is poor, it enables her to bear adversity with patience and fortitude. If she is rich and prosperous, it lessens her desire for mere show. And when she comes to die, if she is in error, she is as well off as you and I; and if we are in error, she is a thousand times better off than we can be.'

"I asked him whether he knew of any other error, or system of errors, attended with so many advantages. His reply was evasive. But what he had said led me to examine the subject for myself, and I often look back to that conversation as one of the most important incidents of my life, and to it I trace my determination to study the Bible carefully, and to examine the subject for myself, the result of which has led me to a full and living faith in Jesus Christ, my Savior."

THE saw works of Indianapolis completed recently a large saw containing two hundred teeth, with a Brazilian diamond imbedded in each tooth. The saw has been shipped to Bedford, Ind., to be used in one of the big stone quarries. The diamonds are about a carat in size and are very dark. Each stone is valued at $20. Two other saws, duplicates of the one just completed, are in the course of construction and represent a cost of $10,000.

THE European edition of the New York *Herald* at Paris, in order to serve the paper to its regular readers at breakfast, has adopted the expedient of sending a big automobile, loaded with papers, from Paris to Trouville-Deauville, a distance of 132 miles. The first trip was made in two and a half hours.

IT is estimated that the Eskimo population of Alaska, Labrador and Greenland has declined from 30,000 to 15,000 in twenty years, owing to the thinning out of seal, walrus and bear.

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Style C.—This bonnet is made of straw cloth over a rice net foundation. It has a chiffon lining and the ribbon is plaited so as to form the frill. Average cost of a **made-to-order** bonnet, $2.40. **For making only,** 85 cents.

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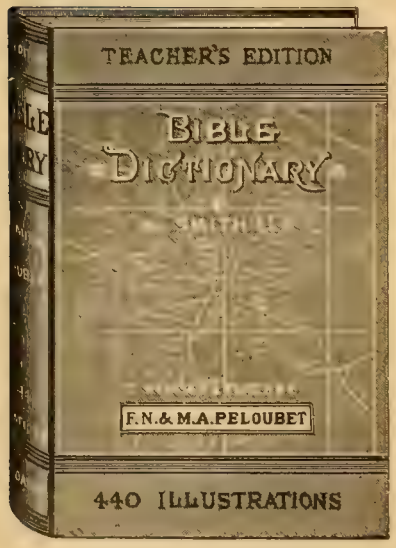
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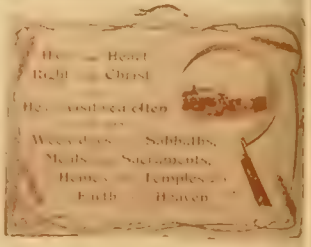


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THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

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A Preacher Without a Congregation.

[From the Gospel Messenger, Aug. 12, 1905.]

We often read in the Messenger of "a little band of members without a minister" and "preacher wanted," but I believe the above caption is a little out of the ordinary. I investigated some of the places with a band of members, but as I am a practical farmer I chose to settle in the best place to help myself, rather than be helped (it was largely to escape this I left my old congregation in Missouri). I came here last fall and consoled myself with the thought that if my judgment was good and the country what I thought it, the Brethren would come and maybe I could do some missionary work. In the latter I have been somewhat disappointed, for though I have found the people good neighbors it seems almost impossible to get them started to come to meeting. I keep a little Sunday school going and preach every other Sunday anyway, but am very anxious to see some members come and occupy the land and also the "empty benches."

After living here nearly a year I feel my judgment was good and I am well satisfied. There are drawbacks in the way of an occasional streak of hail and mosquitoes (on the bottom), but I think the advantages more than offset them. There are opportunities for either extensive cattle raising on the hills or intensive sugar beet raising in the bottom; also farming on the tableland and dairying (with cheap pasture and alfalfa hay) along the foot of the hills. Fruit has been much neglected by most people here, but I know of several who have made good money with it. I will answer all questions I can, but say, Come and see. One brother has come and will likely locate. Write me in any event. I am hungry for fellowship with my own people. Tell me what you want to do and I can answer easier.

Louis Macey.

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5. Its high grade of instruction in Music, thorough course in Business, Shorthand and Typewriting.
6. Its helpful social and religious atmosphere.
7. Its reasonable expense.

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We want to make the Opening of the First Winter Term (Nov. 6) a record-breaker.

Write to the President for catalogue and particulars.

NORTH MANCHESTER, IND.

38&41

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Send us your measure and we will make you a Bonnet or Cap. **We guarantee satisfaction.**

Catalog shows 12 different materials.



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No. 278	Rock of Ages
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No. 52	Theodore Roosevelt
No. 77	Nature's Beauties
No. 742	Spring
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No. 4002	Assorted Fruits
No. 750	Flowers and Fruit
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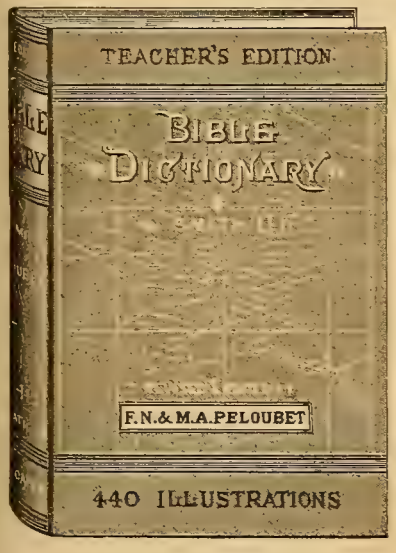
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The climate is healthy; winters short and mild. We solicit the homeseekers to come and investigate these valleys before locating elsewhere. Parties wishing to visit Idaho may also take advantage of the very low rates authorized to Portland and return on account of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, on which liberal stop-over privileges are allowed.

Exposition rates from some of the most Eastern points for tickets to Portland and return (not including trip through California), are as follows:

Omaha & Kansas City,	$45.00
St. Paul & Minneapolis,	45.00
Chicago,	56.50
St. Louis,	52.00
Peoria,	53.00
Dayton, Ohio,	62.50

Tickets will be sold daily to September 30th, with final limit of ninety days from date of sale, but not beyond November 30, 1905. Stop-overs will be allowed on the Oregon Short Line at any point going or returning within final limit of tickets, but on return journey tickets must be deposited with the agent at point of stop-over.

Settlers' cheap one way rates will be in effect September 15th to October 31, 1905.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. SEPTEMBER 19, 1905. NO. 38

THE RILL OF LIFE.

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

Among the ferns a little rill
Leaped, joyous, to the light,
Pushing aside the leaves, and still
Hastening around the winding hill,
And sang from morn till night.

Dear spring, conveying day by day
Earth's tribute to the sea;
And spreading joy along the way,
Departing not from truth—Oh, may
Each life be pure as thee.

Illinois.

SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

Time is moving—are you?

Indolence nips success in the bud.

Patience holds the fort for fresh recruits.

Example is a hammer to drive words into effect.

Purpose will sleep if she does not keep on foot, and in action.

If you would give your best interests the preference place duty first.

The best intention will spoil if you let it stand too long without using.

He that forgives but will not forget, but puts anger to sleep: step softly!

No funeral, when a man is gone, will change the sand he built upon to rock.

You can counterfeit good fortune pretty well, with a combination of purpose, push, and perseverance.

Should the limits of our ability fence in the strongest field, it need not fence out the greatest diligence.

The difference between performed and neglected duty is that you have done the one and drag the other.

Our ideals are our character patterns; but too many of us haven't enough goods for our patterns. Let us be weaving.

Time's favorite children—Punctuality, Patience, and Perseverance—are always favored by him, and will inherit the greater part of his wealth.

The fault-finder is seldom honest enough to take his finds to the owners—he wants to traffic in them, with other fault-finders.

We do not realize the value of time until we near the end of it. An old warning? If it does not sound original now, it will when we reach that point, my friend.

The trouble with opportunity is not its smallness, but its largeness: we do not want it to occupy too much of our time and attention, but prefer success at hand; or, in the language of the sugar-camp, we prefer "stirring off."

In our estimation the distinction of lady or gentleman belongs to one who in charity shields us from criticism; but what of one who points out our faults? Ah, here is our opportunity! We, too, may lay claim to gentility by a graceful use of the mantle of charity.

A good name is preferable to great riches, yet it may be tarnished by the scandal-monger's mouth so foul that to smite it would well-nigh soil the hand of one who would evily resist evil. What then? Simply go on building your good character. Without fear and without malice, place block upon block, until it towers in self-evidence, and stands in self-defense—its own monument.

Flora, Ind.



The Old Doyle House

By PROF. G. W. FURREY



Chapter I.

"WHAT'S a 'zamination, Maude?" inquired little Fred, who was just enjoying the wonders and perplexities of his first day in school. "I'm going to have mamma see that there is nothing on my head. I wish they wouldn't come. I don't want them to 'zamine my head."

Maude tried to dispel any apprehension on the part of her little brother by explaining that the *ex*amination had to do with what was *in* the head and not what might be on the *outside*.

"Besides," she said, "you need not fear; the examination is only for big folks."

"Won't you be 'zamined then?"

"No."

"Will Charlie?"

"Yes. Oh, I do wish he might win! Freddie, how would you like it if Charlie were to go a way off, to stay—oh, a long time?"

"W'y, I'd—well, I'd want him to come back some time. But I told him yesterday I wished he'd go away an' never come back."

"O Freddie! You must remember Charlie has always been so good to me."

"Well, I don't care; you're a girl an' he likes you, an' me he don't like 'cause I'm a boy; an' he breaks up my play an' just laughs at me when I cry."

This was little Fred's first day to attend the school held in the little brown house on the hill. What a day it had been! What a stern though kindly face the master had when with official pomp and decisiveness he announced to the school that the representatives of a well known college were to be present on the morrow to hold a competitive examination for a scholarship carrying with it great honor and no little financial reward, said examination to be open to the members of the school and residents of the community. Little Maude, to relieve the consuming curiosity that had taken hold of her little brother, had sought and obtained from the master the ever-coveted prize—"to go and get a pail of water"—and to take little Freddie along. It was when they were out in the open air that the above conversation took place. As they trudged on past the old half-filled school well, whose long unused sweep pointed its long finger to the sky in dumb accusation of heaven's neglect in not giving her rains in due season—on down the dusty roadway where the squirrels scampered heedlessly along the rails of the fence to their safe retreat in the dead heart of a fallen oak—on down towards the spring in the hollow beyond the Old Doyle House—the question mark had not left the youngster's face, nor had his lips ceased to recount the wonders of the day.

The Old Doyle House! They had never passed it yet without a shivering heart and quickened step. The stealthy, sidelong glance at the awful bay-window eye had always brought its mysterious shadows and fancied faces, vacillating in the uncertain light. But now with a boldness born of a preoccupied mind, they had chosen the shorter path to the spring that led right by the dreaded spot. They had reached the spring, passing by the house hand in hand with muffled tread and without a glance in its direction; had filled the bucket half full of the cold, clear liquid and were returning without incident, when a startled cry from Freddie brought the little girl's frightened eyes towards the dreaded house. There, sure enough, was a pale, haggard face at the window. With a scream she dropped the pail and clasping tighter the frightened boy's hand started to run, but a pleasant voice, not at all ghostly, called, "Don't get scared; it is only a boy; come back!" and with no more ado the youth took up the bucket where it had fallen and soon returned with it refilled from the spring. Being thus reassured, the brother and sister, with countenances more shamed than frightened, accepted the proffered companionship of the youth who had gallantly proposed to carry the pail on up the hill; and then seeing the distance they had yet to go, volunteered to assist them the rest of the way, nor did he leave them till he had reached the old well on the school ground.

But on the way he had won the hearts and confidence of the children till they shared with him their joys and their sorrows, especially awakening interest in the wonderful examination that was to be held on the morrow.

Chapter II.

The scholars had never responded to the thundering call of "Books!" by which the master was wont to summon them to their task with greater alacrity nor with greater agitation. The examination was to come off to-day, and might not the examiners arrive any moment? The general anxiety and unrest had not escaped the master himself and it was with inward trepidation that he entered upon the arduous duties of the day. But with the greatest external composure and apparent serenity he outlined the conduct and bearing which he meant to have his school assume in the presence of the mighty scholars; and with much reiteration threatened the usual offenders with dire punishment at the least break of decorus conduct, and by way of emphasizing his remarks

called Othias Haren, a half-witted, cross-eyed urchin on the floor to receive a flogging for not looking him straight in the eye while he was speaking.

That was a woeful day! Tediously and uneventfully the hours passed at the hands of the sonorous "tick-tock" of the large wooden-wheeled clock. Ominously the master's club thundered on his deeply-scarred desk if the sound of wheels and hoofs without brought the "craning necks" of the youngsters to threaten the accustomed stampede to the high windows to see who or what was passing outside. Finally after many believed, and the master himself began to hope, that the visitors would not come, there was a vigorous rap at the door and all knew the great men were on hand.

The arrangements were soon made. The examination was to include English, history, science and mathematics. The English was to consist of spelling and composition, the first of which was to be oral. The composition was to be graded on an historical essay, thereby "killing two birds with one stone." The science and mathematics were to be oral.

The contestants, twelve in number, took their places on the dais along the bench behind the teacher's desk. First came the test in spelling, and the first word had hardly passed the pronouncer's lips when the door opened and a stranger with wan face and neglected attire stepped in to beg the privilege of taking the examination. Maude exchanged a glance with little Fred. The request was granted and the stranger took his place on the platform. Round and round the class went the words. All stood. The pronouncer turned back towards the end of the book all to no avail. The good master had done well his work. All but one, the newcomer, knew the book by heart. Another book was taken and one by one the contestants sat down until only Charlie and the untidy stranger were left. The race was between them. The words were pronounced and as rapidly spelled. The stranger's face was calm though firm. Charles shut his teeth with determination. All eyes were upon them. The monotonous tones of pronouncer and spellers alone broke the stillness. "N-ext!" The stranger had missed, and had attempted to catch the word before it had been passed, but he was prevented, with a rebuke from the schoolmaster. It was passed to Charles. "Wrong!" said the examiner and announced that they had broken even.

Mathematics and science were called next, and only the two that had been last on the floor responded. The others had entered simply at the master's request "for the glory of the school." The whole community had long placed its hope in Charles, whose prodigious memory enabled him to outclass his contemporaries in all subjects but science and mathematics, and even in these he committed to memory whole text-books, so that he could make great pretense and appearance.

There was disappointment but not despair on the master's face as he saw his protege drop out after the first few questions of the examiner and the work was continued as a mutual exchange of opinion between the examiner and the student, on the subjects under discussion.

Then came the written work. The steady scrape, scrape of the two pens showed that each was doing his utmost. Then there was heard but the one pen. The stranger was seen with his eyes raised towards the ceiling of the room. He sat thus a few minutes, then seized his pen, signed his name, bowed to the examiners and left the room. Charles continued writing for some time and finally with beaming face, which expressed his assurance in his victory, handed his papers to the examiners.

There was a close scrutiny of the two papers, a brief consultation. Then one of the examiners arose to state that he and one of his colleagues were pleased with the showing of the school, but that a comparison of the points made by the two candidates justified them in awarding the scholarship with its honors and emoluments to Mr. Frank —— There was some confusion and comparing of notes, but his last name could not be found. Evidently in his mortification at being compelled to quit the examination, from whatever cause, he had forgotten to sign his name. But the award was to be given to the writer of the paper, subject to making known his identity within one week; in the opposite event it was to go by default to Mr. Charles Brown.

Chapter III.

"Mother, I believe I will take a load of flour to Delphi to-day. Another day as warm as yesterday, and the ice will be getting so rotten that it will not be safe to drive over it with a load and I just have to supply some of my customers in town with flour before the roads get bad. So, if there is anything you want from town let me know and I will bring it along."

"Well, yes, the children will have to have some shoes. Their old ones are hardly fit to wear. They will be teasing me to go barefoot before the frost is out of the ground. Get Freddie boots with red tops and Maude a lighter pair of shoes than the ones she now has."

"Charles," said the miller, "I see the wagon is loaded and I will leave the mill in your charge to-day. We are behind with our work, both in grist and sawmill. However, you need not run the saw to-day. I will put on a night shift next week till we catch up."

Oakdale was then as it is now one of the most beautiful places on the picturesque and romantic Tippecanoe River. Nowhere else does the air seem so pure and sweet, the breeze so soft, the grass so green, the flowers so fragrant. Here the very river is so filled with mirth that it sings a constant laughing song while

hastening to lose its identity in the great father of waters—the sea. On either side of the river, crowding close to the very water's edge, precipitous bluffs rise like receding walls high above the narrow valley and their brows are adorned by noble giants of the forest which reach their huge arms far up into the ether to temper the ardor of the passionate Sun as he gives his bride, the Earth, her good-morning kiss, and to shut out his fevered breath as he wearily seeks his evening couch in the west.

On the left bank of the river, standing partly in the water on huge piles, as if hesitating to wade across to the other side, a gigantic mill raises its ponderous bulk in bold relief against the sky. Its great wheel keeps up a constant creaking, bidding defiance to the god of harmony who seems to make these his dominions, or as if grumbling at its task while applying its strong arm to turn the great millstones and the vast machinery by which the three stones of the mill are filled.

Near by stands the miller's cottage, an unpretentious, old-fashioned house of one story, whose broad fireplace lifts its huge chimney above the treetops, and at this time of year incessantly breathes its black cloud into the frosty air. These, together with a small group of houses and a store of general merchandise, crowded close to a giant sycamore tree as if vainly trying to edge away from a dirty, fussy little blacksmith shop, all arranged in magnanimous contempt of order and conventionality, constitute the village of Oakdale.

Impatiently Freddie and Maude wore away the long day, ever thinking of their father's return with their splendid trophies from the city. Finally their glad eyes saw the well-known team of horses—Barney and Flora—coming down the long hill on the other side of the river. With a shout of welcome, they started up to meet him. Above the mill across the race was a foot-log, leading to the inclined plane up which the logs were hauled by cable and windlass into the sawmill, after taking their plunge into the race above. Across this foot-log the children hastened—Maude ahead, Freddie coming after. Unfortunately, just as the little girl had reached the middle of the race, she heard a cry of alarm and seeing the madly turbulent waters below, she stopped to warn her brother not to come on. Losing her balance, she herself fell down into the rolling, boiling waters, pushing and crowding in a mad rush to lend a hand at turning the great wheels; for ambitious Charles had not heeded his employer's advice, but was running the mill to its full capacity—the six burs and the two saws.

Charles leaning out of the window on that side of the mill whence he had called to the little girl, and had thus been the well-meaning cause of her grief, when he saw her sink out of sight, was frozen to the spot with horror and fear. She came to the surface and her cries for help mingled with Freddie's screams of terror, attracted the brawny blacksmith from his shop, who instantly plunged in, but too late; for the little girl had sunk the third time. However, in the meantime, a strong hand thrust the stricken Charles from the window, exchanged with him a quick look of mutual recognition and contempt, leaped from the window and seized the girl just as she was sinking the last time.

Poor Maude! How she struggled to keep the water from entering her mouth and nostrils! Would no one come to help her? No, no! How sudden! She saw her happy life, her sorrowing father and mother! She thought how the children would wonder at her whitened bones as she had wondered at a pile of bones in the field back of the yard. She seemed to see a young man whose face was reassuring, kind and true, coming to save her! Could he?

Frank realized at once when he felt the strength of the whirlpool into whose murderous grasp he was that he was too late. Without a thought of himself he breathed a prayer that the young life for which he was giving his own might in some way be spared. Then all became a mad confusion of noises changing quickly into wonderfully sweet music as he inhaled the fatal water into his chest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR SOLAR SYSTEM.

J. G. FIGLEY.

The starry spheres which roll and shine,
Uncounted millions in the sky,
Bid us to plume for loftier flights
Our spirits bound for realms high—
And never die.
Our God is there, our Father kind,
Who rules each world in space,
And guides us as we daily strive
To be partakers of his grace—
His glories trace.

WHAT is known of our solar system has been found by the discoveries of Copernicus, Newton, Kepler, and others, and consists of the sun as a central body, around which revolve the planets, major and minor, with their moons, a few periodic comets, and an unknown number of meteor swarms.

The sun is the center of *our* solar system; for aught that is known to the contrary, besides ours, there may be other systems, and a system of systems of universes, an Infiniverse, revolving about a grand central sun. "The distance of the sun from the earth is nearly 93,000,000 miles. If a straight road were built from the earth to the sun, and the earth, rotating at its present speed, were to start along this highway, like a rolling wheel, more than ten years would elapse before it would reach the sun. For in one day it would travel a distance equal to its girth, which we

call 25,000 miles. In forty days, 1,000,000 miles would have been left behind; over 3,700 days would therefore be consumed in the entire journey. An express train traveling fifty miles an hour, day and night, without intermission, would require over two centuries to travel the same distance."

The diameter of the sun is 866,500 miles, so that his radius is twice the mean distance of the moon from the earth. The volume of the sun is over 1,300,000 times that of the earth, and his bulk over 700 times that of all the other planetary bodies. So that the center of gravity of the entire body is a very little outside of the body of the sun, and when Jupiter and Saturn are in the opposite direction it is inside of it. Less than one-two-billionth part of the solar heat is received by the earth. How much is lost?

The general theory of the source of the heat supply of the sun is that of a constant contraction of its sphere. The composition of the sun is supposed to be gaseous, though there may be some liquids, and until something better is discovered, the unverified nebular hypothesis accounts for the existence of the sun and its surrounding "children." It is theorized that in 5,000,000 years the sun will be reduced to half its present size, and the matter composing it will be reduced to one-eighth its present space, and that by that time the sun's function as a life-giver to the earth will have ceased.

If an infant had an arm long enough to touch the sun with his finger, it would be more than 150 years before he knew he had burned himself. The material of the sun is one-fourth as heavy as that of the earth, so it would require 325,000 earths like ours to make a body as heavy as the sun. The sun rotates on its axis once in every twenty-five days. Its circumference at its equator is about 2,580,000 miles. At a given point it moves through space at the rate of 103,200 miles per day. The sun's surface is about 190,000 times as bright as a candle, and forty-six times as bright as the calcium light. The wind at the surface of the sun often blows at the rate of from one to 300 miles per second. The mechanical equivalent of the heat of the sun is about 10,000 horse power on every square foot of its surface. The constant force of the sun displayed on the earth is equal to 543 trillions of engines of 400 horse power each, working day and night.

If viewed from an equal distance from all of them, the relative size of the planets would be as follows: Jupiter, one and three-eighths inches in diameter; Neptune, nine-sixteenths of an inch; Uranus, one-half inch; Earth and Venus, less than one-third inch; Mars, a pin head, and Mercury but little more than a point. As seen from the different planets, the relative size of the sun would be as follows: From Mercury the sun would appear to be one and three-eighths inches in diameter; from Venus, three-fourths inch; from Earth, one-half inch; from Mars, three-eighths inch; from Jupiter, one-sixteenth inch; from Saturn, one-twentieth inch; from Uranus, one-fiftieth inch; from Neptune, a mere point. If the sun be represented by a globe two feet in diameter, Mercury would be shown as a mustard seed, Venus by a pea, Earth by another, Mars by half that size, Jupiter by a small orange, Uranus by a cherry, Neptune by one a little larger, the asteroids by the motes in a sunbeam. The relative distances of the planets from the sun may be approximately represented as follows: Mercury 4, Venus 7, Earth 10, Mars 15, Ceres (a minor planet) 28, Jupiter 52, Saturn 95, Uranus 192, Neptune 300.

Light travels 186,330 miles per second, and takes 499 seconds to come from the sun. Sound moves by vibrations 1,142 feet per second. Electricity moves 288,000 miles per second. Besides light and heat, all electrical influences come from the sun; some have fancied that the sun is an electrical body on that account.

There are over 400 asteroids already discovered. All of them would scarcely make a body as large as the earth. Their diameters are from twenty to 485 miles each. "A man would be much interested in paying a visit to one of these tiny worlds, if he could get along without his usual supply of air, and endure the rigors of cold which obtain there. If the asteroid were composed of as dense materials as the earth, and were only eight miles in diameter, the force of gravity at its surface would be one-thousandth as great as on the earth. A baby who tosses a ball to a height of five feet could there toss the same ball a mile. The man could throw a baseball clear off the planet. Should he essay to work, the first spring of his ankle would project him upward off the ground. An attempt at running would be a ludicrous series of one-legged leaps. Should he leap off a cliff 1,000 feet high he would reach the bottom in a little over four minutes, and would experience no more severe a shock than if he had jumped down a space of one foot on the earth. If he tried to sit down, his feet would be lifted off the ground, and he would gently fall into his seat. If he lifted up a basket of eggs with no more care than he would take on earth, the eggs would leave the basket, rise about 140 feet, and return in three minutes and a fraction."

No clue to a common point of intersection has been found as yet, and astronomers have failed to verify the belief that the asteroids are the remains of a planet (Vulcan) that some 58,000 years ago was exploded or burst asunder, for some reason or other, not specified; a theory that the poles of the earth were changed by this cataclysm has obtained, but likely will never have to be assigned to other causes.

Mercury is so near the sun that it can be seen only just after sunset or before sunrise, and is scarcely visible without a telescope. Not much is known of

this planet. It and Venus have much in common, and are within the orbit of the earth. It is about 36,000,000 miles from the sun. Its diameter is about 3,000 miles. Its year is about 88 of our days. Its day is 24 hours, 5 minutes. Its orbital velocity is 1,773 miles per minute.

Venus' year is about 225 of our days. Its diameter is 7,700 miles. Its distance from the sun is 67,000,000 miles. Its day is 23 hours, 21 minutes. Its orbital velocity is 1,300 miles per minute. Venus may vary from 22,000,000 to 160,000,000 miles from the earth.

The earth's yearly orbit is 69,000 miles per hour. Its daily revolution is about 1,000 miles per hour. Its diameter is 7,912 miles, and it is about 92,500,000 miles from the sun. If the earth was the size of the sun, and its inhabitants increased in size proportionately, a man 5 feet, 11 inches high would be 650 feet high on the sun. If there were no difference in the force of gravity his original weight would be multiplied by 1,331,000, so that if he weighed 140 pounds on earth, on the sun he would weigh over 10,000,000 tons, as according to the principles of mechanics, the earth's attraction for a body upon its surface would be 110 times greater than before. The earth is 3,236,000 miles nearer to the sun in the winter than in the summer. So that it is hotter in the summer in the southern hemisphere than in the northern.

The moon or Luna is nearly 240,000 miles from the earth. It is one-fiftieth as large as the earth, and one-eightieth as heavy. Its diameter is 2,153 miles, or less than one-third that of the earth. A body weighing on the earth 1,000 pounds would weigh 163 pounds on the moon, as her density is about half that of the earth. As the moon is smaller than the earth, we can see more of her surface, say .58. The difference in heat on the moon at noon and midnight is 500 degrees. We receive only one-six-hundred-and-eighteen-thousandth as much heat from the moon as from the sun. A sky full of moons would not be able to give us daylight. When the moon is in apogee, that is, when her orbital course brings her farthest from the earth, her distance is only about 251,000 miles, and when she is in perigee, or nearest, her distance is about 225,000 miles.

Mars is about 141,500,000 miles from the sun. Its diameter is 4,200 miles. It has two moons. Its year has about 687 days, and its day is 24 hours, 37 minutes. Its orbital speed is 900 miles per minute.

Jupiter is about 494,000,000 miles from the sun. Its diameter is 86,065 miles. Its year has 4,333 days. Its day is 9 hours, 55 minutes. Its orbital velocity is 483 miles a minute. It has five moons. A man on the earth weighing 150 pounds would on Jupiter weigh 396 pounds.

Saturn is about 886,000,000 miles from the sun. Its diameter is 76,000 miles. Its year has 10,759 days. It revolves about the sun in 29½ years. Its day has 10 hours, 16 minutes. Its density is less than that of any other heavenly body—less than water. Saturn is noted for its belt consisting of three concentric rings, and has eight moons.

Herschel or Uranus is about 1,800,000,000 miles from the sun. Its diameter is about 32,000 miles. It revolves about the sun in 84 years of 30,687 days each. It has four moons.

Neptune is nearly 2,900,000,000 miles from the sun. Its diameter is about 35,000 miles. Its year has 60,126 days, and the time of its revolution around the sun is nearly 165 years. It has one moon. The moons of Uranus and Neptune revolve *backward* in their orbits.

There are about 6,000 visible stars in the whole heavens, north and south. There are 20 of the first magnitude, 65 of the second, 200 of the third, 400 of the fourth, 1,100 of the fifth, 3,200 of the sixth, 13,000 of the seventh, 40,000 of the eighth, 142,000 of the ninth. There are 18,000,000 in the Milky Way. The *sun* is one of the stars in the Milky Way. How insignificant then in comparison to the stars is the earth! Fixed stars are those which retain always their relative position, and are *all suns,* but at such amazing distances from us that they seem mere points of light. Our nearest star neighbor is Alpha Centauri, 27,500,000,000,000 miles. A train running at the rate of a mile a minute, day and night, would reach Centauri in 48,663,000 years! Sirius is twice as far away as Alpha, and it takes eight years for light from it to come to us. The pole star, Polaris, shines by light which left it fifty years ago. If we traveled at the rate of a mile a minute without stopping, it would take us 600,000,000 years to reach Polaris. Some think the star Arcturus is 1,000,000 times larger than the sun. The diameters of the stars cannot be safely computed, owing to their great distances, though from the length of its eclipse, with other data, it has been figured that the diameter of Algol is 1,000,000 miles. Of double stars, 10,000 have been catalogued, though there are undoubtedly more. "An optical double is one the components of which are not really close together, one of the two components lies far beyond the other, but in nearly the same line of sight;" they are subject to one another's attraction. There are stars that are white, others red, yellow, orange, bluish, etc., in color. Some stars are very erratic in their movements.

Comets are either fluidic or vaporous bodies perambulating through the heavens. One astronomer estimates their number at 18,000,000. Some have a periodic course of travel, many are most singular and erratic in their movements. They are all sizes. The comet of 1882 had a tail computed to be 100,000,000 miles long. Meteors differ from comets in that a meteoric shower is caused by a group of small bodies more widely separated, the comet's being compacted.

Meteors are shooting stars and meteorites. The latter are able from their size and toughness to penetrate the earth's atmosphere and fall to the earth. Comets and meteors are very remarkable subjects for the inspection of the star-gazer.

Space has probably no resisting medium; its temperature is about 200 degrees below zero. Instead of having empty places or vacuums, space is apparently the opposite. Who can answer the small boy's questions: "If a man in an airship traveled through the starry range, where would he be when he had passed the last star? What would be beyond? Would there be anything?" Who could answer by saying with any assurance that the man would pass through a cloud of star-dust and going beyond that sail triumphantly upon a sea of—nothing?

It has been considered that "some day" the solar system will pass out of existence. "If our reasoning be correct the human race will perish long before the sidereal universe loses the splendid energies whose manifestations bring us so much delight. We have no evidence that there are inhabitants of other worlds, who would be overwhelmed in the universal rout. The peopling of planets surrounding other suns with intelligences is but a vagary of the fancy. If the Creator spoke the universe into existence, may he not speak it out of existence when once it has fulfilled his purposes? But let us call a halt, ere we wander farther in paths of groundless and fruitless speculation. We may rest in assurance that he who has controlled the world for ages past still holds them in the hollow of his hand, and orders their destinies aright. Radiant suns are not needed to shed light and heat upon the City Beautiful, whose walls are jasper and whose gates are pearl. 'For the glory of God doth lighten it and the Lamb is the light thereof."—*Howe.*

Bryan, Ohio.

LIFE INSURANCE.

JESSE D. MOHLER.

The Need of "Protection."

From my own personal experience I am fully aware that there are conditions and circumstances under which one is made to feel that he is hardly doing his duty without in some way bridging over the financial difficulties that would meet his dependent ones in case of the death of the provider for the family. I am in full sympathy with those who feel the responsibility of such a condition, and do not censure any one for looking for a possible safeguard against that part of the burden of bereavement.

It also appears to me that there ought to be a system that would enable God-fearing people to provide against contingency without violating any principle of right; but so far I have not learned of any system in practice that shows equality and fairness to even the majority of those concerned, and that does not contain enough of the speculative and the attempting to secure unearned money to bar it from the support of any true Christian that will carefully investigate its practices and the results.

For several reasons I do not believe that any company that would attempt to conduct a life-insurance business without the objectionable features would ever attain any great size. However, I do think it could be so managed that those who feel the necessity of providing for an emergency could do so without violating any law or principle of right, and the time will likely come when there will be provisions to systematically assist those who are made helpless by the death of some one who has been a financial support. Until something better is offered us than we have been able to learn of, treatment of the life-insurance business will be an excellent place for us to study nonconformity.

The regular Old Line companies do write a style of policy that contains much less of the objectionable than the popular forms, but not enough less for it to receive our support or patronage. Also, they do not find such business compares well in profits with the more popular forms, and the agents' fees are not so large. Therefore when one commences to deal with them he is likely to be drawn into their class of business most objectionable from a Christian standpoint.

Plain, straight provision against the danger of leaving the family helpless on account of our death does not appeal to us so strong as we are apt to think it does. When it comes to making a yearly payment of the amount necessary to have returned to each interested party, this amount to be paid his family at his death, and pay the expenses of managing and guaranteeing such an organization, the most of us would find we could better manage our own funds, carry our own risk, and trust to our own ability and the future kindness of friends and the providence of God to take care of future conditions. It takes the enticements of secretism or the prospects of unearned money from the investment to enthuse many of us to the point of providing for the future through a paid agent or organization.

Looking at the Deal.

Few things appeal to our mind more strongly than a prospect of large profits and easy money. One of the tendencies of our time the most destructive to the true Christian life is "the craze for unearned money." The desire to prosper is right and good, and the desire for great prosperity is not to be condemned; but when that desire becomes paramount we are quite likely to seek to do so at the expense of others. In short we become covetous. Anyone that seeks to accumulate at the direct expense of others or without a fair exchange to the other is guilty of covetousness.

Profits from a system ourselves or others are operating, that are and must be made at the loss of another, are not right; and we can not afford to connect ourselves with any such system.

I must claim that the participating policy, the one sold most commonly, and one I recently saw approved by one from whom I would have expected a much more consistent support of our church's repeated position, partakes to a considerable extent of wrongs that the most of us would positively condemn if we saw them free from their allurements, divested of their protection covering, and we stopped long enough to study their nature.

The actual "risk" of having to pay death losses is not very great to the company. No one can tell how long he may or may not live, but the actuaries have figured out to a nicety just how many may be expected to die out of a thousand healthy people each year, according to the age at which the policy is written. You know nothing of your own chances, and the company does know of its chances on every thousand and figures out its chances on each one. That being the case, a straight life risk policy would have in it considerable of the spirit of gambling at the company's own game. The company figures it out and bets you so much you will live twenty years. They figure your chances better than they look to you, and you bet them so much each year that you will not live to the end of the time stipulated. In four cases out of five the company wins on young men of thirty years of age.

You say this is an extreme view? Then it is an extreme view for you to say I would be gambling if I were to invest in "November wheat" on options. Both transactions would be dealing with an unknown future, and a future we could not control. In both transactions there would be two or more parties putting up an amount of money for his chances of winning what the other one puts up on a future and unknown deal. Can that be said to be devoid of the spirit of gambling? That looks bad enough, but would be snow-white in comparison with what the system offers you for its chances of winning your money in the several ways and we will study their offers a short time so we may get an idea of what it all amounts to and is doing to make money.

The Proposition.

The proposition here given is less than has been the usual cost in old established companies, and the inducements are greater at the end of the term, but the older companies have generally been returning dividends that cut down the cost actually required and that also cut down the final rewards offered. However, there are numerous companies that make the following offer, varying with the age of the assured, and pay their agents from fifty per cent to seventy-five per cent of the first payments to get the business at such rates. Also, from the boast of some that no Old Line company has ever failed in business, and from recent developments in a certain company as to what extravagance the company can stand, we are made to think there are profits in the business that are not usually made public. We believe the companies that make the following offers know what they are doing, and do not expect to give away any of their capital.

The writer is thirty-two years of age and has several times been offered one of those participating policies calling for $1,000 in case of his death at any time within twenty years, in return for his payment of $32.70 at the beginning of each year of the twenty, or until death at an earlier period. At the end of the twenty years he would be given his choice of the following propositions: $922 in cash, or $504 in cash and an annuity of $68.60 till death; or, if he could then pass a special examination, he would get a policy for $1,000, payable at his death, and $418 in cash.

Parties younger than the writer could get a policy for less money at yearly payments, with a smaller return at the close of the twenty-year period; and those older would have to pay more, and receive more at the end of the term of years. The same principles run through the propositions to all ages, and for convenience the writer will discuss the proposition to himself as though it applied to yourself. The findings will hold good in all cases. The proposition given includes "investment" features as well as "protection," but we will leave the "investment" feature for a later article.

One thing should be kept in mind whenever you think of insuring anything: Any safe insurance company expects the policy-holders to pay the losses, and costs of running the business, and you must do your part. It may look to you as though your only cost for such protection as this policy affords is $32.70 yearly, or a total of $654.00. The fact is that if your yearly $32.70 be put on six per cent compound interest it would amount to $1,275.07 in the twenty years. Another fact is that if you are in good health at thirty-two your chances for living twenty years more are almost even four out of five according to the Actuaries Mortality Table, and that is what the company figures on in its calculations.

That being the case, when you take out such a policy with a view only of your protection, you are started to play the company's game for its $1,000, in which you deprive yourself of an amount yearly that in the total amounts to more than the company has at stake. Your chances of winning are one to the company's four, and on such unequal ground you are risking your money for your chance of getting a sum you have not earned. You argue that the investment feature will ease up that side of it? It will ease up the prospect, but the experience of the companies shows that only

one person in ten who try the game makes anything on the investment.

What Will You Do With It?

Your chances look all right to you, but your real chances are only one in five of beating the company on its "protection" deal, and one in ten of making the company pony up to you on the "investment." With such odds against you, you pay your $32.70—or such amount as may suit your age—as first payment of a sum amounting to $1,275.07, for your chance of getting some one else's $1,000. Again, less than one-half of those who take out policies ever make the third payment. Suppose you are to be one of such. At the end of two years you will be short $74.49 for your chance of dying and beating the company out of $1,000. Your chances to die in the next two years are only one in fifty-three. To even your chances, their risk would have to be over $3,900, but it is their game and they put up only $1,000 to bait you. You can not afford to take a bet with such odds, even if you be past having scruples against gambling.

The above shows more the folly of patronizing the business for "protection" on account of the odds against us and the gambling feature with those who do not get big returns by simply dying. You may win, however, and in so doing leave to your little ones a sum of money that few know well how to use when it comes that way. Also, your departure from this life will leave with them your indelible approval of securing money without a fair equivalent, taking what you have not earned if you can do so legitimately. If you do that, how can you effectively instruct your children, and influence others, against raffling, lottery, and other forms of gambling and get-rich-quick schemes?

Can we with reverence to God do a gambling business on the chances of our heavenly Father leaving with us or taking from us that which none other can supply? Shall we, who believe in obeying his sentiments as well as positive commands, so lightly treat that which belongs to him as to even appear to make merchandise of life or to set a price on our chances of life? Some are doing one way and some another. What will you do? In whom do you trust?

Warrensburg, Mo.

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

M. R. MURRAY.

[The author of this article is the Brother Murray who accompanied Brother Miller to Palestine about one year ago, and who has spent the last year in the Holy Land and who expects to spend a few years conducting parties through the Holy Land each spring and fall. This article will be read with interest, knowing that Brother Murray has traveled over every foot of this ground.—Ed.]

THERE are two ways by which one can go to Jerusalem, either by train or carriages, the time being about the same. It is much more interesting to go to Jerusalem by train than by carriages, as one can see from the train all the places of biblical interest on the carriage road, except one, and ten others that cannot be seen from the road at all.

It is fifty-five miles from Jaffa to Jerusalem by train and takes three hours and forty minutes. The road cost fourteen million seven hundred and forty-two thousand francs for its construction. A franc is equal to about nineteen cents plus, costing in our money about $713,100. Some of the native Christians and some Anglo-Palestine residents now residing there claim the railway appears to be the fulfilling of prophecy: "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the roadways, they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightning." Nahum 2: 4.

The train runs along in sight of the carriage road until after it leaves the Ramleh station (Arimathea). It stops at five stations between Jaffa and Jerusalem. Jerusalem is 2,670 feet higher than Jaffa.

Soon after leaving Jaffa we come to the plains of Sharon, and, if in spring, see the roses. Solomon's Songs, 2: 1. "I am a rose of Sharon," "A lily of the valley." See on the right a Jewish agricultural school which was established in 1869. We pass just to the left of a modern village, Yasur, on the site of Hager Thual. Josh. 19: 3, or Hazar Shual. Here we are told it is the traditional site where Samson caught three hundred foxes. "And Samson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took firebrands (torches) and turned tail to tail and put a fire brand in the midst between every two tails." Judges 15: 4. Away to the left is a modern village, Mabrake, on the site of Bene Barak. Josh. 19: 45. The next village is on the right, called Beit Digon, thought by some to be the house of Dagon which was at Ashdod, about eighteen miles south. 1 Samuel 15: 1, 2. Next on the right is a modern village called Safreh. In thirty-five minutes from Jaffa is the first station Lydda, the site of Lod, which was built fourteen years B. C. 1 Chron. 8: 12; Ezra 1: 33; Nehemiah 7: 47 and 11: 36. It is Lydda of the New Testament where Peter visited the saints and cured Æneas, who was sick with the palsy and kept his bed for eight years. "And it came to pass, as Peter went through all parts, he came down also to the saints that dwelt at Lydda. And there he found a certain man named Æneas, who had kept his bed eight years; for he was palsied. And Peter said unto him, Æneas, Jesus Christ healeth thee; arise and make thy bed. And straightway he arose. And all that dwelt at Lydda and in Sharon saw him, and they turned to the Lord." It is very easy here for one to take up his bed. Some have beds and some have nothing but the hard dirt floors to lie down on. What the natives consider a good bed in that country is a straw mat and what we would call a

single comforter. At this place Peter was summoned to Joppa to raise (Dorcas) Tabitha. Acts 9: 36-43. "Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas; this woman was full of good works and alms deeds which she did. And it came to pass in those days that she fell sick and died, and when they had washed her, they laid her in an upper chamber. And as Lydda was nigh unto Joppa, the disciples hearing that Peter was there, sent two men unto him, entreating him, Delay not to come unto us. And Peter arose and went with them," etc. Soon after leaving Lydda we see at the left Jimzo, the site of Ginzo, one of the royal cities of the Philistines, which they took from the Israelites in the reign of King Ahaz. 2 Chron. 28: 18.

From the train we can see two villages, Kabuk and Latram, between which is the valley of Ajalon, over which Joshua commanded the moon to stand still. Josh. 10: 12, "Then spake Joshua to Jehovah in the day when Jehovah delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel: and he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon."

In about ten minutes from Lydda we reached the second station, Ramleh, the traditional site of Arimathea. Matt. 27: 57. "And when even was come there came a rich man from Arimathea, named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple." In the town there is an old Crusaders' church, now used as a mosque. About a quarter of a mile to the west is an old picturesque tower, said by some to have been built by the son of Calif Omar, and by others by Abu Fettak, the son of Luther Mooser, in the year 1318. It was most probably built by the crusaders. From its top is a fine view. In 1099 Ramleh was occupied by the crusaders, and in 1266 it was taken by the Moslems who still retain it until this day.

Soon after crossing the carriage road we see away to the left on the top of a mountain quite a prominent mountain, and, on inquiring from our guide, he informed us it is Neby Samuel (Mizpeh). Also in the vicinity of this beautiful stretch of table-land Upper Heth-harem and Gibeon can be seen. All the children of Israel, from Dan to Beer-sheba, were called together at Mizpeh several times. Judges 20: 1 and 21: 1, also 1 Samuel 7: 5. Saul, the first king of Israel, was chosen at Mizpeh. 1 Samuel 10: 17-24. Just a little way to the left, on a hill, we see the site of Gezer, a city which Pharaoh took from the Canaanites, and gave to his daughter, Solomon's wife. 1 Kings 9: 16. While I was there, the old city was being excavated, and several old historic tablets had been discovered, identifying the old city which at one time perhaps, was beautifully situated on a large mound, surrounded by a level tract of land, called the Jaffa-Sharon Plain. After passing a modern village on the left, called Nanah, we see a Jewish colony to the right, on the site of Ekron. It was at Ekron that all the lords of the Philistines gathered to send away the ark of God. 1 Sam. 5: 10, 11, and 6th chapter. In about three-quarters of an hour we reach the third station, Sejed. They inform us that the railway takes the same route that the two cows did with the ark, passing just to the left of Beth-shemesh. "And the kine took the straight way to the way of Beth-shemesh." 1 Sam. 6: 12. In about thirty minutes we reach the fourth station, Deir-Aban. Opposite the station, on a hill to the left, is Zorah, the birthplace of Samson. Judges 13. In a few minutes after leaving the fourth station the train enters a ravine in the mountains of Judea. We see a large cave in the top of the rock to the left, called Samson's cave. "And he went down and dwelt in the top of the rock Etam." Judges 15: 8.

In an hour and a quarter from Dier-Aban we reach Bettin, the fifth station, which is on the site of Bether, Solomon's Songs 2: 17. According to Jewish history, this was a place of great strength. It contained four hundred synagogues, and in each four hundred teachers. Here the Jews, under their commander, Barroch (the son of a star), made their last stand against the Romans, three and one-half years, and when the place was captured, eight thousand persons were killed, and the blood ran in the streets so strong as to carry away stones weighing four pounds. Robinson's Researches, 3rd vol., page 258.

Soon after leaving the station we pass just to the left of the traditional fountain where Philip baptized the eunuch. Acts 8: 36-38. We go on up the Valley of Roses and across the Valley of Rephiam, where the Philistines came and spread themselves. 2 Sam. 5: 18-25. On top of a hill to the left is a place which belongs to the Greeks, called Katam, and near by the Lepers' Hospital.

In about a half hour from Bettin, we reach the last station at German Colony, on the northern end of the Valley of Giants. "And the border went up to the top of the mountain that lieth before the valley of Hinnom, westward, which is at the end of the valley of the giants, northward." Josh. 15: 8.

In going from the station to the Holy City, we pass at our right the hill of Evil Counsel. Matt. 26: 3 and 4. We cross the valley Gihon where Solomon was appointed king. 1 Kings 1: 33-39. We ride along by the west side of Mount Zion, near the tower of David. "Nevertheless David took the stronghold of Zion; the same is the city of David." 2 Sam. 5: 7. Jerusalem is built upon four hills, and yet the mountains around are higher than the city. Psalms 125: 2. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so Jehovah is around about his people, from this time forth and forevermore."

Parsons, Kans.

DRINKING IN THE GLORIES.

OMA KARN.

"You can rub and rub, mamma, but you can't make 'em shine like Nellie does. Nellie can make 'em look glor-ee-ous."

Nellie was scrubbing the back porch, or rather she had been, now she had reached the middle way of her work and stood leaning on her broom, looking away off. How beautiful it all was. The river trailing away in the distance like a broad green ribbon, the woods with their cool shady depths, the cornfields with their rustling ranks, the little country church nestling at one side of the pretty grove, the white head stones of "God's Acre" standing out in sharp contrast to the vivid green that surrounded them, the trim-looking farmhouses almost hidden amongst the thrifty orchards, even the cattle standing knee-deep in the brook, were alone a fit subject for a perfect picture of contentment.

What a glorious picture it all made! Why, she could stand all morning just drinking it in. And here she was tied down to this miserable slavish work, the never-ending routine of cooking, baking, washing and sweeping and looking after the children. She could do such great things if she only had a chance. How she would like to write a story or paint a fine picture. Why, she could paint that scene with her eyes shut. Wouldn't it be grand and noble to be able to put it on canvas so the glories of it would be felt and admired long after she was dead. The unfinished porch was forgotten. Nellie was dreaming. There was a big wrinkle of discontent between her eyes, saying plainer than words could have done, Why do I have to do these hateful things—and for strangers too? For Nellie was only a hired girl.

Little Eva's childish voice broke into her dream, "You can't make 'em shine like Nellie does." She knew Mrs. Daniels was cleaning the lamps. Nellie liked that work herself. No one ever found a greasy, smoky lamp when Nellie was about. She liked to make 'em shine, thinking of the pleasant evening time, when after the day's duties with their trials and perplexities, they all gathered in the pleasant living room under the bright rays of the evening lamp.

Perhaps it was the cheerful baby voice sounding its note of praise or maybe the sound of an early dinner bell that caused Nellie to go to work with considerable vigor and turned her thoughts into a new channel. Perhaps after all she was wrong in thinking there was no glory in this humdrum life. If she could make a lamp chimney shine, why couldn't she put some sunshine into everything she did?

She picked up her bucket suddenly and went back to the other end of the long porch. How she had detested that porch! What sense was there anyway in building such a useless thing, stretching away the whole length of the house, it just made a lot of hard work. But how different it looked after Eva's loving words. How cool and shady it was, with the morning-glories and columbine chasing one another up its sides, how everybody did enjoy lounging about on it after the day's heat and work were over. And Nellie used the broom with such good will that each board seemed to be trying to outshine its fellow.

"Over in the sunshine, streaming from on high." Mrs. Daniels had her brows knitted together in a very decided frown. She was studying out the dinner problem. Four hungry men would be there in another hour, and something must be ready to greet them. She had her dream too. But long ago she had buried it under the homely responsibilities that crowd into the life of every busy farmer's wife. She had reached out after diamonds, but neglected to pick up the pearls that lay strewn along the pathway that led to the glittering treasure. As a result she saw only long hours of hard labor, future responsibilities, anxious times of planning and planting with perhaps failure at the harvest time instead of the beauty that lay around her. The frown gave way to a smile as Nellie's clear, musical voice came floating in through the open doorway. "Over in the sunshine,"—if she could only always stay in the sunshine, what a fair world it would be, and for an instant her tired eyes caught a faint, far-off glimpse of the glories.

> It may not be on the mountain's height,
> Or over the stormy sea;
> It may not be at the battle's front,
> My Lord may have need of me.

Nellie was whistling now. Mrs. Daniels began to hum a tune. "Bless the girl! What would I do without her; she certainly is trying to put a shine on that porch; it makes one feel cheerful just to hear her." And Nellie, little suspecting that she was already beginning to scatter sunshine, went about with a new light on her face and a new song in her heart. Day by day the light deepened and brightened. Her cheerful face became the light of the house, the despised work a pleasure. By and by she painted her picture. Life's picture, so true to nature, so marvelous in its rich coloring that those who saw it said, "She must have been literally drinking in the glories."

Covington, Ohio.

IT is estimated that five hundred motor omnibuses will be running in London a year hence. The drivers of horse-drawn omnibuses are being trained for the new work.

LIBERIA exports about 50,000,000 gallons of palm oil per year. It is made from the outer part of the palm nut, not from the kernel.

AMY'S PLACE.

Amy shut her book with a sigh. It was a splendid book, she thought—the story of a young girl who had lived among the wicked and the poor and had helped them to be better. How lovely it would be like that!

But she had not time to think of it long. There was a great deal for Amy to do on this warm, bright day. There were tables to be set and porches to be swept and errands to be done. It was night before she had much time to think of the story again.

When, while she sat on the porch and watched the stars come out one by one, she remembered the girl in the book; and she longed so to do what she had done that it gave her a real heartache.

"Why, Amy, is this you all alone?" said a voice through the dusk.

It was Mr. Mackenzie, the minister, who boarded with Amy's aunt, and who, Amy thought, was the best and greatest and nicest man in the world.

He sat down beside her and before she knew it she had told him all her trouble.

"Well, now, that's queer!" said the minister, laughing a soft little laugh to himself. "Do you know I was thinking of a young girl's life as I came along, and what a useful life it was. Shall I tell you about it?"

"Yes," said Amy. But she did not say it with much enthusiasm. It seemed to her that to know about one useful girl was as much as she could stand this evening.

"Well, then," said Mr. Mackenzie, "her name is Amy; and she lives with her uncle and aunt. Her uncle and aunt are as good as gold, kind to the poor and helpful to everybody. Amy's aunt said to me today: 'If it wasn't for Amy, we couldn't leave the children. She never teaches them anything but what is right; they are better off for every hour that they stay with her.'"

The minister stopped and looked down at Amy, but all that he could see was the top of her brown head.

"This afternoon," he went on, "I caught sight of a crowd of small boys who had got hold of a frog. I was just about to hurry over and give them a lecture, when the smallest boy of all stood up and lectured them for me.

"'You'd better let that frog be,' he said. 'It's nothing but a poor dumb animal. You ought not to bother it. Amy thinks it's mean. Let it go.

"He talked so loud and was so thoroughly in earnest that at last they did let it go and Mr. Frog made off as fast as he could hop. I was glad for him, but I was more glad for that ring of boys. When grown folks talk, boys forget; but when another boy talks, they remember.

"One day Maidie came home, crying, from school; the girls had got her a bad mark and she wasn't ever going to speak to them again. Amy petted her and comforted her and brought her a nice fresh glass of water; and, when she was cooled and rested, she reminded her how, when Maidie was sick, the girls brought her flowers and came to see her and how pleased they were when she was able to go out again. 'I wouldn't forget how kind they were to me then,' said Amy, 'just for one bad mark. I guess they are sorry for it now, anyway.'

"When Maidie started back to school after dinner she supposed she would have to speak to the girls, after all. There was more nice about them than there was horrid. And maybe they did not mean anything; maybe it was only an accident."

"Maidie is awfully quick," said Amy; "but she gets over it pretty fast."

"Amy helped me write my sermon this week; she often does. I wished to preach upon forgiveness; and I put down all the wise, kind ideas that she had given to Maidie and me. After church two ladies thanked me for the sermon; it did them good, they said. They ought to have thanked Amy. Well, how do you like my story of a girl's life?" asked the minister, standing up to go into the house.

"I—I don't know," stammered Amy. "I mean, I like it a lot, of course. Only it does not seem as if I had done anything like all that."

Mr. Mackenzie stood silent a moment, looking up at the shining stars. Then he said solemnly:

"Amy, my dear little friend, God knows for each one of us just the place that is ours. Be thankful to him that he has given you beautiful work to do and that he is helping you to do it to his honor."—*Good Cheer.*

THE UNLIGHTED CHURCH.

Three miles to the evening appointment, and a heavy rain. The young home missionary was tired, and the night was near. The morning service at Bolton had brought out a bare dozen through the rain; and the afternoon service, which had brought him five miles through the mud, had been little larger. "Don't go over to Kenwood to-night," the people said. "What's the use? There won't be anybody out. The church won't even be lighted."

Half tempted not to go, the young preacher hesitated. The dull clouds shut in closer and the night was descending early. Within the fire was bright, without the rain was heavy and the mud deep. But something pulled at his heart-strings. "There might be someone there," he said. "I think I ought to go."

He never remembered the ride as unpleasant; rather there was an anticipation of something good at the end that made him more cheerful than usual. And when the end of his journey drew near he felt less tired than when he started.

There was no light in the church. He saw that as he entered the straggling little settlement, and he drove to his stopping-place and put up his horse.

"We didn't hardly look for you," said his host. "It's such a bad night. There won't be anybody out. You must be wet. Here, I'll take care of the horse; you go in and get dry."

"Thank you!" said the preacher. "I'll just run over to the church a minute, and be sure there's no one there."

He pushed open the door; the little room was empty enough. The tick of the little nickel clock on the cabinet organ sounded very loud in the silence. He groped forward to the pulpit, and kneeling a moment, asked God's blessing on the work of the day. Then, his eyes a little more accustomed to the darkness within, he moved toward the door.

Just inside he met a man and woman, who had come from a cabin some distance away.

"We thought it was a pity, if you should come, not to have no one here," explained the man apologetically.

"It was kind to think of me in that way," said the preacher. "And it would be good if I could say something that would reward you for coming through the rain. You came because you thought of me, and did not want me to fail in some hearers. But have you no need of your own?"

There was silence in the darkness, and the clock ticked on. After an interval the woman said, "It was a year ago to-day the baby died."

"It was that that brought you," said the minister. "Yes, I know what word you want to hear. No, we will not light the lamps. Sit here while we talk a little."

There in the dark they sat, and he talked till the place seemed light with beautiful truths to which they listened.

When at last he said, "Let us pray," they knelt together, and the man and woman were in tears, but the tears were the welling forth of a new hope.

"It was her little angel brought you through the rain," said the woman. "I somehow knowed you'd come, and we was so hungry for comfort."

Six months later the rough man lay dying. He clasped the hand of the preacher as the end drew near and said:

"Parson, you 'member that night—and what brought you. It's sorter like that to me. Kinder dark, but seems like she's guidin' me—like she did you that night."—*The Youth's Companion.*

DICK AND THE SPARROW.

THE lady of the house was standing in the vestibule, casting an anxious eye down the street.

"Are there no boys in sight?" asked a voice from within.

"Yes, plenty of boys on the street, but you know how particular I am about Pet. I should like to be sure that the boy who rides her will not be rough with her."

Just then a sturdy young fellow of ten came whizzing by on a bicycle. It was not his own, but one that its owner was generous enough to lend to the boys who had none, and he was taking his turn while the other boys lay on the grass and played jackstones, wishing as he rode along, "My! if I only had a wheel for my trip to the farm!"

Just then he suddenly straightened himself up.

"Ting-a-ling-ling!" rang out the bell of the bicycle sharply, and as she slowed up the other boys half rose and looked wonderingly. They could see nothing to ring for.

"What was it, Dick?" they inquired.

"Oh, nothing but a sparrow. I was afraid I would run over it; the little thing stood so still right in front of the wheel."

"Ho, ho! Rings his bell for a sparrow!" sneered the other boys as Dick dismounted.

"Mamma's itty witty baby."

"I don't care how much fun you make of me," he replied, good-naturedly, yet not without a red flush on his brow. "I guess I wouldn't run over a sparrow even when I could help it by ringing or stopping."

"Come here, please, Dick," called a voice from the doorstep of one of the handsomest houses on the avenue. "You are the very boy I want to drive a pony to the country and back. It is out the Darlington boulevard. Would you like to go?"

"Why, yes, ma'am," quickly answered Dick. "I have an errand out there, and was just dreading the walk."

"Then I am glad you may ride. I was wondering whether I could trust one of those boys to be kind to Pet, when I overheard about the sparrow. This made me willing to trust you."—*Junior Christian Endeavor World.*

A SWARM OF BEES.

B modest, B patient, B winsome, B mild;
B wise as a solon, B meek like a child;
B loving, B studious, B thoughtful, B kind;
B sure to make matter subservient to mind;
B prudent, B cautious, B truthful, B true;
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few;
B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine;
B careful of money, of conduct, of time;
B grateful, B hopeful, B cheerful, B firm;
B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
B gentle, B courageous, B liberal, B just;
B aspiring, B humble, because you are dust;
B circumspect, penitent, sound in the faith;
B active, devoted, B faithful 'til death.

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WORDS AND EGGS.

Words and eggs must be handled with care,
For words once spoken,
And eggs once broken,
Are not the easiest things to repair.

A GENTLEMAN once being desirous of finding a boy to work for him, who would be true and loyal as a servant and who would be strictly honest as an individual, searched long for the proper individual. Upon application they were all submitted to a crucial test in one way or another. Upon one occasion a small boy came who thought he could fill all the requirements; without any questions the gentleman proceeded to tell him that his first duty would be to go to the home of his brother and fetch a goose which he had bought. The boy was given strict orders that before he started home with the goose he should cut its head off. As he proceeded on his way home he should dry pick the goose and aim to have it done by the time he arrived. This he did and did it well. The gentleman thanked him and said, "All right, my son, you may now return by the way which you came and pick up the feathers you have picked from the goose." The boy replied, "My dear sir, this is impossible, for the wind has blown them in every direction." But the boy was asked to gather of them what he could. He knew in his own heart it was impossible, but he did not know it so well until he had really made an endeavor to gather them again.

The gentleman had then the text he had long wanted for a sermon. The boy was in a condition to receive a lesson. He said, "My son, this lesson has been to teach you as we go through the journey of life speaking words and performing deeds that very few of them can be remodeled, or even ever captured again. Just as impossible as it is for you to gather the feathers and place them back on the goose again, just so impossible it is for you to overtake the bad words, ill-chosen words, the hastily spoken words, the unkind words which you will be tempted to speak as you travel through the world.

This little incident came to memory with a freshness when a friend handed to us the above stanza recently. There is nothing more evident than that eggs must be handled with care. Everybody who handles them knows that. Many more people handle words than handle eggs, and yet a much smaller number realize that words must be handled just as carefully. We all know how utterly impossible it would be to mend one that has been broken.

When we want mending done we take it to the tailor, jeweler, tinker, cobbler, or elsewhere, according to the nature of the rent, but to whom would we take a broken egg to have it repaired? It is ruined forever. It can never be repaired. The same thing is true of a word that has been misspoken or carelessly spoken. Who is able to repair it? The one to whom it is spoken is certainly unable to perform the task. The one who has spoken it may feel sorry, may repent, may speak a lot of other words; in fact, may speak good words all the rest of his life, but he can never unspeak the one that has been misspoken. If an egg is kept under proper temperature, it takes upon itself life and at once begins to develop and grow, and finally reproduces itself. How like a word is this! So long as our words are kept warm with love, respect and Christian grace they will develop, grow and reproduce. Many kind words will be the result of one word fitly spoken; but let a nestful of eggs or a mouthful of words be chilled, and they are fit for nothing but to be cast away. Here the simile ends; the bad eggs may, though exceedingly foul, be cast away. But a bad word, however much detested, cannot be cast away, but keeps going doing its mischief and cannot even be captured.

Lexicographers may coin new words and keep records of new words coined by others. Grammarians may develop new ideas and constructions of forms of words. The spelling of a word may change; yes, the meaning of a word may often change. But there is no grammarian, lexicographer, orthographer, who would not give millions if he had it for a recipe that would insure the extermination of bad words.

The market is full of Rough-on-Rats, lice killers, anti-fat, and every other kind of remedy in the world for things which are supposed to be detrimental, but when the inventor comes along with that preparation which will put out of existence all the bad words, he will have given to the world its greatest blessings.

HOW TO RISE.

A YOUNG woman recently found employment in a queensware store. She immediately began a course of study in her leisure moments about glassware and

china. She read some recent works upon the appointments of the table and in a short time, by applying herself to the business, became a most valuable employee in a large store. She made use of the opportunities that lay next to her. The same queensware was constantly before the rest of the clerks, but they simply sold it at so much a piece. They did not care to study concerning the production of the raw material or the manufactured article, but simply to get their day's wages out of their labor. The young lady in question was constantly fitting herself for future life's work and at the same time making a much better employee for her employer. It is impossible for one to make himself better for himself without making himself better for others, under whose employ he chances to be.

In a large millinery establishment a certain young woman found time for reading a book or two on colors and their combination. Ere long she found her taste greatly improved, and her ability to please her patrons necessarily was greater. It is not necessary to say that she soon became a favorite with her employers and customers because she knew her business. She was ready for the task before her; she was prepared for the work under her trust; she had prepared herself by improving her spare moments.

A young woman who wanted to earn an honorable living went into a certain lady's kitchen, and instead of gossiping every evening found time to read a few good books and household magazines, and was soon far too valuable to be kept as a subordinate servant in the kitchen. She knew how a table should look for a formal dinner; she knew what dishes were in season; she knew how to serve a meal in proper courses, and, more than that, she knew something about the food value of different dishes. She rose to the top and commanded the best wages and was able to manage all the subordinate servants under her care with a perfect knowledge of what should be expected to reach them.

Diligence, common sense and the improvement of spare time will accomplish anything. It absolutely is not the number of hours that a person puts in for a day's work and for which he draws his wages that makes a success of life. It is how he improves his leisure moments. Lincoln studied grammar while he was not splitting rails. Sherman studied law while he was not driving pegs, and you may improve your time in the same way.

Of course if you do not care to rise and are perfectly contented to stay at the bottom, do not do this; just go when the whistle blows or the bell rings and drop your hammer the minute the time is up. Spend the rest of the time in idleness and you have your destiny sealed. But if you do feel in your soul an aspiration to be as good as the best and breathe the atmosphere in the upper strata, follow the examples shown above. These lessons are drawn from life and they can be duplicated. The question is whether you are willing to pay the price for the goods.

SOUVENIRS.

In various parts of the world there are certain objects of interest that must be protected from the public because of the inclination of the people to gather souvenirs. Washington's Monument would probably have been carried away in chips by this time had not the government forbidden it to be touched. Trees standing over the graves of prominent individuals would be whittled into toothpicks and carried away by the millions if some soldier was not stationed there to protect them from the souvenir fiend. The globe trotter is proud of the pebble that he has picked up by that river, on that mountain, or in this city. The use of the souvenir is to call back pleasant memories which enable the past to present itself like a great panorama. And many a daydream can be enjoyed by the reviewing of a casket of souvenirs, a book of autographs, or folios of pictures. These little mementos and keepsakes form bright spots in the lives of many.

There is another way that people delight themselves in gathering souvenirs, and probably it is much better than the methods spoken of above. Instead of admiring the river, the mountain or the city, or the event that happened at these places, the second souvenir collector remembers an illustrious character who has committed some deed of kindness or spoken some gem of truth and beauty, which has never faded from memory's wall. Some of the grandest characters in the world have been built up by quotations from the best authors, deeds from the noblest lives, and the hearts of the greatest men.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

We wish to call the attention of every reader of the Inglenook to the first installment of the series entitled "The Old Doyle House," beginning with this issue. If you have not read it please do so at once. After you have carefully read it hand it to your neighbor or friend who is not a subscriber, calling special attention to this article, and you may be the means of gaining a regular subscriber. Our list continues to grow nicely and we want every reader to aid us in getting those interested who are unacquainted with its merits. If the Inglenook is a good paper for you to read, it is your duty to help place it in the homes of others. Now is your chance.

Trust not too much to an enchanting face.—*Virgil.*

Current Happenings

At Muskogee, Indian Territory, is a white man by the name of Eck Brooks who holds claim to an Indian tract of land said to aggregate $10,000,000. Mr. Brooks' wife was of Indian descent. She and his only child having died, he claims their landed section, but the Indian law prohibits the alienation of land to whites. The decision, however, by Judge Raymond in the Federal Court holds that Brooks is the rightful heir to the land owned by his wife and child.

An earthquake of unusual violence was reported in the province of Calabria, Italy, last week, causing many buildings to collapse and burying one hundred persons in the ruins.

It is reported that the Hamburg-American Steamship Company has secured the contract for taking home the Russian prisoners in Japan at the rate of $82.50 per head. The number of prisoners is estimated at 75,000; thus the contract would amount to about $6,187,500.

More than $15,000,000 of gold from the Alaskan and Klondike gold fields has been deposited in the Treasury at Washington, and it is estimated that the total will exceed $20,000,000. As soon as gold certificates are issued this gold will pass into circulation.

An expedition of Greenlanders reports the discovery of a new land, which they christened "Terra de France." It is in the neighborhood of Cape Bismarck, on the east coast of Greenland. It was also found that Cape Bismarck lies on an island and not on the mainland, as heretofore supposed.

The Buffalo and Susquehanna Coal and Coke Company, an auxiliary concern of the Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad Company, has bought 12,000 acres of coal and oil lands in the Plum Creek district of Pennsylvania.

During a furious storm, which swept over Lake Superior, recently, forty lives were lost and property valued at over $1,000,000 destroyed. Several vessels were destroyed.

The world's greatest searchlight, containing twice the power of the lights carried by the great battleships, is now in operation on the west summit of Pike's Peak. The light has a range of 280 miles, and is visible from the Kansas-Colorado State line, Denver, and the Cripple Creek gold fields.

It is reported that more than a thousand Presbyterian ministers preached sermons on the labor question the Sunday preceding Labor Day.

In Adrianople, Turkey, seven thousand buildings were consumed by fire, leaving several thousand people homeless.

The report of the American Hide and Leather Company shows net earnings of $900,279, a gain of $214,279 over the preceding year.

The Philippine government has discontinued the operation of its coast guard ships and turned the inter-island traffic of the government over to the commercial lines of steamers. This is returning to the method in vogue under Spanish rule.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has ordered sixteen thousand freight cars, to cost $16,000,000. With the exception of an order for 19,000 cars, placed by the same company in 1902, this is the largest order ever given at one time by a single railroad.

Robert J. Collier, of *Collier's Weekly,* has lately purchased the Abraham Lincoln birthplace, near Hodgensville, Ky., for $3,600.

A cantilever bridge is now formally opened over the Zambezi river in British Central Africa, four hundred twenty feet above the river at low water, and crosses the gorge over Victoria Falls.

Twenty Mexican laborers were killed by a dynamite explosion at Manzanillo, Mexico.

The six days' battle between the Tartars and Armenians resulted in the massacre of 1,500 Armenians, and several thousand were wounded, almost exclusively Tartars, Puritans and Armenians. This took place near Baku, a city on the west coast of the Caspian Sea. The great oil industry of the Caspian port is almost entirely ruined, and the loss will run up into the millions. The Tartars intend laying a regular siege against Baku and Shusha. They have already pitilessly massacred the inhabitants in many of the villages and unless sufficient troops are available, promptly to suppress the rising, the whole of that part of the country will be devastated and the entire population massacred.

THE Japanese, who have been loyal friends of the Americans since the visit of Grant to that country, are now losing confidence in the Americans. The Americans seemed to be all right so long as everything went favorably to Japan, but when justice seemingly demanded a settlement that did not please Japan, they lost friendship with Americans. They are not at all pleased with the treaty of peace. Mr. E. H. Harriman, who is visiting in Tokio, was prevented from dining with the minister of finance on account of the violence of the mob. The rioting has continued four days; four persons have been killed, fourteen will die and five hundred have been hurt. Ten Christian churches and one mission school have been destroyed; fifteen police stations were burned and the official residence of the whole ministry partly destroyed. Marquis Ito has been stoned in the street; troops patrol every street; every government building is guarded; street traffic is suspended; soldiers are protecting foreign embassies. Other places besides Tokio are suffering from riot. Chiba, a town of twenty thousand, twenty miles from the capital, is the scene of carnage. The publication of some of the newspapers of Tokio has been discontinued.

FOR almost half a century plans for changing the Presidential inauguration day have been talked of and agitated, and are now making substantial headway. Forty-one governors have willingly consented to serve on the committee, which Commissioner MacFarland has organized, to induce Congress to draw up and submit to the States the constitutional amendment which it is necessary to adopt before the change can be made. The new date, of which most are in favor, is April 30. This was the date of Washington's first inauguration in New York City. The main reason for a change is to avoid, if possible, exposure to the inclement weather of March, which is claimed to produce "a harvest of death and disease" after every inaugural day in the past. Resolutions have been presented, and passed the Senate twice, but were turned down in the House. This time it is hoped that a resolution will pass unanimously.

CHOLERA is somewhat prevalent in Germany. Eight persons have recently died of the plague in Prussia and West Prussia, sixteen new cases were reported and others are suspicious. Sanitary measures have been planned.

CHICAGO and New York are to be connected by trolley, also Chicago and Cincinnati, is the prediction, as a result of an organization, headed by William S. Reed, which has purchased the Chicago Electric Traction Company and will organize two others to fill in the gaps which now bar a continuous ride.

THE Tartars have raised the green flag and have proclaimed holy war in Caucasia. Massacre of Christian Armenians has been renewed on every side and neither age nor sex is being spared.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is greatly pleased with the submarine torpedo boat and the probabilities are that many more will be built for the use of the American navy. His recent trip in the submarine boat has suggested to a Toledo balloonist the idea of inviting the president to take a trip in an airship.

IN several districts in North Carolina, Internal Revenue Commissioner, Yerkes, has unearthed extensive frauds. The fraud is chargeable to the distillers and the storekeepers and gaugers. Two distillers have been fined $50,000 each for whiskey distilled and disposed of beyond the quantity on which the government received taxes. We wonder how many other localities could be proved guilty of the same offense.

AN elevated train in New York City met with an accident, killing fourteen and injuring several, on last Monday.

ADMIRAL TOGO's flagship was destroyed by explosion caused by a fire, in the harbor at Sasebo. It is reported that more than five hundred lives were lost.

AN overflow of worn-out and germ-permeated currency is being turned into the treasury for redemption at such a rate that the government's facilities to supply the demand are being taxed to their utmost capacity. The bureau of engraving and printing has just about reached the limit, and an increased force and new machinery must be provided for soon. The business of our country demands a certain amount of currency. The national banks are increasing their circulation at a remarkable rate. Recently there has been an increase of over $7,000,000, and in the last year an increase of $59,000,000.

A NEW railway into Germany, *via* Louvan, St. Trond and Argenteau is under contemplation, and the Belgian administration has asked the congress to appropriate $10,615,000. The new line will help to meet the close competition of the Dutch railways. Every effort will be put forth to make travel as comfortable as possible and to increase speed as far as is consistent with safety. It is hoped that the speed will reach 120 miles an hour. There will be no grade crossings, the grades will be light, and the radius of every curve will be at least 2,000 yards. The projected road will connect central Germany with Antwerp, the port of entry into Belgium.

HOME DEPARTMENT

THE MEN OF THE OVERALLS.

How often we've been told
That the men with the gold
  Are the people to whom we should bow,
And that we should not shirk,
But continue to work,
  Earning bread by the sweat of our brow.

That we should not find fault
Though potatoes and salt
  Be the portion to labor that falls:
That our duty is plain,
We should never complain,
  We men of the overalls.

In that grand rushing train
Or that ship on the main,
  There are thousands of people each day
Who never give thought
To the hands that have brought
  Them in safety and ease all the way.

But if those who are bold
Will go down to the hold
  Where the engine crank rises and falls,
They will see, with strong arms,
Whom no danger alarms,
  The men of the overalls.

At the head of the train,
Bearing all of the strain,
  With clear eye and firm, steady hand,
Grimed with grease and with dust,
Are the men people trust
  To carry them safe through the land.

Through the darkness and storm
They may sit safe and warm,
  And no feeling of danger appalls,
Knowing well they are true
And will carry them through,
  The men of the overalls.

The man with the hoe
May seem awkward and slow
  As he stands looking down at the earth,
But the fruit of his toil
In that rich, fertile soil
  Is the basis of all we are worth.

And, in factory or shop,
You may see if you stop,
  The men who respond to the calls
Should our flag be assailed,
And they've never yet failed,
  The men of the overalls.

Thus in peace or in strife,
As we journey through life
  You will find every man in his place,
On the great scroll of fame
Is inscribed Labor's name,
  Which no tyrant shall ever efface.

All the honor they ask,
As they finish each task
  Where duty or destiny calls,
Is an honorable share
Of the wealth they prepare,
  The men of the overalls.

I oft think, as I'm told,
That sweet story of old
  When Jesus was here among men,
'Twas not those with the gold
Who were called to the fold,
  (There have been some sad changes since then.)

But we still hear that voice
And he bids us rejoice,
  As to sad, weary toilers he calls,
"I suffered for thee,
Oh come unto me,
  Ye men of the overalls."

One more thought and I'm done;
By and by, when the sun
  In the heavens no longer shall shine,
And the Master shall come,
Saying, "Children, come home,
  Rich or poor, all who love me are mine,"

When we stand in that land
'Mid the heavenly band,
  Where to judgment the Great Ruler calls,
We shall see, robed in white,
At the Great Judge's right,
  The men of the overalls.

—E. L. Ide, in "National Engineer."

ECONOMY AND HOME LIFE.

ETHA A. EVANS.

Do you ever stop to think of the many, many ways we can practice economy? Take our own home-life for instance. As we go about our work in the house we can be economical with our strength, because we must be saving with it if we want to live a long and happy life. It is a good plan to have a high stool provided in the kitchen so that when we wash the dishes or pare potatoes, etc., we may sit down to the work, thus making it a pleasure and not a drag, as we might say. Do not think it looks lazy. Perhaps it does, but we are not living for looks, you know, but are living to make as many people happy as we can and to do all the good that it is in our power to do. Then how can we be pleasant if we are all tired out when the family comes in?

It is such a treat for the *paterfamilias* to come home and find a pleasant little woman awaiting his

arrival, looking her sweetest in a clean frock. What matters it to him if the house isn't in apple-pie order?

But the conjugal bliss could hardly be called complete if he arrives home and finds everything shipshape, every chair at a certain angle, etc., but finds a tired, cross and fault-finding helpmeet on his threshold. He simply can't enjoy himself at home and he will get into the habit of coming home late and forgetting to bestow the many little caresses on his wife that he used to, "when we were first married." As a result she becomes one of those martyrs we so often meet, who declare that matrimony is a rank failure.

It is a good plan for the housewife to mind the following simple rules if she wishes to keep herself attractive in her husband's eyes: Do not try to do the husband's work and your own. At first he may appreciate your help, but it soon grows old and he will simply expect more of you than can be done. Keep a neat, attractive table and do not attempt to serve the meals with a frowsy head, but take time to comb and don a clean frock, if it is old, and look your neatest. Be bright and attractive and make your husband think that you are the most entertaining woman he ever met.

Do not acquire the habit of vulgar talk, but instead, be ladylike and refined. Any man soon becomes more or less disgusted with a vulgar woman and he loses respect for her. Take time to read the papers and keep abreast of the times.

It isn't a good plan for a man or woman to try to do too much. To-morrow is another day, you know, and life is short, so don't try to crowd all your work into one day. Enjoy the present. Help others enjoy it. We are not sure of the future. Keep the mind young as possible and don't think about growing old. One's imagination sometimes hastens old age, so beware of that way of thinking. Then learn to economize with your temper. A little goes a long ways.

Buford, N. Dak.

A COLLECTION OF THOUGHTS ON ENVY.

GRACE LONGANECKER.

THE originator of envy is Satan.

"Envy is sharper than a serpent's tooth."

"Goodness does not always keep a man from trouble."

"He that is good is envied; he that is evil is envious."

"The best fruit trees are the most pelted with stones."

"Envy seeks to elevate itself, at the degradation of others."

They which do envying shall not inherit the kingdom of God.—*Bible.*

Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.—*Bible.*

If Christianity has not cut off the claws, we incline to scratch somebody.—*Haines.*

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow;
Thou shalt not escape calumny."

—Shakespeare.

"Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But like a shadow prove its substance true."

—Pope.

To know a person, envious, is to know he has not yet reached the point where he can comprehend the baseness of it.

An envious person is often like a mosquito,—he would like to do you mischief and occasionally does give you a stab.

"That thou art blamed, shalt not be thy defect;
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
So thou be good, slander doth yet approve
Thy worth the greater."

—Shakespeare.

Hartville, Ohio.

IF there is a stone, or stump, or other unsightly object in the yard, plant some morning glories, cypress vines, canary flowers and balloon vines (love puffs) around it. You'll be glad it was there before the summer is over.

Do the same way with the mind. If dark, ugly thoughts persist in obtruding themselves, plant flowers around them and they will disappear.

A FALLING drop will at last cave a stone.—*Lucretius.*

OUR ENEMY'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

"The Liquor Trade has to Acknowledge the Power of the Anti-Saloon League. It Engages the Brainiest Preachers, the Brainiest Lawyers and the Brainiest Politicians in the Country. As a Prohibitive Measure, it is doing more than all Other Temperance Forces combined."

—The Wholesalers' and Retailers' Review.
(Liquor Organ)

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

THE OUTLOOK OF THE BRETHREN CHURCH.

Scripture Reading, Jer. 1:6-19.
For Sunday, October 1, 1905.
(Missionary Number.)

I. Is it Possible to Hold Our Young Members and Use Them to God's Glory?

II. Why I do not Offer Myself to the Missionary Committee for Service at Home or Abroad.

III. My Ideal of a Missionary.

Text.—And they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee.—Jeremiah 1:19.

References.—Psa. 122:6; 128:5, 6; 118:22; 133:1; 134:1-3; Isa. 58:12; 62:1, 6, 7; 66:10; 49:14-17; 59:20; Jer. 3:14, 15; 12:10; Acts 20:28; 1 Cor. 3:9; Eph. 3:21, 22; Heb. 3:3, 6; 12:22, 23; Rev. 21:2; 22:16; 3 John 9; Col. 1:18; 1 Cor. 11:2; 7:17; Jer. 33:22.

Awake; put on thy Strength, O Zion.—Isa. 52:1.

"I love thy kingdom Lord,
The house of thine abode."

How many times our hearts are thrilled by the singing of the old hymn. It has inspired us in the big meetinghouses out in the country where hundreds of voices helped to swell the song, and in the small mission chapels of our cities where only a few voices pleaded their love for the church of God. It reminds us of our vow to be faithful until death. We pray the prayer of the psalmist, "Remember thy congregation, which thou hast purchased of old, thou hast founded Zion, and the poor of thy people shall trust in it." How can we "awake"? Too many of us are indifferent and care but little about the future of our church. If we study her past history and the biography of the noble men and women who organized and carried on the work when persecution and loss of money and property were the results of their loyalty, when even torture could not make them untrue to their faith, we will grow ashamed of our calm lethargy and rouse ourselves to great things in the strength of the Lord.

Our Church Antiquarian.

When I think of the old library of our brother Abraham H. Cassel at Harleysville, Pa., many memories of the dusty shelves closely packed with thousands of books come before me. I see again the little old table at one end of the room, and Brother Cassel, lingering almost reverently over the volumes piled upon it, showing me pages and pages of manuscript written by the Macks, the Saurs, the Neads and many other men who did what they could to perpetuate our church. I grew up with the idea that our church, by the work of Elder Christopher Saur, Peter Becker and others, had placed itself on record for all time to come in the schools and all educational work of Pennsylvania. To-day you can say but little about the early history of education in that State without referring to the work of our brethren. The old Cassel library is now in the possession of Brother Brumbaugh, who has given us the history of our church. We urge you all to read this book; it will stir you to do more for Christ and the church than you have been doing recently.

"Is it Possible to Hold our Young Members and Use them to God's Glory?"

Indeed we feel that this is not only possible, but the very thing which we must do in order to bring about and insure the prosperity of our future church. How can we hold them? By making our lives so rich and fruitful, by our faith in Christ, that they will want to share our joys; by proving to them that it is worth while to live for Christ, because God has made us a blessing even as he blessed Abraham. "From generation to generation" is the Old Testament way of putting it. Our church must continue from one generation to another, by transmitting these doctrines that we hold, and teaching the pure religion and undefiled that our fathers taught. We can hold them if our older members can come into a close personal sympathy with our young people. In too many cases this warm, loving sympathy was not given, and these young people were lost to the church. If our lives count richly for God, if we love our children and teach them our church doctrines and above everything else, the truths of the Bible, it will not be possible for them to leave the church, and they will build up a better church than our present organization.

Missions.

We were grieved that there were not volunteers for the mission field at our last Annual Conference. We know that some workers are studying and preparing themselves to go some day, but some should be ready now.

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift."

Topics for Discussion.

1. What can our Young Men do for the Church?
2. What can the Church do for our Young Men?
3. The Source of Missionary Aspiration. Pages 40

to 45 in "Introduction to Foreign Missions."

4. Training of a Missionary. Pages 47 to 55 in "Introduction to Foreign Missions."

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Missionary Heroes.

At our Missionary Reading Circle meetings many plans suggest themselves to our mind. We never attend one of these without thinking of ways and means to improve them. We think the programs given once a month in our Inglenook are a great help to the leaders and others who are taking part in these meetings. One plan that can be used to advantage almost anywhere is to review each evening the life of some well-known missionary. You can do this in addition to using our program in the Inglenook. The book in the course entitled "Effective Workers in Needy Fields" will make this possible; as the biographies of good men are there given. A missionary meeting should never be allowed to drag, and it will not if thorough preparation has been made. No speaker should be permitted to occupy more than his allotted time.

News From Our Own Missions.

Appoint some boys and girls to report each month the news from our mission points. Assign one boy India, another Switzerland and France, another Denmark and Sweden. Let one bright little girl take Chicago and our western missions and another Brooklyn and other stations in the east. Then urge all of them to read the *Messenger,* the *Missionary Visitor* and all our papers where our missionaries' notes and letters are found. Then let them get up and tell in their own words the news from our mission fields. Their reports should be very short; they should give only the facts. But it will encourage them to read our church papers, besides many of our members who are too busy to look carefully through these reports will come in closer touch with the work. It will brighten the meeting. Our books on missions deal largely with the work of other churches, in which we have no part. This part of the program will bring us in closer touch with the work.

Do You Know—

That there is one medical missionary to three millions in heathen lands?

That these suffering millions are made like yourself, by the same Father, and have nerves, so they can feel?

That in Siam, poor lunatics are buried alive; and in all China there is not one lunatic asylum?

That if Christians worked and prayed as did the apostles of Jesus Christ, the world could be told the gospel story before the passing of this generation?

Brother Alva Richards has done all he could for the cause at West Manchester, Ohio. He succeeded in starting a Circle and keeping it going in a country church; that often means faithful, anxious work. He says, "In this past year the members have all done more or less reading which has been of a devotional nature, most of them have read a number of books on missions. While we have not done as much as we should, yet I am glad to say we have not been idle. Some of the most earnest workers in our church are Circle members. May the Lord continue to help the Circle to fulfill its mission."

Increasing Interest.

It interests us to notice the work done by those who send us their fee and say, "I am all alone in this work, but I want to begin." Most generally we hear from them again. Sister Fannie Gearhart sent us her name last summer, we have heard from her since and again to-day she sends us two more names. The members who can hold out when they are lonely and tired, who keep reading and getting into the spirit of this work, are making this Circle a power in our church. How soon shall we number 3,000 names? Have you sent us any new names?

Finding Fault.

When we read the account of Nehemiah's brave efforts to rebuild the walls round about Jerusalem and restore the temple worship, we admire the ability with which the work was carried forward. But we are quite sure that it is not all told in the book of Nehemiah. We are sure that there were some Jews who pronounced the task impossible, and said that it was useless to even plan to accomplish all that. Others said that Nehemiah was young and inexperienced, and poor,—he could not carry on such an undertaking. Others said that the wall was not built as strong as it should be, and the workers were taking things too easy. We believe that there were some who wasted all their time in criticising these workers, because we have people to-day who do this. In your Circle work you have listened to long, wordy criticisms from some brother or sister who did not touch the work with one of their fingers. They criticise your meetings, your leaders, your singing, your members. They do not see what good it does to read books on missions, or to talk so much about our missionaries. As a rule a fault-finder is so busy criticising the work and the worker that he finds no time to do anything himself. Very often he is spiritually cold, and the life and light of Christians shining with the love of God hurt him. There is so much to be done; do not stop to find fault with those who are trying to do what they can.

"Do thy duty, that is best,
Leave unto the Lord the rest."

—Longfellow.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter XLVI.

Naples, Italy.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

In this letter I want to tell you about our visit to Mt. Vesuvius. Almost all of you who read this know that this mountain was no more than an ordinary mountain until about 200 B. C. when it made itself noteworthy by changing itself from an ordinary mountain to a volcano. Some cities at the base of the mountain were partly covered with ashes and lava, which caused no little concern among the people.

Nothing further, however, occurred to cause any great disturbance until 79 A. D. Of course there were occasional earthquake shocks and minor explosions, but in the year 79 the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were entirely destroyed. It seems that when the explosion occurred the wind was in the proper direction to throw the ashes and the lighter material in the direction of Pompeii, which was covered to the depth of twenty-six feet, i. e., twenty-six feet after it had settled. How deep the ashes were at that time no one knows. The heavier material, such as the molten lava and rocks, seems to have been thrown in the direction of Herculaneum. When this melted mass solidified the city was shut out from the world forever. But we will tell you more about that in the next letter.

We took the train from Naples to a little station, with an unpronounceable name, near by where Pompeii used to stand, and where the ruins are unto this day. The run from Naples was forty-five minutes. Here we took carriage. The ride was delightful and interesting, with the exception that the driver seemed cruel to the horses. He whipped them into a run up the steep hill. The ascent to the mountain is quite steep and grows steeper all the time. When about two and a half miles from the station, we were obliged to change our mode of conveyance. Here we were provided with a good horse. Each horse was governed by an Italian donkey boy. Instead of leading the horses, queer as it may seem to you, the boys would take a stick in one hand and the horse's tail in the other, and, with a "yeow" and a stroke with the stick, they would force the horses into a gallop. Occasionally the boy who was guiding Oscar's horse, in attempting to spur the horse on to greater speed, hit Oscar on the foot instead of the horse. Of course Oscar would very forcibly remind him of what he had done, whereupon the little "dago," in his broken English, would say, "Don't be 'fraid; I not hurt you; I drive horse much." Oscar would say, "Yes, but you did hit me!" only to hear the thing repeated again, "Oh, no, me not hit you. Me drive horse every day." It was laughable to everybody but Oscar. Finally we reached the point where the mountain became so steep that the horses could not climb further; not only steep, but we had really reached the top of the mountain, from whence we would have to begin to climb the ash-cone.

In the valley below and up the mountain thus far we had traveled through some fine orchards of tropical fruit, but we soon reached the vegetation line. The boys remained with the horses and rested. It is a little more than wonderful how they could endure a trip of not less than three miles at a full run up that mountain, holding to the horses' tails; but they did it, and did it well. When we dismounted, we found a number of men awaiting us. There were two for each of us; they were guides to help us up the ash-cone to the very rim of the crater. They were well supplied with straps and ropes. In each of my hands I held a strap while each of my guides took one of these straps in his hands, which he held behind him, and he slowly pulled me up the mountain. The others did the same. Finally, when tired of this method, they would one walk on either side of me and support me and partly lift me by the arms and push me up the mountain. When this method became too irksome they would make a sort of a basket seat by crossing their hands and I would sit upon their hands between them and was compelled to put my arms around their necks whether I wanted to or not. At first Miss Gertrude rebelled; she thought she had vim and sand enough to climb the mountain without help, but ere long she ceased making sport of the rest of us, and followed our example.

I believe now it would have been utterly impossible for us to have made the trip without help. We had paid our guide in the beginning for the trip, with a fair understanding that all expenses were to be paid, but in face of all these facts we had to pay ten lire (a lire is twenty cents) for a carriage, three lire for the train ride, three lire for each of our helpers, and two and a half lire government tax for privilege of going to the tip-top of the crater. Everywhere you go it is tip, tip, tip until we were thoroughly disgusted with this Oriental tipping.

Ultimately we reached the top, and indeed it was the very top. We actually stood on the very rim of the crater with our toes projecting over, while we held a strap in each hand which was held by the strong arms of these Italians behind us. We could, in this manner, lean forward and look down into the very "bowels of hell," as someone has chosen to name it. At least it seemed to us as if it were the bowels of the earth; and as we looked down into the fiery depths, I don't know how far, and the sulphur smoke and red-hot lava, steam, etc., it presented an awful spectacle that we shall never be able to erase from the tablets of our memory. The colors of the rainbow could be simply seen as the degrees of heat rise in temperature. All around the cone were little pores where the sulphur fumes are emitted constantly, and occasionally the crater itself throws out lava and fire. We secured some pieces of sulphur as large as my fist, which were yet so hot that we could not hold them in our hands at first. I am very thankful that the volcano did not belch while we were at the top; however, we did see it do so one day from the city of Naples.

We never realized our danger until we began to make the descent; but when we saw how possible it would be for a great lump of those ashes to slip off into the crater we began to feel rather shaky. Our downward road was like the way to hell, it was steep and swift; every step we sank into the ashes to our knees; and the way was so

(Continued on Page 912.)

The Q. & A. Department.

How can one determine the positive and negative side of a live wire, not tracing it to the station, or to the lamp, or motor, etc.?

The direction or flow of an electric current in a wire may be told by a compass needle placed so that the current flows along the needle, that is, lengthwise of the needle as the needle stands north and south. In this case the needle will be turned more or less across the wire by the magnetic action of the current. To determine the direction of the current, hold the open right hand over or under the conducting wire, but so that the wire is between the hand and the needle, so that the palm of the hand is toward the needle, and so that the thumb is extended in the direction in which the north or marked end of the needle is deflected; the fingers will point in the direction of the current.

Scientists claim to find the shape of the earth by the pendulum. This would all be very well if the density of the earth were the same in all of its parts, but as that is very improbable, it seems to me that the results of these measurements are also very improbable. Please explain.

The time of vibration of a pendulum depends upon the intensity of gravity in the place where it is hung and swung. The variation in density of the earth is not great and the mean density is known to sufficient accuracy. It is not probable that the results of pendulum measurements are greatly in error, or in error at all beyond the variations assigned as the limits of the determination. We have no better way to determine the form of the earth than by the pendulum, and measurements of meridians.

When is it "sunrise," when the disk of the sun is first seen above the horizon or when the entire disk is above the horizon? Will the same rule apply to the setting of the sun?

The times of sunrise as given in ordinary almanacs are the local mean times when the upper edge or limb of the true sun, as corrected for refraction, is in contact with the sensible horizon. This is Todd's definition as given in his "New Astronomy," a very valuable book which can be had for $2.

At what height in a heated room is the most stagnant air, consequently the most unhealthy and germ-bearing atmosphere?

No height can be given for the worst air in a room unless it be at the ceiling above. Currents quickly diffuse the bad air to all parts of a room.

If a cubic hole were dug in the center of the earth about 8x8x8 feet, and a man would be in the hole, how would he know whether his head were up or down, or he were lying down or standing upright?

If a man were in a hole at the center of the earth he would not know which direction was up or down; there would be no such thing as direction. This would be the case without reference to the size of the hole, even if it were thousands of miles across. If the earth were hollow, a body anywhere in the hollow would be equaly attracted in all directions and would lose the sensation of weight or gravitation. All directions would be the same to him. There is more theory than practice in all such questions.

What causes the wind to blow (hard or easy); also what causes it to change sometimes half a dozen times a day. apparently in the same temperature (hot or cold)?

It is to be understood that everything in nature has a cause. Wind is produced by the heat of the sun, and always blows from a place of higher barometric pressure to one of lower pressure. This place may be in the next field on a summer day, and it may be hundreds of miles away. The wind rarely travels in a straight line for any considerable distance, but swerves and changes its direction.

Where is the north magnetic pole now located?

The north magnetic pole was found by Ross in 1831 to be on Boothia Felix, near Hudson's Bay. This must be considered an approximate determination. It is not probable that the same point is the pole now, for it is probably not at rest, though little can be said definitely on the point, and nothing is known as to the rate of its motion. An expedition is now engaged in making a new survey to determine the north magnetic pole.

Was Virginia Dare born in Roanoke, Va.?

Virginia Dare was born on Roanoke Island, off the coast of North Carolina, instead of Roanoke, Va. At the time of her birth the wild animals roamed over what is now known as Roanoke, Va. Roanoke is just twenty-two years old and has a population of about 30,000, and is known as the Magic City of the South.

What is the relative speed of light and electricity?

Electricity travels in space with the speed of light. Indeed light is simply an electromagnetic disturbance of the ether of space. In wires and through matter electricity travels with other lower velocities.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.

(Continued from Page 910.)

steep we could hardly keep from falling heels over head. We soon reached the horses and finally reached the carriage, only to find our driver drunk and the train nearly due. Of course he made the horses run again to catch the train, which he barely did. At the depot we walked through a waiting room that was full of drunk boys and girls lying around on the floor. We actually stepped over them to get through; it certainly was a glimpse of the wickedness of the place. I'll tell you more next time.

Sincerely,

Marie.

(To be Continued.)

THE NEW MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY.

THE Solar Observatory of the Carnegie Institution is the newest and loftiest astronomical observatory in the United States. It is situated on the summit of Mount Wilson, in southern California, nearly 6,000 feet above the sea, which is thirty miles away, and is not far distant from the cities of Pasadena and Los Angeles.

The observatory has been established for the special purpose of studying the sun and the problems of stellar evolution. Its instruments will be employed in making daily computations of the volume of solar radiation, to determine whether changes are taking place in the amount of heat which the earth receives from the sun; while the stars and nebulæ will be constantly observed by the most highly developed instruments of modern times. Under the very favorable conditions existing at Mount Wilson, and by the aid of the new and wonderful instruments which modern astronomy is developing, it is expected that great advances will be made in our knowledge of the heavenly bodies.

The importance of the study of solar conditions has long been recognized by astronomers. The sun is the star nearest the earth, the next nearest of which we have knowledge being 300,000 times more distant. While great improvements have been made in the instruments adapted for solar study, the unfavorable conditions existing at all the older observatories have seriously interfered with the study of the sun, and only one of the twenty-two great refracting telescopes has been regularly employed in solar work.

After long and careful investigation of possible sites, it was found that almost ideal conditions existed at Mount Wilson. Its summit is covered with trees, thus preventing the radiation from the slopes of the mountain present at other elevated observatories; the prevailing atmosphere is clear and calm, and a cloudy or stormy day is a rarity. These considerations led the management of the Carnegie Institution to make a large grant of funds for the establishment of an observatory at Mount Wilson for the study of solar conditions, with adequate provision for its maintenance during at least ten years, the usual length of what is termed "a sun-spot period."—*From "The Solar Observatory on Mount Wilson," by Paul P. Foster, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for August.*

SEEING BY TELEPHONE.

A New Invention, the Telephotograph, Makes Faces Visible by Wire.

"How well you're looking this morning!" says the facetious man in telephone greeting to his friend a hundred miles away. Mr. J. B. Fowler, of Portland, Oregon, has taken the nub out of this joke by inventing an apparatus by which images displayed before a lens at one end of a telephone wire are projected upon a screen at the other end. Mr. Fowler invites his visitors to talk with his daughter. They place the telephone transmitter to the ear, apply the eye to the aperture in the telephone box, and see the young woman in miniature speaking 5,000 feet away. Mr. Fowler is preparing now to show a train in motion in his invention. He has no doubt of its commercial practicability, and declares that within a few years it will be in operation throughout the country. For some it may be a boon. For others it will be a curse. Who has not telephoned when he wanted to avoid a face-to-face interview? What will frisky husbands "detained at the office" say to a machine that shows to suspicious wives the chips that pass in the night? Mr. Fowler may not be a public benefactor after all.—*"With the Procession," Everybody's Magazine for August.*

IT is estimated that to collect one pound of honey from the clover 62,000,000 heads of clover must be deprived of nectar and 3,750,000 visits from the bees must be made.

THERE are some defeats more triumphant than victories.—*Montaigne.*

THE greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara.

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Do You Get HEADACHE?

Do you have headache nearly every time you go away from home, and have you pains between the shoulders, nervousness, heart trouble, female troubles, etc.? It no doubt comes from defective eyesight. To prove it, sit before the window and look at a cloud or any distant object, and in about five seconds, by the watch, your eyes will pain you so you must close them. If you are troubled in this way, write and get a question sheet and I will send you two weeks' treatment for only fifty cents, for a short time. Write to-day to

DR. J. L. MILLER,
Wayne Co., Smithville, Ohio.

(See Nook of Aug. 29, third cover page, for testimonials.)

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Is easily cured with the **CO-RO-NA.** I will mail it on 5 days trial **FREE.** If satisfactory send me $1, if not return it. **Box 10, E. J. Worst, Ashland, Ohio.**

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The superior Family Liver Pills. Very mild in their action and act as a Laxative, by taking one before retiring. In larger doses they are antibilious Pills and cure Biliousness, Liver and Stomach troubles. A favorite among the Ladies. If your dealer does not have Victor Liver Pills you can get them for twelve 2-cent stamps by addressing

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Write us at once and we will tell you how to get one absolutely FREE through answering this ad.

The president of our company carries one of these watches and highly recommends it.

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Strong People

OCCASIONALLY the world is startled by the advent of some man or woman who seems possessed of an almost supernatural physical strength. While such cases can but be classified within the lines of natural phenomena, there are, on the other hand, thousands of men and women whose strength is down below the average as a result of disease or an impoverished condition of the vital fluid—the blood. They need a mild yet active remedy, which will throw off the impurities in the system, stimulate the vital organs to natural activity, so that nature may again assert herself. Such a preparation is DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, the famous old root-herb remedy. It has been in constant use for over a century and has never failed to do good. Mr. Martin Hanna, the writer of one of the letters published below, in referring to the wonderful effect the BLOOD VITALIZER had on his wife says: "She now seems strong enough to do the work of two persons."

CAN DO THE WORK OF TWO.

Del Norte, Colo., Sept. 26.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—

It is now over two years since we first received your valuable medicine, the **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer.** Previous to that time, my wife had been consulting physicians without receiving any particular benefit. She suffered rom some severe stomach ailment, as well as indigestion, so that she could hardly partake of the daintiest kind of food. As a result she became much emaciated and weak, and was absolutely unable to attend to her lightest household duties. At the same time she had a severe pain across the small of her back, so that it was thought, at times, that her kidneys were affected. After she had commenced the use of the second bottle she began to improve. She used, altogether, six large bottles, and has, since that time, felt like a new being. She can eat with a relish any kind of food, looks well, and is so strong that I believe she can do the work of two persons. All of our neighbors who saw my wife when she was sick and who have seen her now, declare that that medicine accomplished wonders, and my wife and I know that it is a fact. Yours very truly,

Martin Hanna.

HOPED FOR DEATH.

Pittsfield, Mass., March 20, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—

For four long years I suffered with terrible pains all through my body, especially in my head and stomach. At times, I suffered so that I hoped for death to relieve me.

One day I saw an article in the paper about your **Blood Vitalizer** and the good it was doing. I decided to send for a trial box. I had hardly finished taking the medicine when I found I was cured completely. All of my friends are surprised at my getting well as they had given me but a short time to live. They comment on how strong and fat I have become—all this I owe to your **Blood Vitalizer.** I cannot find strong enough words to praise it. Several persons in my neighborhood have also used the **Blood Vitalizer** with the same good results. One thing I do know and that is that your **Blood Vitalizer** saved my life. I had been taken to the Pittsfield Hospital three times but they could do nothing for me.

Yours very truly,

Cesare Comer.

114 Cottage Row.

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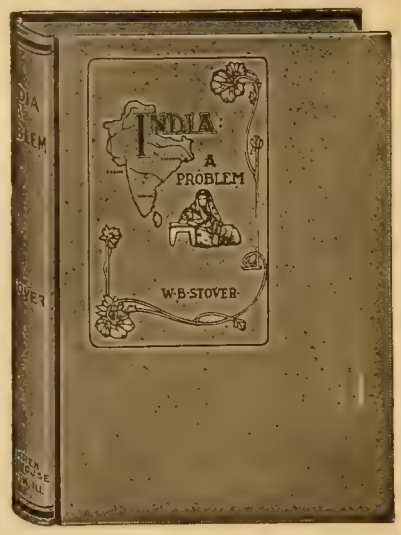
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In response to several calls for these envelopes we have again printed several thousand of them and have reduced the price from 15 cents per pack to 10 cents per pack.

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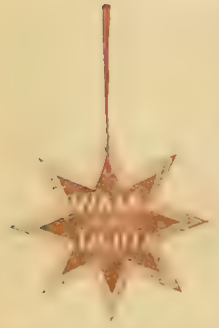
New Silver Blocked Intaglio

TEXT CARDS

Sprague, Sarah
January 1906

Num'ers 312, 285, 321 and 283 are especially suitable for Sunday School Rewards he other numbers on this page are exceedingly desirable for the home. They present a very cheerful appearance and give inspiration to higher and better things.

No. 312.—SILVER STARS.



Cut out in shape of a star with effective border in silver. Each card corded. 24 cards in box, assorted texts, 25 cents. Size, 2¼x2¼ inches. Texts:

"God is Light."
"Walk in the Light."
"Follow His Steps."
"Abide in Him."
"God is Love."
"He is Precious."

No. 321.—FLORAL VOICES.

Cut out in shape of a scroll, floral designs. Each card corded. 12 cards in box, assorted texts and designs, 25 cents. Size 3¾ x 2. Texts:



"I Love Them That Love Me."
"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."
"Love One Another, as I Have Loved You."
"We Love Him Because He First Loved Us."

No. 318.—LANDSCAPE GEMS.



An artistic series of text cards with fine landscape designs, embossed border. Each card corded. Price 5 cents each or 50 cents per dozen. Assorted texts and designs. Size 3¼ x 4. Texts:

"God Hath Reconciled Us To Himself."
"The Peace of God Shall Keep Your Hearts."
"Jesus: He Satisfieth the Longing Soul."
"I, The Lord Have Called Thee And Will Keep Thee."
"The Lord Will Hold Thy Right Hand."
"Do Those Things That Are Pleasing in His Sight."

No. 277.—FINLAND VIEWS.

A charming series of views from Finland on cut-out shield with effective silver border. Price, 10 cents each or $1.00 per dozen. Size, 6¼ x 8¼. Corded. Assorted texts and designs. Texts:



"Be Not Afraid, Only Believe."
"Hold Up My Goings In Thy Paths."
"Watch Ye, Stand Fast In The Faith."
"He Is Faithful That Promised."

No. 285.—FLOWERETS.



Cut out in shape of a shield with flora designs. Each card corded. Twenty-four cards in a box, assorted texts and designs 25 cents. Size, 2¼ x 2. Texts:

"Learn of Me."
"Able to Keep."
"God Our Strength."
"God is Love."
"Rest in the Lord."
"Come Unto Me."

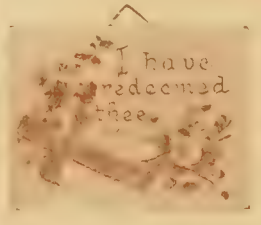
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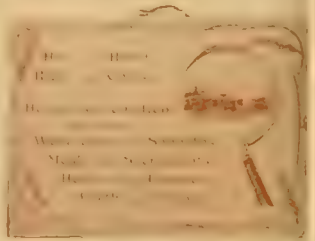


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Brethren Publishing House,
ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

Spidle, Sarah
January, 1906

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

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A Preacher Without a Congregation.

[From the Gospel Messenger, Aug. 12, 1905.]

We often read in the Messenger of "a little band of members without a minister" and "preacher wanted," but I believe the above caption is a little out of the ordinary. I investigated some of the places with a band of members, but as I am a practical farmer I chose to settle in the best place to help myself, rather than be helped (it was largely to escape this I left my old congregation in Missouri). I came here last fall and consoled myself with the thought that if my judgment was good and the country what I thought it, the Brethren would come and maybe I could do some missionary work. In the latter I have been somewhat disappointed, for though I have found the people good neighbors it seems almost impossible to get them started to come to meeting. I keep a little Sunday school going and preach every other Sunday anyway, but am very anxious to see some members come and occupy the land and also the "empty benches."

After living here nearly a year I feel my judgment was good and I am well satisfied. There are drawbacks in the way of an occasional streak of hail and mosquitoes (on the bottom), but I think the advantages more than offset them. There are opportunities for either extensive cattle raising on the hills or intensive sugar beet raising in the bottom; also farming on the tableland and dairying (with cheap pasture and alfalfa hay) along the foot of the hills. Fruit has been much neglected by most people here, but I know of several who have made good money with it. I will answer all questions I can, but say, Come and see. One brother has come and will likely locate. Write me in any event. I am hungry for fellowship with my own people. Tell me what you want to do and I can answer easier.

Louis Macey.

North Platte, Nebr.

* * *

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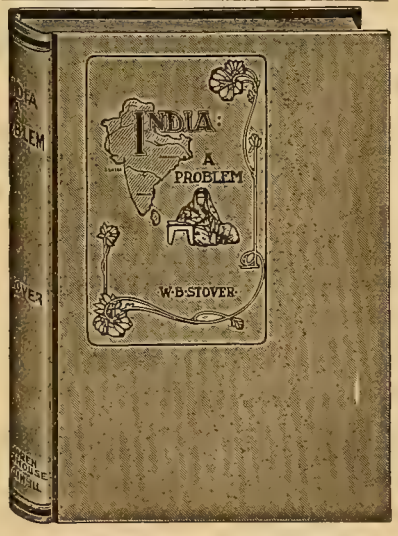
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BY

W. B. STOVER



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(See Nook of Aug. 29, third cover page, for testimonials.)

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Tickets will be sold daily to September 30th, with final limit of ninety days from date of sale, but not beyond November 30, 1905. Stop-overs will be allowed on the Oregon Short Line at any point going or returning within final limit of tickets, but on return journey tickets must be deposited with the agent at point of stop-over.

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Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. SEPTEMBER 26, 1905. NO. 39.

MY SON.

ROBERT ERICSEN.

Aye, to thy better self be true.
Do what thou thinkest thou shouldst do;
What thou believest is not right
Put thou forever from thy sight.

But if a time shouldst come to thee
That thou a better way shouldst see,
Cling not to error, cast aside
The wrong,—let self be crucified.

Revere the flag,—thy Highland blood,
Mixed with the fiery Celtic flood,
Wouldst be disgraced, if thou shouldst be
False to the banner of the free.

Wherever fate thy lot shall cast,
Be that thy home while life shall last;
Be to that nation's flag as true
As to the old Red, White and Blue.

Chafe not if God thy bounds confine.
Do well the task he says is thine;
Give ready heed to his commands
And leave the future in his hands.

Illinois.

SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

Sleep to-day and fast to-morrow.

Wisdom is wise, only in working.

Rare opportunities await rare men.

Time favors those most who use it best.

Patience remains whole, whatever is subtracted from it.

Ordinary means is the opportunity of extraordinary men.

In a good cause have enough enthusiasm to be contagious.

Anger proves its own folly by stinging itself into a frenzy.

Impossibility is quite possible, but many failures haven't experienced it.

They who go far to meet Opportunity gain strength to embrace her.

Homemade opportunity is handy when other opportunity is lacking.

Character will not lean toward approval, but stands erect to reach respect.

A strained argument is easily broken, and falling, jars the cause it would support.

Perseverance measures off attainment by the hour, if she doesn't count it till she completes the pattern.

Poverty will take spirit from you if you permit her; if not she will even give it to you.

If the heart is open it is an easy matter to get the eye open, and if the heart and eye are open, the hand will open voluntarily.

Some people's idea of liberty is absence of all restraint, but they would run for dear life if, thus, everything were turned loose in their dooryards.

It is the law of order which makes freedom: instance the clear courses of stars innumerable, which, were they not subject to this law, would be ground to atoms by their supposed freedom.

Oh the flowers seek the sunshine and are smiling all abloom!
And they make the whole world brighter for it too;
And shall we seek but the shadows and each ray of hope entomb—
Casting on the troubled waters only rue?

Flora, Ind.



The Old Doyle House

By PROF. G. W. FURREY



WITHOUT once coming to the surface, Frank was drawn down by the irresistible weight of the water into the forebay, but in spite of the confusion of sounds that were ringing in his ears, he did not lose his head. As he realized that soon he would feel the murderous blows of the waterwheel, his soul for an instant cried out in despair. The panoramic view of his strange past was before him, set on the background of his unrealized hopes, passing away as a mirage in phantom mockery. "O God, is this the end? All lost!"

There is an undercurrent in the lives of men that is never taken into account in the best laid plans and purposes, but which, nevertheless, determines the real issue of our every act. Some call it chance, some Providence; others, subrational or superrational striving imminent in all nature, for a universal correspondence of everything that is in the process of becoming, with everything that already is, called by whatever name it receives the highest veneration of the contemplating soul.

As the young man's hands clutched desperately at nothing, guided by this power, which we will call Providence, they laid hold of a beam that was connected to the lever by which the gate that turned the water on and off was raised and lowered. He held fast with a strength greater than that "born of despair." The gate descended. The water flowed away. The wheel ceased to turn. They were saved.

It took some seconds before the truth of their miraculous escape had fully dawned in the young man's quick brain.

The waterwheel was of the oldest style of the undershot type, and Frank found that they were imprisoned in the short flume that led from the gate to the wheelhouse. How to get out was the next question. He knew that if the gate were raised the water would sweep them into the wheel from which there would be no salvation. He exerted his strength on the top of the flume which he was surprised and delighted to find yielded so readily, and it was only the work of a few minutes to lift the lifeless form of the little girl out onto the platform that surrounded the wheel.

He noticed the calm, composed features. Indeed a smile seemed to be lurking in the parted lips. What! blood was slowly oozing from beneath the matted hair that only partially hid a frightful gash in the white forehead. He felt his brain grow dizzy and not without an effort to compose himself did he feel his strength leaving him just as the water with a mad rush filled the flume and carried his helpless body into the open mouth of the great wheel.

Charles, who had thoughtlessly or maliciously turned on the water as he hurried below came in view just in time to see the body of his hated rival strike the madly turbulent waters below. Seeing he never came to the surface he hastened to the side of the unfortunate Maud.

How profusely this short-sighted world metes out unmerited rewards and undeserved reproofs; and again how niggardly does she distribute hard-earned praise! We will always reserve our roses for the biers of our truest friends. The great wheels of social progress carry us ever on. And if they carry with them a fellow worm in advance of ourselves, we are ready to shout hallelujahs and sing his praise for directing a force that is really carrying him whither he knows not. "The world's great men owe to society the double debt of their making and their recognition."

From the moment that Charles was seen carrying the dripping body of Maud out on the mill platform, he became a hero in the eyes of the villagers while the real hero was being carried away by the demon of the river.

Praise and hero worship is sweet to all, why not to Charles? And no less gratifying are the words of unmerited praise to the ear attuned to catch them, than they are harsh and annoying to the heart that loves the heroism of noble deeds and not the praise of men. Charles, intoxicated by the expressions of gratitude of the grief-stricken parents at first had not the sense of honor to undeceive them.

Only Fred declared that he had seen the stranger, of the experiences of the day before, jump into the water to save his sister, only to sink himself. Some neighbors stated that they, too, had seen a stranger enter the mill only a short while before. Where was he? What did he want?

"Perhaps he was interested in the money drawer," suggested one.

"I'll go and see," said Charles with alacrity, a sudden flush spreading over his face, and after a few minutes he returned to announce that the safe had been robbed of $500.

Chapter IV.

The blinds were drawn to the little dim windows of the law office of the famous Coe and Cobble and if one had tried the door he would have found it bolted. But from those acquainted with the customs of the place, the circumstances would have elicited no comments.

When Coe and Cobble included themselves to the

exclusion of both light and clients, as on this bright spring day, the neighbors said simply. "Something's in the wind. Coe and Cobble have got their heads together. Somebody is going to hear from them."

It will be worth our while to enter through the bolted door and get better acquainted with this legal combination, this union of strength and shrewdness.

The strikingly peculiar-looking man, who does not rise from his office chair to meet us as we enter or bid us welcome by so much as a nod of his illy-defined head, is Coe, the senior member of the firm. He might be accurately described as being about five feet in height; weight anywhere between 200 and 300 pounds, with a large neck supporting a voluminous head adorned by shaggy grey whiskers, the top being bald, giving the impression that in some way this necessary appendage had been applied upside down, and that it would contribute immeasurably to his personal appearance if he would have an operation performed by which this addition to his anatomy could be properly inverted. It is altogether exact to speak of this feature as an "addition," for it certainly gives one the impression of an afterthought, as not included in the original plans. In fact, he would appear to be as incomplete without as with it. Were it not for the ring of hair made by his whiskers and a thin fringe on the side opposite, it would be a difficult matter to decide just where the abdomen ends and the head begins, for other than this there appears nothing.

But when he rises to his feet, which is seldom, then only does he appear in the fullness of his grandeur; no more do you think of his height or weight, but you find yourself trying to estimate the length of his polar and equatorial diameter, what is the period of his rotation on his axis, and whether he has any satellites and if so are they inhabited.

In fact, if the ancient astronomers and navigators could have seen him as he stands before us, reasoning by analogy, they would never more have doubted the rotundity of the earth.

But despite his peculiar proportions, Mr. Coe's contribution to the firm is brains. He is the head that furnishes the plots and plans that have put the law firm of Coe and Cobble at the very forefront of power and influence. No matter whether he keeps his brains in his head or his abdomen, as his enemies maintain, brains he has.

His partner, Mr. Cobble, is his exact antithesis. Tall and angular, he seems to impart this property to everything he touches. In his presence, you would be ready to speak of the "four corners of the earth," yea, any number of them, as for that. Had Columbus known Mr. Cobble he would never have discovered America. His is the will and energy that executes the plans of his partner. These men are strong in opposite virtues, so that they fit together like the blades of a pair of scissors, or the upper and nether stones of a mill. They work together with never a clash and thus grind out the knottiest points of law or thrash the most stubborn opponent into submission.

But Coe and Cobble are in secret session. "What success?" asked the former without moving a muscle of his face, the words seeming to come as much from his feet as from his head.

Cobble, who had been walking the floor and storming furiously, without relaxing in the least his frantic facial contortions and mad gesticulations, answered with a puff, "Good! Bad! Got train of lost heir—followed it up—learned whole history—great expense—learned true name—heard of the Old Doyle House—came to investigate—has proof of name and claims—fool jumped in river to rescue girl—drowned—all lost—six months more clear titles—where's fee?"

As for Coe, who had been eagerly though passively imbibing these broken scraps of information and arranging them in their proper sequence so as to place the case before his mental vision in its true light while guarding the avenues of possible error, showed not even by the slightest change of his expressionless countenance or by the moving of a single muscle that he had heard a word that his companion had uttered. Nor did he evince the slightest discomposure from the pandemoniac behavior of the vociferous Cobble.

For some minutes he sat there in abject silence. His companion watched his face as if it had been that of a sphinx. Nothing. Then with an effort to supply possible missing links, he continued: "Ha!—young rascal—likes being hero—he rescue girl?—bosh! foul play—five hundred dollars—Charles Brown—family unknown."

The top of the sphinx's head, showing more expression than his face, began to shine, and as the silence continued the shine passed into a glow.

Cobble waited eagerly expectant for the revelation that he knew would be forthcoming. He spoke:

"It is quite evident you found the true heir to the Doyle property, only to lose him again. Shall your long quest be unrewarded? No. The young man was able to rescue the girl, but not to save himself. Young Brown, whose family is unknown, who is so willing to receive the praise due another, will not be unwilling to accept the name of another that carries with it so handsome a settlement."

The idea shot the impetuous Cobble fairly up in the air.

"Only the evidence of the young man's identity will be found when his body is recovered," said the senior member in a tone of self-accusation for having spoken before his plans were ripe.

"No, never!" gloated the other. "Have 'em here," producing a bundle of letters and papers. "The fool barely took time to throw off his coat before plunging

into the water. The other did not see it—I did—plenty of time to get the documents and make escape from place of hiding—everybody excited—mad."

It was done. The diabolical scheme was made to dispossess the present holders of the old Doyle estate that had been unclaimed for nearly sixty years and for which the statutes of Indiana would, in six months more, have given titles for continued and unquestioned occupancy for a period of sixty years.

The doors were opened, the curtains raised, and clients and attorneys once more were admitted to the presence and council of the shrewdest law firm of Carroll county. But no one suspected that in the brief hour in which the place seemed dead, forces were alive that were to strain the social fabric of the county.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CITY INHABITED BY THE INSANE.

Not far from Antwerp, but in Belgium, is the little town of Gheel. The town of Gheel has an occupation that sets it apart from other towns. Its population give themselves up almost exclusively to harboring the insane. It does not manufacture the product for home consumption. It imports. An English correspondent, discovering the place, has put himself to the pains of thus describing for us this very odd place.

Gheel, he says, is literally a town of lunatics, a town where lunatics dwell in peace with each other, stroll about the streets, take their noonday refreshment at the cafes and go about their daily routine with perhaps more common sense than a great many worthy citizens who bear the reputation of being healthy in mind as well as body. The township shelters about 1,500 lunatics, who are taken as lodgers by the townsfolk, though all dangerous cases are passed on to outlying villages or confined to the asylum, Gheel harboring only the harmless.

The treatment of the patients is but a moral one, cures being due to the kindness and tact of the townsfolk. The fees for taking in the "innocents," as they are called, vary from $60 to $600 per annum, according to the degree of luxury in which the patient is kept. No matter how much he pays, however, he is the spoiled one of the family, for the people of Gheel understand the management of insane people better than any other known community or institution.

This is due to hundreds of years of experience, handed down from father to son. The patient is really the guest of the house. He is given an arm chair and the best seat at table, and enjoys the most attention, so that he grows to value the esteem in which he is held to such an extent that he will make the greatest efforts to master his disease lest he should forfeit his privileges. The children of Gheel seem wiser than others from their contact with their elders in years, though their equal in brains. Dozens of children may be seen walking about hand-in-hand with great, robust men, to whom they chatter in the most familiar manner. In fact, the boarder-patient is often told off to take care of the baby of the household, and in most cases he makes an excellent nurse.

At the Gheel inns the landlords show the greatest politeness and consideration toward the "innocents," humoring all their fancies, and often appearing to carry out the realization of some of their wild fancies. The spectacle is a curious one, and a visit to Gheel as strange as Alice's visit to Wonderland.

While it has its amusing sides, there is the pitiful as well, and the tenderness, tact and good will shown to the simple-minded folk—the entire absence of all restraint—would astonish our own latest and most up-to-date asylum managements.

Mind specialists are visiting Gheel now from all over the world, and patients are there from as far away as New York. Many come from Germany, France and Holland, and all doctors who have visited the institution are deeply impressed by the efficacy of the treatment which is one of mere kindness and tact. Many cures are pronounced, and during treatment all the patients appear perfectly contented. I have talked with many who express the greatest affection for their hosts, and sing nothing but praise of the town in which they live. There is in the town a well-appointed asylum for dangerous cases, under the supervision of state doctors, who also regularly visit every boarder taken in the town by the duly licensed keepers.

QUESTIONS FOR THE NEXT HAGUE CONFERENCE.

In a paper read by Prof. T. E. Holland before the British Academy on neutral duties in a maritime war (and published in the *Fortnightly Review)* we are reminded of one of the wishes recorded in the last hours of The Hague Peace Conference. "The conference desires that the question of the rights and the duties of neutrals may be entered on the programme of a conference to be called at an early date." On the programme of that conference Professor Holland would inscribe the following questions: 1. Are subsidized liners within the prohibition of the sale to a belligerent by a neutral government of ships of war? 2. Is a neutral government bound to interfere with the use of its territory for the maintenance of belligerent communications by wireless telegraphy? 3. To prevent the exit of even partially equipped warships? 4. To prevent, with more care than has hitherto been customary, the exportation of supplies, especially of coal, to belligerent fleets at sea? 5. By what specific precautions must a neutral prevent abuse of the "asylum" afforded by its ports to belligerent ships

of war?—with especial reference to the bringing in of prizes, duration of stay, consequences of over-prolonged stay, the simultaneous presence of vessels of mutually hostile nationalities, repairs and approvisionment during stay, and, in particular, renewal of stocks of coal. How is this duty to be construed with reference to: 6. Interruption of safe navigation over territorial waters and the high seas, respectively? 7. The distance from the scene of operations at which the right of visit may be properly exercised? 8. The protection from the exercise of this right afforded by the presence of neutral convoy? 9. The time and place at which so-called "volunteer" fleets and subsidized liners may exchange the mercantile for a naval character: 10. Immunity for mail ships, or their mail bags? 11. The requirement of actual warning to blockade-runners, and the application to blockade of the doctrine of "continuous voyages"? 12. The distinction between "absolute" and "conditional" contraband, with especial reference to food and coal? 13. The doctrine of "continuous voyages" with reference to contraband? 14. The cases, if any, in which a neutral prize may lawfully be sunk at sea, instead of being brought in for adjudication? 15. The due constitution of prize courts? 16. The legitimacy of a rule condemning the ship herself when more than a certain proportion of her cargo is of a contraband character?

THE TRADE AND INDUSTRY OF MOROCCO.

With a coast line, washed by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, of nearly 1,300 miles, and a total area nearly double that of Great Britain and Ireland combined, the empire of Morocco possesses a soil which for the variety of its products is, perhaps, without a rival. On the great plains and undulating champaigns of Shawai, Abda and Dukala you may travel for days through unhedged fields of wheat, barley, beans and maize. Hemp and coriander seed, tobacco, and nearly all the fruits and flowers of the Mediterranean littoral flourish in profusion. From the Atlas spurs and the province of Soos, one port alone has shipped a million dollars' worth of almonds in a year. The same port, Mogador, sends annually half a million dollars' worth of Morocco leather, in the shape of goatskins, to London and Hamburg, the bulk of which is transshiped to the United States of America. In a year of normal fertility, this same port furnishes half a million dollars' worth of olive oil, a total which a really "good" year doubles and trebles. In the same list of exports we find precious gums of the Sudan to the value of $500,000, the resin of the *arar* tree, sandarac—grown nowhere else but in Morocco—eggs (mainly for London), ostrich feathers, *argan* oil, garbanzos, and a host of minor items, all of which point to a productive power far exceeding that of any of the countries on the southern shore of the Mediterranean sea.

Yet the total trade of Morocco, approaching $20,000,000 annually, gives no idea of what it will be under other conditions. The Moorish agriculturist guides a plow which might have been used in the days of Abraham. Machinery, outside the treaty ports, is absolutely unknown. The unmuzzled bullock is still the only means of thrashing the corn. Anything like state or other encouragement to plant trees and breed fine cattle is undreamed of. "Why don't you imitate your fathers, and lay out a new orchard?" I asked a farmer friend, in my days of ignorance. Pitying which, he remarked gently, "And have my taxes doubled?" Add to these obstacles the total absence of canals, of roads fit for wheeled traffic, or rivers navigable (though to make them so would be a simple task), and of any general system of irrigation. We see the amazing spectacle of a government taxing its own exports, twenty dollars per ton on oil, nearly two dollars per quarter on maize and beans, and treating most of the other kindly fruits of the earth in like fashion. But we do not see the working of the iniquitous taxes placed on these same goods on their road from the grower to the seaport, taxes levied at every few miles of the route on the pretense of "protecting" the caravan. The marvel is, not that Morocco to-day exports so little, compared with its boundless capacity, but that it gives us so much.—*From "Morocco and the French Intervention," by R. L. N. Johnston, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for June.*

The eleventh International Sunday School Convention held at Toronto closed its sessions on the 27th of June, after having pledged itself to contribute $25,000 a year for three years to the organized work of Sunday schools. The sessions were largely attended, both the immense Massey Hall and the great Metropolitan being several times crowded, and practically all the evangelical denominations were represented. W. N. Hartshorn, of Boston, Mass., was reëlected chairman, and the next meeting will be held at Louisville, Ky.

It seems as if the human mind were to go on forever learning new truths which only lead to new mysteries. Perhaps the mysteries are the hand of the Infinite beckoning his children onward toward himself.—*A. W. Gould.*

A desire to resist oppression is planted in the nature of man.—*Tacitus.*

All great men are in some degree inspired.—*Cicero.*

OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO THE CHRISTIAN WORKERS' SOCIETY.

A. BLANCHE LENTZ.

THE poet, the philosopher and the scientist have, each in his field, endeavored to impress us with the close relation existing between all parts of creation, in the material realm as well as the spiritual. The poet expresses this relation in these words:

"Like warp and woof all destiny is woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys of an organ vast.
Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run."

This universal relationship is the basis of that potent force we call influence. Of this force the philosopher has said, "Every man is the center of perpetual radiation like a luminous body; he is, as it were, a beacon which entices a ship upon the rocks if it does not guide it into port. Every man is a priest, even involuntarily; his conduct is an unspoken sermon, which is forever preaching to others." Again the philosopher says, "No idle word thou speakest but is as a seed cast into time and grows through all eternity." And this recalls another and very familiar saying of how a single word, in the process of time, may mould one's destiny. A lesson in our Sunday-school lesson commentary for 1906 emphasizes the potency of a single act in this way: A point put in motion makes a line. The path of a line in a lateral direction is a plane. The path of a plane moving in a lateral direction produces a solid. Thus we see that the solid is the result of a point put in motion.

The mind cannot dwell long on these examples of the power of influence without thinking of its inseparable companion—responsibility. Every thought and word and deed has attached to it a promissory note which is bound to be presented to the author of them sooner or later for payment.

At this point the subject for discussion, as stated, reminds us that we are to consider OUR responsibility. All that we have said in an impersonal way must be directed to ourselves. Every universal truth is none the less a truth when applied to an individual. In fact a universal truth sometimes seems to gain force when focused on one object. And so it is with this thought of responsibility. I take it that the *our* includes all members of the Christian Workers' society, which in other words should mean all members of the Brethren church. And when we think of ourselves as professed followers of the Perfect One, and then consider the power of influence and its attendant responsibility, we are made to tremble and are led to seek earnestly for the guidance and strength we so much need.

While our subject has compelled us to bring home to ourselves truths we have found to be universal, it also limits us on the other side, and would have us weigh well these truths in relation to one object—the Christian Workers' society. We are not, then, to consider ourselves as simply a part of the Christian world and answerable in an indefinite sort of way to the world at large, but we, as a vital part of the body of Christ, are to consider our responsibility to the Christian Workers' society. There is to be no haphazard work, no shooting at random. Our position and aim are both clearly defined.

Right here it would be well, perhaps, to define the nature and character of this society. With this clearly before us, and knowing our own position, we will be ready to go forward in the line of duty without any doubt or hesitancy.

In order that we may the more clearly and readily comprehend the nature of the Christian Workers' society and our consequent responsibility to it we shall speak of it as a child, a living being, as I trust it is. It is a child, not only in time of its existence, but as the arena for the exercise and development of the children of the kingdom.

Our first thought of this child is its ancestry—whence has it sprung? By what power was it given birth, and more than that, what purpose was back of that power? Any one of us can readily answer the first and second questions by one word—the church. And by going back of the action of the church and following up the influences that led to such action we find them originating in a grave concern for the exercise and development of our young members and an earnest desire to use them in the great work of the church.

As we see, then, our child is well born, and considering that, like all children, it is sensitive to the least influence and that its powers and capabilities are great beyond comprehension, how well-nigh hopelessly blind or indifferent must be that one who dares to speak or act in its presence except he commit his ways and his words to the guidance of the One who is all-powerful and who is "not willing that any should perish."

It should not be difficult now for us to see what our responsibility is—being a part of the society as we are, but that we may have our course definitely marked out before us I shall mention a few things that may serve as guide-posts. In a general way we will say that it is our duty to see that the Christian Workers' society fulfills the purpose for which it came into existence. This includes first a willingness to endeavor to do all that is asked of us as members, whether on the regular program, as an official, or in a private way. In connection with these active duties we should cultivate and foster a deep respect for the doctrines of the church, so that while our young men and women are developing the social and spiritual in

heir nature they may be rooted and grounded in the Word as we understand it, and may have as a framework for the building of their characters these imperishable truths.

A child is full of life and ambition—must do something, but its activity must be guided by the wise hand of the parent. To allow a child to rule itself means not only a spoiled child but one whose powers are abnormally developed. To allow a child to dictate to his parents as well as govern himself means ruin to the child and sometimes to the parent as well. That every power may reach the highest degree of usefulness our child needs all the wisdom and experience of the parent and these can be gotten only by deferring to her judgment and guidance in all matters involving any principle or policy of the work engaged in.

Anything short of this or aside from it will produce an unhealthy growth and thereby defeat the purpose of the organization. If development of a social Christian character were the only object, then we may have allied ourselves with already existing societies. But a love for the church and that for which she stands in the world is a vital part of the society's existence, and we cannot disregard these things and be blameless.

Elgin, Ill.

WHAT ASBESTOS REALLY IS.

In the important work of protecting life and property from fire, there is a growing appreciation of the value of asbestos, and a constant increase in its use. It has a combination of properties unlike that of any other substance found in nature. No other product as yet discovered could take its place. It has been called mineral wool, and, also, the connecting link between the mineral and vegetable kingdoms. After the fibers of asbestos have been separated from their mother rock they have a fluffy softness and whiteness much like that of wool or cotton, and by a process very similar to that of ordinary weaving they are converted into cloth. It is a cloth, however, which, owing to its mineral origin, is impervious to fire, and herein lies its value. It is more and more extensively used in this country for fireproof theater curtains, for firemen's helmets, jackets and leggings, and for gloves and shields for men working at the mouths of furnaces. The texture of the fabric resembles that of canvas, so it is too coarse, as now manufactured, for such delicate materials as those of lace curtains and women's dresses, for which its use has been suggested, but an interesting way in which it is now utilized is in the work of surgeons in making splints and dressing wounds. Cotton and wool must be especially treated to be rendered absolutely clean and antiseptic, while asbestos is naturally so. The greatest drawback to its widespread utilization, at present, is the cost of the fabric. The standard price of the cloth is three dollars a yard. When made into a fireman's jacket and leggings, the latter cost about fifty dollars. While asbestos-bearing rock is found extensively throughout the world, most of that which yields the fibers used in manufactures on this hemisphere is mined in Canada, about seventy-five miles from Quebec.—*The Arrow.*

THE COCOANUT PALM.

When a traveler gets his sight of a palm grove he does not easily forget it. He sees the trees springing up, as it were, from the water in which their shadows are reflected. Besides being beautiful ornaments to a landscape these palms are among the most useful gifts which nature has given to the inhabitants of tropical islands. In supplying actual necessities and in the number of useful purposes to which it can be applied bamboo takes first rank, but the palm comes next. To many of the people of Ceylon the cocoanut trees are everything, and their very lives depend upon them. The tree supplies most of their wants, besides giving them valuable commercial products. In this island there are estimated to be nearly 20,000,000 palm trees, and among the poorer classes a man's wealth is estimated by the number of trees he owns. They form the most important asset of his estate and by will are generally divided among his family. As one of the important traits of the Cingalese is his love of litigation, one can readily see what an important part the palm tree plays in the law cases there. There is one case on record in which the two thousand five hundred and twentieth part of a grove, containing only ten trees, was the subject of dispute. One of the greatest difficulties which the engineers had to encounter in building a railroad across the island was to determine the ownership of the palm trees. The ramification of relationship and the fractional claims set up were most difficult to understand and disentangle.—*Exchange.*

MUST THE HEN "GO"?

Seems as though there were more substitutes now than during the civil war. A corporation with a capital of $6,500,000 is making eggs, warranted "strictly fresh," out of casein, which is made out of milk. Thus the cow lays eggs, so to speak. As yet, however, she does not displace the hen. Casein eggs won't hatch. Will star-eyed science yet make them hatchable and consign the hen to the museum?—*"With the Procession," Everybody's Magazine for June.*

The starlight dews all silently their tears of love instill.—*Byron.*

LIONS IN THE CHRISTIAN'S WAY; AN ALLEGORY.

RILLA ARNOLD.

THE way to heaven may be likened unto a trail leading to the summit of a high mountain. When seen from a distance this mountain looks very grand and beautiful to the majority of people living down on the plains of the World; but to many it looks so very high and steep that they do not feel capable of ever reaching the summit where stands the Throne of God.

Very few, indeed, are the ones who have faith and courage enough to feel no doubts nor fears, but trusting in the promises of God and ever looking upward and forward, climb the trail without any halting or stumbling on the way. Some have a desire to climb this Mountain, and after wandering over the Foothills of Conviction, which lie between the Plains of the World and the foot of the Mountain, they become frightened or fatigued and go back to the plains again, where they usually live lives of sorrow and discontent.

Others there are who pass safely over the foothills, and reach the Mountain filled with awe and trembling, for they think they must climb the Mountain as they would a great wall of solid masonry. But as they rest from their journey, if they be wise, they will read a description of this Mountain as found in a Book called the Word of God. In that they will learn of a little gate or door called Baptism through which they must pass and then they will be on the narrow way or trail which winds around and up this Mountain and leads to the foot of the throne. Then with the eye of Faith, they look and see the gate; going nearer they look through the bars and see the beginning of the Way. They look earnestly and longingly and are almost ready to enter, when lo, to their horror, they see two ferocious Lions in the Way.

These Lions belong to the Prince of Darkness—Satan,—and are esteemed of great value by him. They are very well trained; without them his work would be almost a failure. They represent two classes of people who belong to Satan: the people of pride, folly and worldly ambition, and the people who are in the church, but who love the world and Satan and are called Hypocrites. They are kept at the beginning of the Way. They are always there; but, strange to say, by some they are not seen. The happy few who have great faith and courage, who trust in God's promises and who always look upward, do not see them and pass them safely without fear. Others do not see them through the bars of the gate, but see them soon after entering on the way, and having little Courage and less Faith become so badly frightened that they go down and out as quickly as they can—go over the foothills and down on the plains again. These unfortunate ones are known by the name of Backsliders and should be the objects of pity and prayer of all the people who are on the way to Heaven. They usually are the object of ridicule of the people down on the Plains.

The Lions look very ferocious and terrible to most young people who are tired of living on the plains and are desirous of reaching the mountain top, they being less experienced and more timid. Then the Lions appear to put forth greater efforts to frighten young people than older ones. Indeed, I doubt not but that they are thus instructed by their Master especially the one that represents the people of pride folly and worldly ambition. This one does not only growl and paw the earth like a natural lion, but often speaks, as it were, with the voice of man thus: "You dare not come forward, foolish son or daughter of man. Do you realize what you are doing? Think of what you will give up. Think of your friends and the good times you have had down on the plains. Would you leave them forever? If *they* can live happily down there, why not you? Do you not know that if you undertake this foolish and dangerous journey, you will become the laughing stock of all the people on the plains? Then if you live with them can you not help them to live happier and more useful worldly lives? The only way to help people is to live with them. How can you help them if you are on this high mountain and they are down there? You will have no influence with them whatever. Think how selfish it would be for you to leave them all alone. You have very dear friends down there and perhaps brother, sister, or father or mother. Go back before it is too late. Use your talents in a worldly way, so they may be proud of you. Then think of the beautiful gowns and jewels you can wear if you but be content to dwell there, and the pleasures of the world which you by nature enjoy so much. Can you give them up? If you go on this journey (if I let you pass me), you will have to wear very plain and simple garments, so you will be comfortable, for on such a rough journey fine clothes would soon be soiled and torn; and besides they would make you feel uncomfortable.

"Again, if you go on this journey, what reward will you receive? You will not be paid in money or by the praise of men. You will be wasting your time and talents. Think, young man, of the time and money you spent on your education. Will you throw it all away? Think what a fine business man you would make and how much wealth you could accumulate and enjoy, or what a good actor, orator, soldier or statesman you would be. Young woman, Society demands of you your beauty and talents. Do not throw them away."

Is it any great wonder that many stop and quake with fear before this monster? And alas, is it any wonder that many go back to the plains? But how

glad we should be to think that there are also many young people who do not go back, who perhaps do stop and consider the matter very carefully and prayerfully, and at last say in their own hearts, "I can not go back. I will be utterly miserable all my life down there on the plains, if I do. I am afraid of Sin, who is so popular down there. I do not care for fine raiment, jewels, money or the praise of men, no, not even the pleasures of this world. But I want to lead a peaceful, useful, humble life, like Jesus. I can not go back. Dear God, help me to go forward and help me to so live that I may be a light to the friends who are left on the plains, that they may see and strive to follow."

To some people the Lion of the Hypocrite is the most terrible. This lion is very peculiar, for it changes its features often. Sometimes it has the face of some devout-looking man or sincere-looking woman who beckons the young man or woman to come forward on the way, and while they are yet looking, it changes with a leer and becomes exactly like the Lion of pride, folly and worldly ambition. Small wonder if they become frightened. They think, "If I go on the Way, will I become like this monster, one minute a seemingly devout Christian and the next a man or woman grabbing after money or worldly praise?" But some feel as if they can not go back, so with a prayer for strength go forward and find that the Lion cannot harm others, but only makes itself look hideous.

After the young people have decided to go forward at all hazards and have asked God's help the Lions become quiet and let them pass unmolested. As they pass, if they look, they will find that they are chained, so they could harm no one. The chains are made of Good Resolutions and are fastened to strong stakes called Determination.

Milford, Ind.

SUBMARINE SIGNALS.

THERE are times of dense fog when all beacons are invisible, and in a roaring tempest the sounds of the most powerful fog-horn are lost. The reverberations of sound, says Henri Parville, in the *Annales,* are so confused by the noise of the sea that it is impossible to determine the situation of ships even when they are close at hand. Attempts have been made to convey sound by bells under the water, but it was proved that while liquids transmit sounds long distances, it is impossible to distinguish the sound carried by the bells from the noises of the ships. The Submarine Signal Company, of New York, has found means of signaling by bells of a very clear, sharp tone not to be confounded, or lost, in any other noise. The microphones used for that purpose are fastened to the keels of ships in reservoirs filled with a liquid denser than the waters of the sea; they are fastened on the inside of the ship above the water line. The sharp tones of the bells are so intensified by the density of their liquid vehicle that they cover all the noises of the ships and carry as a shriek carries. They are placed both to larboard and to starboard. The signals by these sharp-toned bells are conveyed to the man at the wheel by a species of telephone, which makes it possible for a pilot to hear, not only the sound of the bells, but the water as it washes the keels of the distant ships.

THE SIZE OF AN ATOM.

How large is an atom? "Perhaps the simplest, though not the most exact, way of arriving at a rough estimate of the size of atoms is by measuring the thickness of a soap bubble film where it is as thin as possible, just before it bursts," says a writer. "Such a film, if composed of atoms, must be something like a pebble wall. Now a pebble wall would not stand if it were not several pebbles thick, and if we had reason to suppose that it was about a dozen pebbles thick, we could easily make an estimate of the size of the pebbles by measuring the thickness of the wall.

"That is the case with the thinnest region of a soap film. It is found to have a very definite and uniform thickness. It is the thinnest thing known, and by refined optical means its thickness can be accurately measured. It must contain not less than something like a dozen atoms in its thickness, and yet it is only about the twenty-millionth of an inch in thickness by direct measurement. So that the diameter of an atom comes between one two-hundred-millionth and one three-hundred-millionth of an inch. In other words, from about 200,000,000 to 300,000,000 atoms can lie edge to edge in a linear inch."—*Science.*

THE British parliament has voted another $100,000,000 for the extension of railways in India. Hundreds of millions have already been spent in the development of waterways, the building of roads and railways and the development of the country in other ways. With such development the danger of the terrible effects of famine in any one portion of the country will become more and more remote.

BE not daunted if the sublime seems to evade you, if realization appears difficult of attainment. Firmly expect as well as desire. Then will the realization assuredly be your portion.—*Augusta T. Webster.*

SOME men are, in regard to ridicule, like tin-roofed buildings in regard to hail; all that hits them bounds rattling off; not a stone goes through.—*Beecher.*

LEGENDS OF OUR COUNTRY.

ETHA A. EVANS.

Now and then American writers have sketched in verse and prose a legend which has immortalized a few of our myths. But aside from Salem witchcraft, when we would identify superstitions with any part of the universal interest we look to the folklore of Germany, Russia, Norway, Sweden, or perhaps anywhere but at home, when of a truth our Great Lakes, Hudson Banks and Mississippi Valley are fairly lined with these tales of fact and fancy.

No race, save the Roman, has more superstitions than the American Indian; and, safe to say, no people left behind them so varied a quantity of stories in which we find the foundation of so many legends of more recent origin—one of the prettiest and best known is "Hiawatha."

According to the Indians the world began when the snake bit off two lumps of pipe stone, and these, receiving life from the Great Spirit, walked from the Minnesota Garden—the red man's Adam and Eve.

Longfellow sings the sad story of Evangeline Bellefontaine and Gabriel Lajeunesse, and tells us how John Alden wooed for another and won for himself.

Hawthorne carries us up Mt. Monroe in quest of the Great Carbuncle, and recalls the rigor of the Puritan governor who hacked down the Maypole of Merry Mount, while Washington Irving introduces us to an ancestor of the Van Winkles of to-day, the hapless "Rip." But the most creeping and uncanny of all is Ichabod Crane with the galloping Hessian in pursuit. These are the most familiar of American folklore because our geniuses have so fascinatingly repeated them.

New England legends, for one reason or another, follow the shore. Beginning with Maine it is said at Harpswell the fisher-folk are often startled by the appearance of the death ship, similar in appearance to the one Coleridge describes. His phantom vessel glides in and out of the harbor in the course of an evening bringing in its wake always death and disaster.

"Thundering water," as Niagara Falls was termed, asked for two victims each year. In 1670, or thereabouts, the last sacrifice was made when the daughter of the chief of the Onondagas was launched in a white canoe bedecked with lilies and, as she went over the falls, her father jumped into his canoe and followed her to death. After this his spirit was converted into the "Ruler of the Cataract" and hers the "Maid of the Mist."

The popular New Jersey mosquito claims for an ancestor the monster insect that ate a tribe of Indians at a single meal and used their ribs as toothpicks. It was, however, eventually killed and wherever its blood spattered there came into life the smaller mosquito which mingles pain with pleasure of a summer evening.

A pretty story is told of the origin of the white fish. A family were carried across a swollen stream by a crane who cautioned them not to touch his head, but curiosity got the better of the mother, whom the crane tossed off as a punishment and the scattered brains on the rocks below took the delicate form of white fish. Many descendants bear the crane as a token to this day.

In 1834 a skeleton with armor of Phœnician origin was exhumed at Fall River. This was in the locality where Captain Kidd's treasure was supposed to have been buried. Longfellow has the viking come to life and tell his own story.

On the Potomac river are three rocks so similar in appearance that they have been named the Three Sisters, and those who live near the shore declare "the sisters" always moan the night before a drowning or sea disaster. At Natural Bridge, Virginia, flows the lost river where all who have ever drank must return sooner or later.

On Egg Rock, a bit of an island off Swampscott shore, were supposed to grow forget-me-nots of such power that nothing could ever separate lovers who possessed them. Once a boy started in a dory to gather some for his sweetheart, but a sudden storm arose as he was returning and he was washed ashore at the feet of his love with the forget-me-nots clasped tightly in his hand.

The White Mountain Range is full of traditions. The Pilot range gets its name from a dog owned by the guide, Willard, who lost his way and was led by his dog, Pilot, safely to his own camp. Skinner's Cave was the haunt of a smuggler who is supposed to have hidden some goods here.

Finally returning to domestic affairs, the "Baker's dozen," which is surely a myth in these days, originated with an Albany baker, who suffered under a witch's curse until he consented to call thirteen a dozen.

These are merely a few of the stories, shrouded in mystery and reeking in blood, that have been left for us to solve or exaggerate as we, too, hand them down. And as we emerge from the labyrinth of the romantic world, it is a relief to feel that no banshee can charm away our souls.

Buford, N. Dak.

FOR A YELLOW DOG'S SAKE.

A QUARTER after nine every morning an important ceremony took place in Roy Gilman's schoolroom.

At quarter after nine, every morning, Miss Fletcher, Roy's teacher, handed a note for the principal to each pupil who had done especially well the day before.

These notes the children carried to the principal's office, where they found pupils from other rooms bearing similar notes.

When Principal Thompson had read a note, he knew just how the bearer had earned the honor, and he commended him. After he had read all the notes he shook hands with each boy and girl and said he hoped to see them again. Then the children went back to their respective schoolrooms. And before night everybody had heard who had gone from each room; and the room sending the greatest number was proud of itself.

The notes were not bestowed only on those who had a high standing in their studies; if they had been, some pupils would have gone to the office every day, while others would never have got there.

Those pupils whom Principal Thompson wanted to see were the girls and boys who had done the very best they could.

For instance, when Dennis Deckerman, who was so full of life that he couldn't seem to sit still five minutes, and so full of fun that he was laughing most of the time—when this lively young man was quiet and orderly for a whole day he got one of the little white notes the next morning. Then Principal Thompson was so pleased that he clapped Dennis on the shoulder and said, "Good for you, Deckerman!" just as if Dennis had been a grown-up man.

That same morning Gertrude Dodge, who had such a hard time learning to spell, was commended for having written correctly every one of the ten words in yesterday's lesson.

And when Charley Brooks, who hated to get out of bed in the morning, wasn't tardy for a week, he received a note to take up to the principal's office.

Finally, Roy Gilman thought there was a chance for everyone but himself. Roy was "average good" in everything; spelling wasn't hard for him, no one was surprised at his behaving well in school, and his mother always saw that he started from home early enough. It was almost time for the summer vacation to begin and he had not received the desired invitation to Principal Tmompson's morning reception.

When the honor did come to Roy Gilman some time in June, it was entirely unexpected.

The first week in June had been unusually warm, and when a brisk thunder shower came up Thursday morning everyone was relieved. It washed the heat right out of the air and the children who had been lounging listlessly in their seats sat up straight and drank in the cool freshness. At recess the rain was still coming down briskly and the pupils gathered at one of the windows.

"I'm glad the rain came on account of the dogs," said Roy.

"On account of the dogs?" repeated Dennis Deckerman; "what are you talking about, Roy Gilman?"

"My Uncle Tom told me about it last night," explained Roy. "He says that dogs need lots of water and that sometimes in summer they can't find any at all—dogs that haven't a regular home, you know. He said that yesterday he was going along the street near his office when he heard someone call, 'Mad dog!' and everybody just ran. Then, the next minute, a poor little yellow dog came tearing along and his tongue was hanging out and he looked dreadful. It wasn't any wonder that people were frightened, Uncle Tom said. But Uncle Tom knows about dogs and he hurried into his office as fast as he could and came out with a basin of water and whistled. That dog came running, and 'most tumbled into the basin, he wanted the water so badly. The people all said, 'Why, he wasn't mad after all!' and Uncle Tom said, 'No, he wasn't mad at all; he was just crazy for water.' You see it had been hot all day and there wasn't a place, a single place, where a dog could get a drink down in that quarter of the town!"

The children looked sober over this story; many of them had pets of their own and they all loved dogs.

Roy went on: "Uncle Tom says he's going to keep a bucket of water outside his office all summer somewhere where people won't stumble over it, and then the poor dogs won't get chased and have stones thrown at them when all they want is a drink of water. I was wondering if we couldn't keep some in our yards for the dogs up-town."

"I will for one," declared Dennis Deckerman. "There isn't a fountain anywhere near my house where a dog could get a drink."

"And I'll keep a low dish of water out by our back gate so that the cats can get at it; for they need water just as much as dogs do," said Gertrude Dodge.

Then the gong sounded and recess was over.

By the time the children went home that night every boy and girl in the room had promised Dennis and Roy to keep a drinking-place for dogs full of fresh water as long as the hot weather lasted.

The next morning when Miss Fletcher handed out the notes to be carried to the principal, she gave one to Roy.

"I recommend Roy Gilman for commendation because of his especial thoughtfulness for our animal friends," Miss Fletcher's note ran.

Principal Thompson smiled at the surprised expression on Roy's face.

But the principal seemed to know all about it, for he said as he shook hands with Roy, "That was a good thought of yours, Roy, and I can promise you that *I'm* going to see that the dogs in *my* neighborhood don't suffer from thirst."—*Little Folks.*

TEMPERANCE gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all force and vigor.—*Addison.*

PREPARATION.

GRACE LONGANECKER.

To be efficient in any vocation in life man needs a preparation. Who would think a child at the time of entering school could be president of the United States? Or who would think a child at the age of three could command an army?

Our bodies and minds need development and preparation if we would make life a success. For example let us take Jesus (for no one ever did a greater or nobler work).

From the time Jesus was twelve years old until he was thirty is a period of about eighteen years. This period is often called the silent years of his life. True, they were silent as concerning history, but this time was perhaps the most serious part of his life, for he was preparing and being prepared for his great work of redemption.

We hear nothing of his life during this period, except incidentally. We know he was well known as "the carpenter" and "carpenter's son" and that he lived in subjection to his parents. We are left to infer how he lived; but, no doubt, as a quiet, loving, gentle boy and then as a man of serious and reverent spirit. His whole life, we might say, was a period of preparation, but more particularly during the eighteen silent years. He received much of his training through the spiritual communication of God. He thereby developed physically and spiritually, gaining strength and activity. "And he increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."

As Jesus was in preparation, so was John, his forerunner. His life for thirty years was passed in the solitude of the wilderness of Judea, where he was prepared for his great mission of "preparing the way of the Savior." Why were the children of Israel so long in gaining possession of the promised land (for they wandered forty years)? It was to prepare them for the land when they should reach it and fit them to conquer their enemies, to be a prosperous and holy nation that would commend to all other nations the God they obeyed and the truths by which they lived.

Jesus certainly is an example to youth in the harmonious development of mind and body. "We must take time to lay foundation of reality if we would establish ourselves in life." As Christ's retirement and humble training were the necessary conditions of his future exaltation, so we must not expect to do our life work without a preparation; and, "like the foundation of a lighthouse under water, so, long times of silent growth are essential, if we would let our light shine."

It has been said, "Childhood is the time for preparation for life and the whole of life to prepare for eternity." So let us not think it folly to spend the best part of our lives for a preparation for life.

"Be Christ our Pattern and our Guide;
His image may we bear;
Oh! may we tread his holy step,
His joy and glory share."

Hartville, Ohio.

WILL YOU PAY THE PRICE?

Who would be satisfied with success that may be had for the asking? You can have what you desire, if you will pay the price. How much do you want to succeed? Will you pay the price? How eager are you to strive for success? How much can you endure? How long can you wait?

Do you long for an education? Would you, if necessary, wear threadbare clothes in college, and board yourself? Would you, like Thurlow Weed, study nights by the light of a camp-fire in a sugar orchard? Would you walk through the snow two miles, with pieces of rag carpet tied about your feet for shoes, that you might, like him, borrow a coveted book? Have you the stamina to go on with your studies when too poor to buy bread, and when you can appease the pangs of hunger only by tying tighter and tighter about your body a girdle, as did Samuel Drew or Kitto? Would you, with John Scott, rise at four and study until ten or eleven at night, tying a wet towel around your head to keep awake? Would you, when too poor to buy books, borrow and copy three folio volumes of precedents, and the whole of Coke on Littleton, with the boy who became Lord Eldon? Would you be disheartened by Wilberforce's suggestion to a student of law, "You must make up your mind to live like a hermit and work like a horse"? Can you "eat sawdust without butter," as the great lawyer, Chitty, once asked a young man who came to him for advice about studying law? Would you have the determination that would hammer an education from a stone-quarry, with Hugh Miller; the patience that would spend a lifetime tracing the handwriting of the Creator down through the ages in the strata of the rocks? Would you work on a farm for twelve long years for a yoke of oxen and six sheep, with Henry Wilson? Do you love learning well enough to walk forty miles to obtain a book you could not afford to buy, with Abraham Lincoln? Not that we would recommend such extreme measures: but if you saw no way open except such as was traveled by these and many other great men, would you be equal to the ordeal, and learn from experience that the "royal road to learning" is a myth, and that the real road is one that tears the brow with its thorns, and exhausts the heart with its disappointments?

Would you excel in literature? Would not the dread of rejected manuscript, returned with thanks,

shearten you, after you had given it years of your pest thought and greatest sacrifice? Are you willg to live unrecognized and die unknown? You ould have written Shakespeare's plays, but could you ait two hundred years for recognition and die with-it even receiving mention from your greatest conemporaries? Would you pay Goethe's price for disnction? "Each bonmot of mine," said he, "has ost a purse of gold. Half a million of my own mony, the fortune I inherited, my salary, and the large ncome derived from my writings for fifty years back, ave all been expended to instruct me in what I now." Would you have laboriously created and dicted "Paradise Lost" in a world you could not see, nd then sell it for fifteen pounds, in an age when a earned London critic would say, "The blind schoolaster has written a tedious poem on the Fall of Man, and unless length is merit, it has none"? Would not the grating of the jail door and the long ights in a dungeon dampen the ardor for the authorhip of even the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress"? Would you endure the agonies of a De Quincy in rder to write his matchless visions and analyses? Could you have written "Rasselas" in eight days to efray the funeral expenses of your mother, as did)r. Samuel Johnson? Would you live on the borderand of want and woe and temptation for many years, vith Poe, even for the sake of pioneering human nought through unexplored regions of weird and nystic speculation,—of exquisite ethereal beauty? Would you endure the misery of Cowper, that you night wail your anguish in song, or dally with the tory of the inimitable John Gilpin? Would you, with Euripides, be content to devote three days to five lines, hat those lines might live centuries after your lanuage had ceased to be spoken? Would you have the atience and perseverance of Moore, that you might roduce ten immortal lines a day? Would you have he persistence of Sir Isaac Newton, who, after spendng years on an intricate calculation, had his papers estroyed by his dog Diamond, and then cheerfully egan to replace them? Have you the courage of Carlyle, who, after he had lent the manuscript of the French Revolution" to a friend whose servant carelessly used it to kindle the fire, calmly went to work nd rewrote it? Would you wheel supplies in a barow through the streets of Philadelphia, with Benamin Franklin?

Would you be a soldier? Could you, like Napoleon, vait for an appointment seven years after you had horoughly prepared yourself, and use all your enorced leisure in further intense study? Could you, vhile losing nine battles out of every ten, still press n with a determination which would win you Bluchr's title of "Marshal Forward"? Could you, while osing more battles than you won, go on with Washngton, and conquer by the power of your character?

Would you bless your race with inventions? Could you cheerfully earn the means to carry on your experiments by working in Richard Arkwright's barber shop in a basement, with this sign over your door: "Come to the subterraneous barber; a clean shave for a half penny"? Could you plod on with enthusiasm after seeing a mob tear down the mill you had erected for the employment of your machinery? Is incessant labor for fifteen years too great a price to pay for George Stephenson's first successful locomotive?

Would your patience suffice to practice on Handel's harpsichord in secret until every key was hollowed by your fingers to resemble the bowl of a spoon? If a physician, would you inoculate yourself with yellow fever or cholera bacillus, to test its powers? Would you take three grains of opium in order to test the power of a new antidote you believed you had discovered, permanganate of potash? In politics could you persevere to be a candidate sixteen times in vain, to be elected Governor Marcus Morton of Massachusetts in 1840, by a majority of but one vote? Could you endure the most bitter persecution for years, to rank with William Lloyd Garrison as a benefactor of an unfortunate race? After acquiring a fortune, could you give up all your well-earned leisure, devote years of almost hopeless drudgery, and risk all your wealth, amid the scoffs of men, in a seemingly futile effort to bind two continents together by an electric cord, with Cyrus W. Field?

Success is the child of drudgery and perseverance. Fame never comes because it is craved. If you are built of such material as this, you will succeed; if not, in spite of all your dreams and wishes, you will fail. —*Adapted from "Success."*

LAUGH.

LEARN to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sickroom. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere and is a nuisance as well.—*Farmer's Call.*

THE joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence, else who could bear it.—*Rowe.*

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given. Club rates for Sunday schools and other religious organizations. Address as above.

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AN OPEN LETTER.

HAVE you enjoyed the INGLENOOK this year?

Have you told any of your friends about it, or have you been keeping the good things to yourself?

According to the number of letters we have received concerning the INGLENOOK we are forced to believe that it is continually growing in favor with the people; and we know by the mailing list that it is growing in numbers.

We want to thank our contributors for the excellent work they have been doing throughout the year, and solicit their assistance for the coming year. We have received many letters of praise concerning your articles and we will promise you that we will not purposely admit any article into the columns of the INGLENOOK which we think will not do good and receive praise.

We want to thank the readers of the INGLENOOK for the close reading they have given it. This is the only way to derive good from the magazine. One may have forty papers coming to his address and if they are not read they will do him no good. We aim to print nothing in the INGLENOOK but what is clean and fit for anybody to read.

One of our subscribers, who is a very busy business man and who gets a large bundle of papers every day on his desk, selects the INGLENOOK with a smile and says, "This one is fit for my wife and children to read." Another one who lives in the south country says, "Don't take my name off the list as long as the INGLENOOK is printed; I am raising a family of girls and cannot afford to be without it."

The D. L. Miller series of articles, which the readers of the INGLENOOK have been enjoying, has been a great benefit to us all. Brother Miller has not only given us very readable articles, descriptive of the land and people where he has been; but he has also furnished us a number of interesting pictures which, if kept, will furnish quite an album of information for reference. We may rest assured that these articles are safe because Brother Miller is a close observer and a student who loves to study the different countries and peoples of the earth. He will have something to say later to our people about the country around Lake Victoria and Nyanza.

On the fifteenth of September Brother Miller starts for Australia; none of our people, to our knowledge, have visited that land, at least they have never written about it. It certainly will be a very rare treat to have a series of articles well illustrated upon his visit to Australia. It will take several weeks for us to be able to give these articles to the public, because of the great distance the letters have to travel. But the way to get these articles is to renew your subscription now and tell your friends who have never subscribed of our wonderfully cheap proposition below.

And then there is the Bagdad trip. Of late years there has been more than an ordinary amount of interest taken in the important discoveries in the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates. Some of the most important discoveries that the world has ever known have been made at Babylon, Nippur (Ur of the Chaldees), and in the vicinity near where the Garden of Eden is supposed to have been. It hardly seems possible that one of our brethren will visit the place where Abraham and Lot were born and raised, but it is now the intention that Brother and Sister Miller will make that trip. Not many of us will ever be able to make the trip, but the next best thing we can do is to read the splendid articles written by a man of experience, while he is upon the ground where these great cities stood and some of the most wonderful events of the Bible have taken place. No doubt these articles will be well illustrated and will be read with more than ordinary interest.

The Christian Workers' and Reading Circle work, after the first of the year, will be divided and the Reading Circle work will be part of the *Missionary Visitor* and the Christian Workers' work a part of *Our Young People*. The space that is now occupied by this work will, in all probability, be used for our junior readers; and we would be pleased to have suggestions as to what class of material you would like in this department. Oftentimes the constituency can

greatly assist the editor in his work by giving helpful suggestions.

No article or series of articles in the INGLENOOK has received more praise than "The Little White Meetin'house," which has just been concluded. Everybody seemed to appreciate it highly. The author of this beautiful story will write more stories for us next year, and we are sure that the readers of the NOOK are glad to hear this.

The second installment of "The Old Doyle House" is now before the public. This story will continue for several issues and we are sure it will grow in favor as the issues come to the readers. We have many good things in store for next year, and we start out upon our fall canvass with brighter prospects than we have ever had before.

The Geography Class have started on their way down through Palestine and will have some very interesting things to write concerning the conditions as they find them existing there to-day. Their horseback ride over the country among the natives will not only be helpful to the boys and girls from the standpoint of geography, but as a matter of Bible history. An old brother who is nearly three score and ten and whose son is the president of one of our colleges, told us the other day personally that he read Marie's letters before anything else in the INGLENOOK.

Not as many of our ladies have written for the Home Department as we would like to have seen. We would like to have a good essay in this department from the ladies on different subjects concerning the home; in fact we would be glad to conduct a symposium, or a sort of "Open Forum." The men, too, are solicited to write articles on agriculture, horticulture, poultry raising, bee culture, the care of orchards, or anything that pertains to making the home useful and beautiful.

The boys and girls have done well in the Q. & A. Department. Many very interesting questions have been asked and we have tried to answer them in the best of our ability. Some few questions we could not answer and we were compelled to return them. Don't be discouraged at this; no one man knows it all; it is much easier to ask questions than to answer them. Send on your questions; we will answer what we can, get other people to answer what they can, and the rest we will have to return unanswered.

We especially want to thank, before the public, two or three of our special contributors who have turned their attention almost entirely in the direction of "Snapshots," "Seed-Thoughts," etc. These contributions furnish spice for the magazine which makes other things palatable, and, as a rule, lessons that stay with us longer than the lengthy contributions.

The editorials have been aimed at the immediate use and needs of the readers of our magazine. Live subjects of the day, which are continually before the people, are the ones we like to think about and meditate upon. It is sometimes a difficult matter to know what is the best thing for a certain time. Sometimes women are puzzled as to what to get for dinner; sometimes farmers are puzzled as to what particular crop should go in a certain field; sometimes ministers are puzzled as to what sermon should be preached upon certain occasions. So it is with the editor of a paper, who is trying to lead his constituency into the light of the truth by the use of the questions of the day.

Have you TEN CENTS?

Would you like to make several people happy?

For each dime you send us we will send the INGLENOOK from now on to New Year's to any address, provided that person is a NEW subscriber.

Now if you have a dollar that you are going to use to give some one a Thanksgiving present, why not send us ten names and that dollar, and let us send the INGLENOOK to those ten persons until January, 1906?

We would like to have ten thousand new subscribers before Christmas, and if each Inglenooker will send us five names and fifty cents we will have several times that number.

There can be no excuse for not getting subscribers this time; anyone who will not give ten cents for a twenty-four-page magazine for twelve or fourteen weeks don't want good reading matter very badly.

If you don't feel that you want to make anyone a present of the paper, spend a half hour in getting up a club at ten cents apiece and send them to us for the interest you have in the magazine.

Who will send us the longest list of such names?

Who will be the first?

Current Happenings

THE authorities in Washington were very much surprised to learn that Emperor Nicholas proposes to invite the powers to a second universal Peace Conference, similar to the Hague meeting in 1899. Since President Roosevelt was the initiator of the first Peace Conference, it was generally conceded that he should be accorded the honor of convoking the second one; but as soon as the news reached him that the Czar wanted that honor, he readily and heartily consented. Some may think that this shows a weakness of character in surrendering a point of honor. On the contrary it shows strength of character, from the fact that he is farsighted enough to see that the initiative on the part of the Czar will allow no withdrawal and gives the powers the defensive. It also shows the gentle spirit in a great man, in that he knows when he has enough honor, and also knows that honor which is not bestowed and must be claimed is not real honor.

IT has been announced that the Treasury of Ireland had arranged to furnish $60,000,000 cash within the next year to facilitate the operations of the Land Act. Small farmers will thus have funds advanced so that they may become the owners of their land.

THE conflict between the Tartars and Armenians of the Caucasus region, in southeastern Russia, continues to spread, and the whole region is in the throes of civil war, as yet unchecked by the government. The proprietors of the oil wells have asked for reinforcements from the Czar's troops. The massacre of the Armenians still increases, three hundred having been killed in one village named Mindkend. Warontzoff has resigned as governor and it is reported that Prince Louis Bonaparte has been appointed. Thousands of persons have been rendered homeless, and scarcity of food adds to the horrors of the situation.

FROM preliminary statements of the New York State census the population of New York City will be approximately 4,265,882.

MISSOURI is experiencing a great flood that extends over almost the entire State. Many towns are practically cut off. Thousands of acres of corn are under water and the farmers will suffer a tremendous loss. Hundreds of head of live stock have been drowned. Twelve persons have lost their lives, and many steel railroad bridges have been washed out.

SIXTY buildings have been destroyed by a fire at Nome, Alaska, with a loss of $200,000.

ON the eastern part of the Erie Railroad is to be installed a new automatic system of signals, known as the Hall electric semaphore, operated by electric storage batteries. The signals will be two-thirds of a mile apart. The object is to protect and accelerate movement of trains. The signals are in addition to the regular block system.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT will name a commission to investigate the graft in the army and navy. Waste and lack of system are evident in both departments. It is to be hoped that when he has cleaned house well in the governmental department, he will suggest renovation in gubernatorial and kindred offices, and make a return trip on the National Bank. If he succeeds in eradicating the graft with which the nation is sorely afflicted, he will rank first among the benefactors of our nation.

A STATEMENT has been issued by John Cownie, who has been secured by the government to report the Iowa crops, in which he declares that after this year's corn crop is husked, it will be found to fall short of the general report of its yield. He places the yield at 100,000,000 bushels short of what it might have been if good seed had been secured last spring.

MOST of the farms in Denmark contain from ten to twenty-five acres each and are really owned by the peasantry; about half of the land is in crops of hay, oats and potatoes, for the horses, cows and sheep. According to its size, Denmark has, perhaps, more cattle than any other country in Europe.

ON the Island of Mahe, where Bro. Miller was, is to be found a church built of solid coral. The island rises about three thousand feet, and is the highest of the Seychelles group, in the Indian Ocean. The building is made from square blocks, hewn from the massive coral formation. This building material is white and glistens like marble in the sun.

AN American inventor has brought out a gun which will send a hundred-pound projectile thirty miles, and pierce a six-inch steel target at the end of its journey.

THE Rand powder mills, at Fairchance, Pa., including ten buildings, were blown to atoms recently, killing twenty-five employés.

THE apple crop is said to be unusually poor in most parts of the United States.

One of the latest scientific novelties in the line of voice production is that of the phonopostal, as described in one of the Paris papers. On one side the card has a prepared substance, known as sonorine This will stand the hard usage of the mails, so that when the registering needle of a tiny phonograph has recorded the sender's voice in the prepared surface, the date, stamp or writing of an address with a pen does not injure the record in the slightest. About seventy-five or eighty words may be written on each card. When the postal is received it is placed in a talking instrument, thus giving the recipient the message in the voice of its sender.

The new tunnel for the Lackawanna Railroad at the foot of Twenty-third Street, New York, was opened September 20.

Already have the readers of the Inglenook begun to speak in highest terms of praise for "The Old Doyle House." Remember that you have only received the first installment. There are ten installments in the story, and interest will increase as you follow it. Do not fail to tell your neighbors that the entire story can be had for TEN CENTS by subscribing for the Inglenook until January 1, 1906.

It is rumored that King Alphonso will marry Princess Eugenie of Battenberg, niece of King Edward.

The steamer *Rosecrans,* sailing from Nome, Alaska, to San Francisco, will carry $250,000 of gold from the northern camp to the Golden Gate. This is gold diverted to San Francisco by the action of the Alaska-Pacific Express Company, and the steamship companies operating to Puget Sound, in doubling the gold rates this season.

The registrar of Stanford University announces that hereafter no students will be admitted to the university unless they have their full number of requisite entrance credits.

Tacoma, Washington, shingle mills are unable to accept an order from a Toronto firm for seventy million shingles for immediate shipment. The heavy movement in grain makes cars so scarce that lumber transportation is impossible.

Rear Admiral Clark thinks that the population of China is overestimated. He thinks there are not more than 200,000,000 in the entire Empire; he probably has overlooked the fact that she sent a few to America last spring.

Report has it that Maxim Gorky, the noted Russian author and politician, will be a candidate to the national assembly. It is said his chances for victory are good.

A new hymn book has been officially sanctioned, for general use in the Methodist Episcopal churches, containing more than 800 hymns. Some of these hymns were composed by authors who were never known to be religious writers. A number have been selected from Walter Scott, John Hay, R. W. Gilder and Rudyard Kipling; many are by Fannie Crosby, but the greater number are still credited to Wesley and Watts.

Similar circumstances have followed the Russian war that followed the Civil War in the United States. The country is rapidly reorganizing its commerce and industry, and no doubt, as soon as possible, thousands of miles of railroad will be built, canal ships, warehouses and factories will be constructed.

The town of Sapain, in the Philippine Islands, was badly damaged by a cyclone. The American naval collier, *Supply,* and a German steamer, have been dispatched to the assistance of the natives. The government house and a number of dwellings have been destroyed. It will probably take two years for the cocoanut groves to recover from the injuries sustained by them. There is a large export trade from these islands which will no doubt suffer greatly from the storm. There was no loss of life.

Some up-to-date Sunday-school teachers are enclosing a dollar to the office, saying, "Send me ten Inglenooks to the end of the year to my address for my Sunday-school scholars." One brother sent in thirty names. You can figure for yourself where our subscription list would run if each one of the seven thousand Inglenookers would do likewise. It is worth your while. Why not do it?

The Capitol at Washington, D. C., has undergone some notable improvements during the summer, chief of these being the restoration of the original sandstone in the interior of the rotunda by scraping off all the paint. The skylights over the Senate and the House have been extended so as to brighten up the galleries. The new bronze doors at the entrance to the House, which were cast at a cost of $47,000 at Chickopee, Mass., will be in place when Congress meets.

Cholera is spreading in west Prussia among the boatmen along the Weichsel river. Twenty cases and six deaths have been reported. The government is looking after the matter and sending physicians to aid the local health authorities.

HOME DEPARTMENT

DOES IT PAY?

MAUD HAWKINS.

I WAS traveling through the rural district of M—— recently, and it so happened that I was destined to spend the night in that place, as the nearest town was yet some distance ahead. I was leisurely riding along the dusty country road, speculating on the probable happiness of the different inhabitants, and wondering what was the proverbial skeleton in the closet of the different homes which I passed.

I finally drew rein at a pretentious home, what appeared at first glance to be just the place in which I would enjoy most to stay. Everything was in the strictest order. The house was large and well built. The lawn, though it lacked any pretense of flowers or the shrubbery and trees that generally surround country homes, bore no traces of disorder that is caused commonly by the recklessness of children; no playthings strewn here and there, all was quiet, and I wondered if I had not stopped at some institution or asylum. But my fears were soon dispelled, for from the remote side of the house there emerged a thin, bent, careworn man who carried an air of satisfied ambition, but back of this, if one had the insight to discern its meaning, was a feeling of anxiety or something that I could not just understand then.

After making my business known I proceeded to question him in regard to the prospects of a night's lodging. At this mention there was a queer, mixed expression on his face. I could not discern whether it was pleasure or pain. Finally, after throwing out numerous strong hints that I was willing to pay a good round price for the privilege, preferable to riding several miles to the nearest town, he consented with the proviso that I was willing to put up with his mode of living.

Whereupon I proceeded to see that my horse had the required care before entering the house. I was told to drive around to the barn and "Jerry" would assist me. I expected to see a large, robust farmer's son, but instead I found a frail, puny imbecile who knew little more than the beasts he was caring for. In the way of entering into conversation I asked him, as we invariably do children, his name. He answered in a blubbering tone that he was "Jerry." But Jerry *who* I could not find out. The man in the house he called "Pa" I learned afterward to be Jackson.

On entering the house I found it to be well furnished, but everything looked stiff and cold. The heavy mahogany and rosewood looked more stationary than otherwise. None of those little dainty touches of taste and refinement that the gentler sex delight to revel in.

I was left with my own thoughts, for Mr. Jackson had said it was time he was about his chores. I looked about in vain for a newspaper or book to help me while away the hour before tea time. I endeavored to peep into an adjoining room with the hope that it might be a library or possibly the family sitting room, where I might be able to cultivate the acquaintance of the wife whom Mr. Jackson had evidently forgotten to introduce in his hurry to be about his chores.

But, alas, I started back in dismay. It was as dark as midnight and a musty, close current of air issued from within. It was probably the unused parlor. I quickly closed the door and sat down to await results. Surely some one would soon come to relieve me of this gloom which was overcoming me; but I was to wait some time yet. In the meantime I could hear the unceasing tramp, tramp of someone in the adjoining room and occasionally the clatter of earthenware or spoons, such as is made in the preparation of a meal.

Finally Mr. Jackson came to my rescue and announced that supper was ready. I learned that the overseer of his domestic affairs was a young daughter probably of seventeen summers, with quite a pretty face, but with no pretense of culture or education. She was able to converse only on the everyday occurrences of her life, but showed what might have been a sound mind if it had only had training in the right direction. She also showed a spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction. She appeared as a bird in an undesirable cage, from which she was willing to do almost anything in order to free herself.

The conversation lagged for some time as I approached them with one subject after another. Finally I mentioned something that partook of the nature of money getting and saving. I found Mr. Jackson keenly alive on this topic and ready to give his views on all matters pertaining to it. He seemed proud of his success and carried the idea that he had attained the goal to which all human ambitions aspire.

The supper over we returned to the gloomy living room; the son to a box of toys, to which he unceasingly chattered. The daughter I observed quietly slipping out the back gate. A little farther down the

road I noticed she was met by a burly, roughly-dressed man. Where she went I know not, but I do know that she did not return until long after I had sought repose.

During the evening I ventured to inquire about the remainder of the family. One question which I asked was, how long since his wife departed this life. To which he replied, not without a shade of sadness, "Oh, she is not dead. Somehow her health, which was robust when I married her, seemed to fail, and finally when our eldest son went astray she collapsed entirely and lost her mind. We tried to save her, but it was of no use; the doctors here could do nothing for her. She was not dangerously insane, only no mind at all. Continually talking of Charlie and wandering away from home.

"It was so much trouble and we spent so much valuable time in watching her that we finally had her secured in an asylum. We go down once a year to see her. Sometimes she seems quite rational, but expresses no desire to return home, only to see Jerry. When we take him with us we can hardly restrain her from going back with us. We usually leave him at home. She then accuses us of not treating him well."

"Did Charlie go so far astray that he cannot be reclaimed?" I inquired.

"Oh yes, he is serving a term of ten years in prison. He was a good boy, but when he started out for himself he was anxious to get along faster than his father did, wasn't willing to plod along and gain the dollars slowly. So he went into a get-rich-quick scheme, failed and defrauded his partner out of a large amount of money and was sent to prison. His wife and two children are in the almshouse. I could not care for them. I have all I can do to look after Jerry, and I don't know how soon Nellie will leave me, and then I will be worse off than ever. (It did not occur to him that his daughter-in-law could be of use to him in filling Nellie's place.)

He also told me that three children had died in infancy, having never been strong. "Oh, I tell you I have had more than my share of trouble," he added (never once imagining that the cause was all his eagerness in grasping for money, and robbing life of all its sweetest comforts). "But I have plodded along and have succeeded fairly well, better than those with no trouble. Now here is my neighbor Jones. He never had any trouble, never worked very hard and his family is what I call shiftless. He has never succeeded in anything. He has a little farm of forty acres, which has never been paid for until recently; his eldest son who is a lawyer down in the city came up and paid the claim.

"He has lately been elected to the legislature. How he ever got there I don't see, for he was never a bright boy. Why, our Charlie could go ahead of him any day when they were in school here together. But I was obliged to take Charlie out of school to work on the farm, for I was owing a little then, and he sent his Charlie right along, debt or no debt, and brought him up in a lazy way,—always in school, never knew what a hard day's work was. I believe in children learning some of the hardships of life when they are yet at home and they will be the better able to combat with them when they do go out for themselves.

"I suspect if his sons were compelled to depend upon their hands for a living they would starve. They live in that little, old-fashioned cottage out yonder, the one covered with ivy and surrounded with shrubbery and trees. I can't see how they can be so contented with nothing laid by for a rainy day. But they seem happy. Why, if they should die there scarcely would be enough to give them a decent burial. And what little they do earn their children are ready to come and use up. There are some of them there all the time. During the summer their two married daughters from the city come and stay two long months, and bring their children to put the house and yard in disorder with wagons, carts, bicycles, dolls, and every other foolish invention conceivable. But they never complain. They really appear as if they enjoyed it, for they are always reckoning on when Alice and Mary and the children will be there.

"They have a son who is a Methodist preacher. He only makes a decent living for himself and family. I fear they will never get much help from him.

"They have another son who is attending a university somewhere now. I don't know what they will try to make of him. They say Charlie is paying his expenses there instead of sending him out to work to earn his own living. And they have a girl at home whom they are bringing up in just such a lazy fashion. I will wager now instead of being in bed or at some useful work, she is either fooling with the piano or off in some corner reading. No life about her whatever." I could not refrain from thinking, "Where is your daughter now?"

I afterward learned that he had a daughter who was a grass widow, also one who was an outcast but who never returned home, and a young son who was working as a farm hand for a neighbor, although his father had more than he could do, but was not willing to allow his son reasonable wages because he was not yet twenty-one. Hence he earned his own money and spent it in the dram shop, in want of a better place.

As I drove away the next morning, I could not help asking myself the question, Does it pay?

This was not altogether a cruel or heartless man, but he had sacrificed love, honor, wife, home, children

(Continued on page 936.)

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

"REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR."—Eccl. 12.

For Sunday, October 8, 1905.

I. Why Not?
1. It is the Morning of Life.
2. Nearer to God Now.
3. A Better Record Can be Made.
4. The Promise is Greater.

II. Some of the Evil Days.
1. Desire Fails.
2. Bodily Infirmities.
3. Opportunities Fewer.

III. Wise Conclusions.
1. Fear God.
2. Keep His Commandments.
3. Avoid the Judgment.

References.—Ex. 10:9; 1 Chron. 22:5, 6; Eccl. 12:1; Joel 2:28; Lam. 3:27; Matt. 19:20; Acts 26:4; 1 Tim. 4:12; 1 John 2:13; Eccl. 11:9, 10; Prov. 3:1, 2; 8:32; Gen. 7:1; Ex. 12:26, 27; 13:8, 9; Deut. 6:6-9; Psa. 34:11; 10:4; Josh. 8:35; Isa. 40:11; 54:13; Acts 2:39; Deut. 12:28; 1 Sam. 2:30; Job. 8:11-13; Luke 22:32; 24:32; Rev. 3:20.

"Seek Ye First the Kingdom of God." Why?

JESUS asked men to put God and his kingdom first. Long ago men so emphasized the divinity of Christ that they lost sight of the truth that he took upon himself our infirmities, that he was tempted in all points like as we are, that he was bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, that he came to fulfill our deepest needs. To-day our boys face many problems,—the problem of a life-work, the problem of education, the problem of success, the problem of failure with its cares. All these life problems fronted Jesus, as they front us. And as a solution for these problems he gives this answer, First of all, come unto me and I will guide your step in the path that leads from littleness to largeness. He asks each boy to love and make the most of himself that later on he may help the weaker ones. To make the most of courage and self-reliance and so achieve for himself a worthy manhood; only by the power of God can this be done. For this reason your first duty is to seek the Lord.

Choice.

It means so much for a boy or a girl to join church after wisely deciding to come to Jesus now, and then begin to live as Jesus wants us to live, and grow more Christlike with each day. We cannot begin to see all the good that is done in this world by plain, honest, simple, Christian living. We must choose between the wrong and the right, almost hourly. To the boy who learns, when young, to face everything honestly and thoughtfully and to choose the right when the decisions of his life are still the simpler ones, there comes the power and the strength of an unaltered purpose that makes for righteousness in later life.

"That I Might by all Means Save Some."

That is what Paul says about winning souls to Christ. And I wonder if we would not do well to study his methods when we are trying to win our children. To the Jews he talked of Moses and the prophets. To the Athenians, who despised the Jews, he talked not of Moses, but of their own poets, and showed that the Gospel is in harmony with the thoughts of their teachers. To the pagan Galatians he spoke sharply, to men of all classes and creeds he comes with something that appeals to them and offers them that which he knows they need. Let us learn our lesson, and when we speak to our children about their duty to God, let it always be with spiritual tact and a sweetness of disposition that disarms opposition, wins confidence and invites trust.

Now is the Accepted Time.—2 Cor. 6:21.

We have read that if you take one of a migratory flock of birds out of the line which the God-given instinct has formed, and is guiding to its distant home, and cage it behind iron bars, it will beat its wings against the cage in its frantic effort to rise and go on its journey. But let the season pass in which birds migrate, then open the cage, your bird will not go now. You can take it out and place it on a tree, but the chances are it will come back to its cage. So when our boys and girls put off coming to Christ, very often as they grow older they have no desire to serve him. What a pity!

Memento Mori.

At a monastery in Ireland the monks are bound in silence, yet they are allowed to speak two words when they pass each other: "*Memento mori*"—"Remember death!" That seems to be their chief aim, to live with death and the grave in view. Sometimes we speak from that standpoint to our children, but the old Scotch woman was right who said, "It's meeserble wark for Christ's servant to put the fear of death on a child, and I am a-thinking he wouldn't get much thanks from the Master if he was here." Boys and girls, you need Jesus every hour of the day to help you to *live* right, to make the most of life, to rise to the heights you wish to gain. Only Christ can make

your life a success, only he can satisfy and bring you happiness.

"Delay not to come to Christ!
Thy heart will grow hard as steel,
Until, though the Savior calls,
Thy spirit no longer can feel."

The Church Needs You.

The church needs young, enthusiastic workers who are ready, like Samuel, to answer, "Here am I," when Jesus calls for volunteers.

"Hands that are swift,
Hearts that are young and strong;
Blest are the lips that lift
The world through prayer and song."

Blest are the hearts and hands that are minded to attack the evils of our day and vanquish them. Poverty and intemperance, the oppression of the very poor by the rich, and many other evils can be abolished if our young people will do active service for Christ.

Topics for Discussion.

1. Solomon's Advice to Young Men. Prov. 3: 1-13.
2. The Young Man who Despises Instruction. Prov. 10. 1; 13: 1; 6: 6-20.
3. One Youth who Failed to Obey Jesus. Matt. 19: 16-22.
4. Ask your Friends to Decide for Christ. 1 Tim. 4: 12; John 4: 14.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

The Careless Worker.

He is usually the best-intentioned young man in your meeting. Sit down and talk with him, and you will be sure that he is much interested and will be a great help. You ask him to take a certain part, and like the son who was asked to go and work in the vineyard, he answers "Yes" at once. But when the evening comes on which he was to do his work, he, like the willing son, fails to appear. And it is very likely that he will tell you he "forgot all about it." He is usually late. And you soon learn that most of the work he says he will do remains undone, or is not done right. He is unreliable. What is to be done? Be very tactful, but let him know that even in small service, fidelity counts for a great deal. In the Lord's work it is well to remember that all of it should be very well done; "heartily as unto the Lord" should be a motto observed in our meetings. Let us put our best into this work; only then will God's richest blessings follow.

Brother James H. Morris, of North Manchester, Ind., says, "I have this day finished reading the 'History of the Brethren.' I have read eight books and am now reading the ninth. So I am ready for my certificate, but I do not expect to stop reading, instead, I want to take up the study of missions in earnest. Our Reading Circle meets every Friday evening; we expect to continue these meetings when school begins, and also organize one or two classes in missions."

Brother Joel Yordy, of Roanoke, Ill., is one of our faithful secretaries. He sends three new names and reports interesting meetings.

Sister Pearl A. Mishler, of Collamer, Ind., sends us one new name; she is interested and will do all she can.

"I am one of your aged members, but am glad that I can now report to you that I have read all the books of the prescribed course with several others on missionary subjects. I have much enjoyed it, and will continue to read as I have opportunity. How glad I would be to see more of our members take up the study of these Circle books. I am sixty-four years of age and look forward with pleasure to receiving my certificate." We especially appreciate the above letter from our Sister Anna Wampler, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

In a story by Vandyke we are told of a certain town in which the water supply was inadequate. The source of it was way up in the mountains, and when the people paid some attention to the source there was plenty of water, but when they put all their time on building aqueducts and water-pipes, the supply grew less. God is the source of all our power; if we look to him for our strength, our guidance and our joy, we will be shining lights in this world. He wants to save men, and he can only save them by our help. It is very important that you and I do what should be done by us towards the salvation of souls. Have you seen people who were at ease, indifferent to the condition of the poor in their town, no thought for the suffering in the slums of our large cities, no care for the heathen in distant lands? They do not realize their own condition, they are satisfied to enjoy religious privileges that their fathers paid for dearly, without any effort to give them to others. Very often ignorance is the cause; they do not care about the needs of the heathen because they do not know how sad their condition is. If they live close to God the Holy Spirit will help them to see their duty. If they read missions they will know; if they read, they will pray; if they read, they will give; if they read, they will go. O we "whose souls are lighted," let us pray to God, the Source of all our blessings, for an outpouring of his Spirit on us, as a people, that we may do great things for God.

We were glad to hear from Bro. J. B. Leatherman, who has been in the Circle for many years. He is one of our local secretaries. He has about a dozen missionary books and will make them a nucleus for a library on missions for the use of the young people.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter XLVII.

Naples, Italy.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

In order to visit the ruins of Pompeii we were compelled to go back over the same ground that we did the day before, but because our guide got drunk we decided to take another plan. We hired a different man and for twelve francs ($2.40) we had a carriage ride of some sixteen miles over a very beautiful road.

As we said in the last letter, this city was buried in the year 79 A. D. It has lain covered up for centuries. Scientific investigation has brought it to light within the last few years. They are still working and trying to uncover the patch of the city that still remains hidden; even while we were there a large body of men were excavating. The foreman of the gang was very kind and allowed us to walk through the ruins where they were at work. They have no steam shovels nor modern derricks, and in fact do not go at it after the American plan. On the contrary they each have a basket which they fill with dirt, or ashes, as it really is, and carry it upon their shoulders far beyond the limits of the city and throw it out. It is interesting to trace the outlines of the old city as it was in the days when the Apostle Paul did his preaching in this vicinity.

Among the many very interesting things we were privileged to see were the following: A pantheon, which is a godhouse, of course, and contains a great number of idols. This is evidence that there was really idolatry here for Paul to see; skeletons of horses, cats, dogs, mice, men and women, and almost every living thing which would likely be found in a city of this size; palaces of justice, or as we call them to-day, the Supreme Court building; all kinds of clothing, both for men and women, lamps, bread, jewelry, and even a money safe. One would hardly think that money safes were invented two thousand years ago; street crossings that were much higher than the street; they were really stepping-stones adjusted so as to be the right distance apart for chariot wheels to go between; great gutters in the paved streets made by the chariot wheels; an original window glass in the house of the rich man named Verteii. It is generally conceded that glass is a modern invention, but here is evidence that it is at least as old as the Christian era. A new house built just prior to the explosion; a wine-seller's restaurant, with its stone jars and casks; an old mill with its conical buhrs, some of which had been broken and carefully mended by the economical miller; an old bakeshop, with eighty loaves of bread in the oven, each one bearing the name of the baker; public fountains along the street, where teamsters might water their animals; private dwellings with the finest of decorations in all parts of the houses; in some of the sleeping apartments were very lewd paintings. Miss Gertrude said that it was no wonder that God destroyed this wicked city. In front of one of the largest private dwellings was a doorstep containing this word in solid mosaics, H-A-V-E. So far as we were able to find out, this was their word for "Welcome."

Many other things we saw were more than interesting, but we cannot go into a detailed description of each one of them. It makes us feel queer as we walk through the streets of the city that has been silent for nearly twenty centuries, to think of the thousands of people that were going about their daily work, when, in a moment, without the slightest warning, they were covered never to see daylight again. It made each one think of the uncertainty of life, and the sure approach of death.

There is a museum kept now containing all of the most valuable discoveries that they have made, and it makes an interesting collection. Among the human bodies some are to be found in the position of restful composure, while others seem to have been in the greatest agony. It seems that some met their fate unprepared, while others were quite willing to change time for eternity. The way they obtain the reproduction of these articles and beings that have been buried is a little peculiar and yet quite natural. When using the pick and shovel in excavating they frequently strike a place that sounds hollow; when it is suspicioned that there is a vacuum underneath they carefully drill a hole to reach the vacuum, then, after blowing the dust out, proceed to fill this vacuum with plaster of Paris. When it has had time to solidify the outside is then taken away and you have an exact reproduction of whatever was covered up there hundreds of years ago. These finds are valuable as a matter of history as well as being a great help to science.

The city of Herculaneum, on the other side, in all probability, will have to remain covered. You remember we said in the other letter that that city was covered with lava instead of ashes like Pompeii. When the lava hardens once it is practically impenetrable. Several attempts have been made to exhume bodies in this city, but the cost is greater than the value. It has been practically given up by scientific men.

Recently Mt. Vesuvius has become active and has caused no little concern among the people who live there, as well as to the scientific world. It is more than we can understand why it should lie dormant all these years and then all at once become active. Really it is very little, after all, that we know about the workings of nature.

We had only one more night at Naples; about breakfast time the next morning the old ship on which we were to sail to Palestine, pulled into the harbor. We were soon ready to embark. We enjoyed another season of tipping with the natives. We made a fair and square contract with a certain fellow that he was to take our valises to the ship for a franc (20 cents), and when we were all in the boat and well-nigh to the ship, he tried to collect a franc of each of us for each of the valises, and said that was his understanding in the beginning. Roscoe deliberately told him that his understanding was that he would immediately take us back to the shore, and, without any pay for it, too. At this he got very angry and the usual war of words ensued. One becomes accustomed to this and would feel lonesome without a quarrel every few minutes. At length, however, he landed us on the deck of the steamer according to our understanding.

Sincerely yours, Marie.

(To be Continued.)

The Q. & A. Department.

Who is the author of, "Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man"?

Lord Bacon.

Between what parallels of latitude is our country included?

The United States proper lies between the parallels of 24 degrees, 30 minutes and 49 degrees.

Can a married woman in the State of Colorado sell her real estate and give a good warranty deed without her husband's signature? Also can a husband sell real estate and give a good warranty deed without his wife's signature?

A married woman can sell any of her separate property without the consent or signature of her husband. And the husband can do the same. But if a statutory homestead has been put on by either party then both must sign the deed. This is also true with regard to household goods and furniture, both must sign a mortgage on same if it is to be binding, as well as a bill of sale for same if sold. The theory of the law in the State of Colorado is, that each shall control his or her separate property as he or she sees fit, and this rule holds good in all cases except as above stated.

What are the causes which operate to modify climate?

Latitude, altitude, prevalent winds, and proximity of the sea.

Who was the first writer of English prose?

The Venerable Bebe was the first English writer of prose. His greatest work is Ecclesiastical History of England, from Julius Cæsar's invasion to 731, and was written about 735.

What are the five most populous countries of Europe, and the capital city of each?

Russia, with a population of 109,960,000; capital city, St. Petersburg. Germany has a population of 56,345,000; capital, Berlin. Austria-Hungary has a population of 46,912,000; capital, Vienna. Great Britain and Ireland have a population of 41,606,000; capital, London. France has a population of 38,641,000; capital, Paris.

In case of impeachment, what is the penalty?

The removal from office and disqualification from holding any other office of honor, profit or trust under the United States.

In going from Detroit east on a Canadian railway, I happened to look out of the car window and saw, up in the sky, the inverted picture of Lake Erie, with ships floating on her bosom. What was this, and what caused it?

It was a mirage. A mirage is an optical illusion which is produced with a ray of light from an elevated position that has no transverse strata of heated air. Less and less refraction increases the angle of incidence till refraction gives place to internal reflection. The layers of air in contact with the heated soil are rarefied and more expanded than those immediately above them. These illusions often occur on the desert. Some have seen them in Nebraska. Statistics say that a German once saw, in the heavens, an exact reproduction of his own native town in Germany and verified the statement by calling the attention of a professor to the picture before it vanished.

Why was the new moon selected as a festival occasion?

I do not think that the selection of the date has any special religious significance. People in the East have always regarded the moon, partly because of its brilliance in the remarkably clear atmosphere of the Orient, which enables one to travel and do much of one's work in the cool of the night, and partly because it was early found to be a simple and sure instrument for reckoning time, their month being a complete lunation (four quarters of seven and three-eighths days each). The new moon, which was the first day of the month, was always looked forward to with rejoicing because it meant that the dark nights were at an end, and the day of the new moon was early chosen as a festival day by many nations.

What are the qualifications of the president of the United States?

He must be a natural born citizen of the United States; thirty-five years of age; and must be a resident of the United States at the time of election.

What is the land of the "Nabobs"?

It is India, and has a population of about three hundred million, and yet all of its commercial wealth practically is in the hands of ninety thousand Nabobs.

What is the cause of the moon being sometimes far to the north and sometimes far to the south?

It is due to the action of the sun.

MISCELLANEOUS

DOES IT PAY?

(Continued from page 930.)

and respect on the altar to the gods of filthy lucre. And what had he received? Nothing but worse than chaff.

As I rode along thus musing I came to the "little old-fashioned cottage over there." I gently knocked at the door. A smiling, plump, rosy-cheeked matron answered my call. In response to my inquiry for the master of the house a good-natured looking man appeared in slippers and dressing gown, carrying the morning paper. On accepting his cordial invitation to enter I found the room well lighted and pleasant. The air was pure and here and there were papers and books lying on tables and in little cozy nooks, and on one side of the room was a spacious bookcase filled with choice volumes. The daughter was occupied in the duties of the household; the mother was preparing a home box to send to her son at school. All were engaged in some profitable and pleasant occupation and seemed happy and contented. And as I drove away from the happy home I mused, Yes, it does pay.

Towanda, Pa.

WHAT THE BIBLE IS.

Some writer gives the following analysis of the "Book of books," the Bible:

It is a book of laws to show the right from the wrong.

It is a book of wisdom that makes the foolish wise.

It is a book of truth which detects all human errors.

It is a book of life and shows how to avoid everlasting death.

It is the most authentic and entertaining history ever published.

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"I think I did," he answered; "a boy with a short memory, was he not?"

"What made you think he had a short memory, sir?" inquired the man, looking much surprised.

"I think he had," answered his neighbor, "and I think he must belong to a family that have short memories."

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No. 52 .....Theodore Roosevelt
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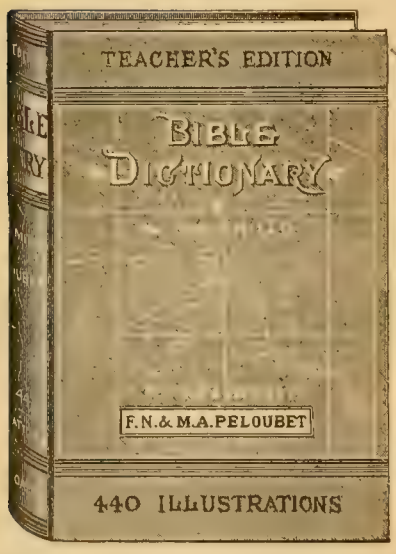
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Not so with the one who is sick. The skin here is of a yellowish turn and more ghastly. This u natural pallor is usually an indication that the vital fluid is not getting proper or sufficient nourishme that the blood is poor, thin or watery and that its circulation is weak. Such symptoms need prompt a tention. They are usually accompanied by a feeling of weakness, a listless look of the eyes and at tim a wasting away of flesh. That means our vitality is on the ebb. This weak and impoverished condition our blood so affects our system that it is unable to resist disease and we become subject to almost ever ailment that is going. The weakest spot in our body is apt to become affected first. It may be the lung the heart, the kidneys, the liver or other vital organs. It matters not where it strikes us, we become sic and ailing and, unless we take heed, we will soon be but shadows of our former selves. So much fo those who are thin and pale.

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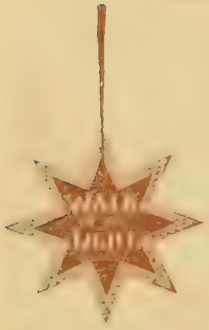
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"God is Love."
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"I, The Lord Have Called Thee And Will Keep Thee."
"The Lord Will Hold Thy Right Hand."
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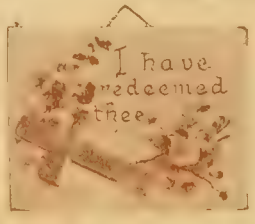
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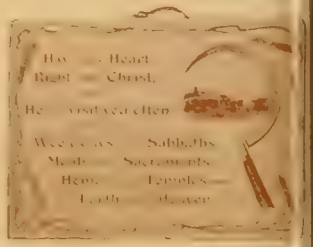


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THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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[From the Gospel Messenger, Aug. 12, 1905.]

We often read in the Messenger of "a little band of members without a minister" and "preacher wanted," but I believe the above caption is a little out of the ordinary. I investigated some of the places with a band of members, but as I am a practical farmer I chose to settle in the best place to help myself, rather than be helped (it was largely to escape this I left my old congregation in Missouri). I came here last fall and consoled myself with the thought that if my judgment was good and the country what I thought it, the Brethren would come and maybe I could do some missionary work. In the latter I have been somewhat disappointed, for though I have found the people good neighbors it seems almost impossible to get them started to come to meeting. I keep a little Sunday school going and preach every other Sunday anyway, but am very anxious to see some members come and occupy the land and also the "empty benches."

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North Platte, Nebr.

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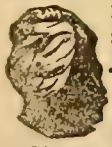
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Exposition rates from some of the most Eastern points for tickets to Portland and return (not including trip through California), are as follows:

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Tickets will be sold daily to September 30th, with final limit of ninety days from date of sale, but not beyond November 30, 1905. Stop-overs will be allowed on the Oregon Short Line at any point going or returning within final limit of tickets, but on return journey tickets must be deposited with the agent at point of stop-over.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. OCTOBER 3, 1905. NO. 40.

THE ONE TALENT MAN.

He couldn't sing and he couldn't play,
He couldn't speak and he couldn't pray.
He'd try to read but break right down,
Then sadly grieve at smile or frown.
While some with talents ten begun,
He started out with only one.
"With this" he said "I'll do my best,
And trust the Lord to do the rest."
His trembling hand and tearful eye,
Gave forth a world of sympathy.
When all alone with one distressed,
He whispered words that calmed that breast,
And little children learned to know,
When grieved and troubled, where to go.
He loved the birds, the flowers, the trees,
And, loving him, his friends loved these.
His homely features lost each trace
Of homeliness, and in his face
There beamed a kind and tender light
That made surrounding features bright.
When illness came he smiled at fears,
And bade his friends to dry their tears.
He said, "Good-bye," and all confess,
He made of life a grand success.

—John L. Shroy, in Presbyterian Banner.

SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

Wait, but don't stop.

Duty done is Memory's confectionery.

Man is crowned king by Self-control.

He who parleys with sin gives it stronger hold.

They find opportunity soonest who seek readiness first.

Fault-hunters succeed well in their business, hence so many fault-finders.

Inherent strength is independent of outward encouragement in laudable endeavor.

Means are made by men who mean business.

Not they who choose, but they who use, opportunities find them.

Impossibility may frighten those back whose success lies this side of it.

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," does not justify anger by sunlight.

Promptness and Perseverance, forming a monopoly of time, raise its value many per cent.

Persevere: the thread that does not break nor end will reach a long way toward success.

He who goes round a hill in search of an elevator is seeking ease instead of opportunity.

He who would clothe himself with Success must see that Perseverance weaves sufficient cloth.

Mark purpose well by scutching off all bark, and keep it clear until you hit your mark.

Temptation may come, but it will not stay if we do not give it a seat. But let not Desire go out to meet it.

Thought is the material from which character is made, and, good or bad, it all goes into the quality of its product.

Steep the offense in the spirit of forgiveness until you cannot see the stain, adding charity if necessary, to obtain the desired result.

However pointed a man's words may be, his character must furnish the weight back of them to drive them in.

Flora, Ind.



The Old Doyle House

By PROF. G. W. FURREY



Chapter V.

THE miller's daughter, "little Maud," as she was familiarly called by all, was universally known throughout Carroll county. From the time that she could toddle she was her father's almost constant companion in the mill where she made the acquaintance of his many customers. She loved to ride in and out on the trucks when her father wheeled in the "grist" of his customers or wheeled out the fat sacks of flour and bran after the wheat had been ground.

Often could she be seen riding on the log-carriage in the sawmill, patiently waiting through the tedious ride while the old up-and-down saw made its slow progress through the long log, to be rewarded by the quick return ride as the log was rapidly carried back to its first position to be reset for another cut. Or, again, she might be seen riding on the little car, or tram, on its return trip as the sawmill man hauled his newly-made, sweet-smelling lumber over the high trestle leading from the sawmill to the lumber yard, where it was carefully and loosely piled for seasoning.

Or she was playing "hide-and-go-seek" behind the piled-up sacks of wheat and flour and bins and burrs with the customers' children, whose delight it was to "get to go along to mill and play with little Maud."

As she became older, she learned to do many little errands and assist about the mill which saved her father not a little. Many an hour did she spend scooping up cornmeal and weighing it for the "trade," filling the paper bags, gorgeously decorated with large, colored letters that spelled "Oakdale Mills," encircling a picture of two fabulous ears of corn, filling them till the beam tipped at twenty-five pounds; then piling them under the great press which was to give them their proper flattened finish.

More than once, in the absence of the miller, had she undertaken to grind a grist of corn that "couldn't wait." The miller was beginning to rely on the delicacy of her touch in testing the quality of his flour in preference to his own.

Then, too, it was a common sight to see her on her pony, "Pet," her brown hair which usually fell in rich profusion about her shoulders tied by a ribbon in a single bunch, as, in the evening she galloped away to fetch the cows, or as she took her morning ride. She took upon herself the duty of milking her two favorite cows, "Big Pink" and "Lilly," while her mother milked "Little Pink" and "Brindle"; and together they strained the milk into jars which they put into the cool spring trough, neatly hidden under a brooding willow tree.

It was her delight to take care of the chickens, to gather the eggs; she carried in the wood and chips—in fact, did so many errands that usually fell to the lot of boys that her father was wont to playfully call her his little "Tommy." At the same time she was never more pleasant than when engaged in doing something for someone, so that it became a current expression, "as pleasant as the smile under Maud's sunbonnet."

No wonder that a cloud seemed to pass over the little village when her friends saw the form they had so learned to love stretched apparently lifeless on the hard mill platform. Notwithstanding the chill that stifled their hearts, they knew how to apply the best means for restoring respiration, and after an hour's persistent effort they were rewarded by a short, quick gasp, after which regular breathing commenced. Soon the brown eyes opened, but they were devoid of the light of intelligence. She was carried tenderly to the house, while the fleetest horseman in the village was dispatched for the good family physician, Dr. Haymon.

The poor mother had been preparing a pleasant surprise for her little girl in the way of a birthday party. This was her fifteenth birthday and all her schoolmates had been requested to be present this evening. They were beginning to arrive and the happiness in their hearts in anticipation of an evening of pleasure was quickly changed to sorrow in the face of the dreadful catastrophe that had befallen their favorite friend.

The doctor arrived. After a brief examination he announced that an operation would have to be performed at once, to relieve the pressure on the brain, as the skull had been dented in by the blow doubtless received from the water-wheel. The evening was spent in anxious watching. The operation was successful. The fractured plates were restored to their normal position. Her eyes opened with a look of recognition as they met those of her anxious friends. One grateful smile and she relapsed into unconsciousness, which was soon to become delirious.

"You young people had better return to your homes," said the good doctor. "This case is very serious. She may not live through the night. But I have great hopes because of her splendid vitality and the strong constitution she has inherited from her father. In any event, she can hardly escape a severe attack of brain fever."

The young folks set out for their homes with heavy.

hearts and a pent-up feeling of dread and an irresistible sense of foreboding evil.

They had gotten almost opposite the old Doyle House without a thought or look in its direction, when with one accord they stopped and with bated breath waited, for they knew not what, when, "Help! help! ha! ha! ha!" came in blood-curdling tones from the gloomy walls.

Chapter VI.

THE loss of $500 just at this time was almost too great a blow for the miller to stand. He could feel himself tottering on the very edge of the frightful chasm of bankruptcy. He had at one time been exceedingly prosperous, but a series of misfortunes had left him crippled; and when the new mill was built at Monticello, only six miles up the river, in which was installed the latest improved machinery for milling according to the newest and best processes, and when he had flatly refused to become subservient to the syndicate that controlled the same, he found himself struggling against hopeless odds. The syndicate "froze" him out at every turn. He was forced to neglect his mercantile business, for every bit of flour he sold cost him more in the sack than he received in the barrel.

"All that has been keeping me going," he explained to Charles, "is my custom work; and now a number of my old customers take their grists along with them to town so as not to have to make an extra trip to mill."

"Lawyer Cobble was here to-day to notify you that a note that is secured by a first mortgage on a team of horses, and which has been placed in his hands for collection will be due to-morrow. He says that the owner of the note has instructed him to seize the horses at once if the note is not paid," said Charles.

The miller became white with rage; "Before he built his mill almost in my mill-race I did not need to secure my paper with a mortgage. Now he goes about buying up my obligations just to bring distress upon me. I had intended to pay this note with the money that was taken from my drawer yesterday, but now I guess that 'Barney and Flory' will have to go. Nor do I see how I will be able to spare them," he said in a tone of despondency.

"If I were you I'd run them out of the county and trade them off," suggested Charles, with pretended sympathy. "The debt is not a just one, at any rate. You let me drive them to Monticello with a load of flour to-morrow and I will try my hand as a horse jockey."

Truly did the ancient philosopher observe that "whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad." And when despair is added to anger the devil has his own way. Ordinarily no one would dare make such a suggestion to this man whose reputation for honesty had always been his pride and of late was becoming his best capital; and if made would have been answered with the contempt and disdain it so richly deserved. But now, stung by the base threat of his more fortunate competitor (for the holder of the note was none other than the mill owner at Monticello) he bids the young man do as he thinks best in the matter, for he himself would have to set out at once for Delphi to put detectives on the trail of the rascal who had robbed the cash drawer, who, Charles had made him believe, was the unfortunate Frank whom he had seen sink beneath the ice in the river. Little did the miller think, as he rode along the road in the uncertain moonlight, with his thoughts divided between the young life at home trembling in the balance between life and death, and his burden of financial straits, that the action of his apprentice on the morrow would be the means of hastening his ruin, and would be the one transaction of his business career that would be a source of lasting shame and regret, for when he returned home next day, after employing the best detective in the county, into whose hands he judiciously placed the whole case, he was chagrined at finding in the barn, instead of the well-known mill team, a team of tall, awkward-looking mules. The report was spread that the miller was on the verge of failure, and refusing to meet his obligations. The result was that a storm of creditors were down upon him and in one day they had replevined his property, even to the mill stock and household goods.

Chapter VII.

THE young man, who had so heroically attempted the rescue of the little girl, was carried into the wheel where, between the huge paddles, there was room enough for his body to pass on through, but not without receiving a blow which rendered him breathless and unconscious. He was carried under the ice to be borne rapidly away by the swift current of the river. After awhile he began to be revived, and he vainly felt that he was being lightly carried by kind hands to a place of safety, until he was finally restored to complete consciousness by a blow from the jagged edge of a protruding rock. His lungs expanded only to be choked by the deadly water. He understood he was yet in the river and made an effort to inhibit the expansion of his chest while he struck for the surface of the water. He was a good swimmer and excellent diver, but instead of the air he had hoped to gain he received a second blow from the rocky wall that appeared like a stone arch over him. Where was he? What could he do? Like a flash, the memory of an alleged subterranean branch of the river came to him. About three-quarters of a mile below the mill, just where "Widow Hornback's Bend" changed the course of the river, was a very deep hole that the best of swimmers and oarsmen always avoided with

the utmost precaution, for it contained a powerful whirlpool known as the "giant," from whose embrace nothing in the way of debris or living animal was ever known to escape. Below this dangerous place was another deep hole in which the farmer boys were accustomed to "swim their horses" on Saturday evenings. One youth, mistaking the place, was supposed to have gone in the wrong hole, for neither horse nor rider were ever seen. At times of "low water," the volume of the river below the whirlpool was perceptibly less than above, so it was commonly believed that here no small part of the river took a plunge downward into the regions of Pluto.

It was into the clutch of this monster that the helpless youth knew he was held. A sickening sense of hopeless despair froze his heart. No use to hope for rescue. Life was at its end for him! He would watch the swift passage of his soul from life through death to—what? He was to explore the narrow boundary between time and eternity!

"How mysterious are thy works, O God! How unsearchable thy ways! How unfathomable thy resources! Thy most inmost purposes are past finding out." Now we are on the mountain-tops of Hope and Fortitude; now plunged deep into the cold, dark valleys of Despair and Pusillanimity. Now we feel so strong that we almost "mourn for more worlds to conquer," and now we tremble under the weight of a grasshopper.

Notwithstanding his total self-abandonment, Frank's strong arms involuntarily did battle with the turbulent waters. Freed from mental restraints, his chest heaved, and his broken gasps were fed, not by the deadly water, but by life-giving oxygen. He felt himself emerging into pure, sweet air. Could it be true, saved? His anxious eyes were met by inky darkness. He clambered out of the water which went flowing gently on into the black night. He sat down on a large stone, over which he had stumbled, to collect his wits. Where could he be? Perhaps his eyesight had been destroyed by the blows he had received, of which his aching head gave evidence. Perhaps friends were near if only he would let them know where he was. He raised his voice in an appeal for help. "Help! help!" he cried. "Help! help!" came back to him at intervals in tones of fiendish mockery, apparently from all sides. Now it subsided only to be taken up again, and a diabolical "Ha! ha! ha! h-a!" almost froze his blood. He could almost believe that he was in hell itself! Was not this the river Styx? Were not those the voices of gloating demons? He remained still and finally the sounds died away and his better judgment forced him to conclude that he was imprisoned in one of the great caves for which Indiana is noted; that the river had fiendishly entrapped him here and was now flowing carelessly on, satisfied with the success it had achieved. He knew that the pandemoniac sounds he had heard were only the echo and reëcho of his own voice that had been tossed from wall to wall throughout the whole extent of the cavern and finally returned to him as a demoniacal "ha! ha!" as the air so long unstirred by sound or breeze took up and handed on his desperate call for help.

Sick in body and soul he felt a dizziness coming on him. But he was not quite willing to give up. By a great effort he rallied and aroused himself with the thought of doing something, anything but to lie down and die. He groped slowly forward with arms extended to feel his way through the thick darkness that seemed so dense that you could cut it with a knife. Now he fell over a stalagmite, now he struck his head against an overhanging stalactite. But on, on, on he groped aimlessly and painfully. Where was he going? No longer could he hear the rippling of the stream for which he began to feel a sort of companionship. He would return to its side as to a thing of life. But retrace his steps, how? What direction should he turn? Oh, for a light, a light! He turned to see the object of his desire in the distance. It drew nearer. It might be the savage eyeballs of a fierce animal or a demon. He turned to flee and fell fainting on his face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIFE INSURANCE.—No. 2.

JESSE D. MOHLER.

The Participating Policy as an Investment.

IN my former article I held that an attempt to gain money or property without returning a fair equivalent is wrong and amounts to covetousness. Since writing that I get my own idea better developed in a statement made by Mr. Thomas Lawson in a recent number of *Everybody's Magazine*. It is this: "There are two ways of adding new dollars to those in your possession: by taking from others so they are the losers and you the gainer, whereby you win at the cost of their happiness; or by expanding the world's wealth so that others gain when you do." The careful reader will have no difficulty in discerning which of these two ways is right, and which is wrong; and we trust that a careful consideration of life insurance as an investment will help him to see which of the two methods contributes the more to the profits of such investments.

Let us keep in mind my former statement that in all insurance business it is expected that the policy-holders pay the cost and the profits. The business of the management is not to pay the costs and losses themselves, but to see that the business is kept running so that the policy-holders do the paying. Also, keep in mind that one great difference between fire-

insurance and life insurance is that only a small portion of the buildings insured ever need to be paid for; while in life insurance every policy-holder will die some time and the policy become due to be paid. In the building insurance business the many fortunate pay the losses of the few unfortunate, but in life insurance all become equally unfortunate, except as to time, and every policy-holder must either pay an amount that will in the proper time amount to his own policy and the costs of the business and its profits, or some must be *straight losers* in order to make others become *straight gainers*. All holders of life insurance must become equally unfortunate in the loss of life, but are not all equally fortunate or unfortunate financially; and it frequently occurs that those unfortunate financially add to the dollars of those who were financially fortunate during life, themselves to receive no dollars to relieve the financial straits of the family at the time of bereavement. While this fact may not concern your investment, you should be concerned to know that the profits from your investment, if any, will come very close along the same line.

The Investment.

In our former article we discussed the protection offered a young man of thirty-two, and in this we take up the inducements to him for investment in the same policy. If he does not receive the amount of his policy in death benefit, he may receive at the end of 20 years a cash payment of $922 in return for his payment of $32.70 at the beginning of each of those years. This is a return of $922 for a cash investment of $644 made in installments.

A first glance at such a proposition would make a great many think the opportunities controlled by the Eastern insurance companies were most excellent, and we do not wonder so much that many people think, as a brother recently expressed himself, that the big corporations have opportunities that the individual can not reach. That, however, is a mistake. Life-insurance companies handle their money in large amounts, and large amounts always seek investment in safe enterprises, at smaller profits. Large profits usually mean great risks, and as life-insurance companies have in their own business one of the best-paying propositions to themselves, and the risk amply provided for, they make their investments in office buildings, government bonds, and farm mortgages, as a usual thing. We are all aware that such investments do not return an unusually high rate. We need little better evidence that their profits are not large than the fact that the companies doing such business pay an agent a large fee for getting the investment, and then pay another agent a commission to get him to loan our investment to our neighbor at the same rate we would have asked him in the first place. They pay two commissions to get the amount of our investment off our hands into our neighbor's, at the usual rate of interest.

Some of our readers may ask how those companies can afford to offer such large returns for the investment if their profits in handling money are not large. We would answer that in the first place the profits they offer you are not large when you consider everything. In the second place the policy-holders foot all the bills, and they make the inducements look excellent so as to get more to invest. The company must get paid for handling your investment out of the profits of your investment, and if you get good returns from your investment some other policy-holder must furnish the cash for those good returns. The more there is invested with them the more they will get paid for handling; and, as the people pay all the costs, the companies can well afford to allow the agent from forty-five per cent to fifty per cent of the first payment to get the people to invest.

The Profits.

We stated above that $922 is not a good return on twenty yearly investments of $32.70 each, the returns to be made at the end of the term of years. We say that because the same amount loaned at the usual six per cent interest, and the accumulating interest being loaned yearly, would amount to $1,275.07, or $353.07 more than the life-insurance company offers you. In fact their offer is to return your original investment with a little less than three and one-half per cent compound interest, and the most of our people think that would be low returns.

To wealthy men who have other interests, and who seek a place for their money that promises sure returns, this is as much as can be guaranteed by many places for investment, and they look to the chances of securing large returns in case of an early death; but to the man in ordinary walks of life the chances are not nearly what they appear to be on first acquaintance.

We are not in position to know the proportion of the money handled that is consumed in the expenses of the business, but we do know that the expenses are enormous, and that it is quite possible that the expense of conducting the business, commissions to agents and profits to share-holders consume the accumulations that would belong to the money paid into the treasury. If this be the case,—and it must be that such expenses consume the bulk of the accumulations, if not all,—there is little left above the actual payments made by policy-holders to pay the death losses and the returns on investments made by policy-holders. However, the management having guaranteed the payments of all losses and matured policies, they must see that such obligations are met, and that is what they are being paid for by the people.

It would look as though our repeated statement that the policy-holders pay the bills would not hold

good in such a case, but you must connect that with our position that each one must pay in enough to pay his own policy, or some be straight losers and others straight gainers. In the solution of that part of the business there is enough to turn any one from making such investment if he studies it carefully and measures it by the New Testament standard. The forfeited earnings of the financially unfortunate must be drawn on to make up any deficiency in meeting the payments due on the policies held by those who are able to keep up their policy to the end!

I recently saw a report of the lapses of insurance in twelve of the largest companies doing business in our country, covering the last twenty years of the past century. I was surprised to see how accurately those lapses portrayed the changes of financial prosperity or depression of our country. It also portrayed days and nights of disappointment and despair, and of deprivation to families that no one else could know or feel. In the total report from those twelve companies seventy per cent of the amount of insurance written during that time was allowed to lapse!

This, in other words, means that every time there was a group of one hundred men induced to take out life-insurance policies, thirty of that one hundred would get their own payments back with an increase, either in death benefits or investment returns, and the other seventy out of the one hundred suffered a straight loss of cash in order to make up the deficiency of the first thirty and profits. This also means that if you profit from such an investment, you are to profit from the misfortunes and disappointment of your fellow-man who was striving for the same thing but fainted by the way and left his sacrifice to you who accept it as *legitimate* business profits. Can you afford to strive for such treasures? Until you are willing to stand before God with a record of having deprived the unfortunate of a portion of their labors and given them nothing in return, and to have used the substance that properly belonged to widows and orphans, you should by no means connect yourself with a system that operates as the life-insurance business is operated.

Your Risk.

Every man of the seventy mentioned above clearly expected to be able to carry out his payments and be a winner, else he would not have made the first investment. If you consider such investment, you should also consider that your chances to be one of the seventy are more than two times as strong as your chance to be one of the thirty winners of other people's money. It may not appear so, but such is the collected experience of the companies transacting the business, and they figure you as any one of the others.

To offset such a prospect, the companies offer a return of a considerable portion of your payments, if you continue payments till after the third. This is another delusion to the unwary. The same young man of thirty-two years could have gotten a policy for $1,000 in case of death inside of twenty years, for an annual payment of $15.84 each year, instead of $32.70, but this offered no return of cash in case of the policy lapsing, and only $183 promised at the end of the term. Had he chosen to leave out all prospect for anything but protection in case of death in twenty years, his annual cost would have been only $14.39 each year.

These latter propositions are too prosaic, however, there being no prospect for the unearned dollar unless you die to get it, and the companies offer a bait in the shape of an investment. It is easier to get a man to undertake the yearly payment of $32.70 with a prospect for unearned money than the payment of $14.39 for simple protection. As many people, or more, give up the $32.70 payments as the $14.39. Most of the lapses occur in the first half of the term of years. During that time the risks of death are necessarily much smaller than in the latter half; and the money paid in during the first half has time to almost double itself before the expiration of the term when the other thirty can claim their profits. Also, if three young men each take out a policy of a different class, one will pay to the company one amount and the others other amounts. For the first two years there is almost no risk, and, as many of the lapses are in the first three years, one may lapse and lose $28.78, another lapse and lose $31.68, and the other—which may be yourself if you invest—$65.40.

That is part of the delusion, the other is the amount that is returned on the participating policy after you make a number of payments and choose to let it lapse. If this same young man would pay on the participating policy for ten years and then allow it to lapse, he would be out $327 in cash, and could get back $182 in cash. This would leave $145 with the company for his payments on protection, against the lower offer of $14.39 each year, or $143.90. Many would see only $1.10 in the difference, but in the one case there has been more than double the amount drawing interest that there is in the other. This difference at six per cent compound interest would make the participating policy for ten years cost the young man $63.82 more than if he had taken a straight protection policy. Also, the tables of mortality from which the life-insurance companies figure show that the young man's chances of dying in those ten years would be only one hundred and six out of a thousand, or a little stronger than one in ten. It is clear that he would be out of any chance of returns from investment if he becomes one of the seventy who faint by the way; and, after ten years of sacrificing a little every year, he would have paid an amount that costs him $264.88 for his chance of get-

ing $1,000, when his chances of winning that $1,000 unearned money was only one chance in ten.

Turn it any way you may, the chances are strongly in favor of your being a loser, either as an investment or for securing financial protection in case of your death. Life-insurance companies can show you a record for steady money getting, and exemption from failures, that can be approached by no other business of which I have knowledge. This is in itself strong evidence that you must pay handsomely for anything they offer you. The records show that only about one out of every ten ever get any returns from their payments as an investment, and two out of ten get death benefits, the other seven being losers.

This being the case, your chances are three to win or come out nearly even, and seven to be a straight loser. If you are a winner you participate in whatever there is wrong in the whole system, from the gambling on the chances of life or death, to gaining cash at the direct loss of your brother man, or the robbing by lawsuit of the widow and orphans of the one who dies and can not establish his rights in the courts of our country.

Warrensburg, Mo.

A TARTAR WAGON.

C. F. YODER.

THE above picture was taken in Tiflis, Russia, in the Caucasus region, by the writer, June 12, 1905. It represents a Tartar with his team of buffaloes. These savages live mainly by herding buffaloes and cattle, as the Caucasus region must be irrigated for farming purposes. The Russian government encouraged the Tartars to fight the Armenians, but they have gone further and are now fighting the government. Most of them wear heavy sheepskin caps and buffalo cloaks even in hot summer weather. They are mainly Mohammedans and hate the Armenians because they are Christians as well as because they are hard competitors in business.

The attention of the world has been called all summer to the unrest among the natives of the Caucasus region. In June there were massacres at Naftchuan and Erivan while recently there have been outbreaks at Baku and Shusha.

The Tartars are a savage race residing in the region of the Caucasus mountains, who have never been thoroughly subjected by the Russians. On our recent journey through that region they could be seen dressed in long buffalo-skin cloaks and sheep-skin caps, herding cattle or buffaloes, or loafing about depots. We spent some time at Baku and Elizabethpol and were also very near to the other places of massacre.

The world hears of the worst of the outrages but does not hear of the constant murders that are taking place, here one and there one.

The papers have denounced as usual the Turks who have had their emissaries among the Tartars urging them to attack the Armenians, and some papers have commented on the apparent inefficiency of the Cossacks who were sent, ostensibly, to quell the disturbance. We can explain their inefficiency. In addition to the fact that the Cossacks are cowards who love only to cut down defenseless women and children or unarmed crowds is the worse fact that the Russian government is hand in hand with the Turks, in trying to ex-



A Tartar Wagon.

terminate the Armenians. The real cause is not religious but economic and political. The Armenians are hard business competitors and are, like the Jews, often agitating revolt.

The leading oil men of Baku are Armenians and when they are killed by the Tartars the Russians will have their property.

While we were in Tiflis, Armenians were shot down in the streets by Tartars without the slightest interference by the Russian police. The massacres at Naftchuan were in sight of Russian soldiers, yet nothing was done.

If the Turks and Armenians and Tartars kill one another there will be more room for the Russians, but the time has come when in the name of humanity this slaughter of Armenians ought to be stopped by the civilized nations of the world. The Turkish government and the Russian government ought to be held to account for the barbarism which has no right to exist in this enlightened age.

Ashland, Ohio.

ADD loveliness to the beauty you see. "Every thought bodies itself in form." Let then your thoughts make only the beautiful. Be as a sweet perfume to mingle with the breeze. Help daily by spreading the glad gospel of freedom silently through the villages or towns.—*Augusta T. Webster.*

"NOT THIS YEAR, MR. HAYNER."

A Kansas Answer to One Who is a Liberal Advertiser.

MANFORD SCHOONOVER, editor of the *Journal* at Garnett, Kans., has had some interesting correspondence with a leading distiller in regard to merits of an article much advertised in newspapers that have no regard for the morals of the people, and this correspondence is of such a general nature that the *Daily Review* is moved to reproduce it. Mr. Schoonover makes reply to a circular sent to him. The circular and the letter follow:

ST. LOUIS, MO., DECEMBER 21, 1904.

Mr. Manford Schoonover, Garnett, Kansas.

Dear Sir:—Isn't this a liberal offer? How could it be fairer?

Our Offer—Fill out and mail us the inclosed card and we will ship you, in a plain sealed box, four full quarts of Hayner whiskey, express charges prepaid by us. Sample every bottle if you wish. If it isn't perfectly satisfactory, then send back what is left and you won't have to pay a cent. You pay nothing unless you like and keep the whiskey.

Twelve other reasons why you should accept our offer:

1. We are distillers and have a paid-up capital of $500,000.00.

2. Our distillery is one of the largest and best in the world.

3. We have been in the business for thirty-eight years, growing larger every year.

4. We are independent of trusts or combines and sell to consumers only.

5. We own more whiskey than any other distiller in the world.

6. We are the largest bottlers of whiskey in the world.

7. There is more Hayner whiskey sold than any other brand in the world.

8. Ten government officials have charge of our distillery. We dare not take a gallon of our own whiskey out of our own warehouses unless Uncle Sam says it's all right.

9. Over half a million bankers, business and professional men are satisfied customers, the very people who use the best.

10. Hayner whiskey goes direct from our distillery to you, saving you the dealers' big profits and assuring perfect purity.

11. We are the only distillers in the world who sell direct to consumers. Our imitators don't distil a drop of whiskey. For proof see government reports. They are simply dealers, buying and selling.

12. You cannot buy anything purer, better or more satisfactory than Hayner whiskey, no matter how much you pay.

And now won't you let us make you a trial shipment on approval?

Yours very truly,
THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY.
W. M. HAYNER, President.

The Answer.

Garnett, Kans., January 7, 1905.

W. M. Hayner, St. Louis, Mo.

My Dear Sir:—Your letter of recent date received. I have no recollection of ever meeting you, but suppose you are a relative of old Uncle John Hayner, with whom I did business for many years. I rejoice to inform you that I quit the use of whiskey several years ago and cannot accept your liberal offer. I have just read your twelve reasons, and must confess that they are the best I ever read—in fact, they are sufficient to convince any one, especially young men, that they should use intoxicating liquor and, of course, use the Hayner brand.

Now, Mr. Hayner, I was a liberal patron of yours for many years; I have felt the effects of your whiskey on my health, my business, my home, my future prospects, my life. I have also observed the effect of your liquor on my schoolmates, on my business associates and in hundreds of others in the commercial, political and social world with whom it has been my pleasure to be acquainted. I have also read some things relating to the liquor traffic, and if you will permit me I will give you twelve reasons why I quit the use of liquor, why I cannot accept your liberal offer and why I propose from this time on to do what I can to persuade men to abstain from its use. I have never been regarded as a crank—in fact, there is a whole gang of your former patrons living here who have never been regarded as cranky, but who now say they would have been several thousand dollars better off if they had been.

I have many reasons to offer, but at this time will only attempt to give twelve:

1. There is nothing to it; all this drink business is a piece of foolishness. This is a simple statement, but your customers seldom learn it until late in life—sometimes *too late!*

2. I have observed that the young men who use the Hayner brand, or any famous brand for that matter, do not have the best jobs—in fact, it is often very hard for them to get work at any price or place. Since I received your letter I noticed several boys who have no winter clothes, who turn up the collar of their last summer's coat and crawl up close to the depot, the billiard hall, or the jointist's stove to keep warm. They are pitiful looking specimens of young manhood, but they are all good patrons of the Hayner brand—they are faithful fellows. I have known some of them to work from morning to night, and when they received their wages, spend it all for liquor.

They are as loyal booze fighters as ever carried a bottle, but they are cold and hungry to-night. I see your capital is $500,000.00. How would it do to send them a small cheque? If you do not, it will be necessary for a few religious, temperance cranks who live here to care for them during the winter, and I know you would not permit one of your old soldiers to be supported by men who are opposed to your business.

3. I know a mother who was formerly one of the brightest girls in Garnett. She married a man who spent his money, who sacrificed his life that you might build the greatest distillery in the world. To-night she is broken-hearted, her son is following in the footsteps of his father, his youth has already been blasted by the use of so-called "perfect purity" whiskey. She sits by a small fire and shivers; she dines on bread and water, while her son staggers on the street. This may be good stuff you sell; in fact, it was made to sell, but do you really believe it was ever fit to drink? What would you think of a man who would sell your son a medicine that would rob him of his reason and drive your daughter to poverty?

4. I have just been over to our court house and discovered that Hayner whiskey, together with other brands of liquor, causes the taxpayers of this county to pay out more money for costs than all the thieves, highwaymen and murderers that have ever visited our county. Now, Mr. Hayner, this is pretty tough, but we will pay it and say nothing. You have many friends here among our best people.

5. I have also examined the divorce record and find that more homes are destroyed by the sale and use of liquor than from any other cause.

6. A majority of the men in our penitentiary located there because of Hayner whiskey and other famous brands of liquor.

7. I have discovered that whiskey has a *corrupting influence in politics;* that it is as dangerous to the business of a community as it is to the individual.

8. If it were not for whiskey there would not be one-half the prostitution in the country that there is. It leads to all that is wrong and is against everything that is right.

9. A large number of railroad and other accidents that have resulted in the loss of thousands of lives can be traced to the sale and use of liquor.

10. It is time to stop for the further reason that the women of this country have taken to its use. This is an unexpected danger, but it is very serious.

11. There is no reason on earth why a man should use your whiskey. It is detrimental to and destructive of the most sacred interests on earth. Whiskey brings more men and women to a premature death than anything else.

12. Now I have a personal reason why I quit using your liquor. I know the boys in the office will have a fit when I tell about it, but the truth is I took the Keeley. That's right. I went up against the real thing; I spent four weeks at Dwight and never missed a shot. But say, it almost broke my heart to go. You know I could take a drink or let it alone. I could drink all night and work all day; in fact, it was my boast that I never missed a date on account of drink. *But the constant use of the best brand finally floored me.* As you well know I have held many important positions of responsibility and trust; in fact, people have said I was smart, but after using the best brands that money could buy, for several years, have concluded that the man who deliberately puts an "enemy in his mouth to steal his brain" is foolish.

Now, Mr. Hayner, "on the dead," this Keeley cure is all right. It will do the business every time. No man who ever took the cure can truthfully say he had any desire for liquor thereafter. I don't blame you for making fun of the Keeleyites. If I was in your business I might do the same thing, for really, I think these fellows are doing more on the quiet to stop the sale of intoxicating liquor and to persuade men to abstain from its use than any other temperance organization. I know one town in Kansas where five good fellows took the cure and two joints were compelled to close. This kind of work hurts.

There is one thing I want to tell you, in confidence, "on the square": If any of the members of your firm have a bright boy who is just learning the "gaits," who is beginning to take his "habits" with him of nights, whose cheeks are flushed, whose eyes are swollen, whose nerves quiver, whose heart flutters from the excessive use of "perfect purity," who has taken the baths, who has been to the springs, but who continues to drink long after you have appealed to his honor and good business sense——

Watch him.

When he is late to his work, when the sober men about the distillery begin to call him "nutty"—

Watch him.

Some day you will discover a tear in his eye, a quiver in his voice, a halt in his step. He is discouraged, his will power is destroyed, his ambition is gone, he has lost hope.

Watch him.

Don't scold him, don't say, "I told you so." Remember he is your blood, your boy. Treat him kindly, send him to Dwight. He may never be a great distiller, but he *may learn to be a man.*

No, Mr. Hayner, it will be unnecessary for you to send me a trial shipment. I have tried it before and see nothing new in your offer. I should think, however, that after thirty-eight years of this business you would begin to see the ruin you are bringing on humanity and call a halt. You claim to have the largest distillery in the world. You say you own more whiskey than any other distiller in the world and claim there is more Hayner whiskey sold than any other brand in

the world. Therefore, you are more responsible for all the crime and misery resulting from the use or abuse of liquor than any other man in the world.

No, Mr. Hayner, I am through. From this on I will do what I can to save men from becoming slaves to your famous brand, and I say to you frankly that if it was within my power I would wipe the distillery business from the face of the earth. I will write you again later.

Yours respectfully,
MANFORD SCHOONOVER.

THE FIRST TYPEWRITER OPERATOR.

MRS. M. A. SAUNDERS, who is still a stenographer in New York City, was the first typewriter operator. On Jan. 17 she received a gold watch from a typewriter company, inscribed: "1875-1905. To the pioneer typewriter operator. From the pioneer manufacturer."

In January, 1875, when she was a young widow seeking to earn her living as a church organist, she read an advertisement for "a woman to take an easy and remunerative position, musician preferred." Out of three hundred applicants she was accepted. She told the story to a reporter of the New York *Sun:*

"They showed me the machine.

"'What's that?' I asked. 'It looks like a sewing machine.'

"'I'll show you,' said the clerk. He put a piece of paper in the thing and began to tap with his forefingers. After a while he pulled out the paper. It was a note to me, all printed out.

"I was fascinated. He showed me how to put in the paper, and how to start a new line by pressing a pedal with my foot—that was how the old thing worked—and then I sat down and began to write."

It was a fateful moment, yet Mrs. Saunders cannot remember just what were the first words she wrote.

"Some nonsense," she said. "Anyway, the first thing I knew they had come around to close up the place. I had been at it for hours."

Being an expert pianist, Mrs. Saunders reached in two weeks the phenomenal speed of seventy words a minute, and there was joy in the heart of G. W. N. Yost, the inventor and promoter of the machine. From that time on she used to demonstrate it.

There came the time when the original lot of ten thousand typewriters was exhausted. Then Mrs. Saunders, who was in New York for her vacation, had her say. The keys were awkwardly arranged, she thought, and she sketched out a better keyboard. With the change of one or two letters that is the universal keyboard of to-day.

"Yes, I'm the author of 'Qwertyuiop,'" said Mrs Saunders, "the most widely read line ever written by a woman!" Later she suggested the "double case" machine with shift key, the old machine having printed only capitals.

"I honestly don't remember the arrangement of the keys on the original machine, and I haven't seen one of them for many years. If I should stumble on one I believe I'd hug it, pedal, frail old wires, loose type, and all.

"I was traveling for three years, and by the end of that time they were selling everywhere. The company really didn't need me any more. I'd worked out the principles of fast operating from my knowledge of the piano, and had written the first book of instruction. And I suppose that I was then the fastest operator in the world. Good operators were in demand at high prices, and I got a place with an insurance company in New York. They wanted me to learn stenography, but I found that I was fast enough to take dictation on the machine direct. I think I was the first operator to do that.

So for many years Mrs. Saunders worked as stenographer and head bookkeeper with this firm, until, in 1890, Yost planned a typewriter invasion of England. He had left the original firm and had a machine of his own on the market. The British weren't taking to the new invention. Mrs. Saunders was retained to go abroad and introduce it there. This she did by starting a free school of typewriting where she taught their trade to the first British "typists." After two years England had accepted the new invention, though with reservations.

THE COST OF WRONG-DOING.

AN incident related recently by a wealthy proprietor of a department store contains an impressive lesson on the cost, even in this life, of wrong-doing, says Riverside. The proprietor and his partner had both been poor boys, and had risen by hard work and careful attention, to the head of the business. They determined to find, from among their employés, a boy whom they could advance in the same way, and eventually take into partnership. They had several conversations on the subject and ultimately selected one who was very bright, active and industrious. Both partners liked his appearance and habits, and agreed between themselves to watch him closely. If he proved to be the right kind of a boy, his promotion was to be rapid. The head of the department was to watch him also, and report. He did so from time to time, and his report was always favorable. After a few weeks the partners consulted, and agreed to give the boy six months' trial, and if at the end of that time he had still a good record, his promotion would begin. Of course no intimation of his good fortune was given to the boy, and the scrutiny was continued. The last week of the six months' probation arrived, when one morning the superintendent saw the boy

slip something slyly into his pocket. He insisted upon knowing what it was, and ultimately the boy confessed to having stolen a quarter of a dollar. He was of course dismissed, and never learned how near he had been to the highways of fortune. He had sold the fine position which was in store for him and his magnificent fortune for a quarter of a dollar. Every one will agree to the folly as well as to the wickedness of his act, but how few realize that they sacrifice the eternal future by constant greed for money.—*Glenwood Boy.*

EXERCISE OF THE MIND.

As our bodies, to be in health, must be generally exercised, so our minds, to be in health, must be generally cultivated, says Ruskin. You would not call a man healthy who had strong arms, but was paralytic in his feet; nor one who could walk well, but had no use of his hands; nor one who could see well, if he could not hear. You would not voluntarily reduce your bodies to any such partially developed state. Much more, then, you would not, if you could help it, reduce your minds to it. Now, your minds are endowed with a vast number of gifts of totally different uses—limbs of mind, as it were, which, if you don't exercise you cripple. One is curiosity; that is a gift, a capacity of pleasure in knowing, which, if you destroy, you make yourself cold and dull. Another is sympathy; the power of sharing in the feelings of living creatures, which, if you destroy, you make yourselves hard and cruel. Another of your limbs of mind is admiration; the power of enjoying beauty or ingenuity, which, if you destroy, you make yourselves base and irreverent. Another is wit; or the power of playing with the lights on the many sides of truth, which, if you destroy, you make yourselves gloomy; and less useful and cheering to others than you might be. So that in choosing your way of work it should be your aim, as far as possible, to bring out all these faculties, as far as they exist in you; not one merely, or another, but all of them. And the way to bring them out is simply to concern yourselves attentively with the subjects of each faculty. To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures, and thinking about them; and to cultivate admiration you must be among beautiful things and looking at them.—*Maxwell's Talisman.*

POWER OF THOUGHTS.

It is said that the finest telescopes have lenses polished so highly that the pressure of a finger upon them will mar the splendid surface and hinder the largest vision. More sensitive and more easily injured is the soul with its power to look out into the world and up beyond the stars into the pure sphere where God is. The soul's largest vision can be injured and limited by the character of the thoughts that pour so constantly through the mind. The very color of our thoughts and desires enter to decide what we can and will see in what is round about. Evil hinders vision. The good broadens the vision. Paul said, "When I would do good evil is present with me." How often must we say, "When we would think high thoughts, base thoughts are sure to press themselves upon us."

Like the finger touch upon the lens, the evil thoughts mar the beauty and the worth of the soul's vision. They take the fine edge off the mind. They make coarse the fibre of our being. This means that the soul cannot see so high nor so far. The lenses of the soul are marred by the touch of evil, and they fail to reveal as much as they would if only the pure were cultivated. Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." He who keeps his mind and heart the cleanest sees the highest and the farthest. This is true in everything. The pure in heart may see God, may see more of his truth, may see more of his gifts, and see more in his gifts.

When the evil thought presents itself, ask God to help thrust it aside. When the evil thought pushes in, fight it with a good thought. When the battle with evil begins, turn thought and purpose to some piece of work, or to some page of reading, or repeat a verse of poetry or Scripture. Fight evil thoughts always, and fight them hard. Give no quarter at all if you would enjoy to the fullest the things you touch and the people you meet. It is a hard battle, but it must be fought if we do not want our sight limited and our joy narrowed and our souls destroyed.—*Young People.*

APPEARANCE TELLS.

Henry Ward Beecher said at one time: "Men carry unconscious signs of their life about them. Those that come from the forge and those from the lime and mortar, those from the humid soil and those from dusty travel, bear signs of being workmen and of their work. One need not ask a merry face or a sad one whether it hath come forth from joy or from grief. Tears and laughter tell their own story. Should one come home with fruit we say, 'Thou art come from the orchard;' if with hands full of wild flowers, 'Thou art from the fields'; if one's hands are full of roses we say, 'Thou hast walked in a garden.' But how much more, if one hath seen God, hath held converse of hope and love and hath walked in heaven should he carry in his eyes, his words and his perfumed raiment the sacred tokens of divine intercourse!"

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?—*Pope.*

GRANDMA'S COMPANY.

GRANDMA sank wearily into a chair. Her face was full of the little tired lines that always seemed to come on Tuesdays.

"Well," she sighed, "the churning's done, ironing's done, beds are made—now for dinner. I wonder what company likes for dinner."

The "company" slid off the old haircloth sofa as one person, and in like manner shouted, "Ice cream!"

Grandma had not thought of ice-cream! Dear me, they might have wanted whipped-cream pie, or apple-dumpling—but ice-cream!

"I don't believe there is time to freeze it for dinner," she said as she glanced at the tall clock. "It takes a long time to freeze it."

"We would wait until supper-time," Phil said, politely.

"Yes'm, we'd just as soon wait," echoed Puss. She was Phil's twin and always said the things he did.

Of course supper was farther away than dinner, but if they couldn't have ice-cream for dinner they had rather have it for supper than not at all.

The "company" was not greedy—just ice-cream hungry; and grandma always gave two saucersful.

They usually had ice-cream when they came to Grandma's—but then, Grandpa was usually at home to chop the ice and turn the crank of the big freezer.

After dinner the "company" raced away to the big barn. It was such fun to come to Grandpa's! The barn was a splendid place to play, and they were going to have ice-cream for supper—that was the best of all.

When Grandma had finished washing the dishes she was so tired she could hardly sweep up the crumbs. "I am thankful that this is the last thing and I can have a nap," she thought—then she remembered the children's ice-cream.

Poor, tired Grandma, she made the cream, chopped some ice—and turned and turned.

The tired arms throbbed with pain. Why didn't the cream thicken?

She went in and dragged the big kitchen rocking-chair out into the shed, got the freezer down on the floor, and sat down to turn the crank. But poor Grandma found this quite impracticable. Pretty soon her arm stopped of itself, and the crank ceased to revolve.

Out in the barn the children were playing housekeeping.

"I hope Grandma will make strawberry ice-cream," said Puss.

"Oh, I'd rather have lemon," said Phil.

"We ought to have asked for two kinds," said Puss. "I wish we had."

"Come on," said Puss, "let's ask now!"

The "company" was always in good running order, and with a clatter it flew out of the barn. Phil got there first. "Oh, Grandma, can't—" then he stopped, his little brown hand tightly clasped over his mouth as he scurried softly and silently back to meet Puss.

"Sh!" he panted. "Come quick, but don't make a sound! Just see Grandma!"

Grandma was sound asleep. Her head had fallen back against the old green rocker. The weary fingers lay unclasped on the crank.

Puss gazed with a look of horror growing on her chubby round face.

Then they tiptoed softly back to the barn.

"Oh, my goodness!" Puss exclaimed. "She's dreadfully tired. Aren't you ashamed, Phil Dayton, for asking her to make ice-cream?"

"Gracious! you asked her just as much as I did, Puss Dayton; and I guess we've most killed Grandma," Phil ended with a sob.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" wailed Puss. "She's the best Grandma in the world, and we never thought of *her* part of the ice-cream, did we?"

They lapsed into a shamed silence, broken by the grunting of Grandpa's pig in its pen behind the barn.

"We're just like pigs," Phil said.

It was late when Grandma woke, and the first thing she saw was a ragged piece of wrapping paper, not over-clean, lying upon the top of the freezer, covered thick with big stiff lead-pencil marks.

Grandma felt in her hair for her glasses and read the note.

"Dear Grandma.—Please don't wake up, but rest a long time. We are pigs, but Puss is a girl so she isn't as big a pig as I am. We have gone home, because it would choke us to eat ice-cream now. We are very sorry we didn't think of your part of it. Honest. ME AND PUSS."

"Bless their dear hearts!" murmured Grandma.—*Little Folks.*

IT IS FOOLISH.

To worry about things you can't help.

To try to tell your wife what a good cook your mother was.

To spend more than you make, and then complain that other folks have better luck than you have.

To think that your children come nearer being perfect than everybody else's children.

To insure your property and do nothing at all for the welfare of your soul.

To go to church with a fault-finding spirit and expect to get any good out of the services.

I CAME, I saw, I conquered.—*Cæsar.*

THE POWER OF AN OPEN BIBLE.

J. KURTZ MILLER.

THE only time I ever ride in a smoking car is when I must. This was my lot some time ago. Every coach was crowded to standing room, except in the smoker, and rather than stand, I did take a seat amongst the lovers of tobacco.

They pulled out their cigars; but I got out my Bible. They puffed away; I read away. But what they seemed to enjoy I didn't, and what I so much enjoyed I wished they might have shared, for I was obliged to share their pleasant(?) perfume. But I don't regret this ride in the smoker, since I made a new discovery of the "power of an open Bible."

It came about this way. Imagine now, that you see the newsboy coming in at the front end of the coach with an open box of cigars, presenting them to each passenger—now to the right, then to the left—saying with almost every breath, "Cigars! Cigars!! Cigars!!!" As he came near me, I wondered, as I paused in my reading, whether he would present his open box to a man with an open Bible, and yell in his ears, "Cigars!"

Well, what do you think happened? See him now, just two passengers ahead of me, and to each of them he says, "Cigars! Cigars!" but to me, when he caught a glimpse of the open Bible, he only said, "Cig—!" The power of an open Bible cut the word "Cigars" right through in the middle. I looked at him with a hearty smile, and his look said he well knew that a man who was really interested in the Bible was not interested in tobacco.

Yes, there is power in an open Bible, even in a smoking car; but how much more in the home, in the Sunday school, and in the pulpit. Some seem not to know of this power, hence have the blessed Book closed so much. There are a few preachers yet who read their text, close up the Bible and then try to preach from a closed Book. Much experience along this line has demonstrated that it is far better to teach and preach from an open Bible, even if you do have your message as clear as the sunlight in your soul. The open Bible has a peculiar power of its own. Utilize it.

5901 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THOUGHT.

GRACE LONGANECKER.

THE thought of God formed the earth.

Of all the powers of earth, nothing is more powerful than thought.

"Thought moves mind and mind moves matter."

Thought moves steam-engines, drives automobiles, runs wind-mills, runs water-mills, sends the wireless message, etc.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

Thought often causes sickness.

Thought often causes health.

God knows our thoughts.

To think to do an evil deed offends God as much as to have done it.

Guard well thy thoughts, then thy actions may go unguarded.

What causes a man wicked or righteous, is his thoughts.

"Our actions of to-day are the thoughts of yesterday."

"No thought can be withholden from God."

"Thy thought shall be established."

A thought is without dimensions, yet is too great to be measured.

Each grain of sand is small, but taken collectively, they form the land; likewise, each thought of our mind seems insignificant, but taken together they are our character.

The Lord saith, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways." Hence the Bible, God's thoughts.

Hartville, Ohio.

RURAL MAIL COSTLY.

Free Delivery to "Every Farmhouse" is a Matter of Many Millions.

As the guide-book said of the hotels, the rural free delivery is expensive but good. It has cost something more than twenty millions a year already, although it reaches not more than one-third of the rural population, if any population can properly be described as rural in these utterly urban days, when the telephone and the trolley bind the country to the city, and practically make, or are making, the whole country a concatenation or bunch of cities. Petitions for the extension of this service pour in by the bushel. There were nearly five hundred of them in one week of last summer. New routes are established at the rate of about six hundred a month. When "every farmhouse is reached," the expense will be at least sixty millions of dollars, provided no reduction of salaries is made; and the salaries of officials have a habit of being increased, not diminished. Rural free delivery is a great and good thing, and it shows how much Congress loves the farmers, for their virtues, of course, and not for their votes.—*"With the Procession," Everybody's Magazine for September.*

GOOD health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings.—*Syms.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given. Club rates for Sunday schools and other religious organizations. Address as above.

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ORIGINALITY.

A good deal is being said these days about originality and borrowed thoughts. Some people claim to give to the world a great deal of originality; while some say that they have obtained everything they have from others and are endeavoring to make it their own; even Solomon said, "There is nothing new under the sun." In a country like ours, where so much reading is done and so many proverbs are quoted, it is pretty hard for an individual to express his ideas on a subject without partaking more or less of someone else's thoughts or even words.

It is quite noticeable in some people who attempt to speak or write that they seem to be afraid of their own thoughts and are continually hunting what somebody else thinks; some people can never decide a question until they know what someone else thinks about it, and thus dwarf their judgment by depending upon others. No matter how clever an imitator may be, he is liable to betray the source from which his borrowing comes. A great many have heard the story of the eloquent speaker who is first moving his audience to smiles and then to tears, who was interrupted by a tramp who occasionally would shout, "Byron," "Tennyson," "Talmage," "Spurgeon," etc., as the speaker would quote from these different individuals. Finally when the speaker became enraged and threatened to put the stranger out, the tramp shouted, "Original." It was the first really eloquent thing that the speaker had said that he had not quoted, and the tramp appreciated it.

There are earmarks about a borrowed thought which stamp the borrower as a plagiarist. A gentleman wrote an article once without his signature and dozens of his friends accused him of the article because his earmarks were so conspicuous that they betrayed him. When such material as this is borrowed there are two results: first, it loses its vigor and freshness, and it always lacks that indescribable something that make the people want to hear him. Original composition have the creative stamp upon them and they posses that virility which makes them attractive. Don't b afraid to assert your individual opinion so that peopl can understand it. If you do not have any confidenc in your own opinion nobody else will. It is not th idea here to encourage egotism; God knows we hav enough of that; but originality of individual though is power; imitation is weakness. Your powers t create increase at a rapid rate if you constantly us them, but if they are stunted or dwarfed by inactivity it follows that you soon destroy the growth of th intellect.

Besides the moral dishonesty of stealing someon else's thought, or, as the more modest term is, pirating ideas, there is the danger of a great waste of mental energy in attempting to use someone else's brain. You can oftentimes make an article quicker than you can hunt one and find it. A carpenter, quite likely, could build a house according to his own idea quicker than he could find one already built which would exactly answer his plan. A woman might hunt through a restaurant for two hours to find an ideal pie, and yet she could make one in a few minutes that would come much nearer her ideal than the one she has found. So it is with you; let your idea be born of your soul, then set about creating the results of that idea. Lawyers who tried to imitate Webster's matchless eloquence made themselves ridiculous. Many a good preacher has been ruined by an endeavor to imitate Talmage or Spurgeon. Men who have made themselves noteworthy did not imitate.

There are two sides to this question. How vividly we recall a little stanza that was written by a little classmate in an autograph album while we were little tots in school together. The verse ran like this:

"I can think of nothing original;
I scarcely know where to begin;
For there is nothing original in me,
Unless it is original sin."

This comes very nearly being true, and as it becomes necessary for us to depend upon each other for assistance in material things, so it becomes necessary for us to receive and give advice and counsel. Imitation is not a thing to be despised, because it is one of the earliest avenues through which we receive our education. But when the stage of imitation is past it ought to be the desire of each one then to pass into the creative period and learn to make ideas of his own. It is no detriment to a writer or speaker to be full of good literature and history, for nothing is a more fruitful field for illustration. But the objection we wish to file is, to use them only as auxiliaries and not as the ideas themselves.

When one depends entirely upon imitation he is liable to be led astray in points of doctrine, and may

be led to say things he does not really mean. You know the proverb which says, "The world is full of fools who try to imitate other fools." The only way to protect ourselves against this evil is to do just as we do when we eat our victuals; we select such victuals as we like, cook them properly and eat them; they are masticated, digested, absorbed and assimilated, thus they become a part of us. In the great field of knowledge we should select such things as we want to know, then devour them; let them become a part of our mental and moral make-up. When they are really a part of us and become our own, the outgrowth can be given to the world with that freshness and vigor of originality.

LIFE'S VALUES.

There are not many things in the world but what have more or less value. A few things are valueless, it is claimed; but they are very few. Things that are valueless are products of men. God never made anything that was of no value. Some things have more value than others. Value necessarily must be measured by some standard. Market values are generally measured by the circulating medium of our monetary system. We say a thing is worth so many dollars because the dollar is our unit of value; but there are some things that are of real value that cannot be measured by dollars and cents; for instance, a good character is one of the grandest possessions in the world, and yet no amount of money can buy one or create one. Money has often been known to ruin men, but it is powerless to create such a thing.

It is not the largest things that are always the most valuable; size, color and shape are important factors in some ways, but they have but very little to do with the value of an article. Value is generally based upon the real merit and usefulness of the thing in question. Things that are most valuable, however, often cost the most money, time and labor to produce. Things that come the easiest are not of much value. How often we look forward to vacation as a time when we will have time to get something done. And yet how many noteworthy things have ever been accomplished during one's vacation? It is when the pressure of life is at the highest, perhaps close to the breaking point, that it usually counts for most. That time to which we are looking forward when the present grinding pressure will be off, when we shall really have an opportunity to do something, is not likely to record nearly as good work as we are now doing under friction and pressure. When the boiler is under pressure almost to the test point is when it has the most possible power and accomplishes the most work because it turns the most machinery. The man whose busy life has brightened his intellect, as well as his business tact, is able to do more in quantity and quality than the man who is at leisure. A bystander may dive into a cornfield and, for a few moments, husk a row of corn as fast as the farmer, but in time the man who is accustomed to this sort of work easily walks away from him because of his power of endurance.

If those particles of carbon had remained as they were and had not come in contact with some consuming heat or enormous pressure they might still have been carbon or graphite instead of the diamond; but it is now a diamond because of the heat and the pressure. Everyone knows the difference in value between the diamond and the ordinary graphite; its field of usefulness is much greater and its value increases accordingly. If such a weight is now upon us let us rejoice at the opportunity we have for getting the precious things out of life. It is not the hours that are employed between the times the whistles blow at the factory, or the bells ring at the schoolhouse, that count. But it is the moments that are used after hours, which, generally, are taken for vacation or rest, that amount to most when utilized. These moments are the cream of the day's work. Lincoln used these to learn grammar; Sherman, civil government, and Garfield, pedagogy. There is a law, and whether it be written, printed or oral, it is forceful, nevertheless, that we do not get something for nothing. And, when accomplishments of real value are achieved, they must come by the way of some expenditure of energy; whether it be by brain or brawn matters not; their equivalent must be given out before it can return.

Young man, if you are watching the bargain counters, remember there is a reason why these goods are sold cheaper. The goods are either out of date or soiled in some way, or the merchant is compelled to sell. Remember that things below market value are at a loss. Be satisfied with nothing but the best and be willing to pay the price for that; the best is not too good for the American youth, who should be too proud to obtain it in any other way than honestly.

WILL YOU PROMISE?

Will you promise, as a loyal member of the Nook family, that the next time you go to church you will kindly ask the minister to make the announcement publicly that the Inglenook can be had until New Year's for TEN CENTS? Ask him to urge upon the people to remember their friends with a Thanksgiving present. Just think, ten cents will bring this magazine for three months! What an unparalleled offer!

Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly in the distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—*Carlyle.*

Current Happenings

It is claimed by able thinkers that the army of unemployed is, as a rule, not composed of poor creatures who cannot find work. Drink, transient employment and child labor are given as good reasons for the fact that there are more jobs looking for men than vice versa. It is believed that the able-bodied, eager searchers for work are but a small fraction of the popular estimate. It is more difficult to find men who will work than to find work for worthy applicants.

The German authorities are somewhat successful in their effort to check the spread of cholera, but it is reported that the disease has broken out in Lodz, Poland.

Advices from the coal regions predict another coal strike unless the mine owners make concessions.

Editor Barnett, of the *American Grocer,* New York, is advocating the establishment of a school for grocers and a State Board of Examiners for its control, believing that the ignorant and small grocers could be eliminated. He advocates that the grocer is in a position to protect the public from impure and harmful food.

The Boston and Maine Railroad is using big quantities of peat as fuel in its engines on short runs. The inventor of the apparatus for preparing peat says his discovery will revolutionize manufacturing in districts far from coal fields. The advantages over coal are more heat, lower cost and much less smoke. Coal and peat, however, cannot be used together.

President Harper, of the University of Chicago, has been for the third time under the knife. Since a recent operation he is reported to be in a dangerous condition, and his family was summoned.

Nineteen persons were injured in a trolley car collision at Allentown, Pa., recently.

The tree under which Washington took command of the American army July 3, 1775, is believed by the Cambridge Park commission to be near the end of its life. The Washington elm has received treatment to prolong its life, but the very best that could be done has not prevented the gradual wasting away of its substance. Recently a large limb had to be removed, and it is feared that others soon must be treated in like manner. The tree is estimated to be more than 350 years old.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Patent shows that the last fiscal year was the banner year in the history of the Patent Office. The receipts were more than a million and a half and the expenditure a question of a million less. There were 30,266 patents granted, and 1,426 trademarks, 1,028 labels and 34 prints were registered. Patents expiring numbered 19,567.

The reports of the Department of Commerce and Labor show that the result of the attempt to grow cotton in West Africa has been very discouraging owing to the absence of transportation and the lack of labor.

As the result of an explosion and fire in the plant of the Climax Fuse Company, at Avon, Conn., eleven were killed.

To-day, at 183 Hastings St., Chicago, the opening of the Bethany Bible School is being celebrated by the attendance of Bible students, ministers and Sunday school workers from different parts of the country. The policy of the school will be thorough Bible work in connection with practical missionary training, under the direction of President A. C. Wieand and Elder E. B. Hoff, who are men of more than ordinary ability and who have spent years in Bible study in the best schools in this country and abroad. They have both spent considerable time in the Holy Land and we shall expect nothing but success from this school.

The yellow fever in New Orleans and throughout the State is being checked. The Italians in Palequemines parish are resisting the officers who put up screens and it has been decided to let the fever run its course among them. Thirty or forty of the Italians have had the fever, so only ten lives are endangered by the decision.

It is claimed that between twelve and fifteen churches a day, or between 4,000 and 5,000 a year, are built in this country.

The Ohio Federation of Roman Catholic societies which recently met at Columbus, Ohio, adopted resolutions condemning the divorce evil. Resolutions on the death of Archbishop Chapelle were also adopted.

It is reported from Tokio that the Japanese battleship *Mikasa,* which was Togo's flagship during the battle of the Sea of Japan, was destroyed by fire, five men being killed, while many others were wounded.

Miss Jane Nathan, who is thought to be the first South African girl to obtain any medical degree, has returned from her studies in Europe, and will begin her practice as a dental surgeon at Hanover, Cape Colony.

A Chinese minister, Wu Ting-Fang, has succeeded in making many reforms in China. Among them is the recent edict abolishing the punishment of crime by slicing to death with a sword. Immediate decapitation has been substituted. The heads and bodies of persons executed will not be exposed to the public in the future. Strangulation and branding have also been abolished.

Professor Litz, of Berlin, has proposed that morally insane persons, whether criminal or not, should be dealt with by special treatment, and that when punished the punishment should be much milder than that imposed upon other criminals. Dr. Kielhorn, of the schools of Hamburg, says the percentage of morally insane children is far greater than is generally believed. Two per cent of more than a thousand, who are taught in the Hamburg schools, are confirmed criminals, whose rescue is hopeless, but the remainder could be reformed by suitable treatment. Punishment by imprisonment or detention, he claims, does more harm than good.

At a meeting held in Yokohama, to protest against peace, an attack was made on the police, and troops were required to preserve order.

During the exhibition of Ringling Brothers' circus, at Maryville, Mo., a windstorm enveloped in the folds of the great tent, which collapsed, fifteen thousand persons, killing one and injuring hundreds.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, of Southampton, England, has decided to compete with the Quebec, Atlas and United Fruit Lines between Atlantic ports and the West Indies by establishing a fast mail service between New York and Jamaica after October 28. The service will be fortnightly.

All of the existing volcanoes in southern Italy are active. Lava from Stromboli is flowing into the sea. Relief subscriptions throughout Italy have now amounted to half a million dollars, and the Red Cross society has sent shelter tents for 2,000 homeless persons into the stricken district of Calabria.

There are forty nationalities represented in the Chicago public schools, which opened with an attendance of nearly 250,000.

Vienna cablegrams say that a plot has been discovered which has for its purpose the assassination of King Peter, of Servia, and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Those engaged in the plot have been arrested.

Evan Roberts, the well-known evangelist of Wales, is planning his work to come to the United States next summer and possibly to Canada.

The four men who committed assault and robbery upon two farmers by the name of Forn, near this city, last week, were arrested in La Crosse, Wis. The detectives found them in a box car. Three of them are from this city and the fourth from an adjoining town. When the farmers would not tell where their money was, the robbers built a fire and held their feet over it until they were very badly burned. There will be no difficulty in convicting the prisoners. They were all young men and might have been useful. They claim the plot was made in a saloon. This is another gem to be placed in the catalogue of crimes for which the saloon stands.

Miss Patterson is the only woman factory inspector in Scotland. She is expected to travel thirteen thousand miles a year and supervise all the factories in Scotland where women are employed.

According to Lloyd's Annual on shipbuilding for the fiscal year, Great Britain launched thirty-seven ships, with an average tonnage of 3,437 tons, while this country sent only nineteen down the ways, but their average displacement was 8,994 tons. Germany launched eleven ships of 4,088 tons, France nine of 4,884 tons, and Italy eight of 3,583. In merchant tonnage the nations rank as follows: Great Britain, United States, Germany, France, Italy, Great Britain being equal to all the others in tonnage and numbers.

The incorporators of the Interstate Tunnel Railway Company, of New Jersey, are taking steps to construct a tunnel under the Hudson to a terminal at Chambers street, between Broadway and the Brooklyn Bridge terminal, for the use of surface electric lines in northern New Jersey. There is likely to be added to this a high-speed direct line from Newark which will deliver passengers at the New York City Hall in fifteen minutes. A joint passenger station at Jersey City will be arranged for, which will enable the Erie Railroad to transfer its passengers to the tunnel line. It is estimated that the train time between Jersey City and the New York terminal will not exceed five minutes. The tunnel company has an authorized capital of $7,500,000, and its line will extend one and one-third miles and seventy feet below mean high-water mark.

HOME DEPARTMENT

MOTHER'S HANDS.

Mother's hands are weary;
Fold them on her breast;
They have been so busy,
Let, ah, let them rest!
Worn, and thin, and wrinkled;
Seamed with toil and care;
Yet to all they've aided
Beautiful and fair!

Of their deeds so loving
How those lines now speak;
They have raised the fallen;
Comforted the weak;
Toiled on, uncomplaining,
With their work ne'er done
Full of joy and gladness,
Till their rest is won!

Think how they have guided
Tiny, toddling feet;
Smoothed away all sorrow;
With their touch so sweet;
Banished pain and sorrow;
Closed at last the eyes
Of her loved who'll greet her
In "mansions in the skies!"

Mother's hands are weary;
Fold them on her breast;
Dear old hands so feeble,
They have earned their rest;
God is waiting for her
And he understands
All the work for others
Done by mother's hands!

—Malcom Donglass, in Good Housekeeping.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

It was an evening early in the first spring month that the Judson family, all seated around the comfortable stove, fell to planning out their work for the next day.

The Judsons were one and all tired, for they had just moved onto their new farm, and were just beginning to get things in a living shape once more.

"Let's see, what day is to-morrow, anyway?" said Mr. Judson. "Everything has been turned so upsidedown that I have lost the run of the days."

"Why, Saturday, of course," came the prompt reply from several of the family.

"I know what I am going to do to-morrow," said Dick, the eldest son. "I am going to fix the cow stable; it needs it bad enough."

"I'll help you fix it," said Mr. Judson.

"I am going to bake," chimed in Mrs. Judson.

"I have a big churning to do, and then I am going down the road to the first house and get some apples; the woman told me the other day that they had plenty of apples," said Miss Lillie, Mr. Judson's sister.

"Well, I will do up the week's ironing then," said Kate, the grown-up daughter.

"Yes, let's all get our work done up good to-morrow, for the next day is Sunday, and we will all go to church; there will be services at that little white church down the road on Sunday morning," said Dick.

That suggestion was agreeable to all of the family and it was a settled thing. They were all eager to attend church on Sunday morning, unless it were the small fry, Bud and Pet, and they did not care whether they went to church or not; in fact Bud was more interested in the proposed stable fixing than he was in going to church.

The next morning after breakfast Mr. Judson and Dick hunted up their tools and started out to fix the cow stable, while the women, after setting the house in order, went at their self-appointed tasks. Mrs. Judson took charge of the baking and the preparing of the dinner. Aunt Lillie was soon in the butter-making business, while Kate went to the ironing table.

Aunt Lillie churned, washed and put away the huge ball of golden butter. Then she took her basket and went to their nearest neighbors and bought a peck of apples, returning before dinner.

Out at the stable Mr. Judson and Dick tore down part of an old shed, and boarded up the cracks in the cow stable, hammering and pounding as if their lives depended upon the amount of noise they could make. But they had hardly begun at their work when three men came riding by (for the stable stood near the road), and when they were opposite the stable, one of the young men, who had already formed an acquaintance with Dick, called out as they passed by, "Going to fix the stable to-day?"

"Yes, a little bit," replied Dick, cheerfully, as he hammered away with a will. The men laughed as they rode on.

Mr. Judson and Dick tore down and built up again, and were working like beavers, when the horsemen returned again. The same man who had hailed Dick as he went down said with a laugh, "Going to make a day out of it, are you?"

"I am going to try to," was Dick's prompt reply.

At the dinner table Mrs. Judson remarked that they needed a few groceries, and Dick volunteered to go to the store after he had finished the stable.

In a short time after the dinner was over an old gentleman by the name of Brown dropped in to see

he Judsons, and when he came in Aunt Lillie and Mrs. Judson were both busy with the baking, they having concluded to add a few apple pies to the arder; Kate was still at the ironing table.

"What! all as busy as bees to-day?" remarked the old fellow.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Judson, "we have been hard at work all week, and yet had plenty of work left for to-day."

The old fellow did not stay long at the house, but a few minutes later went out to the stable, where the men were still working. He stood around and talked, watching Mr. Judson and Dick while they worked, and finally said:

"You had a pretty big job for to-day."

"Yes, it was a pretty good-sized job," returned Mr. Judson. "But this cow stable needed fixing badly, and we thought we might fix it to-day as well as any time."

"So, just so, certainly," responded the old man, watching them a few moments longer, and then he trotted off home again.

When supper time came the stable was finished and the baking and ironing thoroughly done. Kate had a habit of slighting the old or almost useless pieces in the wash, but this time she had done her work well and ironed every rag.

After supper Dick took the market basket, and, mounting the old gray horse, set out for the country store a mile distant, while the rest of the family went to doing up the evening's work. They had the chores all done and were once more gathered round a bright fire when Dick came stalking into their presence with a long face and an empty basket on his arm.

"What is the matter that you did not get any groceries?" asked Mrs. Judson in a tone of surprise and vexation.

"The store was closed," replied Dick soberly.

"What! closed already? I wonder what made them close so early!" exclaimed Aunt Lillie.

"Because it's Sunday," replied Dick, with a sheepish look on his face.

"Sunday!" exclaimed the family in one breath.

"Yes, Sunday," retorted Dick in a tone of desperation, "and I never found it out until I reached the store. I saw the store was closed when I got there, but the storekeeper was out in the yard, and when I told him I wanted to get some groceries he said he did not sell goods on Sunday. I tell you I felt like a fool and do yet." And having thus eased his mind Dick walked madly out of the room, and went out and put the horse in the stable, while the rest of the Judsons sat and looked sheepishly at each other.

For a full half hour after Dick returned to the house the Judsons sat in silence, one not daring to look at the other. Finally the funny side of the situation struck Kate and she burst out laughing.

"It must seem funny to you, Kate," said her mother reproachfully.

"It does," laughed Kate. "It is no wonder that Mr. Brown looked at us so queer when he came in and found us all working." And Kate went off into a fresh fit of laughter.

"Yes, and it is no wonder that fellow asked me if I was going to make a day out of it," said Dick dolefully.

"They had been to church, too," put in Mr. Judson. "I don't see how we came to make such a mistake, mother and I were up to town last Monday."

"No, you weren't either," put in Bud. "You and Ma did not go till Tuesday."

"I believe you are right, Bud," said his father, after a moment's study. "And we have been counting Tuesday as Monday, that is how we got mixed up."

"Only think, I went and bought apples on the Sabbath. What will those people think of me?" wailed Aunt Lillie.

"Think you bought apples," laughed Kate. "But I don't think we'll go to church to-morrow." And Kate laughed even after she was in bed; but it was a good while before the rest could laugh at their blunder.

A few days after that Mr. Judson saw Mr. Brown, and after explaining the mistake, he said, "Why didn't you tell us it was Sunday?"

"I thought possibly you were Jews and kept Saturday for the Sabbath and worked on Sunday," chuckled Mr. Brown.

Glen Easton, W. Va.

STUFFED CUCUMBERS.

PARE the cucumbers; cut in halves crosswise; remove the seeds and let stand in cold water half an hour; make a forcemeat, using one-half cupful of fine stale breadcrumbs and one-half cupful of milk; cook the bread and milk to a paste; add two tablespoonfuls of butter, the white of one egg, two-thirds of a cupful of raw veal chopped fine, and salt and cayenne pepper to season; fill the cucumber halves with the forcemeat; place them upright on a trivet in a saucepan; half cover with white stock and cook slowly for forty minutes; place on slices of dry toast and pour around rich cream sauce; serve as an entrée or vegetable.

THAT GROUCHY FEELING.

When you're feelin' grouchy,
  Let the sunshine in;
When your face gits feelin' hard,
  Crack it with a grin.

Don't be 'fraid of wrinkles,
  Tear loose with your mirth;
An old face laughter-wrinkled
  Is the sweetest thing on earth.

—Houston Post.

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

HOW MUCH OWEST THOU?—Luke 16:1-9.

For Sunday, October 15, 1905.

I. In Debt for What?

1. For Our Existence, ...Psa. 91:16
2. For Our "Daily Bread," 1 Kings 17:6; Psa. 132:15
3. For a Savior, ...Isa. 9:6
4. For the Holy Bible, ...2 Peter 1:19

II. In Debt to Whom?

1. To Earthly Friends, ...Prov. 17:17
2. To Our Heavenly Father, ...James 1:17

III. We are Bankrupt.

1. Jesus Holds a Mortgage on Our Lives, ...
.....1 Peter 1:18, 19
2. He Canceled Our Debt, ...Titus 2:14
3. Our Service is All He Demands, ...Rom. 12:1
4. Will we Pay it?

Text.—So he called every one of his lord's debtors unto him, and said unto the first, How much owest thou my lord?"—Luke 16:5.

References.—1 Cor. 6:19; 10:24; Philpp. 2:4; Isa. 1:3; Rom. 13:8; Matt. 5:24; 18:24, 28; Deut. 24:14; Psa. 10:18; 9:9; 12:5; Josh. 23:14; Mark 10:21; Eph. 5:2.

Debts.

How they trouble us! How we hate to think about the money we owe! It was Benjamin Franklin who said, "He who goes a-borrowing, goes a-sorrowing." We do not like to be under an obligation to pay a certain sum at a certain time. There are various kinds of debts too. Some of our friends have been very kind to us, and we feel as if we can never repay them for all they have done; we are indebted to them. But by taking thought, by industry, patience and love, we may be able to discharge the debts we owe to each other. But how stands our account with God? The debit side of the ledger greatly overbalances the credits. Will we ever be able to render to God his just dues?

What do You Owe Me?

The personal pronouns play an important part with this subject. We are not at all averse to collecting what is coming to us, but we do dislike paying our debts to others. Some of us are ready to exact the uttermost farthing from an unwilling debtor, but we beg for easy terms when we go to settle our own accounts. Like Shylock, we would require the pound of flesh, if it were possible, yet we cry out in mortal pain when our neighbor makes harsh terms with us. It makes such a difference as to which is debtor, you or I.

One Man who Tried to Pay his Debt.

Fortune was kind to John Ruskin. He was born a genius, he was heir to nearly a million dollars. At the age of twenty-one, when most young men are beginning their reading, he completed a book that made him famous; and the rich and great wanted to do him honor. But he turned aside to help the poor, he studied the conditions of the poor and he thought London was very much in need of clubs and homes for working people. He tithed himself a tenth, then a third, then a half, and at length used up his fortune in noble service. He founded clubs for workingmen and taught them industry, honor and self-reliance. "He fulfilled the debt of strength and the law of social sympathy and service."

"I am Debtor."

Paul says, "I am debtor"; but what had he received from the Greeks? We doubt whether he received much money, or any works of art. Paul never speaks of the beauty of the pagan temples of his time; they did not seem of enough importance to devote a chapter from one of his epistles to a description of them. But he was a debtor to the whole barbaric world, because he had a knowledge of the one true God which they lacked. And he owed it to them simply because they did not have it.

I will Pay Him in His Own Coin.

We often hear people say that they are going to get even somehow, they will repay the slights and insults they have suffered. But in doing this they pay too much, they rob themselves in order to take revenge. Hawthorne gives us the history of Roger Chillingworth who wanted to take his revenge. He was a kind, mild, pleasant old man when he determined on his course of vengeance. He succeeded in his scheme, and his enemy suffered tortures. But soon men shivered in the presence of Chillingworth, little children feared him, the meanness and ugliness of his soul made his countenance repulsive.

How Much do You Owe to God?

When we come to answering this question we are as helpless as the servant in our lesson. We owe God so much that we cannot even dream of paying what we owe. So Jesus Christ has paid our debt, and we can truly say,

"Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe,—
Sin has left a crimson stain
He washed it white as snow."

We ought to yield ourselves to God, because we are God's by right. All that is good in us or capable

of good belongs to God already. We must surrender ourselves fully to God, the evil that is in us he will cleanse, and so make us pure. We are not our own, we are bought with a price.

He Would not Pay His Debt.

George Eliot tells us of a youth who was given gems enough for a king's ransom by his benefactor. They were both captured and held as slaves in Algiers. But finally the youth made his escape and came to Florence. And there, when safe himself, he was base enough to abandon the old man, who had been more than a father to him, to his fate—a fate that was worse than death itself. He kept the gems for his own use, and refused to pay the debt he owed this old man. But a just retribution overtook him, and he lost his life through his treachery and dishonor.

Topics for Discussion.

1. What did the ten Lepers Owe? Luke 17: 12-19.
2. What did Zaccheus Do about his Debts? Luke 19: 19.
3. How did David Repay Jonathan's Love? 2 Sam. 9: 1.
4. What did Joseph Owe his Brethren for their Enmity towards him? Gen. 45: 1-10.
5. What do we Owe our Friends?
6. What do we Owe the Church?
7. How can we best Live square with the World?

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Bro. H. B. Kintner, of Bryan, Ohio, says, "I read more than the required number of books to secure a certificate, nor do I think of stopping now; I shall continue to read missions for the help and inspiration the subject gives to me. Our own mission in this world is a threefold mission, and not one is complete unless all are fulfilled: First, to honor and obey the Lord; second, the salvation of our souls; third, our obligation to help save others. When we learn how large is the harvest field and how little is being done, we then realize how little we are doing. May the good work move on is our prayer."

Sister Emma E. C. Landes, our efficient secretary at Lancaster, Pa., sends us three more names. Our Circle has had an encouraging growth and interest there for a number of years.

Sister Bessie M. Rider, of Elizabethtown, Pa., says: "I herewith enclose five new names for the Circle. The work is progressing very nicely and we are considering what book shall be read after the class has completed "Do Not Say." Our president does not assign lengthy lessons, and our meetings are held every two weeks."

We advised our sister to take up our new book, "The Burden of the City." It treats of city missions, and is the first book of its kind that we have had in the course. It is of more than ordinary interest and can be bought at our Brethren Publishing House for 35 cents.

RECEIVED CERTIFICATES.

H. B. Kintner, Bryan, Ohio.

NEW NAMES.

2897 Franklin B. F. Waltz, 614 N. Walnut St., Lancaster, Pa.
2898 Paul Z. Evans, 419 N. Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.
2899 Sarah M. Stump, 547 E. Orange St., Lancaster, Pa.
2900 Lizzie M. Eby, 438 Lancaster Ave., Lancaster, Pa.
2901 Minnie L. Ziegler, Royersford, Pa.
2902 S. G. Graybill, Elizabethtown, Pa.
2903 Kathryn Bashore, Elizabethtown, Pa.
2904 I. N. S. Will, Elizabethtown, Pa.
2905 Mrs. I. N. S. Will, Elizabethtown, Pa.
2906 Isaac L. Hoffer, Elizabethtown, Pa.
2907 Mary E. Buchwalter, 625 N. Linne St., Lancaster, Pa.
2908 Emma A. Buchwalter, 625 N. Linne St., Lancaster, Pa.
2909 Annie O. Shuyler, 533 Lemon St., Lancaster, Pa.

WHEN A REVIVAL IS NEEDED.

When nobody is helped by going to prayer meeting.

When the preacher has to look at the pews to see who is in them before he opens his Bible.

Whenever there is trouble in the choir.

Whenever there are unconverted teachers in the Sabbath school.

Whenever the prayer meeting becomes dry and formal.

When the only way by which money can be raised for church purposes is by getting up a festival.

When there are people in the church who are not sure they have been converted.

When it is hard work to raise the preacher's salary.

When nobody wants to sit on the front seats at prayer meeting.

When leading people in the church are not on friendly terms with one another.

When the devil is not doing anything to divide the Lord's people.

When parents are not much concerned about the spiritual condition of their children.

When people begin to shake hands with the tip ends of their fingers.

EVIDENCE OF CONVERSION.

A full surrender of the will to God. Losing the burden of guilt either suddenly or gradually. Finding the heart filled with love to Christians and to Jesus. Having a new relish for the Word of God. Pleasure in secret prayer, at least at times. Sin or sinful thoughts will cause pain. Desire and efforts for the salvation of others. A desire to obey Christ in his commands and ordinances. Deep humility and self abasement. A growing desire to be holy and like Christ. Are you a Christian? If not, why not?

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter XLVIII.

Athens, Greece.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

No sooner had we stepped on the deck of the steamer than we were assailed with every class of beggars, from the Catholic nun asking alms, down to the relic swindler and souvenir fake. The ship was of the French Messargerie line and was called the "Orenoque." It was filled to the upper deck with first, second, third and fourth-class passengers. The first and second-class cabins were crowded until they were very uncomfortable, but the foredeck, where the fourth-class passengers were lying promiscuously with chickens, ducks, turkeys and Turks, was taxed to the limit; by listening you could hear almost any language you wanted to hear. You could hear Greek, Turkish, Arabic, Egyptian, Italian, vulgar and profane, and a little English. This jargon, together with the music made by the fowls, made a very pleasant (?) medley for the traveler who chanced to be a little nervous.

We made a hasty inspection of our quarters, and although we did not like the prospect very well, Miss Merritt said we were in for some experience and we might as well get ready for it. We had now come to the place foreigners were really foreign; the people of Europe had been speaking foreign languages to us, but they did not dress so differently from us until we came to mingle with the Greeks and Turks. Here we strike the Oriental costume, and strange enough it is.

We were called to dinner while the vessel was yet in the harbor; immediately after dinner the passengers were entertained by a lot of divers. They surrounded the vessel like a swarm of bees; they were evidently old at the business; their skin was brown, having been burnt by the sun; they were expert swimmers. Some one on the vessel would throw a penny in the water to see them dive for it; these pennies are very large copper coins like our old-fashioned one-cent pieces used to be. When the coin would light in the water these Italian divers would dart down after it like an arrow, and would catch it every time. You see in these countries the coin that is good in one country is not good in another, and it has to be exchanged to their own circulating medium. Each traveler of necessity has a few small coins left in his pocket in spite of the care used to dispense with that country's money; it would not pay to pay the exchange on a few pennies, so everybody is willing to throw these few pennies into the ocean for fun to see these divers go after them. They put the pennies in their mouths, one at a time as they catch them, until they are compelled to go ashore to unload.

The signal is given for the departure of our vessel and we slowly move out of the beautiful bay of Naples, and it would take either an artist or a poet to describe it so that you might enjoy it. The bay is in the form of a horseshoe, with her waters as clear as crystal and the city of Naples encircling her as a wreath of golden roses. The pretty buildings are yellow and terraced one above the other on lofty hills back of the glossy waters of the bay, with old Mount Vesuvius and Capra standing there like monitors and sentinels guarding this beauty-spot of the earth.

If the traveler could always remain at sea and behold this picture the yellow rose would be a poor emblem of its beauty and grandeur, and his impression would make a most magnificent painting; but as you approach the rose you know you must come in contact with the thorn, and as the traveler disembarks and wades the filth of Naples, listens to her illiteracy, sights her ignominy, vice and sin, he loses the rose and only the thorns remain. It is a very wicked city; the people are not lovers of the beautiful in sculpture and art as they are in Rome and Florence, but are bent on baser amusements.

Finally the scene fades to view but not to memory; the sin of the city, its filth, the black hair, old Vesuvius, Pompeii, the cab drivers, our hotel bill are all factors that go to make up a lasting impression.

Near eight o'clock that evening we came in sight of Stromboli, which has been fitly called "The Lighthouse of the Mediterranean." The night was clear and the vessel sailed near enough to the volcano that we could obtain a beautiful view of her. At regular intervals of fifteen minutes the volcano emitted fire and molten lava and generally two pulsations at a time. This fiery mass was thrown up into the air some twenty or thirty feet, and then it would roll down the mountain side like a river of fire until it died away in the darkness. We watched it for about four hours, for we could see it almost two hours before we reached it and two after we had passed it. When we were nearest to it we could see some smaller lights along the shore, and upon inquiry as to what they were, were told that they were three little cities on the island at the foot of the volcano; in fact the whole island is nothing but the apex of the volcano protruding out of the water. Why it is that human beings will wilfully place themselves in this kind of jeopardy is more than I know. They surely cannot but know that sooner or later the whole island must be submerged. Oscar said he would not live there for an hour for the whole island. But when we come to think about it the American people wilfully live in greater jeopardy than this and never even seem concerned about it. If this mountain would divide and let the cities sink into the vortex below, nothing would be lost but the people and their property; but in our American cities, where we allow the saloon to exist, we have a greater evil and a greater danger than old Stromboli is to the people who live upon it, for the saloon not only destroys the people and their property but their souls as well.

Sometime during the night we passed Regium, where Paul and his company landed on his way to Rome. The boys have been doing a little figuring on Paul's company as sailors and I will tell you about it in the next letter.

Yours sincerely,

Marie.

(To be continued.)

The Q. & A. Department.

Why does a bird moult?

"We get a new suit—some of us—because our old one wears out. That is the most apparent cause for the new annual suit of the birds. Yet with them, as with some of the favored of us humans, the feathers go out of fashion. But the annual moult is, first of all, nature's wise provision for the safety and life of the bird. Feathers are not only covering but also means of locomotion, and hence the bird's only means of life. A year of use leaves many of them worn and broken, some of them, through accident, entirely lost. Here in my woods is a crow with three of the large quills in his right wing gone. I can see the gap as he flies over. He has been shot at, and nature must replace those feathers if that crow is to survive, even though he comes justly (human standards!) by his loss from stealing corn. The feathers of this crow and of all birds might last for two years or longer, but to keep the race at its best, nature has found it necessary to provide a new plumage at least once a year.

"But there are other reasons, at least there are advantages taken of the moult for other ends; such as the adaptation of the feathers to the varying temperatures of the seasons—heavier in winter and lighter in summer, also the adaptation of the color of the plumage to the changing colors of the environment—as the change from the dark summer color of the ptarmigan to its snow-white winter plumage to match the snows of its far northern home; then, and perhaps most interesting of all, is the advantage taken of the moult, for the adorning of the bird for the mating season. Indeed nature goes so far, in some cases, as to cause a special moult to meet the exigencies of the wedding—as if fine feathers *do* make a fine bird. All this to meet the fancy of the bride! so, at least, the scientists tell us."

What and when was the Punic War?

The first Punic War (264-241 B. C.) was caused by a dispute between Rome and Carthage, concerning the control of Sicily. Rome fought on the aggressive. She prepared to meet Carthage on the water by building 130 vessels in sixty days, using a stranded Carthaginian vessel as a model. She succeeded in destroying the naval power of Carthage in two great battles within four years. A Roman army under Regulus was destroyed, but in the end Carthage was defeated and compelled to give up Sicily and pay $4,000,000 to Rome.

Is memory a unit in itself, or is it a composite faculty?

Memory is the mental power or faculty which causes the impressions of bygone events, at ordinary times latent in the purpose. It has three phases: *retention,* or the storage of images and concepts; *reproduction,* or bringing them to consciousness again, which is recollection, and *recognition,* or knowing them again as former acquisitions. It is aided in retention by attention to catch the impression; by association to relate impressions and by repetition to deepen them.

Who discovered vaccination?

Edward Jenner was the famous discoverer of vaccination. His first experiment, on a little boy who had been exposed to smallpox, was so successful that about the year 1800 his work was gaining ground so rapidly that it required the greater part of his time. He received honors from many parts of the country, and was granted £10,000 by an act of Parliament. However, at this time this great discovery is fast becoming unpopular.

What is the full meaning of the term "Higher Arithmetic"?

After scholars have finished the ordinary course in arithmetic in the grades they are asked, by some States, to continue the demonstration of these fundamental principles of mathematics by the use of more difficult text-books.

What is a good way to interest pupils in good literature?

Pupils can be led to appreciate good literature by entering with them into the study of such classics as are best suited for their taste and capacity: Psalm of Life; The Deserted Village, Thanatopsis, Snowbound, Evangeline and Hiawatha.

Who is represented by the picture on the last cover page of the Inglenook sometime ago?

When that photograph came to our office there was no name of any kind to it; it just said, "An Idaho Nooker, reading the INGLENOOK." Had it had any name to it we would not have been so ready to print it.

Who was Louis Hennepin?

Louis Hennepin was a missionary priest in Canada. He discovered Niagara Falls and made explorations among the Great Lakes and along the upper Mississippi. He lived from 1640 to 1701.

MISCELLANEOUS

Dear Editor:—

I am pleased with the article in the INGLENOOK, "The Little White Meetin'house." As I read it the following song by H. L. Gilmour came to my mind, which I believe will make a fit afterthought:

The Latch of Father's Door.

Only a fond old father, facing the windowpane;
Peering with anxious longing into the dark and rain:
Only the weary wanderer, home from a foreign shore,
Waiting outside and fears to lift, the latch of his Father's door.

Only a father weeping,—weeping as o'er the dead;
Seeing no form approaching, hearing no manly tread:
Only a trembling wanderer, longing for home once more,
Weary and worn, too faint to lift the latch of his Father's door.

Only a restful homestead waits the returning one;
Only a heavenly Father welcomes a long-lost son;
Only a weary sinner, broken in heart and sore,
Almost persuaded now to lift the latch of his Father's door.

Chorus.

Lift now the latch, my boy, my boy,
And wait outside no more;
There's love and rest for thee, my boy,
Within thy Father's door.

S. B. MILLER.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

A DERELICT.

HE was a shabby, shambling, shaky old man, and as he faced Magistrate Cornell of New York City he used this remarkable language:

"Ah, you don't know me, Magistrate Cornell. You're like the rest of the fine fellows who were my friends in the old, palmy days. You can't see in the nameless street peddler that you call a beggar, Schuyler Van Ness, of the old Dutch stock, the Union, Union League and University club man, who lost $8,000,000 in that hellhole of a Wall street twelve years ago. That's right. Send me to Blackwell's.

"You were my fellow-member in the University club years ago, but you've forgotten me. We used to joke about it in our set in the old days, but it's solemn earnest to me now. Go ahead. Hit a fellow when he's down. It's the way of the world."

The magistrate did know him.

He saw in the miserable hulk what was left of the once dashing Schuyler Van Ness, whose ancestors came over from Holland with the Roosevelts.

Van Ness was arrested for begging on the streets and the magistrate thought it a mercy to send the trembling wreck to Blackwell's island for the winter.

Speculation and whiskey did it.

And the value of this human wreck is that of an object lesson of warning to other men.

Floating helpless on the sea of life, this derelict serves to remind every passing mariner of the dangerous shoals and reefs.—*Des Moines Daily News.*

DON'T SNUB.

DON'T snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind, was also deaf.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of Pilgrim's Progress was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. The greatest orator of Greece overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy who seems dull or stupid. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was slow at learning, and did not develop as soon as most boys.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the great inventor, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.—*Humanity.*

TOBACCO ALWAYS CLEAN.

IF a man drops a piece of meat, no matter how clean the floor may be, he will either give it a kick or pick it up and lay it to one side. He will never eat it. But let him drop his plug of tobacco on the street, and no difference how dirty the street may be, he will pick it up, give it a careless swipe on his coat sleeve, or on the bosom of his pants, and then take a chew from it with greater relish than ever.—*Exchange.*

Go in for athletics.
Get married.
Don't begin life as a miser.
Perfect work is the greatest reward.
Put all extra money into books.
Do not bluster, bulldoze nor browbeat.
Be very careful of the places that you frequent.

NOTHING is more friendly to a man than a friend in need.—*Plautus.*

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Not so with the one who is sick. The skin here is of a yellowish turn and more ghastly. This unnatural pallor is usually an indication that the vital fluid is not getting proper or sufficient nourishment, that the blood is poor, thin or watery and that its circulation is weak. Such symptoms need prompt attention. They are usually accompanied by a feeling of weakness, a listless look of the eyes and at times a wasting away of flesh. That means our vitality is on the ebb. This weak and impoverished condition of our blood so affects our system that it is unable to resist disease and we become subject to almost every ailment that is going. The weakest spot in our body is apt to become affected first. It may be the lungs, the heart, the kidneys, the liver or other vital organs. It matters not where it strikes us, we become sick and ailing and, unless we take heed, we will soon be but shadows of our former selves. So much for those who are thin and pale.

We have at the same time a class of people which is quite the opposite of these. While their looks indicate that they have an abundance of blood, the pimples, boils and skin eruptions which are in evidence show that the vital fluid is in a foul and impure condition. It is hard to tell which class is the more to be pitied, for if one's blood is not properly cleansed one is apt to be doomed to a life of torture. What can be worse than the unsightly appearance and agonizing itchings of the outbreaks of blood impurities? Blood impurity is also the cause of rheumatism, owing to the presence of uric acid in the vital fluid.

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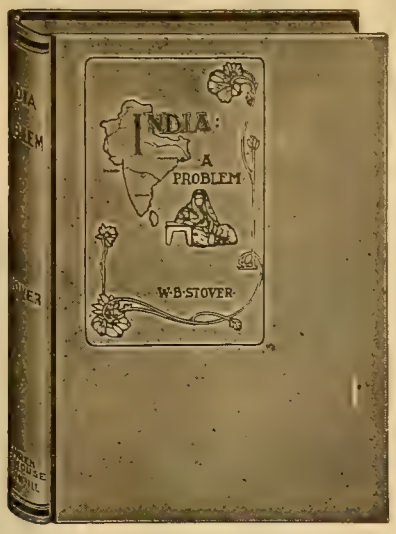
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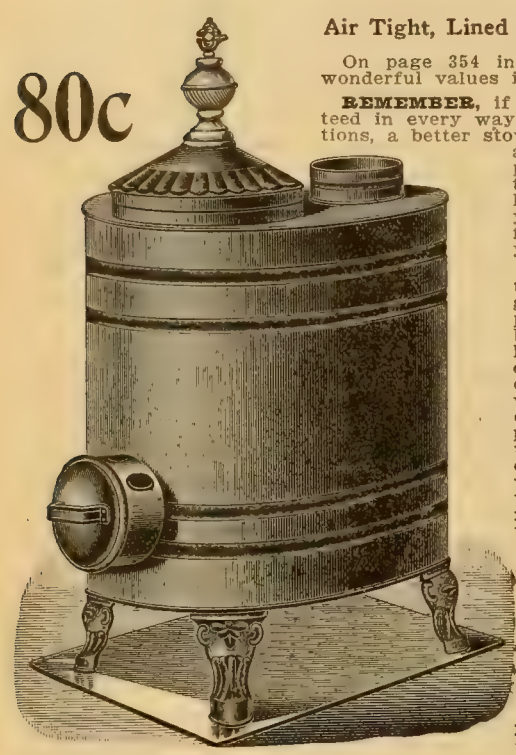
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"God is Love."
"He is Precious."

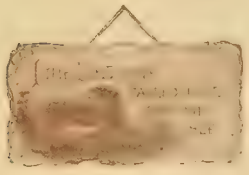
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"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."
"Love One Another, as I Have Loved You."
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"I, The Lord Have Called Thee And Will Keep Thee."
"The Lord Will Hold Thy Right Hand."
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"Be Not Afraid, Only Believe."
"Hold Up My Goings In Thy Paths."
"Watch Ye, Stand Fast In The Faith."
"He Is Faithful That Promised."



No. 285.—FLOWERETS.



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"Able to Keep."
"God Our Strength."
"God is Love."
"Rest in the Lord."
"Come Unto Me."

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Cut out in shape of a shield with pretty landscape designs. Each card corded. 12 cards in a box, assorted texts and designs, 25 cents. Size, 3¾ x 3. Texts:

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"Seek Ye The Lord."
"Stand Fast In The Lord."



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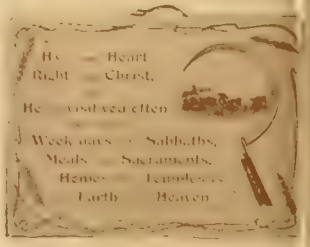


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"Walk By Faith Not By Sight."
"The Lord Is My Strength."
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THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

Spidle, Sarah Frantz, 1905

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

October 10, 1905 | $1.00 per Year | Number 41, Volume VII

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BY WILLIAM E. CURTIS.

[Special Correspondence of the Chicago Record-Herald.]

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[From the Gospel Messenger, Aug. 12, 1905.]

We often read in the Messenger of "a little band of members without a minister" and "preacher wanted," but I believe the above caption is a little out of the ordinary. I investigated some of the places with a band of members, but as I am a practical farmer I chose to settle in the best place to help myself, rather than be helped (it was largely to escape this I left my old congregation in Missouri). I came here last fall and consoled myself with the thought that if my judgment was good and the country what I thought it, the Brethren would come and maybe I could do some missionary work. In the latter I have been somewhat disappointed, for though I have found the people good neighbors it seems almost impossible to get them started to come to meeting. I keep a little Sunday school going and preach every other Sunday anyway, but am very anxious to see some members come and occupy the land and also the "empty benches."

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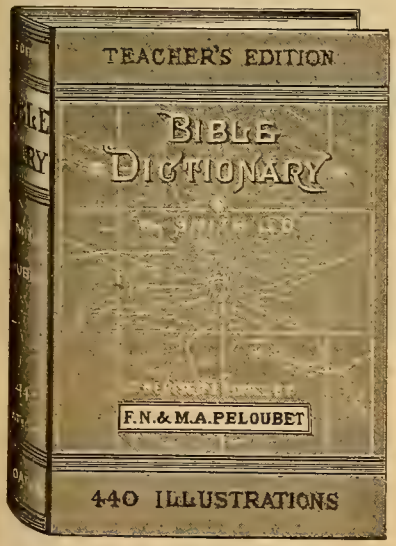
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(See Nook of Aug. 29, third cover page, for testimonials.)

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Tickets will be sold daily to September 30th, with final limit of ninety days from date of sale, but not beyond November 30, 1905. Stop-overs will be allowed on the Oregon Short Line at any point going or returning within final limit of tickets, but on return journey tickets must be deposited with the agent at point of stop-over.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. OCTOBER 10, 1905. No. 41.

WILD OATS.

JESSE M. HECKMAN.

I saw a man the other day
Who sowed Wild Oats, he said, for play.
On what he might have been, he dotes;
For now before his hair is gray
He's getting near his final day,
And still he feels his Oats.

He drank his lager beer and rye;
And now no difference how he try;
He finds a heavy load he totes.
He hears his wife and babies cry;
He can't afford a roast or fry,
For yet he feels his Oats.

But when he has a sober spell
He oft resolves on doing well.
His sentiments are like a goat's—
He goes to where strong drink they sell;
And one might steal a glimpse of hell
Where all such fellows feel their Oats.

Now when the church is brought to task;
And men and women all are asked,
How many times they've cast their votes
Against the business of the flask,
And each one lose his skillful mask,—
Somebody then will feel his Oats.

Canada.

SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

Education unlocks capacity.

Ability grows with exercise.

Discretion is the grace of doing.

Fate is a favorite name for failures.

Do not wait for time—it is going now.

Opportunities are like flowers—the oftener gathered, the more they bloom.

Perseverance is a continued story that ends well.

He who climbs high may not pluck a star, but will become one.

When Courage wrestles with Despair, Hope interferes in his favor.

Ability itself is a barrier to true progress, if uncontrolled by right.

Forbear vengeance: therein do men descend to that which they thereby condemn.

Coin your time, stamping it with Industry, and you may purchase therewith earth's best treasures.

Religion is often misjudged by its supposed product: the weeds in the cornfield do not come from the corn.

Seeds of gambling are not covered so deep but that we may see them upon all sides, still they grow.

Time's value is the same now that it will be, once ours is exhausted and we would give anything to redeem it.

Charity does not lock its door for fear of being imposed upon, but leaves it open for fear necessity may knock in vain.

The height of the tree does not include the depth of its roots: the growth of the soul above nature is the measure of the man.

Time refits circumstances to us as we grow older, but, that we may look forward to another springtime, he fails to recolor them.

Life can be fully seen but from one point—the terminal one. But youth from afar, as well as age anear, should recognize its chief interest to be that which endures.

Flora, Ind.



The Old Doyle House

By PROF. G. W. FURREY



Chapter VIII.

In the little office of the mill could be heard the sound of muffled voices. The miller having left the mill in charge of Charles, it was just the time for the interview that the artful Cobble had been planning.

"So you have no record of your family connections?" It was the voice of the attorney.

"Only the very slightest," answered Charles. "Remember I was only a baby, not more than four years old, when Mr. Girard took me in."

"And you know very little as to the circumstances of his taking you into his home?"

"Very little."

"That is strange. I should have thought your natural curiosity would have induced you to find out all you possibly could as to your rightful place in this world."

"No, I was treated well and well cared for. There seemed to be nothing to be gained and possibly all to be lost. Anyway I had no desire to peep in closed cupboards."

"That is it. You were made to see that it was a closed cupboard. So careful was the training that you did not suspect it."

"I did ask one day if there was any record as to myself and parents, but was told, "Nothing." The most careful inquiry and extensive advertising had brought no results. The bare fact that my name, Charles Brown, was sewed in my shirt when I was found crying on the mill platform is all the record I have."

"How does the miller account for your being there at all?" asked the lawyer, going from facts to theories.

"There was a band of gypsies passed through the country at that time. He thinks they abandoned me as I had symptoms of smallpox. Possibly I had been stolen from well-to-do parents with the hope of exacting a large ransom," suggested the modest youth.

"Did you ever suspect that Mr. Girard's account of the case might have been fabricated while the true facts were concealed?"

"No, never. There is no reason that he should not tell me all he knew concerning me and besides, Mr. Girard is incapable of any duplicity."

"Very good! But how do you know there may not have been a very good reason? What was his purpose in caring for you at all?"

"Oh! nothing more than his natural compassion for my destitute condition," said Charles, bent on defending his benefactor at least as long as the defense cost him nothing.

"Well, I am not so certain. Suppose that keeping your true name from you were the only means to a very desirable end—say the clearing up of the title to his property.

"I don't see how I can suppose anything of the kind. For I don't see how that could have anything to do with it."

"Not unless you had a better right to the property than he himself."

"That is impossible," said Charles, after a few moments' reflection, "and I don't believe he could do it even in that event. He would not wish to defraud anyone, no matter what the advantage to himself."

"Ha!" thought the lawyer, "you seem to have a very high standard of honor for others, why not for yourself also?" Aloud, he said, flatteringly, "Your high estimate of your employer's character does you credit. But I happen to be in possession of facts that point otherwise. For whether your honest(?) miller knows it or not you are a person whose identity it is to his interest to keep concealed." Noting the pleased look on the face of his eager listener, he continued: "I have in my possession evidence that will prove you none other than Francis Doyle, the only surviving member of the Doyle family and the rightful heir to not only the whole mill property, but to the old Doyle estate, embracing the whole river valley almost to Monticello."

The information left the young man speechless. For some minutes neither spoke, then the lawyer continued. "Remember, I said 'I have the evidence.'"

"This all sounds very nice, indeed," said the youth, casting aside with determination a most seductive temptation, "but there is some mistake. To be frank with you, I know this is a mistake, for I know who I am far better than I have led you to suppose."

"Yes, yes, ha! I too!" He began in his natural manner, forgetting for the moment in his anger his assumed role. "I, too, know you far better than I have led you to suppose. Don't forget that I said I had the evidence to *prove* that you are the heir to the Doyle property, not that you *are* the rightful heir, and," he continued, casting completely aside his unnatural character of the shrewd double dealer, "you and I both saw the true heir sink to be carried under the ice down to the Gulf of Mexico. You were—don't lose your head. You have nothing to fear if you don't choose to be a fool," as Charles staggered to his feet with livid countenance, reeling like a drunken man, terrorized by fear. "I know that it was your hand that turned on the water that swept him into the

heel. And since both of us have been trying to anipulate our cards under the table, let us play now ith both hands above board. You were not unwill- g to claim the hero's crown for a deed that was not our own—"

"I never *claimed* the deed as my own!"

"No, but you accepted with considerable grace laur- s that you knew belonged to another. All I ask of ou is to accept the rest of the deed. Go whole hog r none. I undertake the whole responsibility of rais- ng you to your throne. You have only to sit still nd behave yourself. See?"

"I dislike the idea of dispossessing Mr. Girard. —"

"I know you have regard for the daughter. Well, his is the only way to make that regard of any conse- uence. She now is beginning to think you are an mpostor. The only way for you to gain the daughter s to get the whip hand over the father."

"No, no," protested Charles, the color rising again n his guilty cheeks.

There was a noise, apparently coming from the old mutmill that barred the way to the unused back door f the office, but when they rushed out to see who had been eavesdropping there was no one in sight. A asty search of the premises convinced them that they ad been mistaken. After returning to the office the nterview came quickly to an end. Everything was ccording to the lawyer's desire.

Chapter IX.

It is impossible to form a reasonable estimate of the time our unfortunate hero had lain in his state of utter helplessness, where he had fallen in the faint- ing fit induced from sheer exhaustion and desperation. It seemed to him an age—a whole lifetime in the world of Phantasy. It was a long nightmare. He was tortured by seeing his little friend forever imperiled by some impending danger, while his limbs obstinately refused to go to her rescue. Now she was sinking be- neath the water, begging, entreating him to help her; he had only to reach out his hand and she would be saved; but he was forced to see her go down with face blanched with terror, because of his inability to execute the mandates of his will. Now she was threatened by the savage jaws of a wild beast. She called to him to save her; he essayed to thrust himself toward her, but his leaden body held him fast. Again he felt his very soul being lacerated by the alternating sense of the infinite and the infinitesimal. He felt himself large beyond all sensible proportions only the next moment to be oppressed by the immensity of his environment and his own hopeless insignificance.

His awakening was gradual, so much so that it must have been hours that he was in that semiconscious state where it is impossible to distinguish between hal- lucinations and sense impressions. The persistency of the former and the strangeness of the latter easily gave to the one the character of the other.

Slowly and uncertainly memory of his past life was returning to him. The involuntary twitching of his muscles helped to arouse his sluggish will. He passed his hand across his face and eyes. Now it was be- ginning to come back to him. But the facts of the real were so little unlike the hallucinations of his deluded brain that he was inclined to consider them as one. He remembered the desperate groping in the dark. He opened his eyes; all was black as before. He made an effort to rise, but was stricken back by an overhanging stone. This fully aroused him. Slowly and cautiously he attempted to move about. He must do something, what, he dared not even ask. Oh, for a light! He remembered the cheat of his over-wrought nerves when he thought to see a light before. His longing was so intense that his imagina- tion pictured the object of his desire as real. As he groped about with hands extended he found he was encompassed by smooth, stony walls. The cavern had seemingly shrunken down to the dimensions of an ordinary room. Again and again had he changed his course only to be again confronted by the same im- passable barrier. Where could he be? He could al- most feel the very walls pressing upon him. He de- termined to follow the walls the whole way around with his hands in the hope of finding a means of exit from the trap. He shortly fell upon a stone about the height of an ordinary table. The top was flat and smooth like the walls of the rooms in which he was imprisoned. He passed his hands across the top. They came in contact with some light, movable object. He jerked them back. Again he reached forward, and wonder of wonders,—he was holding in his grasp what appeared to be a moderate-sized volume! A book in the heart of the earth! How did it come there? Sure- ly where he was someone had been before; perhaps even now was in hearing distance. His first impulse was to call for help, but second thought restrained him and filled him with fear. For what strange be- ing could make this its dwelling place?

"Oh, for a match! God of the helpless, give me light!" His hands involuntarily put the thought of finding a match into action and he found himself feel- ing over the top of the stone table and—he could not disbelieve it—he was holding between thumb and fin- ger what seemed like the object of his desire. He drew it across the table in a tremble of excitement. The light burst forth! How it dazzled his eyes! But how they drank it in! It seemed that all the demons of darkness fled before that one weak representation of God's first and best gift to the universe. How it lit up the walls of the room! And such walls! The nat- ural beauty and rugged splendor of the great frescoes and pendants of overhanging stalactites that adorned the high roof was relieved and refined by an artificial

beauty of the walls which shone as if polished, and sparkled as if inlaid with gold and set with diamonds. He was stunned by the beauty and wonder of what he saw, and was only recalled to himself by the stinging pain of a burnt thumb and finger.

The match dropped, and with it fled the beauty that had enchanted him. What had he lost? His soul cried out in remorseful anguish. A spark of the unconsumed match shone on the floor. To his hungry eyes it appeared like a flaming world away off in space. He reached his hand toward it only to see it vanish forever with a little crackling farewell! A double sense of loneliness and helplessness oppressed him. He had been granted a look into glory only to be thrust back into Hades. What a world of revelation might have been in the mysterious book!

He was sinking deeper than ever into the mire of despondency and hopelessness, when the thought occurred to him that there might be another match where his hands had found the first. At all events he would see. Still holding the book in one hand he passed the other over the table and found, not a single match, but a whole box full! What should he do now that he had them? To burn them one at a time would soon exhaust his treasures. He finally decided to sacrifice at least one. This time he directed his eyes to the floor, perchance there might be something inflammable about. Just as the match was going out he saw what appeared to be a pile of driftwood carefully stored in a niche in the wall. He soon had a blazing fire on the floor of the room. Surely some one had made this for his abode and must have had a means for lighting it, but he could find nothing.

Next he turned his attention to the mysterious book, and on the fly-leaf of the same, by the flickering light, he read—could it be possible?—his own name!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EARLY PRINTING IN AMERICA.

THE first printing press in North America, according to the best record we can find, was established at the City of Mexico, in or about the year 1600. The first press worked in the American colonies was "set up" at Cambridge, Mass., in 1629. This press was secured through contributions from personal friends of the Rev. Jesse Glover in Amsterdam and England, who had the interests of religion and learning at heart. But Glover died on his passage to the new world, and so, perhaps, an honorable and historical record that might otherwise have enshrined his name among the pioneers of our early printers was lost. Stephen Day has the honor of being the first printer, and in recognition of this position he received a grant of three hundred acres of land from the government.

Pennsylvania was the second colony to encourage the art of printing. Wm. Bradford came to Pennsylvania with William Penn, in 1686, and established a printing press in the city of Philadelphia. From here, in 1692, Mr. Bradford was induced to locate and establish a printing press in New York. He received £40 per annum and the privilege of printing on his own account. Previous to this time there had been no printing done in the province of New York, and from this date the history of printing begins its record in this city. What a marvelous stride the art has made in this period of time. The first issue from Bradford's press was a proclamation bearing the date of 1692.

It was nearly a century after a printing press had been set up in New York before one would be tolerated in Virginia. The southern colonists had no printing done among them until the year 1727.

There was a printing press at

Cambridge, Massachusetts,	1629
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,	1686
New York, New York,	1692
New London, Connecticut,	1709
Annapolis, Maryland,	1726
Williamsburg, Virginia,	1729
Charleston, South Carolina,	1730
Newport, Rhode Island,	1732
Woodbridge, New Jersey,	1752
Newburn, North Carolina,	1755
Portsmouth, New Hampshire,	1756
Savannah, Georgia,	1762

The first printing press established in the Northwest Territory was worked by William Maxwell, at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1793, while the first printing executed west of the Mississippi river was done at St. Louis, in 1808, by Joseph Hinkle. There had been a printing press in Kentucky in the year 1786, and there was one in Tennessee in 1793, in Michigan in 1809, in Mississippi, 1810. Louisiana had a press immediately after her possession by the United States.

Printing was done in Canada before the separation of the American colonies from the mother country. Halifax had a press in 1751, and Quebec boasted of a printing office in 1764.

To Boston belongs the honor of the first American newspaper, the *Boston News Letter,* first published in 1704, yet by the year 1825, the number of papers published in the United States was about six hundred. —*Selected.*

THE OLDEST JOURNAL.

KINPAN, an official paper of China, is the oldest journal in the world, dating back to 911. It became a weekly in 1361, a daily in 1800 and is now a tri-daily. The regular issue is 8,000 copies. The morning edition is printed on yellow paper and is confined to trade interests. The noon issue is white and wholly official, while that at night is printed on black paper, and its contents are miscellaneous.

LIFE INSURANCE.—THE OTHER SIDE.

A. H. RITTENHOUSE.

Number One.

It has been suggested that life insurance is an excellent place for us to study nonconformity. It might have been added—and consistency. That this question is a live one throughout the Brotherhood is apparent to everyone who is in touch with conditions. It is not by any means a settled question, and it has brought about a condition of affairs that is by no means favorable to the progress of the church.

Since this question can well be considered an open one with us, both sides ought to be heard. The recent articles that appeared in these columns against what many Brethren believe to be unobjectionable life insurance, classing it as gambling, etc., cannot go unanswered.

It is not the purpose of the writer to discuss any particular policy. Since the ramifications of the life-insurance business are so varied it is manifestly unfair to judge the whole business by a single policy or a single company. A man desiring to become a Christian would be very foolish to judge the whole scheme of Christianity by one individual of a certain denomination. The wise way to do would be to find out the principles of Christianity and then seek the society that carries out these principles by the best methods. So it is the principles of life insurance that we wish to discuss. The company or companies that carry out these principles in the most approved business way are the ones that should receive our recognition.

There are some objectionable features about some forms of life insurance, but many old-line companies offer policies—such as endowment, annuities, some forms of participating, etc.—that cannot be classed as objectionable, and it is a matter of surprise that anyone should take the extreme position that it is a gambling enterprise, and then attempt to fortify his position with statements that contradict each other in many points. Most men of unprejudiced minds are free to admit that the investment form of life insurance is a much cleaner and fairer proposition—freer from speculation—than nine-tenths of the industrial enterprises that are on the market, and in which many of the Brethren could hold stock without a word being said that they were gambling or in a get-rich-quick scheme. The only point in dispute worthy of attention is the purely individual one, whether or not a man can place a value on his life. And this is a question that had better be left to the individual conscience. If the church had taken this position when unobjectionable life insurance came into the market there would not be the unpleasant situation that exists to-day. The admission of fire insurance and the debarring of life insurance have resulted in an illogical position.

When Annual Meeting was asked to define the difference between life insurance and fire insurance, her decision was, "We think there is quite a difference, since we do not think it is right to put a money value upon human life, while we may on property." (Art. 48, 1865, Revised Minutes.) This decision was made at a time when abstract values were, perhaps, not recognized so universally as they now are. That a man's life has a monetary value to his family is now recognized in every court of the world. There is a determined value, according to his earning capacity, just as much as any piece of property. By endeavoring to carry out this decision the church makes a discrimination between the rich and the poor that is hard to understand. She permits the rich man with this world's goods to protect them for his wife and children and refuses to allow the poor man to protect his *one asset* for his family. It might be interesting to mention here that the only kind of fire insurance sanctioned by Annual Meeting is mutual fire insurance. Accordingly every brother who carries a policy on his house or other property in an old-line company is violating the decision of Annual Meeting.

A piece of property bringing in an income of $1,500 annually, at six per cent interest, we would say is worth $25,000. A man earning $1,500 annually can also be said to represent an investment of $25,000. He has it in his education, his skill and position. If it is legitimate to protect the first investment, why cannot the second one be protected? If it be said that our life is not our own and belongs to God, then can it also be said that all that our life has created is not our own and we cannot place a value on it. If God chooses to send a fire to destroy his property, which we are simply holding in trust, why should we realize upon it? Would we not be thwarting the divine will? Further, it is a faith hard to comprehend that is willing to trust the wife and children to God and will not trust him for a new house or a new barn. To attempt to defend fire insurance and condemn life insurance is to take a position that is untenable. If one is wrong, measured by New Testament teachings, the other is wrong.

The purpose of life, fire and accidental insurance is identical. A society is formed by individuals who are banded together to aid one another in misfortune. Of the three kinds of insurance there is less of the element of chance in life than in the other two. There is nothing uncertain about death—it is the one thing we are sure of in this world—and it is hard to gamble on a sure thing. The old-line life-insurance companies have reduced their business to an exact science and there is no guess-work about it. There may be some uncertainty as to the individual risk, but not as to the collective members. Fire and accident insurance are by no means such a determinable business. The risks taken by the companies are enormous and uncertain, and if the record of failures of such companies were

studied it would show that a large number of them had failed to guess rightly and were compelled to go to the wall. Some one lost money. The stockholders must have lost their investment and according to the argument advanced by certain ones, we should not engage in this business because some must have been straight losers to make others straight gainers.

If a man who realizes on a life-insurance policy accepts unearned money, so does the man who realizes on a fire policy. For, let it be understood that when a fire company pays a policy it is not money paid on a property with any value to it. A heap of ashes is valueless. As long as his property was valuable he did not receive anything from the company, but when it became valueless he was willing to take the $1,000 for the $10 or $15 he had paid in. Where is there any difference between this transaction and the payment of a life-insurance policy? Each beneficiary receives a sum of money that is borne by his fellow-men, in which the individual burden is light. And if the life policy is carried to the end of the term the beneficiary receives only what is his due by legitimate investment. The beneficiary of a fire policy never pays in anything near to what he expects to receive.

With this much said in a general way, let us look at the proposition in detail, and consider the propriety of a man of small means investing in a protective and investment policy.

Books could be written that a man can more advantageously take care of his own money, but the cold fact would remain that there are remarkably few of the poorer class who do it. "The records of the surrogates of thirty-five counties in New York State, including the county of New York, the richest in America, show that out of 10,000 persons, over twenty-five years of age, dying during the last three months of 1893, only 3,351 or about one-third left any estate. Only 884 or twenty-seven per cent of these estates were worth over $5,000. Sixty-six per cent of all left no estates. Twenty-five per cent of all left estates valued at under $5,000, and these estates averaged only $1,292 each. Less than nine per cent of all left estates worth over $5,000. Again, out of 37,390 persons dying at ages over twenty in the years 1895, 1896 and 1897, in Chicago and Cook county, Illinois, the richest county of the West, only 9,090 or less than one-fourth of all dying left any estates."

Furthermore, it is entirely impossible for the average man to realize six per cent compound interest on twenty yearly payments of $32.72 if he handles the investment himself. The local banks seldom pay more than three per cent interest and it is a very difficult problem for the holder of such a small amount of money to invest it in any enterprise that will yield him as much as six per cent and have his investment entirely safe. Accordingly the figures that were made on this basis, in the recent articles against life insurance, are entirely misleading. The constant temptation to use the money in other directions, if the holder has it within easy reach, is very great. Whole volumes might be written on the failures that have occurred from the individual's efforts to put aside a portion of earnings systematically in his own care, only to have them vanish and leave nothing tangible behind.

Here is where the principle of investment life insurance ought to be encouraged, for it promotes thrift. A man taking out a policy has every inducement for continuing it, and it offers him a place for his money that is absolutely safe. During the years 1893 to 1895 over six hundred banks failed in the United States, entailing a loss to their depositors—a great many of them people in poor circumstances—of $300,000,000. During the same period of time not an old-line life-insurance company failed, and they paid to their policy-holders $250,000,000 in endowments, surrendered policies, death benefits, etc. These figures show where a man is taking the greatest chances on his money.

A man thirty years of age or under, who is looking for "easy money" and a "get-rich-quick scheme" had better keep out of investment life insurance. Figures have been given in the previous articles which show that his chances for gaining "something for nothing" are very remote. He has the best chances in the world to live the twenty years and he is almost certain to have to pay into the company's coffers an amount which will yield him only a fair return on his money. This much is admitted by the writer on the other side of the question. Therefore it is difficult to see where speculation enters into this phase of the transaction. It might be well to make the point here that there can be much difference in the minds of different people as to what constitutes a good investment. For instance, one man may pay more for a certain article than another one would. But the purchase may have a value to the first that it does not have to the second. So we could not say that he made a bad bargain. An investment in life insurance may not appeal to certain ones because they do not need it and they have other opportunities for investing their money. But there are those without these opportunities who do need it, and if they are willing to pay the price and are satisfied with the returns, it is not meet to cast reflections upon their integrity and say they are playing a losing game.

In the next article the other feature of the deal—that of realizing on a policy by death—will be considered.

66 Edison Ave., Elgin, Ill.

* * *

It belongs to human nature to hate those you have injured.—*Tacitus.*

* * *

Aspiration sees only one side of every question possessing many.—*Lowell.*

RUSSIAN RAILROAD TRAVEL.

C. F. YODER.

In no country is railroad travel so cheap as in Russia. The government owns all the roads and manages them for its own good. They are intended primarily for military purposes and all other uses are subordinate to this one. The freight traffic is comparatively light. The freight cars are small, not more than



Russian Fast Train about to enter a Tunnel near Batum in the Caucasus Mountains. Oil-burning Locomotives are used.

a fourth as large as our American freight cars, and have wheels with spokes. The passenger cars are divided into compartments, five or six in a car. The aisles run along one side and each compartment has a window on each side.

After a ticket is purchased a seat ticket must also be purchased or you will not be sure of having a seat. These seat tickets correspond to our sleeping car tickets. Each compartment is supposed to be occupied by four persons. By tipping the conductor, however, it is possible to have a compartment alone.

In the first-class compartments, which cost about twice as much as second class, everything is clean and fine. The chief advantage, however, is in the company. The nabobs ride first class. The second-class compartments are also very comfortable. The backs of the long seats turn up so that each of the four occupants may have a seat to himself and may stretch out on the soft cushions at any time, day or night, without tipping a porter to have the berth prepared. Soft pillows are furnished but no covers. The better class of people ride second class and as a rule are very sociable and polite. Many cars have both first and second-class compartments.

The third-class passengers, however, must ride in separate cars. These have only plain wooden seats and the cars are dirty, and usually lousy as well. The peasants and Tartars ride third and fourth class. The fourth-class cars are freight cars with small windows and wooden benches.

Below this there are fifth-class cars, which are simply freight cars with holes for windows. The Russian soldiers are transported in these cars. I saw many of them marked to hold eight horses or forty men. The soldiers riding in them were a forlorn-looking lot. Some of them become sick from the discomfort and filth of such cars.

The conductors and brakemen wear long blouses like tea-jackets, and heavy top boots. They carry clubs and revolvers and sometimes need them. In passing through the Caucasus region we saw Tartars try to steal things from the cars while the train stopped at depots, and sometimes they would try to steal rides also. We saw one freight train pull out with Tartars on the roofs of the cars and clinging to the steps on the sides and ends like a lot of flies. Once several of them were fired bodily from our passenger train while it was in motion because they tried to steal a ride.

All the Russian stations of any size are guarded by from two to twenty policemen and soldiers. When the train stops the station master taps a large bell. If it taps but once the train is to stop but a moment. If it taps twice you may know that it will stop ten minutes and if it taps three times the train will stop twenty minutes. The latter is the usual length of stop. Then ten minutes before the train starts the bell is



Russian Fourth-class Train taken near Schnerinka, Southwest Russia, May 27, 1905.

tapped three times. Five minutes later it is tapped twice and again once at starting.

There are no dining cars on any but a few first-class trains. Instead there are first-class lunch counters at the depots. Indeed the depots are really hotels with dining rooms and sleeping apartments. Most of the passengers have something to eat or drink at about every station. Some of them carry teapots along and for a penny have them filled with hot water at depots and then make their own tea to drink on the train. Each compartment, first and second class,

has a little table for the convenience of passengers. If you do not like to trust your fellow-passengers while you go out to see the country at the stations, you can have the brakeman watch your things, or lock your apartment.

About once a week the fast trains, "kurieriski passageer" trains, run between the principal points, but the rest of the trains run slowly. The engines have one improvement over the American in that they use smoke consumers, which spare the passengers the nuisance of dirt and smoke.

We found the Russian trainmen uniformly polite and obliging. The roadbeds are well graded and ballasted. The road crossings, both in the country and city, are guarded by flagmen, or rather women. The gates are kept closed except when teams wish to cross. The woman with her flag stands by the crossing while the train passes. At one place in the Caucasus region we saw women working on the railroad with wooden shovels, along with the section men. At many places the Tartars could be seen sleeping on the ground in the shade of the telegraph poles, sometimes a string of them end to end, in a line as long as the pole. There was always a crowd of these skin-clad savages about the stations and sometimes their women brought fresh milk to the windows to sell to the passengers.

Russia would like very much to extend her railroad system down through Persia to the Persian Gulf, but this England forbids on account of her interests in India. They have been the means of wonderfully developing the country through which they pass and it is to be hoped that the jealousy of the nations will not much longer prevent the civilizing of Turkey as well as Persia and other oriental countries.

Ashland, Ohio.

A MAN WITHOUT A TRADE.

THE man without a trade in this, the most mechanical age in the history of our race, is much like a sailor, without oars, abroad on the high seas in an open boat. He has no control over his destiny.

Many men complain about their inability to get work at their trade, when in reality they haven't any trade; they may have a working knowledge of a certain portion of a given art, but that is their limit.

A man is certainly not a machinist, no matter what he may call himself, who cannot design and build, or build from the design of another, any collection of mechanical units destined to perform the offices of a complete machine. At best he is simply a laborer, a little more skilled than the gentleman who wields a pick.

He is not an electrician who cannot design, build and apply the mechanical units which go to complete the perfect dynamo and motor. He is simply a factory hand at best.

He is not a carpenter if he is unable to design, join or erect an ordinary building. Shy this ability and he is simply a poor apprentice dubbing around in the way of good men.

A man is not a bricklayer, stonemason, tiler or a craftsman of any one of the several dozen principal trades that go to make up our system of liberal arts, if he does not fully comprehend the physical laws underlying all mechanical applications, and the laws of chemistry by which the actions and reactions of the material he handles are made known. Without these qualifications he is simply an alleged mechanic. For it stands to reason that a man who is ignorant of the fundamentals certainly cannot legitimately call himself a craftsman.

The man who is opposed to the study of the technique of his trade on the grounds that such technique is "book learning" demonstrates his ignorance each time he opens his mouth to declaim against it, and receives the fruit of his demonstration each time he grabs his attenuated pay envelope.

There are dozens of men in prison who are professed craftsmen who know no more about their alleged crafts than a man of ordinary intelligence could pick up in four hours' time. In other words, they are not craftsmen, but "dubs."

The point that we wish to make with the above screed is simply this: A man if he would be a craftsman must study the technique of his craft as industriously as the professional man studies the technique of his profession.

He must waken up to the fact that the reason he has always been among the first fired during slack seasons in his particular craft is not because capital has singled him out as a victim, but rather because he is among the least valuable of units; and he is among the least valuable of units because he belongs to the great army of the fat-headed, the bunch who never learn.

With the leisure time that the average man here has at his disposal from 5 to 9 P. M. there should be something doing in the study line; one year's study of physics would make the difference of a dollar a day in his pay envelope, if the knowledge gained be rightly applied. A year's additional study in elementary chemistry would add as much more, if this knowledge be rightly applied.

In lieu of the dollar's worth of extra food which so many men are wont to burden their bodies with once every two months, books might be purchased that when properly digested, if they be of the right kind, would lift the student from the ranks of the "also rans" into a position where he could have sufficient knowledge of nature's laws to rightly claim to be a mechanic. Why not take a fall out of the game tables?—*Star of Hope.*

FOR life is not to live but to be well.—*Martial.*

A TRIP UP PIKE'S PEAK.

DAVID C. BOSSERMAN.

A TRIP to the summit of Pike's Peak is inspiring, and is also somewhat tiring, if accomplished by foot. We walked.

It took seven and one-half hours to walk the ten miles, and every inch of the way was up, for we were a mile and a half above starting point at the top. This gave us lots of time to rest and survey the many beautiful changes in scenery.

At first the way was dusty and vegetation and trees on all sides abundant, soon the path grew sandy and full of gravel, the plants and grass more scarce. Then the road became rocky and rough, and soon you could see little vegetation but pine and fir trees. After this there were no more trees to be seen, but still quite a bit of vegetation, and here is where the sweet forget-me-not and other pretty little mountain flowers grow. And now near the top, I mean two miles yet by the trail, there was nothing to the mountain but just rocks, rocks, all sizes and shapes piled together, and broad fields of snow.

But this was not all that was to be seen at the summit. The sun, as it was seen setting beyond the scores of miles of divers hills and valleys, cast its golden and crimson rays among the fleecy clouds, leaving some pure white, and causing the storm cloud to appear more dark. We were veritably among the clouds. The sun and its colors never looked so bright as in that rare atmosphere. Colorado Springs looked like a checkerboard, and it is said that it was the plains of Kansas seen in the eastern horizon.

Beneath the dark cloud on the distant hills could be discerned something like rain, and after some waiting, lo! it began to sleet and snow on our heads. We enjoyed it very much, but it did seem rather cool for the month of August. We ate some snow and refreshments and started down, arriving at Manitou at eleven P. M. the same day.

This was August 5, and there were four in the party, a boy from Indiana, one from North Dakota, a girl from Kansas, and a boy from Missouri. We had all started separately and alone for the same goal, and after we got together made a jolly group, and though many others fainted by the wayside and went back by rail, there were four States represented by pedestrians that day on the summit. Each one was a friend to the other on this memorable trip.

5321 Minerva Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

NEVER GIVE UP IN DESPAIR.

WHEN you know you are on the right track, do not let any failures dim your vision or discourage you, for you cannot tell how close you may be to victory. Have patience, and stick, stick, stick, in spite of every hindrance. A Chinese student became so discouraged by repeated failures that he threw his book away in despair. While in this despondent mood, he saw a poor woman rubbing an iron rod on a stone to make a needle. Struck by the wonderful patience of the woman, he went back to his studies with new determination and became one of the greatest scholars in China.

A poor woman, mourning over the failure of her son, exclaimed, "Alas, he has not the gift of continuance." Alas, indeed, for the young man who has not the gift! Without it, he will never accomplish nis purpose. The men who have left their mark on the world have been noted for their power of persistence. Von Moltke, the greatest master of strategy, perhaps, that the world has seen, stuck to his task until he was sixty-six years of age, before his great opportunity came. See young Disraeli, the child of a hated and persecuted race, coughed and hissed down on the occasion of his first effort in parliament, assuring the most formidable body in the world that the time would come when they should hear him. Nothing could keep Disraeli back. Ridicule was soon changed to respect and admiration, and he finally became leader of the house that once would not even give him a hearing.

The most beautiful romance that came from an American pen—"The Scarlet Letter"—was produced under trials and hardships which would have discouraged a less noble soul than Hawthorne's. Drudgery, drudgery, drudgery, was the record of all his efforts. Nothing was too trivial for entry in his notebook in the preparation of this wonderful work. He had been dismissed from his position in the custom house at Salem, and many a day had made his dinner of potatoes and chestnuts because he could not afford meat. For twenty years he worked on and on, alone and unrecognized. But he kept saying to himself, "My turn will come," and he persisted until it did come.

The mere reputation of being persistent, of never giving up, is a letter of credit to a young man, a guarantee of success. The youth who lacks the gift of continuance, no matter what other shining qualities he may possess, will not succeed. It is only the man who sets his teeth hard and says, "I will!" who triumphs in the battle of life.—*Success.*

THERE are thousands of our successful money makers who are paying a big price for their fortunes. It is not charged that they are dishonest or in a wicked line of business, but simply that they sacrifice too much that is better than money, in order to get money in quantities which make a burden rather than a comfort, and which, so far from adding joy to life, in many cases bring life itself to a premature end. The price is surely too big.—*Pres. Tuttle.*

THE MAN WITH A SINGLE VIRTUE.

EVERY man knows him. There is a specimen to be found in every place. He is the man with a single virtue. Perhaps he is honest. He makes a point of paying his debts. He boasts about it. He takes on all sorts of superior airs on account of it. If he hears of some delinquent debt payer he is puffed up and refers to the fact that he always pays his debts.

While he has the virtue of paying his debts that may be the only virtue he possesses. He may be a tyrant in his home, intemperate in his habits, unjust in his judgments, lacking in benevolence, slovenly in habits, discourteous in manner.

Yet he pays his debts. On every possible occasion he takes this little virtue of his and flaunts it. Especially if he can find some one who has the reputation of being a little slack in meeting his financial obligations.

The man with a single virtue. Maybe his virtue is that he has never tasted a drop of strong drink. He tells it over and over again, that he does not know the taste of liquor. That beer to him is nauseating, etc., etc. His friends all have to hear it, day after day.

While he is harping over his single virtue of total abstinence, his creditors may be wondering when he is going to settle that bill. He may be a consummate liar, a crazy crank, on most subjects, an unsocial, hard-fisted fellow, but he never drinks a drop. This single virtue he carries with him as a boy carries his first red toy balloon. He keeps dancing it in the eyes of a long-suffering public. He must make the most of it. It is his single virtue.

Then there is that other fellow who has been successful in some line of business. He has certainly financiered the scheme through to a finish. He has made himself well to do. He has become possessed of considerable property. But this is all there is to him.

He has sacrificed every other virtue to the one virtue of industry. He has certainly been industrious. Most people call him avaricious. But he has provided for his family in a royal way. He cares nothing for the other families he may have robbed, or the multitude of people he has wronged. He knows nothing of charity, of unselfish service. He cares nothing for morality, has no regard for the rights of others. He is absolutely oblivious to every social obligation. Thinks only of how he may add to his store, and acquires very justly the reputation of being a thrifty and successful business man.

How he despises the fellow who failed in business! How he looks down upon the poor man, and frowns upon the other fellow who has tried to succeed, but is staggering under the weight of business responsibilities he cannot quite meet. It does him good to read in the papers, or to hear on the street, how this man or that man went "to the wall" when he is growing more and more prosperous every year. He brings out his single virtue and exhibits it, while his family at home or his nearest neighbor knows him only to fear or despise him.

And so we might go on enumerating virtue after virtue which some people possess and are sadly wanting in others.

It is easy to detect the man of a single virtue. He is always boasting. He is secretly conscious of his many faults. So he parades his one virtue in order to cover them. He may be doing this unconsciously. It may be the operation of an animal instinct for self-preservation. But he is sure to do it. He keeps his eyes continually on his one attribute of which he is not ashamed. He has neither mercy nor respect for people who lack in the one virtue he possesses. They may have a thousand virtues to his one. They may be everything that is desirable in all other points but the particular thing in which he happens to excel, but he sees no good in them.

The man with a single virtue is a disagreeable fellow. He is apt to have his single virtue accentuated, developed out of all proportion to its real value.

The man with many virtues is not so apt to hold to any one virtue in such a way as to make it prominent. His virtues do not stick out like pimples on the nose, or a wen on the top of a bald head.

Everybody recognizes the man of many virtues as being an agreeable fellow all round. But none of his virtues obtrude themselves in such a way as to gain special distinction. He may not be a teetotaler. He may not be a strikingly successful man in the business world. He may not always be ready to pay a bill when it is due. But everybody recognizes him as a fellow of good intentions. He is liked at home. Liked in his neighborhood. He is liked by all who come in contact with him. But yet he makes no specialty of possessing any virtue, or pretentions that he is better than other men. He is apt to do the normal and neighborly thing every time. Unlike the man with a single virtue, who makes himself offensive at every other point, he is a pretty good fellow all through.

Some men possess the single virtue of being polite. They are very polite. Over polite. Their politeness is like the polish on a mahogany surface. It scintillates. It is rather embarrassing to come in contact with it. One hardly knows how to make the proper responses to his effusion of politeness. His courtesy knows no bounds.

And yet there is an undertone to the performance which makes it seem insincere. Indeed, it is a ceremonial affair. Deal with him, and you may find him as hard as a flint. Only a flint could maintain such a polished surface. Open a conversation with him on

any subject requiring information, and you may find him as stupid as a stone. And yet his conventionalities glisten like crystal, and attract the superficial observer as something beautiful.

A single virtue very quickly becomes a fungus growth. It absorbs the moral fiber of the whole man. All other virtues shrivel up and die. He concentrates the powers of his whole being on this one virtue, and the rest of his moral attributes hang like dead limbs to a tree, verdureless and rotten.

One man's single virtue is that he goes to church every Sunday. But for this practice no one could tell him from a heathen.

Another man's single virtue is that he speaks the truth, or tells what he thinks is the truth. He may be coarse and brutal, ill-natured and uncouth. But he speaks the truth, in a blunt, disagreeable way. Unlike the polite man, who continually utters polite lies, he has swung to the other extreme of belching forth inopportune and irrelevant truths. He carries truths about with him like brickbats, to hurl at the head of every victim he can inveigle into a conversation with him.

There is no virtue in the world that cannot be overdone. What is needed is an evening up of virtues. A little of each. A moral balance or symmetry that makes it possible for a person to adjust himself agreeably to human associations wherever he meets them. Not a stiff-jointed virtue that cracks with every movement, or rattles at the slightest motion. A firm virtue, but slightly elastic, permitting motion enough for the ordinary exigencies of life. A tolerant virtue, that gives room for slight inequalities on the part of others.

Some men carry their virtue in a scabbard as if it were a sword, with which they cut and slash on all sides.

Other men carry virtue about with them as if it were a shield, behind which they seek to hide.

As soon as virtue becomes self-conscious it very quickly degenerates into an excrescence. Virtue should be an inner, subconscious impulse, that gives character and stability to all conscious acts.

When anyone says to himself: "Now I am virtuous. This thing I am doing is moral, very moral. I know that I am better than the average of men. Surely everybody will respect me now, when they see me do this thing." When anyone has reached this state of mind his virtues become faults. His moral nature is suffering from organic disease. Nothing but some moral disaster, which strips him of every pretense and compels him to stand before himself and others as he actually is, a hideous, unsightly, deformed moral monstrosity, nothing but something like this will ever cure him of his folly.

Beware of the man of one virtue. He is a bore. He is an enemy to society.

Beware of becoming a man of one virtue. Even things up. Take your eye off those things in which you excel, and keep your eye on your weak points. Do not study to find in what particulars you excel other men, but rather scan yourself closely to see wherein you fail in measuring up to the standard. Be a man of many virtues, even though no one of them ever excites any attention. Be a man of many-sided virtues.

The only way to accomplish this is to recognize that other men possess some virtue. Even that fellow who has glaring vices has some virtues, if you will look for them. The most depraved man in society may possess some virtues greatly superior to any other man in the community. No man is perfectly good. No man is utterly bad. The practice of discovering the hidden good in every man, and admiring that good in spite of all failings, this habit greatly facilitates the acquisition of many virtues.

Add to this habit the other habit of refusing to be dazzled by the man of one virtue. Look behind the attribute which he pushes so prominently forward. Refuse to pass judgment upon his virtues until you have the necessary evidence to sum them up as a whole. Allow the good and the bad to balance over against each other. Then strike a general average.

If you do this you will discover men even up to nearly the same level, or at least much nearer so than you had first supposed. You will discover, to your astonishment, that the well-dressed man, the well-behaved man, who never comes in conflict with the written laws or traditions of society is not always the best man. You will also discover that the man who has every external appearance of degradation, who is regarded as an outcast, looked upon as a social leper, is not always a bad man. The number of his virtues may greatly exceed the other man's who has the reputation of being eminently respectable. Try it and see if it does not work that way.—*Medical Talk.*

GIANTS IN PATAGONIA.

THE chapter on giants in the history of Patagonia may be written as simply as the famous one on snakes in Ireland. There are no giants in Patagonia. There are several distinct nations of Patagonians, not including the Araucanians on the north, nor the Fuegoans on the south, and each nation has distinguishing characteristics. There are tall men among the Tehueleches of the south, who resemble the North American Indians, but if there were ever veritable giants among them they have all gone to the happy hunting grounds.

WE learn to climb by keeping our eye, not on the hills that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

MUSIC AS A SPIRITUAL FACTOR.

MARTHA B. LAHMAN.

THE importance of music in the Christian Workers' meeting, or any religious assembly, can not be denied. And its utility may be accentuated or intensified, but it is possible for its potency to be overestimated.

Singing has become such a common thing with us that we sing, and sing, and *sing* irrespective of those who have no special liking for music, and regardless of any who may be suffering from headache or nervousness. In either case they are obliged to do as did the boy who did not like school, but just waited for it to quit.

It is not an uncommon thing in our so-called prayer meeting to have one prayer and eight or ten songs. But be this as it may, there has always been, and will always be, power in song. There have been too many conversions that can be traced directly to the influence of song to deny the fact.

It is thought that Mr. Alexander had as much to do with the many conversions in the late London campaign as did Dr. Torrey. Longfellow has fitly said:

"God sent his singers upon earth,
With songs of gladness, songs of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again."

Equally good is the following quotation from Tennyson:

"Love took up the harp of life
And smote on all the chords with might—
Smote the chords of self, that, trembling,
Passed in music out of sight."

Music binds our hearts in Christian love, and draws us nearer God and heaven. It also refines and ennobles character. You may talk about the wonders of wireless telegraphy, but what is more wonderful than communication with God, a celestial and spiritual being (whom never man saw), without any mechanism whatever? Might it not be called the soul's telegraphy?

To get the most spiritual good from the songs in the Christian Workers' meetings, I would say that much depends upon the sentiment of the songs, and much upon the chorister. We want some bright, cheery songs, but give us more of the good old choral hymns that are both rich in theme and stately in setting. Some of the present-day airs with their galloping time are suitable for Mother Goose rhymes or for the vaudeville, but not for devotional purposes.

The dear old hymns (let us call them immortal, if not classical) are like the old-time religion; they were good enough for father, they were good enough for mother, and they're good enough for us.

Choristers might be encouraged to use tuning forks and to study the authors and composers; also the scriptural passages from which the songs are written and the circumstances that led to their composition. When such literature is accessible, some of these things are especially interesting to thoughtful young people when related occasionally.

The leader has also the right to say whether songs should be sung fast or slow, loud or soft, etc., if he so chooses.

Shall we sing with the spirit and with the understanding? And what does this mean? Some might say to make a study of note reading, time, expression, and so forth, would be singing understandingly, and to sing earnestly would be to sing with the spirit, but is there not a deeper significance than this, though it is essential? Surely the lips should only utter what the heart truly feels. To explain: If many of us were consistent, when certain selections are made, we would have to close our song books and not sing.

Some of you may have read the story of little Jim, the newsboy, who was passing a church when he heard music. He entered quietly and listened to a musical director who was drilling some boys on a Christmas cantata. He became so interested that every evening he found himself there to hear the rehearsal. And when the musicale was to be given he was present. There was a certain solo that one boy was to sing, but he was seized with stage fright and could not sing. There was a moment's pause, when little Jim arose from his hiding place and sang the part most beautifully. Certainly this was an outburst of the soul!

"Helpful Hints" tells of an incident concerning the power of song. On a certain evening a mother was to sing, "Where is my Wandering Boy Tonight?" but when the time drew near for services she discovered that her own son was somewhere in the great heart of the city dissipating. She concluded if God would give her grace she would try to sing. Her wayward boy wandered into the church and as that mother-heart poured out its own distress it melted his own, and he was converted.

It is generally conceded that music removes evil, opens the proper avenues for good and awakens and nourishes spiritual life; consequently it prepares the heart for the reception of the Word, as does the farmer prepare his soil for the sowing.

Is it a thing incredible that angels sing when sinners give their hearts to God? What could be more forceful than the words of the following song uttered by a chorus of consecrated voices? Would that we had it in our own hymnal.

"When a sinner turns from sin,—
How they sing up yonder!
Comes to Christ sweet peace to win,—
How they sing up yonder!

Asks for cleansing in the blood,
Sinks beneath the swelling flood,
Rises cleansed and owned of God,—
How they sing up yonder!

Neighbor, would you join the song,
In the home up yonder,
Sing, while ages roll along,
In the home up yonder?
Then forsake the paths so cold
Fly to Jesus and his fold
That your name may be enrolled,
In the home up yonder."

Would that we might all so live that we might always sing with grace in our hearts; for this and this alone is true symphony. And would, too, that we might echo in some measure the life of him whose birth was signalized by seraphs' song, and whose own life was as a sweet song, perfect in rythm and harmony and in modulation sublime and in cadence glorious. May we be permitted to join that grand oratorio surrounding the throne of God, singing and praising his name forevermore.

Franklin Grove, Ill.

THE KITTEN THAT NEVER WAS FOUND.

TOGGLES' feet made no sound in the thick grass, and his Grandpa did not know he was there until he spoke.

"Grandpa," Toggles called, "I guess you'll have to come and help me! There's a little cat 'round by the barn somewhere, and it keeps crying harder and harder, and I can't find it."

Grandpa was at work in the bee yard, but he put the cover on the hive, took off his veil, and came with Toggles at once.

"Well, that's strange," he said. "I didn't know Zenobia had any kittens."

"She hasn't," answered Toggles, "and I don't know where this one came from! But it's there, and crying just dreadful."

Grandpa and Toggles walked up past the lilacs to the big barn and looked all about, everywhere—but no trace of a kitten!

"Did it sound as if it was inside the barn?" asked Grandpa.

"I couldn't just tell," said Toggles. "Maybe it was inside."

They looked, but there was no cat there, and they could hear no crying.

"You're sure you heard it?" asked Grandpa.

"Oh, I'm sure," answered Toggles. "It was just as plain, and the kitten felt very bad."

"Perhaps it was at the carriage-house," suggested Grandpa.

But it was not outside of the carriage-house, nor inside, and when, to make sure, Toggles went down on his little stomach and crawled under, where it was all dark and cool, there was no kitten there either.

"It's very strange," he said, as they walked back, beneath the apple trees, to the bee yard. "I know I heard it." Maybe though its mamma came and found it."

Grandpa did not say anything, and just at that minute, right out of the tree over their heads, came the same pitiful, beseeching call of a very little cat in sorest trouble.

"There!" exclaimed Toggles. "There it is again. Hy—where is it, Grandpa?"

Grandpa did not answer, but he pointed with his finger and Toggles looked with all his eyes at a dark, slate-colored bird, with a black cap.

"That?" he whispered.

Grandpa nodded.

"Why—" And just then the bird gave the same pitiful low call again; and then another, that was not at all like a kitten's, and with a flirt of its tail, as if it were laughing at them, flew off as fast as its wings would carry it.

"What was it?" asked Toggles, when the bird was lost among the leaves.

"That was a catbird," Grandpa answered.

"Well," said Toggles, as Grandpa laughed and put on his bee-veil once more, "I've learned a great deal about birds since I came to the farm, but, Grandpa, that's the first time I ever knew there was a bird that played tricks on people."—*Frederick Hall, in Little Folks.*

TANTALUM AS A TOOL METAL.

TANTALUM, the metal lately employed for incandescent light filaments, possesses remarkable possibilities as a material for tools, according to N. von Bolten, the German chemist, who has shown by laboratory experiments that it possesses a hardness comparable with that of a diamond. He attempted to drill a piece of the pure metal one millimeter in thickness which he succeeded in hammering out. Other drills having failed he tried a diamond drill, which, after working three days and nights at 5,000 revolutions a minute, had drilled to a depth of only one quarter of a millimeter, and was so badly worn the experiment was discontinued. Previous experiments have demonstrated the toughness of the metal, wire made of the pure material sustaining a load of 90 kilograms per square millimeter, or the equivalent of 128,000 pounds per square inch. Further value attaches to tantalum in that it is thoroughly nonmagnetic, and should prove available where a metal as strong as steel is needed, but where the magnetic properties of the latter are objectionable.

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

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OUR BEST.

It has been said a thousand times that some people are waiting for an opportunity to do some great thing, and by observation one can easily satisfy himself as to the truth of this statement. The ambition of some people is to do some great thing before they die. A kindred ambition is, by a constant increase of energy, to achieve a certain degree of greatness along a certain line, and then denominate it doing our best.

There is a mistaken idea contained in all this, and the mistake consists in the fact that, as a rule, people think that the greatness they are seeking consists in the act, when really it consists in the motive prompting the act. Two propositions may be deduced: First, a small act may have a big motive behind it. Second, a great act may have a small motive. To illustrate the first, one might offer a drink of water, which is a very small act, to another person in order to save his life. This motive would be the grandest on earth, but the act almost insignificant. To illustrate the second, a man might take his neighbor's life for a few paltry pennies in his pocket. This is the highest crime known to earth and the meanest motive.

Great deeds and acts that stand out in ostentatious display come almost invariably from opportunity. Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves because he and the opportunity came together. Great motives come from a pure heart and a great heart. Many men have lived and died, who could have been Lincolns or Washingtons had the opportunity presented itself to bring out the greatness. Thousands of noble characters have gone to their graves unnoticed because the great motives in their hearts, and the great opportunity of a lifetime were not brought together by Providence; but the great love force behind that life was spent and perfectly satisfied with the hundreds of little things that fell in the pathway of that life. Our best comes from the great motives of our lives and not from the great acts. When a hero comes to town the populace is ready to sing praises to his name; but among the motley crowds are mothers and fathers whose characters outshine his by far, who will probably die unheard of.

The Natural Way.

The natural way to do the best possible thing is to follow nature. Nature strives first to develop and reproduce; next to right every wrong, and third to be merciful. It is just as natural for the flowers and herbs to use everything within their reach as a means to develop and mature, as it is for them to cast seeds upon the ground with which they reproduce one of a like kind. So if we want to follow nature, as Christians, we must do our utmost to develop everything within our nature that is good, and to do our level best to produce other Christians from the material around us and in us. Nature is continually endeavoring to correct wrong; if a twig is bent by some unbearable load being placed upon it, it does not die because it cannot throw the load off, but it bends its head toward the sky and continues to do the best under the circumstances. When it comes to an act of mercy, nature is one of the grandest examples in the universe. How carefully she does the part of a surgeon in saving the life of one of her wounded creatures. How soon the coagulated blood stops the flow of lifeblood from the breast of a wounded bird! How gently and neatly nature spreads the green carpet over the ugly scar made in the bosom of the earth by the grave! If we want to be real natural while we are doing our best we should endeavor to follow nature in these acts of mercy, and lend a hand to the fallen and support the weak, though it be one of the smallest of God's creatures in a most obscure corner.

Faithfulness.

It is impossible to do our best unless we are faithful to our station. The boy on the burning deck has been praised for his faithfulness, and there ought to be ten thousand more names written with his because of their loyalty to the trust that God has given them. It is not every man that is blown about by every wind, but some are so loyal and faithful that they will remain where God has stationed them until they are called hence.

Full Use of Talents.

There is not so much difference in the quality of talent, although there is some; but the chief difference in individuals consists in the desire to be used to the full extent that God wants them to be used. Many people will trust God with their lives and families, but not with their money. Others will pray for everything but for God to use them more. After all, the very best results cannot be obtained without the very best effort, and this must of necessity include everything we have in our power that might achieve success in the end.

Bearing Annoyances.

It probably requires just as much grace, and pleases God just as much, to see one of his people bear up bravely under the most unpleasant circumstances, as to conquer in some great battle which is known to the world. It requires some courage to meet a formidable foe, but it requires more to be compelled to live in ambush and treachery with Indians, hypocrites and false brethren, and yet not chafe under your environments; to be able to consider that these things are weaknesses of the flesh and to understand that they must be endured for the sake of him who suffered from all these sins and for all these sins.

Hunting Good Things.

It is no trouble to find fault-finders, but to find a select class of people who are hunting nothing but the good things in other people, would be somewhat of a task; and yet that is just exactly what it takes to be doing our best. What is the use of hunting all the bad things that can be found in other people? What good does it do? What good does it do the person who has the faults, or what good does it do the person to whom you tell these faults? The fact still remains that the best thing to do is to hunt good things, even if there be but one in a bad man. Find that one and magnify it so that he may be able to see it, and be sure to put such coloring on it as will attract the attention of his neighbors.

Be a Benefactor.

That is, put a kind construction on every unkind word or act. When you hear a man say unkind things, or see him do unkind things, do not be induced by the devil at first conclusion to question his motive. It is better for you to attribute it to his weakness or the lack of culture and grace than to make it a voluntary action of his heart. It prevents a wall from being built between yourself and the offender; it also saves his reputation and it unquestionably cultivates charity in your own heart.

Satisfaction.

One of the grandest accomplishments in this world is to be able to make up your mind to be satisfied with conditions. If the train you are going to ride on does not happen to be a palace car, lend a smile to the fellows that have to ride with you in the caboose. If you cannot be a spring at the head of a mighty river, be satisfied to be a little fountain somewhere in a stony valley, nourishing a few lichens, or offering drink to quench the thirst of a few wandering sheep. If you cannot be the keystone in the arch of the suspension bridge, be satisfied and thoroughly enjoy the fact that you are the bottommost stone of the abutment, far beneath the surface, upholding all the rest. Enjoy the fact that some stones must be buried out of sight.

Garlands.

It is the most common kind of vanity to seek the praise of men. There are very few hearts but what swell with emotion and pride when compliments and praise and applause of the public are heaped upon them in profusion. But did you ever philosophize upon this? Figure this way: If the people are human and you are human, you have simply one of a kind praising the other. Whereas, on the other hand, when one receives the approbation of God he has the praise of one that is superhuman. For this reason, which is a logical conclusion, man's highest aim should be to please God. And it logically follows that in order to please God the very things will have to be done that will most likely not bring the applause of the public upon us, but rather its displeasure. The heart is so carnal in its desires that we have to be "killed all the day long" in order that we may do the things that are meek and humble, which will adorn our spirits and make them beautiful in the sight of God.

Adaptability.

God has feathered the birds according to the climate in which they live and colored the skin and fur of the rabbit so as to protect them from their enemies. The fur of the bear and the prehensile tail of the monkey show how God has adapted everything for a special purpose. Like as he has given us a hand with which we can grasp, lift, push, strike or throw, so he has given us a soul and spirit with which we can reach and assist every condition around us which may be one of these little things to which we are especially adapted. If we push the microscope of duty a little closer to these little things they will become large enough to satisfy our ambition, and we can proceed to do our best. Remember, it is the motive behind life that makes a great life, and this motive prepares us so that if God has a great opportunity for us, the great act for which we have longed will then be within our reach.

IT BEATS ALL.

If the readers of the Inglenook could see the subscriptions rolling in every day by the dozens and scores they would be rewarded for the kindness they have shown in asking their neighbors to subscribe. We have a series of articles on Russia by Bro. Yoder and another series coming by Bro. Miller on South Africa. These with the "Old Doyle House" are worth many times the TEN CENTS from now to January, 1906. It now looks as if we would reach the ten thousand before the New Year.

The unlearned man knows not what it is to descend into himself, or to call himself to account; nor the pleasure of that most pleasant life, which consists in our daily feeling ourselves to become better.—*Lord Bacon.*

Current Happenings

LAST YEAR'S IMMIGRATION.

Over a million people from abroad sought new homes in the United States last year. A large number of these came clean of limb, bright of eye and with optimism in their minds and hearts; but what of the others?

From the fetid streets and hovels of the East came thousands of Levantines carrying with them the germs of inherited and contracted loathsomeness. From the narrow pathways of Naples, from the dugouts of southern Italy came thousands more, afflicted of eye, anæmic of body and cursed through the sins of their rulers with frail bodies and stunted intellects. From Hungary, Austria and Russia hundreds of thousands fleeing from oppression, economic more than political, crossed the Atlantic, penned together by hundreds, that they might find a place to live rather than merely exist.

Some object because they bring no money; a small matter indeed. The healthy immigrant is welcomed; the immense material resources of the United States demand him. A clean body and head will make the money come later. Disease and crime are the enemies of our country. These two evils are fostered and sent forth from the congested centers of foreign population to make a havoc where human beings swarm in the midst of unsanitary surroundings, incapable of self-protection or even self-preservation.

The Census Bulletin, at the end of the fiscal year, shows that the electric power plants have reached 3,620. Their construction has cost $505,000,000, and their annual income is $85,700,605. The expense of operation is $68,081,375.

It is said that Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show has been quarantined in France, and that all the show horses were shot on official orders on account of glanders.

The children of Senator Procter have requested him to erect a sanitarium for consumptives in the State of Vermont, and that the State shall take possession of the institution at the discretion of the trustees. He has recently notified the Tuberculosis Commissioners that for this purpose he would devote $50,000 to the erection of the sanitarium and $100,000 additional as an endowment for the institution.

President Roosevelt has lately called a conference of his friends for the purpose of discussing the disclosures regarding life insurance companies.

Heavy rains in Missouri again. Miles of railway track have been washed away, and traffic over a large portion of the State is suspended. Farmers have sustained an immense loss. Thousands of acres of corn land are under water and the crops on them will be almost a total loss. Thousands of head of live stock have been drowned.

It is claimed by some writers that it will take twenty years and one billion dollars to construct the Panama canal.

A typhoon burst over Manila, Philippine Islands, recently, causing the destruction of hundreds of homes, two churches and a hotel. Five thousand persons were rendered homeless.

A disastrous fire swept over Butte, Mont., last week, which destroyed the greater portion of the business district, including several of the principal houses and the public library building. Heavy rains finally came, falling in torrents, and the fire was soon under control. The damage is estimated at $1,200,000, of which $600,000 is covered by insurance.

Last week more than two hundred street car men from different parts of the United States made a tour of the country inspecting the possibilities, probabilities and existing conditions. It will not be long until suburban and interurban lines will form a network all over our country. This service is a commodity that makes progress possible.

President Roosevelt has left his home at Oyster Bay, and, with his family and official aides, has taken up his residence in the Executive Mansion at Washington. A warm reception of their many well-wishing neighbors awaited them at Washington.

The Allan Transatlantic Line has decided to withdraw its steamships between Glasgow and New York, because of the inability to get a renewal of the pier lease at New York on reasonable terms. The line expects to increase its Boston service.

Fresh disturbances between the German part of Austria and the Czechs broke out recently in that country. The Czechs marched through the streets, wrecking stores and insulting Germans. Almost the whole garrison had to be called out to restore order. Many persons were injured and the Jewish Synagogue almost demolished.

NEAR the home of Count Leo Tolstoy, in Russia, the famous advocate of passive resistance is superintending a free school along lines that would shock the average American school-teacher. The pupils are free to come or go at will, to arrive late or early, to sit on a chair or lie on the floor, to take possession of the teacher's chair or lie under it when he is telling some interesting story. If some pupils are noisy or unruly, no check is placed on them, as this is regarded as merely a free kind of order or safety valve, which prevents more serious kinds of trouble. Tolstoy believes that no recitations or occupations should ever hamper the liberty of the child. There is a regular order of studies, but this is rarely followed. If the children get tired and go home early in the afternoon, this is an indication that the teaching is dry or unintelligible, for if the children are not interested or have little ambition in their work, it is deemed the fault of the master.

THE rich fields of Manchuria are nearer by than the farms of America, and the Japanese are better farmers than we can hope to be for many long years to come. If we will learn from them the science of agriculture as they learned from us the science of war, we may some day hope to equal them in the art of drawing wealth from the granary of Nature—the land.

ACCORDING to the statement of Manager Elliott, of the Great Northern, the bandits who robbed the overland train and blew up the express car only got about a thousand dollars. The Great Northern Express Company has offered a reward of $5,000, but no clew has been obtained as yet.

RUSSIA, with a population of 140,000,000, imports annually $300,000,000 worth of merchandise, or about two dollars per head. The United States, with a population of 83,000,000, imported, during the last fiscal year, merchandise valued at $1,140,000,000, or thirteen dollars and fifty cents per capita.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT contemplates the personal inspection of the yellow fever hospitals in New Orleans. This will be another bold display of the usual disregard of personal danger. The official summary states that one hundred and seventy-five cases have been treated, at Pensacola, Fla., and one hundred twenty-six at Vicksburg, Miss.

LONDON reports the formation of a $25,000,000 ship owning and carrying combination, with a view of operating a line between England and Japan. It will utilize the steamships secured by Japan for war transportation. Port Arthur is to be made the distributing center of the Far East.

MANY Norwegians have expressed opposition to Prince Charles and declared in favor of the opportunity to vote for a republic.

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, Leslie M. Shaw, announced his final decision to leave the cabinet of President Roosevelt, February 1, 1906.

PROFESSOR BLOOMFIELD, of the Johns Hopkins University, who has just returned from the Oriental Congress at Algiers, reports the discovery of sacred manuscripts on kid leather, which has been used to repair old shoes shortly after the birth of Christ. They were found in a Turkestan city by German scientists. The writing is in Syrian characters, and is an indication as to how Christianity spread throughout Persia and the Far East and how the legends and the facts of the Bible entered into the Oriental religions.

SECRETARY OF WAR, Taft, and the party of Congressmen with him, have returned from their trip through the Orient, arriving at San Francisco on the steamer *Korea*, which broke the record from Yokohama by four hours, making the trip in ten days, eleven hours and five minutes. The Secretary says he is well pleased with the many improvements in the harbor and city of Manila. A street railway is now in operation along thirty-three miles of the Manila streets. The natives, however, are not progressing so rapidly toward a condition that would justify self-government.

THE late Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, of Vienna, has left over $5,000,000 available to charity, chiefly for the relief of sufferers from chronic incurable diseases. The will was recently probated in London.

FREDERICK STARR, professor of anthropology in the University of Chicago, has been given a year's leave of absence, for the purpose of studying the development of the monkey. Starr will be the guest of King Ndombe, who lives about 1,100 miles from the mouth of the Congo river, almost in the heart of Africa. He is to study the monkey as to the progress toward forms of oral communication, also to make a study of the native African races of that region. The people of that kingdom, however, are far from the savage state.

IN Boston, Mass., an educational experiment is to be tried, under the name of the "Breadwinners' College." Some of the prominent educational and philanthropic workers of that city find the problem of education among the poorer class of people a serious one. The object in this movement is to give an opportunity for advanced education to those who cannot afford to go to college.

HOME DEPARTMENT

DAY BY DAY.

I heard a voice at evening softly say,
Bear not thy yesterday into to-morrow,
Nor load this week with last week's load of sorrow.
Lift all the burdens as they come, nor try
To weight the present with the by and by.
One step and then another, take thy way—
Live day by day.

Live day by day.
Though autumn leaves are withering round thy way,
Walk in the sunshine. It is all for thee.
Push straight ahead as long as thou canst see
Dread not the winter whither thou mayst go,
But when it comes, be thankful for the snow.
Onward and upward. Look and smile and pray—
Live day by day.

Live day by day.
The path before thee doth not lead astray.
Do the next duty. It must surely be
The Christ is in the one that's close to thee,
Onward, still onward with sunny smile,
Till step by step shall end in mile by mile.
"I'll do my best," unto my conscience say,
Live day by day.

Live day by day.
Why art thou bending toward the backward way?
One summit and another thou shalt mount,
Why stop at every round the space to count?
The past mistakes, if thou must still remember,
Watch not the ashes of the dying ember.
Kindle thy hope. Put all thy fears away.
Live day by day.

—Julia Harris May, in the Atlantic.

THE RUMMAGE SALE.

MAUD HAWKINS.

A RUMMAGE sale! What is it? It is a sale gotten up by women who are trying to do good(?), or help the church. Hence they go among their friends and gather up all the old, cast-off clothing that can be dug out of cellar, garret, woodhouse, storeroom and other places. Old books, magazines and newspapers also are collected. Some benevolent(?) real-estate owner gives them the free use of an empty store, and these things are marked as high as possible, and displayed as attractively as feminine ingenuity and the defects of the articles will permit.

The ladies will don old dresses and go down to the store to serve the *common* people. They will smile and make themselves familiar with people whom they never recognize at other times, tell innumerable falsehoods in regard to the good qualities of the articles, leave their homes, children and husbands without their care, come home tired out and nervous, but feel satisfied with themselves that they have been working in a good, when really they have been working in the very worst, cause.

As soon as the goods are displayed on the counters and in the windows and a conspicuous sign proclaiming a "Rummage Sale" is in place, those poor women, who have only a few cents and little sense and less knowledge of domestic economy, rush to the sale, with the sad delusion that they are going to procure something cheap. They pay twenty-five cents for an old, weather-beaten, mouldy pair of shoes for Sarah, which in a very few days drop from her feet; they get a gaudy, old-fashioned necktie for husband because it is only five cents; they buy an out-of-date derby for eighteen-year-old Sam for twenty cents, and ever after he must answer to the salute, "Where did you get that hat?"

In this way she spends a few hard-earned dollars, and what does she get? Nothing, worse than nothing. But the good ladies hoard the $25 or $30 which they have worked very hard to get from the poor, half-starved, half-clothed working class, carry it to the church altar and receive the praise and commendation of the pastor and all the good members. This money is to be used to help buy a new *velvet brussels* carpet in church for them to walk on, while the poor who really furnished the money to buy it never even once see it.

The new carpet and soft cushions they can't do without. The rummage sale only helps to buy them. And indirectly it puts that much more into the hands of the rich women, for they know that if their church expenses are less, their dressmaker's and milliner's bills can be more. What is the duty of a church, to do good to the needy and distressed, or to work as much from them as possible in order to lessen the church expenses?

Those old, cast-off articles by right belong to the poor without price. A rummage give-away would be more honorable. But who has not among her acquaintances a poor one-armed John or a widow with five children or a hired man or washerwoman who would be delighted to have those things to get what good they can from them? There are always one or more invalids or "shut-ins" who would be glad to get those magazines and papers or books to help them to while away the lagging hours. It is my opinion that a rummage sale is a dishonesty and a sin.

Towanda, Pa.

THE MODERN WOMAN.

It seems to me that the women nowadays are nothing if not extreme. Extreme in everything they fancy, or undertake to do, be it fads, functions or funerals, clubs, clothes or confections. One club! Pshaw! What does that amount to? A half dozen is nothing for a live, up-to-date woman. Cards? Yes; sure! No woman now that is anything but plays cards, and when one gets to playing for prizes, even trifling ones, it is hard to stop short of real gambling. And the luncheons and functions! How much time, thought and money is worse than wasted on these efforts at entertaining. Brains are racked and purses emptied to obtain something new or different or more *recherche* than the last, or than some one else has had.

Is this a laudable ambition? Is it worth while? Does it refine and ennoble a woman, make her a better wife, mother or friend? In short, cannot she find a better way to spend her time and money than in the silly and senseless devices and rivalries now rampant under the name of social duties, good form, etc.?

All this is well enough in moderation, but a mad extreme seems to rule the hour.

And so in weddings. What with the showerings and feastings, trousseau planning and making, and the general fuss and feathers of preparation for the coming event, there is not much left of the bride-to-be but a bundle of tired, worn-out nerves and a rebellious stomach. To let the poor girl alone to rest and thought would show more genuine love for her than all this parade and show, which really cheapens the marriage idea and very nearly approaches the vulgar. If the bride should come to the man waiting her at the altar with less show and more solemnity, a fresh, healthy, womanly woman, she might make a better wife, and he a better husband.

Helpmeet? That obsolete, old idea cuts but small figure with the fashionable bride of to-day. If she is expected to work, why, she can paddle her canoe alone. What does she marry a man for anyway but to pet and please her and furnish all the money she wants.

But all the cost of time and treasure even of the fashionable wedding would be a good investment—money well spent—if it strengthened the marriage bans, made the tie between the man and woman more sweet and lasting; but alas, even the most beautiful and apparently happy beginnings too often end in disgrace or in the divorce courts.—*Amanda F. Greely, in Medical Talk.*

TO HANG IN THE LAUNDRY.

Iodine Stains.—Wash with alcohol, then rinse in soapy water.

Chocolate and Cocoa Stains.—Wash with soap and tepid water.

Scorch Stains.—Wet the scorch place, rub with soap, and bleach in the sun.

Soot Stains.—Rub the spots with dry cornmeal before sending the clothes to the wash.

Grass Stains.—Saturate the spot thoroughly with kerosene, then put in the wash-tub.

Mildew.—Soak in a weak solution of chloride of lime for several hours. Rinse in cold water.

Blood Stains.—Soak in cold salt-water; then wash in warm water with plenty of soap; afterwards boil.

Ink Stains.—Soak in sour milk. If a dark stain remains, rinse in a weak solution of chloride of lime.

Sewing Machine Oil Stains.—Rub with lard. Let stand for several hours, then wash with cold water and soap.

Iron Rust.—Soak the stain thoroughly with lemon juice; sprinkle with salt and bleach for several hours in the sun.

Vaseline Stains.—Saturate the spots with ether and lay a cup over them to prevent evaporation until the stain is removed. Use the ether with very great care.

Hot Tea and Coffee Stains.—Soak the stained fabric in cold water; spread out and pour a few drops of glycerin on each spot. Let it stand several hours; then wash with cold water and soap.

Grease Spots.—Hot water and soap generally remove these. If fixed by long standing, use either chloroform or naphtha. Both of these must be used away from either fire or artificial light.

Pitch, Wheel Grease, Tar Stains.—Soften the stains with lard, then soak in turpentine. Scrape off carefully with a knife all the loose surface dirt; sponge clean with turpentine, and rub gently till dry.

Fruit Stains.—Stretch the fabric containing the stain over the mouth of a basin and pour boiling water on the stain. In cold weather fruit spots can frequently be removed by hanging the stained garments out of doors over night. If the stain has been fixed by time, soak the article in a weak solution of oxalic acid or hold it over the fumes of sulphur.

Varnish and Paint.—If the stain is on a coarse fabric, dissolve by saturating with turpentine; use alcohol if on a fine fabric. Sponge with chloroform if a dark ring is left by the turpentine. Be very cautious not to use chloroform or turpentine where there is either fire or artificial light.—*Isabel Gordon Curtis.*

DIFFERENT.

He went out to the harvest fields,
  This center rush so strong;
In football he was big enough
  To drag whole teams along.
He went out to the harvest fields
  And started pitching hay.
He's home in father's office now;
  He lasted just one day.

—Kansas City Times.

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

A PAYING BUSINESS.—Matt. 6:33.

For Sunday, October 22, 1905.

I. We are Commanded to Seek.

1. We seek only What is Lost to Us, ...Luke 8:16
2. The Search Governed by the Value, ...Matt. 13:46
3. Once Lost, More Appreciated, ...Luke 15:8-11

II. The Object Definite—the Kingdom.

1. Who is the King?
2. Christ's Subjects Equal to the King, ...Isa. 33:17
3. In his Dominion there is Security, ...Psa. 149:2

III. Jesus Says, "First."

1. First in Importance, ...Luke 12:32
2. First in Point of Time, ...Eccl. 12:1
3. It is Easier Now, ...Isa. 55:6
4. He has the Best Claim, ...Acts 20:28
5. We Need the Blessing, ...Psa. 85:6

IV. A Losing Game.

1. "Gain the World—Lose the Soul," ....Mark 8:36
2. Consider the Opposite.

Text.—But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.—Matt. 6:33.

References.—Amos 4:12; Acts 24:25; 2:38; Rom. 12:1; Matt. 10:40; 3:2; 6:24, 18; Mark 1:15; 2 Chron. 19:3; Psa. 9:10; 119:2, 30; 34:4; Prov. 8:17; Jer. 29:13; Col. 3:1; Heb. 12:17; Psa. 95:7; Col. 2:6.

The First Thing.

Of all the topics that go to make up our year's programs, we believe that this one is of the most serious importance to our boys and girls. There are so many things you want to do, so many plans and hopes to be realized. Why, some of you feel that you really have not the time to stop now and think about coming to Christ,—time enough for that after while, when you have made a success of your life. But here are the words of Jesus, "First the kingdom of God." "But I want to get my education first," you say, or, "I want to enjoy society, and its gay pleasures." "I want to get a start in business first," says another, and so the excuses are made. All the time Jesus stands waiting, and saying, "*First* the kingdom of God," then *all these* things shall be added unto you.

Seek.

This is the one quest in which you must succeed. Seek until you find. Seek as the miner seeks for gold, or the treasure-seeker for a priceless gem. Seek with the intention of finding what you look for. He is not far away; when you call on him he will hear you. And when you have found Christ, he is yours. He was yours before, in the sense that he loved you, and longed to have you come to him. But now he ennobles and enriches your life beyond your highest dreams.

Seek Him Now.

"Now! it is the time to try it:
Test him by his written word;
Come for he will ne'er deny it;
Come to Christ, the risen Lord.

"Do you fear his sharp reproving
That you did not go before;
That you left him—so unloving—
Waiting long time at your door?

"He will only smile and greet you,
Chasing shadows from your brow;
He will surely run to meet you
Saying, 'Thou art welcome now!'"

Whosoever Will.

I am sure that some boy or girl whose eyes glance over this page will be conscious that they do not very much care to come to Christ. You cannot honestly say that you *want* to come. In your inmost heart you would rather be let alone, not considering that *that* is the most terribly certain beginning of doom. As long as you are not willing to come, of course you cannot come. Without coming to Jesus you cannot have life. We read in the Bible, "I have set before you life and death." Therefore choose life. Pray to be made willing to come.

When We Belong to Christ.

To belong to Christ is to begin for the first time to succeed. You have seen the workmen pull down a good building, marble front, plate glass, all is removed, and then they go to digging in the earth, deep down piles are driven, and a foundation that cannot be moved is built. For the new building is to rise, maybe twenty stories or more in the air. The builders follow a new plan; they use better materials, a deeper foundation, a higher building and far more beautiful is being built; the result of getting rid of the old and building again. That is what God will do for you if you seek first his kingdom.

He Gained the World.

Robert Harte was an ambitious boy. When he graduated his mother could afford to give him but one present. That was a Bible, and on the fly-leaf she wrote our text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." Then she pleaded with her son to give his heart to Jesus now. Robert listened, but a hard expression came into his young face, and he answered,

now." In his heart he said, "We have always been so poor. I am going to have but one purpose in my life, I will make money honestly." So he went his way, and he soon succeeded in making money. Twenty years went by and he was a rich man. He traveled to Europe, but found that the scenery and historic associations had no power to move him. The only things that appealed to him were apparent chances to make money. He went home in three months,—he had intended to stay a year. But he hurried home to make more money. One day he read the text his mother had written in the Bible, but it held no meaning for him. He had no desire to serve the Lord, nothing but money could satisfy his life.

Does it Pay?

Does it pay to serve God? Indeed it does. One lady who had but $500 in the world invested that in a room for poor girls who needed a shelter. The Lord has supplied her every need, and she goes on her way rejoicing always in the Lord. When David Livingstone was a boy he received from his dying Sunday-school teacher some advice that he never forgot. It was this: "Lad, make religion the every-day business of your life." We pray that you may do so.

Topics for Discussion.

1. When do most people decide to become Christians, in youth or old age?

2. How can we help our young people to become Christians?

3. The Holy Spirit will help us to say the word in season.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

This hymn has been sung in more missionary meetings than any other. It has inspired men and women to believe in missions, to make sacrifices for missions, and pray for missions. We thought it might interest our Circle to know that it was written by Reginald Heber for a missionary meeting. His father, Bishop Heber, said they had no suitable hymn for the occasion, and his son Reginald wrote "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Several years later Reginald Heber was selected as a missionary and asked to go among the heathen to teach them the Gospel. He dreaded going. And then before his departure he wrote another poem which is not so well known, in which he says:

"Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well,
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I leave you? Can I leave you?
Far in heathen lands to dwell?"

Bro. Virgil C. Finnell, of Scenery Hill, Pa., is preaching for the Ten Mile Brethren church. He has always been an earnest worker for missions; we used to receive names for the Circle from him when we first recorded names. He says they are going to purchase a library on missions for their young people, and the Circle books will be the first ones selected. They follow our programs given in the INGLENOOK for their young people's meetings, and we predict that they will become enthusiastic workers for Jesus.

Sister Nellie F. Wampler, from Staunton, Va., says, "I am now ready for my certificate. I have finished reading the eight books and can truly say that I have enjoyed them very much. I have a deeper interest in missions than I ever could have had without this reading. I want to do what I can for Jesus and the extension of his kingdom."

RECEIVED CERTIFICATES.

Nellie F. Wampler, Staunton, Va.

NEW SECRETARIES.

Charles Bower, Elizabethtown, Pa.

"WE SHALL BE."

THAT we shall be is clearly revealed; but what we shall be is in a great measure concealed. "Jesus Christ has abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." He has declared that immortality is at once the characteristic and awful responsibility of our race. And think on the infinite importance of this disclosure. We shall be; death is not the extinction of our existence, but the door through which we are admitted into an eternal state of being. We who are but of yesterday have entered upon an existence which knows no termination. We are already, in truth, in eternity. After thousands of years shall have passed away, after this earth and all that therein is shall be consumed, after this world shall have been filled over and over again with, it may be, different creations, we shall be sensitive perhaps in a higher degree both to pleasure and pain; and still we shall look forward to an endless future, to an unlimited prospect beyond.—*Christian Leader.*

GOD NEEDS—

PEOPLE who will pay their debts and keep his commandments.

Parents who will continually work and pray for the conversion of their children.

People who will be more anxious to please him than to have the world speak well of them.

People who are not afraid he will give them too hard a place if they fully trust him.

People who would rather have his smile than all the honor this world can give them.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter XLIX.

Athens, Greece.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

You know I said in the last letter that the boys have been figuring on Paul's sailing, and if you will read Acts 28: 13, you will note that he left Rhegium one day and reached Puteoli the next because there was a strong south wind in his favor. And you can see that since he was sailing north, the wind would be in his favor. We left Puteoli one day at 11 A. M. and passed Rhegium 26 hours later, and we had the same stiff south wind that he had, but you see we were facing it. Now then, the comparison is this: he traveled as fast with his old sailboat "Castor and Pollux" Acts 28: 11, as we did by our screw propeller the "Oronoque." This shows what a wonderful improvement has been made in nautical affairs since the days of the Apostles.

The next morning when we came on deck we were sailing east, according to the compass, and we knew that we were south of Italy, sailing in the Ionian Sea headed for Pireus. The party spent the day in reading the book of Acts that we might be ready for the study of Mars' Hill and the Acropolis when we reached Athens. As we passed along here we could not help but think how free we were and how Paul was bound with chains when he passed this place. We noticed as we neared Pireus, which is the harbor of Athens that we were continually losing time. In spite of the efforts of the officers of the ship, we ran slower and slower until at last we could not make more than nine or ten miles an hour. We heard one of the men say there must be a reason for this, and he would find out what it was when we got to the harbor.

While we were seated at the supper table and the old ship was still making her thud, thud, thud, which becomes a second nature to you, all at once without any notice the ship stopped as suddenly as if it had run against a rock. It shook us up pretty lively; we had run aground, and had broken the propeller away from the ship. Some tugs were hitched to us and we were pulled backward into the harbor. While the men were investigating the damages done to the ship the officers of the vessel were trying to find the cause of our slow progress. Some men were rigged with diving suits, who went to the bottom of the harbor under our vessel and took with them some electrical bulbs; we could see them far under the water when they were not too far under the boat. They took long-handled rakes and began to rake off the shell fishes that had collected on the bottom of the vessel. This is another kind of parasite who gets his living at the expense and great discomfort of others. You know there are people in the church and in the state who want to hang on and ride through free and get their living for nothing.

There was considerable excitement on board and a great many of the people did not like to go to bed, thinking that our ship might sink, but their fears were quieted and they retired at an early hour. The next day reports were afloat on board that the ship was so badly disabled that the captain would have to telegraph to Marseilles for another vessel, which, of course, meant that we would have to stay there for three or four days. This just suited us exactly; we hired a little row boat and went ashore and took a train for Athens, which is about seven miles beyond. On the dock a curious sight met our eyes; at first we hardly knew what it was. Some wine merchants had their new crop of wine ready for shipment. When the wine is made they put it in goat skins; the goat skins must be green; that is, fresh from the goat, because the wine will ferment and stretch the hide to its limit. If it would be used another time for new wine the elasticity would be all out of the hide and it would burst and lose the wine; that is why the Savior said, "No man putteth new wine into old bottles." The heads and feet of the goats are cut off, the goat taken out of his hide, then the hide is sewed up all but his neck; it is filled full of wine and then tied. When the wine ferments the skin gets as tight as a drum head. As we walked along where they were corded on the dock, Oscar took his cane and struck several of them to see how tightly they were stretched and it sounded like plunk, plunk, plunk.

A long time ago when we were in Paris I wrote you how mean the men were to their horses. I have a better story to tell now; instead of the driver whipping his horse so unmercifully, in Greece he walks alongside his beast with a bundle of straw and every few steps gives it a good mouthful; their horses show their good treatment too. Many of the wine skins are brought to market on the backs of donkeys. As we passed through one little town we saw a boy fighting with a stork for the amusement of a large crowd assembled in a park. Large olive orchards line the roadside; on almost every farm you can see a horse pulling a large sweep that turns a water-mill which pulls the water from their supply ditches with which to irrigate their arid farms. We passed scores and scores of donkeys some laden with straw, some with hay, some with grapes, some with water, but the most of them with wine skins, going to the port. We saw a large group of Greek cavalrymen with several Greek soldiers, with their short, frilled skirts, their bare legs and white socks. As we passed the schoolhouse we saw the master come to the door to ring a hand bell, with a cigarette in his mouth.

I tell you we had a big scare. About the first thing we saw in Athens was the old prison where Socrates was executed, and while we were looking at this Roscoe happened to be standing a little back of the crowd and the interpreter was explaining to us all about the prison. Roscoe found a nice little cucumber and picked it off the vine; just as he was putting it to his mouth a soldier sprang from behind him and clasped him tightly in his arms. This scared him so that he hollowed like a Comanche Indian, and upon looking around we saw his dilemma. The guide was about to hit the soldier with his cane for disturbing our party, whereupon he explained that Roscoe was about to eat the hemlock, which is a most deadly poison. He said that a year ago a man bit one of those cucumbers and died before he could explain. When Roscoe found that his enemy was really a friend he not only thanked him but gave him a handful of coins. The juice of this hemlock was what they compelled Socrates to drink. If Roscoe had bitten it there would have been one less in our party. We saw many interesting things of which I will tell you in my next letter.

Sincerely,

Marie.

(To be Continued.)

The Q. & A. Department.

What is the origin of the steel pen?

We owe the steel pen to a man named Joseph Gillott, an Englishman. He was a jeweler, and lived in Birmingham. One day, accidentally splitting the end of one of his fine steel jewel-making tools, he threw it peevishly on the floor. An hour later it was necessary for him to write a letter. He searched high and low for his quill pen, but was unable to find it; and looking finally on the floor, found not the pen but the broken steel tool. He thought perhaps he could use that as a makeshift and he tried to write with the split steel and much to his surprise succeeded perfectly. Thus we have the steel pen, which has superseded the quill all over the world.

Would you use the singular or plural form of adjective in describing either singular or plural nouns, as in the following,—man's hat; man's hats, or, men's hat and men's hats?

Everything depends upon what you mean. It is perfectly correct English to say "a man's hats," if you mean that a man has more than one hat. It is equally good English to say "a men's hat" if you mean a hat for men. "Man" and "men" in these cases are used as possessive nouns, not as adjectives. One can correctly say "a man's hat," "a man's hats," "men's hat," and "men's hats." If, however, you mean hats for men, the proper form would be "men's hats."

Can you give the entire stanza containing the phrase, "Pop goes the weasel," and what does the phrase mean?

"Up and down the city road,
In and out the Eagle.
That's the way the money goes—
Pop goes the weasel."

The origin of this little rhyme in all probability came from the custom of snapping the old-fashioned money purse made from a weasel skin. It evidently was composed by someone who was meditating upon a continuous expenditure of money.

What were the publicans and why were they usually classed with sinners?

They were revenue officers. In the time of Christ the taxes were framed by rich men who had agents to arrange for their collection from the people. Each agent or publican paid so much for the revenue of his district and then went to work to get his money back and as much more as he could from the people. Of course they were universally despised and it seems not without reason.

How may a criminal in one State be arrested in another?

Upon the signing of requisition papers by the governor of the State to which the criminal has fled, the arrest may be made and the prisoner taken to the State in which he committed the crime for trial. The request for these papers must come from the governor of the latter State.

What steps must Oklahoma take in order to become a State?

She may appeal to the congress of the United States for an enabling act; frame and present a state constitution to congress and elect state officers; or the congress may grant her statehood by approving a state constitution presented by her.

May the word "deadly" be used in the following sentence in speaking of a disease, "It is a deadly thing"?

It may be so used correctly, as "deadly" means "capable of causing or certain to cause death; destructive; fatal."

When does the chief justice of the United States supreme court preside over the senate?

The chief justice of the United States supreme court presides when it tries, as a court, the president of the United States.

It is said that Paul was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. What does that mean?

In eastern countries it is the custom of pupils to sit at the feet of their teachers.

After all do you not think that filling the school with pupils is the most important thing?

He that puts pupils into his school does well, but he that puts something into his pupils does better.

How could men afford to work for a penny a day in the time of Christ?

A Roman penny is equal to nearly fifteen cents of our money. Besides the purchasing power of money was much greater in that day than now.

Where did the New Testament get its name?

From the institution of the Lord's supper. "This is my blood of the new testament" (or covenant). 1 Cor. 11: 25.

What is the technical word for "mind-reading"?

Telepathy.

MISCELLANEOUS

DADDY AND ME.

My dad he often looks at me
And says how very glad he'd be
If he could only be a boy.
I guess that it's so long ago
Since he was one, he doesn't know
That being boys ain't so much joy.

Now you just bet, I'd be real glad
To be grown up as big as dad,
And have a beard and never do
A thing 'less I just wanted to.
It's "Johnny, wipe your feet!" and "Say,
You do those errands right away!"

And "Johnny, are your lessons done?"
And "John, now run to bed, my son."
I don't wish daddy any harm,
But I would give a farm
If he could be a boy and see
The trouble that he gives to me.

—American Boy.

WHAT HAPPENS IN A SOLAR ECLIPSE.

In these days of popular astronomy for the million it seems scarcely necessary to describe at length what a solar eclipse means. Suffice it to say that it is a temporary blanketing of the sun by the moon coming between it and the earth. Both the sun and the moon are of the same apparent size, but at times the moon, in her orbit, seems to be decidedly the larger, and if then the moon passes exactly between the earth and the sun a total solar eclipse ensues and is visible as such at those portions of the earth within the shadow-track, and as a partial eclipse along a broad strip on either side of this.

The shadow thrown on a blank wall by any globular body held between a lighted lamp and the wall is a simple and homely illustration of an eclipse. The shadow will be seen to be much darker in the middle than at the edges, and the former is known scientifically as the umbra, while the lesser haze is termed the penumbra. If the observer now so stations himself that his eye views the globular body from the center of the umbra, the lamp is seen to be entirely hidden, but when viewed from the penumbra part of the lamp, is visible. Such is precisely what happens in a solar eclipse. For two or three minutes the moon completely hides the sun, and the light of the latter is shut off from the observers on this earth; but because of the distance the three planets are from one another, the shadow of the moon is cast on only a small portion of the earth's surface. Where the eclipse is total, or almost so, the light enjoyed at the greater phase, or middle of the eclipse, will be similar to that of a bright moonlit night.—*From "The Coming Eclipse of the Sun," by P. T. McGrath, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for August.*

A NEW MARCONI INVENTION.

William Marconi, the wireless telegraph expert, in a lecture before the Royal Institution, announced an invention of great importance to the efficiency of his wireless telegraphic system, which has hitherto been hampered by inability to receive more than twenty-four words a minute, and this only by means of a telephone attached to the receiver. By this method no documentary record of messages was made.

Mr. Marconi said: "I have been able very recently to construct a magnetic detector, which will work a relay, enabling messages to be recorded on a tape by the ordinary Wheatstone recorder. The new receiver is far simpler than any yet devised for wireless telegraphy. It requires less attention and is absolutely reliable. The principal advantage is, however, that the receiving speed is increased from twenty-four to one hundred words a minute."

Mr. Marconi hinted at further improvements in receiving that he is elaborating in conjunction with Prof. Fleming.

GOLD IN SCOTLAND.

The discovery of gold in Scotland may set the bagpipes merrily a-blowing. The announcement is made that the "precious bane" has been found in paying quantities in the remote mountains of Kintail, in Rossshire. This is declared to be not mere alluvial traces of gold such as have been found from time to time in the neighboring county of Sutherland, but rich gold-bearing quartz which would not disgrace the Rand.

PROGRESS IN DAMASCUS.

Damascus is to have electricity. Three thousand years ago, in the days of Abraham, it was the capital of all the country round about. It is still the most important city of Syria, having a population of nearly 150,000. It is the seat of a Turkish Governor. The report that electric lighting, an electric street railway, and telephones are to be put into the ancient city is taken as indicative that the Sultan is about to terminate his prohibition of electric devices, except for telegraphic purposes, in all parts of his dominions.

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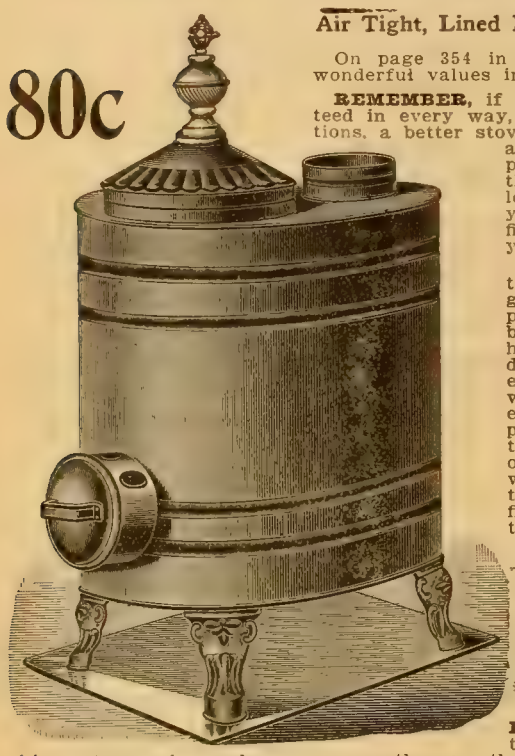
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A WORD TO WOMEN

A noted doctor claimed not long ago that about eighty per cent of the women of to-day are weak and ailing. If this is true, it is certainly a matter for serious thought. That there is much truth in the statement cannot be denied.

How often do we hear, when women meet, a painful recital of their physical woes? One will say she has not enjoyed a good night's sleep for years; another will tell a story of serious stomach trouble, others of pains in the back, headaches, dizziness, nervousness and other female ailments, until one begins to think that the average woman does not know what robust health really is.

What is the cause of all this? It is a question that will naturally be asked. It can best be attributed to the present mode of living, disregard in many cases of the common rules of health, lack of healthy outdoor exercise, and the common practice of drugging the system with drastic compounds, pills and powders when sick or ailing. Most of these are only "pain deadeners," containing mineral poisons which are absolutely unfit for the human system and, in particular, women's delicate organism.

Just think of trying to cure your headache by such drugs! All they can do is to benumb your nerves and deaden the pain. That headache is only a symptom of something else that is wrong. That pain is really a necessary thing, as it calls your attention, and in such a manner that you are apt to heed it, to the fact that something is wrong somewhere in your system. It gives you an opportunity to assist nature in correcting that "irregularity" wherever it may be.

Now, what is the result when you take something that simply deadens the pain? Why, you only destroy the message that was sent to your brain to advise you of danger. It was a "danger signal" that you ought to heed in duty to your physical well-being. We ought, therefore, to be thankful when we are able to feel pain and thereby realize when something is wrong with us.

How many women are there not who, on reaching maturity, find themselves frail, delicate and undeveloped! Their mothers and grandmothers may have been possessed of good, robust constitutions, and yet, they themselves are weak and puny. How many are there not who were once pictures of robust womanhood, but on whom the cares and duties of maternity have laid such a heavy hand that they but faintly resemble their former selves!

There is but one way out. Resort must be had to some mild yet invigorating herb remedy, something which will tone and strengthen the entire system. When that has been done, those aches and pains will disappear, the eyes will again sparkle and the glow of health will again tint the sallow cheek, as in days of yore.

THE PICTURE OF HEALTH.

Wichita Falls, Tex., Sept. 15.

. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I visited my sister this summer, Mrs. B. T. een, of Clarksdale, Missouri. I was surprised to find r looking the picture of health and so stout. She told : she had been using your **Blood Vitalizer** and that it d done her so much good. I told her she ought to scolded for not writing you and acknowledging the nefit derived from your remedy. She is a living testionial herself. To look at her is all that is required. commenced to use the **Blood Vitalizer,** too, and it has eady been a great help to me. Please let me know the st of a box. Yours very truly,

Mrs. M. A. Bradley.

HAS NO EQUAL.

Hardy, Iowa, June 30, 1904.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—For two years my health has been very poor. I suffered with backache, palpitation of the heart and malaria. The Lord only knows how I suffered, but, thank his name, your **Blood Vitalizer** has built up my system again. The backache and heart trouble have entirely disappeared. I am glad to say that, after taking six bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer,** I enjoy such good health. I only wish that all who suffer would turn to your medicine, as I am sure it has no equal. May God's blessing be with you! Yours truly,

Mrs. Pauline Baessler.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER has established for itself a reputation extending over one undred years as a remedy adapted to the needs of woman's ailments. It enriches the blood, quickens the irculation, sharpens the appetite and restores the general health. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER ; not a drugstore medicine. It is sold to the people direct through special agents appointed by the prorietors,

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The exceptional advantages of good irrigation with perfect natural drainage, insures lasting success. No alkali. No tule ponds or stagnant water, hence, no malaria. No lands subject to overflow. In fact, no excuses are necessary on the Reedley Tract. We are not experimenting in any line. Actual results speak for themselves. Come and see all kinds of fruit, grains and alfalfa as they grow here. Complete investigation solicited.

Elder D. L. Forney, late Missionary from India, has just purchased land near Reedley. Other leading brethren will locate soon.

Write for booklet and full information.

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is the name of an illustrated folder containing an excellent map and many interesting and helpful facts about hundreds of charming nearby resorts reached by the North-Western Line. Sent postpaid on receipt of 2 cents postage by W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., Chicago, Ills.

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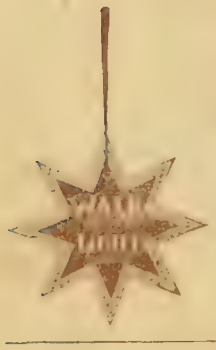
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The other numbers on this page are exceedingly desirable for the home.
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Cut out in shape of a star with effective border in silver. Each card corded. 24 cards in box, assorted texts, 25 cents. Size, 2¼x2¼ inches. Texts:

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"Walk in the Light."
"Follow His Steps."
"Abide in Him."
"God is Love."
"He is Precious."

No. 321.—FLORAL VOICES.

Cut out in shape of a scroll, floral designs. Each card corded. 12 cards in box, assorted texts and designs, 25 cents. Size 3¾ x 3. Texts



"I Love Them That Love Me."
"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."
"Love One Another, as I Have Loved You."
"We Love Him Because He First Loved Us."

No. 318.—LANDSCAPE GEMS.

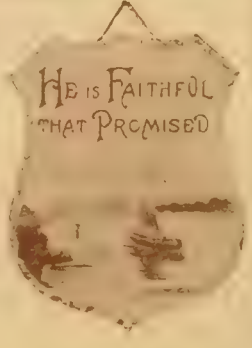


An artistic series of text cards with fine landscape designs, embossed border. Each card corded. Price 5 cents each or 50 cents per dozen. Assorted texts and designs. Size 8¼ x 4. Texts:

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"Jesus: He Satisfieth the Longing Soul."
"I, The Lord Have Called Thee And Will Keep Thee."
"The Lord Will Hold Thy Right Hand."
"Do Those Things That Are Pleasing in His Sight."

No. 277.—FINLAND VIEWS.

A charming series of views from Finland on cut-out shield with effective silver border. Price, 10 cents each or $1.00 per dozen. Size, 6¼x 8¼. Corded. Assorted texts and designs. Texts:



"Be Not Afraid, Only Believe."
"Hold Up My Goings In Thy Paths."
"Watch Ye, Stand Fast In The Faith."
"He Is Faithful That Promised."

No. 285.—FLOWERETS.



Cut out in shape of a shield w designs. Each card corded. Twe cards in a box, assorted texts a 25 cents. Size, 2¼ x 2. Texts:

"Learn of Me."
"Able to Keep."
"God Our Strength."
"God is Love."
"Rest in the Lord."
"Come Unto Me."

No. 283.—SUNBEAMS.

Cut out in shape of a shield with pretty landscape designs. Each card corded. 12 cards in a box, assorted texts and designs, 25 cents. Size, 3¾ x 3. Texts:



"He Will Be Our Guide."
"Lead Me In Thy Truth."
"Seek Ye The Lord."
"Stand Fast In The Lord."

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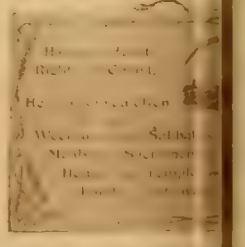


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"Walk By Faith Not By S
"The Lord Is My Strength
"My Words Shall Not Pass

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THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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Proportionate rates from all points East.

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BY WILLIAM E. CURTIS.

[Special Correspondence of the Chicago Record-Herald.]

The area of California is 158,360 square miles. The area of New York is 49,170 square miles. The area of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is 121,371 square miles. The population of California by the last census was 1,485,053; the population of New York was 7,268,894, and that of the United Kingdom was 41,000,000 in round numbers. There is room in California for 50,000,000 people to dwell in comfort and prosperity, and plenty for them to do, considering the richness of the soil, the abundance of cheap fuel and the enormous natural resources of the valleys, the mountains, the rivers and the sea. In addition to the petroleum supply, the mountains and foothills abound in swiftly flowing streams; in rapids and cataracts, capable of producing unlimited electrical power; and the water courses, particularly the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, supplement the railway lines by furnishing cheap and convenient facilities for transportation. The recognition of this great natural wealth by people in other parts of the world is indicated by the increase of population and the tangible wealth in the banks as well as by the shipments of produce to the eastern markets.

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Union Pacific Railroad

Omaha, Neb.

A Preacher Without a Congregation.

[From the Gospel Messenger, Aug. 12, 1905.]

We often read in the Messenger of "a little band of members without a minister" and "preacher wanted," but I believe the above caption is a little out of the ordinary. I investigated some of the places with a band of members, but as I am a practical farmer I chose to settle in the best place to help myself, rather than be helped (it was largely to escape this I left my old congregation in Missouri). I came here last fall and consoled myself with the thought that if my judgment was good and the country what I thought it, the Brethren would come and maybe I could do some missionary work. In the latter I have been somewhat disappointed, for though I have found the people good neighbors it seems almost impossible to get them started to come to meeting. I keep a little Sunday school going and preach every other Sunday anyway, but am very anxious to see some members come and occupy the land and also the "empty benches."

After living here nearly a year I feel my judgment was good and I am well satisfied. There are drawbacks in the way of an occasional streak of hail and mosquitoes (on the bottom), but I think the advantages more than offset them. There are opportunities for either extensive cattle raising on the hills or intensive sugar beet raising in the bottom; also farming on the tableland and dairying (with cheap pasture and alfalfa hay) along the foot of the hills. Fruit has been much neglected by most people here, but I know of several who have made good money with it. I will answer all questions I can, but say, Come and see. One brother has come and will likely locate. Write me in any event. I am hungry for fellowship with my own people. Tell me what you want to do and I can answer easier.

Louis Macey.

North Platte, Nebr.

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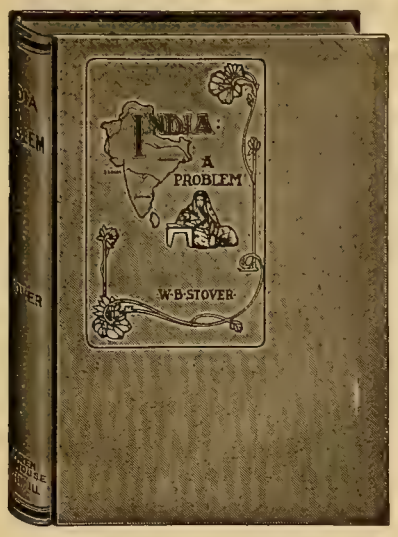
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E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.,
Omaha, Nebraska.

India; A Problem

BY

W. B. STOVER



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In response to several calls for these envelopes we have again printed several thousand of them and have reduced the price from 15 cents per pack to 10 cents per pack.

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The best line of Sunday-school cards we have yet offered is now ready to be mailed. **Send for our card catalog—FREE.**

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A WORD TO WOMEN

A noted doctor claimed not long ago that about eighty per cent of the women of to-day are weak and ailing. If this is true, it is certainly a matter for serious thought. That there is much truth in the statement cannot be denied.

How often do we hear, when women meet, a painful recital of their physical woes? One will say she has not enjoyed a good night's sleep for years; another will tell a story of serious stomach trouble, others of pains in the back, headaches, dizziness, nervousness and other female ailments, until one begins to think that the average woman does not know what robust health really is.

What is the cause of all this? It is a question that will naturally be asked. It can best be attributed to the present mode of living, disregard in many cases of the common rules of health, lack of healthy outdoor exercise, and the common practice of drugging the system with drastic compounds, pills and powders when sick or ailing. Most of these are only "pain deadeners," containing mineral poisons which are absolutely unfit for the human system and, in particular, women's delicate organism.

Just think of trying to cure your headache by such drugs! All they can do is to benumb your nerves and deaden the pain. That headache is only a symptom of something else that is wrong. That pain is really a necessary thing, as it calls your attention, and in such a manner that you are apt to heed it, to the fact that something is wrong somewhere in your system. It gives you an opportunity to assist nature in correcting that "irregularity" wherever it may be.

Now, what is the result when you take something that simply deadens the pain? Why, you only destroy the message that was sent to your brain to advise you of danger. It was a "danger signal" that you ought to heed in duty to your physical well-being. We ought, therefore, to be thankful when we are able to feel pain and thereby realize when something is wrong with us.

How many women are there not who, on reaching maturity, find themselves frail, delicate and undeveloped! Their mothers and grandmothers may have been possessed of good, robust constitutions, and yet, they themselves are weak and puny. How many are there not who were once pictures of robust womanhood, but on whom the cares and duties of maternity have laid such a heavy hand that they but faintly resemble their former selves!

There is but one way out. Resort must be had to some mild yet invigorating herb remedy, something which will tone and strengthen the entire system. When that has been done, those aches and pains will disappear, the eyes will again sparkle and the glow of health will again tint the sallow cheek, as in days of yore.

THE PICTURE OF HEALTH.

Wichita Falls, Tex., Sept. 15.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I visited my sister this summer, Mrs. B. T. Green, of Clarksdale, Missouri. I was surprised to find her looking the picture of health and so stout. She told me she had been using your **Blood Vitalizer** and that it had done her so much good. I told her she ought to be scolded for not writing you and acknowledging the benefit derived from your remedy. She is a living testimonial herself. To look at her is all that is required. I commenced to use the **Blood Vitalizer,** too, and it has already been a great help to me. Please let me know the cost of a box. Yours very truly,

Mrs. M. A. Bradley.

HAS NO EQUAL.

Hardy, Iowa, June 30, 1904.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—For two years my health has been very poor. I suffered with backache, palpitation of the heart and malaria. The Lord only knows how I suffered, but, thank his name, your **Blood Vitalizer** has built up my system again. The backache and heart trouble have entirely disappeared. I am glad to say that, after taking six bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer,** I enjoy such good health. I only wish that all who suffer would turn to your medicine, as I am sure it has no equal. May God's blessing be with you! Yours truly,

Mrs. Pauline Baessler.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER has established for itself a reputation extending over one hundred years as a remedy adapted to the needs of woman's ailments. It enriches the blood, quickens the circulation, sharpens the appetite and restores the general health. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is not a drugstore medicine. It is sold to the people direct through special agents appointed by the proprietors,

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The Reedley Tract

The Gem of the San Joaquin Valley.

Is destined to be the home of many Brethren. Those settled here are well satisfied and are advising others to come.

The exceptional advantages of good irrigation with perfect natural drainage, insures lasting success. No alkali. No tule ponds or stagnant water, hence, no malaria. No lands subject to overflow. In fact, no excuses are necessary on the Reedley Tract. We are not experimenting in any line. Actual results speak for themselves. Come and see all kinds of fruit, grains and alfalfa as they grow here. Complete investigation solicited.

Elder D. L. Forney, late Missionary from India, has just purchased land near Reedley. Other leading brethren will locate soon.

Write for booklet and full information.

Address:

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Reedley, Fresno Co., California.

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THE INGLENOOK

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FAITH.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Faith is the leading star to guide
And lead our trusting souls above,
Revealing to our inner hearts
The blessings of God's perfect love.
And when, sweet faith, our souls ignore,
Dark gloom will overshadow, soon,
And put within these hearts of ours,
All nature's music out of tune.

Then let us in sweet faith abide,
Beholding God's blest, saving light,
That will illumine all our souls,
And banish thoughts of gloomy night.
That fill our hearts with gloom and dread
And make our sad hearts trembling, fear!
Oh! fill our souls with love and trust,
And God will then be ever near.

Box 3, Moorestown, N. J.

SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

He who would clothe himself with success must allow Patience to put on the finishing touches of his toilet.

'Tis Ease so oft suggesting rest that makes weak Purpose quickly tire.

"Man cannot choose his duties," but he can wisely make them his choice.

Ability is a king crowned by, and receiving tribute from, the state of Industry.

Promptness is Time's most obedient child, and to it he always gives an advantage.

If-I-were-you should carry samples as well as patterns, since they come in the same line.

All men stand on an even plane, but some grow higher upon it than others.

Flora, Ind.

SNAPSHOTS.

Be an epistle of Christ, not a mere postscript.

It is much easier to be good than to be of some use.

The first symptom of wisdom is a sense of ignorance.

Love, with all its liberty, never goes a hair's breadth beyond the law.

Some of the hardest falls we get in life come from jumping at conclusions.

No power can save a man from selfishness who neglects to pray for others.

Probably the reason why we do not like some people is that they so persistently reflect our faults.

The need of the tempted is great, but the need of those who are never conscious of the tempter's presence is greater.

Next to the sluggard the world can best spare those fussy folk who keep busy mainly for fear they will be caught doing nothing.

There is no higher success than that of getting into the path which God has marked out for us and walking in it until he says stop.

There is no danger of being on the mountaintop of ecstasy, provided it is a mountaintop. It is too apt to be the turret of a spiritual aircastle.

There is a certain knocker that everyone is glad to meet—her name is Opportunity and when she knocks you want to get a hustle on and open the door or she will hunt up someone else.



The Old Doyle House

By PROF. G. W. FURREY



Chapter X.

THE book dropped from Frank's nerveless hands, and it was some minutes that he stood in abject terror. What could it mean? Only once before had he seen that fateful name written. The circumstances of the other occasion were dimly outlined in his mind, deeply engulfed by the shadows of mystery. But it was nothing compared to the grewsomeness of this! His whole life had been a groping in the dark. As far back as he could remember he had had a feeling that he was being defrauded of his just dues. He had a kind of organic sense that he was of a good family. But never before had he the least evidence to indicate that he was other than what he had been taught—the child of the street.

It was the darkest hour of his unilluminated life when, destitute and alone, he had stood, penniless and friendless, in the sheltering shadow of a great cathedral in the city of Cincinnati, where he had been raised, or rather let grow up, sick at heart as he saw the well-dressed, happy-faced people pass. His mind was beginning to form the vague idea that there was no need, or rather no room, in the world for him. He was so dissatisfied with his condition and his ideal was so far in advance of his real life and seemed so unattainable, that he was almost ready to resolve to—well, he could not say what,—but often since he had been made to shudder at the black cavern of despair that he had seen in the heart of a great city. Just then a female form, dressed in black, thrust a package in his hands with the hurried words, "It is yours! Try to forgive me!" and was gone before he could form a word of inquiry or thanks.

Following up the information contained in the packet, he had walked all the way from Cincinnati to Oakdale. He had found the Old Doyle House and mill to substantiate the story. Besides, no one could tell what had become of the occupants of the once splendid edifice. Continuing his quest, he had arrived at his present extremity of helplessness, but still the enigma was before him: "Francis Doyle." The name, he was beginning to think, was his own.

All the hardness and bitterness of his life was fixed in the stony gaze he directed to the remotest corner of the room. But what was that? In the uncertain light of the fire he saw a grinning skeleton half reclining in a niche in the wall. But instead of the hollows of its eyes were two balls of fire, giving it a horrible, grewsome appearance. He could feel the hair rising on his head. His teeth chattered and his legs shook. He felt that he was falling and only by a superhuman effort of the will was he able to rally. A second and more careful look reassured him. He drew near to investigate and found that it was indeed the skeleton of a man, doubtless the former inhabitant of the room in which he was. The fiery eyeballs appeared to be only the light reflecting from a strange pair of goggles of immense size and peculiar pattern buckled to the skull.

The weirdness of the scene was interwoven with an overwrought nervous strain. To be thus led into the presence of death deeply enshrouded in the mystery of life, to be brought face to face with his former unknown self with the sense of the injustice to and the helplessness of his own present self, all combined to fill his soul with emotion, which man has no tongue to describe. Joy and grief, love and hate, gratitude and revenge, defiance and fear; hope and despair, joined in rending his soul. His physical forces succumbed. He fell to his face and poured out his feelings in lamentations and accusations which changed into pleadings and adorations such as seldom ascend to the throne of grace, and which make "devils quake with fear and angels weep for joy."

After this outburst of feeling he became more calm and submissive. For when was there a time in all his life when he was less helpless than now?

He again took up the book as one would turn to a friend; he opened its pages and began to read the following strange story:

Chapter XI.

A STRANGE but irresistible impulse drives me to the present undertaking. I know not for whom or for what purpose I commit to writing the dismal story of my captivity in this gloomy prison. I have no hope that any eyes but my own shall ever read these lines. Yet something bids me write.

I have long ago ceased hoping to escape. I see before me a lonely existence in this silent gloom till death shall liberate my soul and abandon my body to this eternal silent tomb. But such have been the rewards to my ceaseless inquiry that were I standing again at the threshold of this cavern with a foreknowledge of the fate that awaited me, I would again enter undaunted its labyrinths.

August 16, 18—, if I recall the date aright, was the last day I spent on earth. Since then I have been securely locked up in its bosom, companionless and helpless, without even the means of marking the flight of time. Time! There is no such thing in these shadows.

This is eternity! Such, at least, seems the extent of my captivity.

I have had no difficulty so far in finding means for sustaining life,—principally gifts of my River God. There is an abundance of fish in the lake near this recess that I am pleased to call my home. Some are sightless and some have eyes, pointing to the fact that this is but an underground branch of the Tippecanoe River. This fact is further confirmed by the occasional finding of a boat, a grist of wheat or corn, sometimes already ground, doubtless due to the capsizing of some of my old neighbors' skiffs. But the most grewsome and at the same time most convincing proof of all came to me this morning (as I count time) in the bodies of a horse and his unfortunate rider. A ghastly find, which leads me to the making of this record.

The very sight of a human form after so long a separation from humanity aroused a vague hope that some one may be brought to this place alive, and that the result of my life's work may not be forever lost to the world.

I recognized the features as belonging to a neighbor's son, whom I had often seen and who was once able to do me a slight service. Now I returned the courtesy by giving the lad a burial. How his friends may even now be searching for him! And how disappointment at never hearing of him again will sharpen their grief!

My name was Francis Doyle. The estate I left my friends was large and unencumbered, so that I have no anxiety as to the material welfare of my wife and child. The fact that my titles, bearing the seal of the United States and the signature of the President, were never recorded, and are now contained in my tool-chest, gives me no little uneasiness. For this might embarrass my heirs not a little.

My house is built over the entrance to this cavern, a fact that is unknown to any but my immediate family. It has always been my delight to dabble in science, and it was for this purpose that I equipped a laboratory in the vestibule of this cave. It was there that I designed and constructed optical instruments of an unusual nature, my principal aim being to produce an instrument that would enable one to see in the dark.

After many trials and many failures, I succeeded in making a lens that would collect the rays of light with but little loss by reflection and whose only apparent effect was to enlarge the pupil of the eye to nearly the diameter of the lens. By the aid of this instrument I could read ordinary print the darkest night. The darkness of my workshop fled before its magic power.

Before making known my discovery to the world, I determined to explore this cavern and at the same time to test my glass. This was a fatal mistake. As I followed the labyrinths of the cave, marking my course so as to be able to retrace it, with my eyes drinking in the enchanting beauty of the sparkling crystals, I fell headlong into a crevasse. Despite my frantic efforts, I was unable to lay hold of anything to support me, but the opening in the rock was so narrow that I was able to impede my fall considerably. When I came to myself on solid foundation again I found that I was in inky darkness. The power of my glass was gone! These shades that had never obeyed the divine command, "Let there be light," were absolutely dark! I had taken the forethought to put several boxes of matches in my instrument case with some other very useful articles.

My first care was to see whether there was a means of escape; failing in this, I next explored my prison with the view of ascertaining its resources for sustaining life. I soon found the lake with its abundance of fish, upon which I subsisted for some time.

The details of my underground life are uninteresting because of a lack of events. My whole waking moments have been directed to the perfection of my new instrument, which I have named the "radioscope," as it enables me to see by radiations of any wave length. In fact, the material of the lens is designed to convert all radiations into wave lengths lying within the limits of human vision.

Frank, though fascinated by the story, could read no farther. He felt the pangs of hunger. It was something of a task to bring himself to rob the skeleton of its magic instrument, through which he could almost believe it had been watching his every movement. But surely his silent ancestor would not refuse him this gift. For had he not written for the express purpose of handing his discovery on to the world?

As he lifted the "radioscope" from the bony brow that had conceived it, the skull fell at his feet with a crash. He had the condemned feeling of a robber—a murderer. However, he raised the instrument to his eyes. The effect was marvelous to the extreme! The whole cavern became flooded with light above the brightness of full moon!

(To be Continued.)

LIFE INSURANCE.—THE OTHER SIDE.

A. H. RITTENHOUSE.

Number Two.

It is thought that a company providing only for the death contingency would not do as large a business as the companies furnishing the investment feature. This does not prove by any means that the investment feature is a gambling device. A man who prepares for death and old age is given our hearty approval. A straight life policy would enable him to provide for death, but it would not help him if he should live beyond the term of his policy. Ac-

cordingly it was not long until the companies saw they were taking little risk on straight life business and that they could very readily devise a form of policy that would assist the holder to realize some of the benefits without dying. Therefore the investment form of life insurance was a logical development of the business and it now serves the double purpose of providing for death and old age. If the risks of death were reversed, the popularity for straight death benefits would be greater—and so would the premiums. There would not be so many homeless old people or old folks' homes if advantage had been taken of an investment policy in youth. It is all right to say that the Lord will provide, but we have to do our part. We pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," but we have to get out and earn it just the same. The writer for one regrets that something definite was not obtained when the question of a beneficiary association was before our Annual Meeting. But the church in her wisdom decided that the project was impracticable and so we still have with us the question of life insurance in the established companies.

We can now take a look at the other feature of the deal—that of realizing on a policy by death. It is idle to contend that this feature is what appeals to the investor as an opportunity to make "easy money." It is ridiculous to think that he would *want to die* to realize on his policy. In the first place he would not be very fortunate in dying, to say the least of it, and the man of average talent would be a direct loser by dying before the twenty years of his policy are up. A man earning $1,000 a year, out of which he is able to save $300, would have every reason in the world to expect to live twenty years more at the age of thirty. His savings for these twenty years would amount to $6,000. Now, then, if he dies during the first year of his policy he is a direct loser to the extent of the difference between the amount of his estimated savings and the amount of his policy, to say nothing about the loss sustained by his bereaved family and by the community in general. He has nothing to gain by dying before his policy expires, and everything to lose. Furthermore, to say that if he die he has won somebody else's money is to say that the man who realizes on a fire policy has won somebody else's money. As a matter of fact, the loss in both instances is distributed over a vast number of persons and only an infinitesimal part is borne by each. And this is the great purpose for which the society was formed.

This feature of life insurance is absolutely clean compared to many of the building and loan associations, in which the Brethren could hold membership and profit by the losses of poor members who would be compelled by misfortune to stop paying after a membership of four or five years. Also the question might be raised, How many of the Brethren opposed to life insurance would refuse to profit by a forced sale of a nice farm in which a poor young man had put his savings and had a mortgage foreclosed on him? If this piece of property could be obtained for sixty or seventy per cent of its real value,—under the law, mind you,—the purchaser would probably be classed as a shrewd investor among us. But a poor man who has made provision for his death is classed as a gambler, if he should realize on an investment, the moral quality of which cannot be compared for an instant with the other transaction.

The statement that seventy per cent of the life insurance written by the old-line companies lapses is entirely unprovable. All that was said by the previous writer under this statement falls to the ground by its own weight. When we start out with a false premise our subsequent building of arguments is a very shaky structure.

The percentage of lapsed insurance to that written during the years 1895 and 1904 by fifteen of the largest old-line companies was about twenty-eight per cent. These two years were selected because they are representative years, the first of hard times and the second of prosperous times. The figures were secured from the "Massachusetts Life and Miscellaneous Insurance Reports," which are recognized as the most reliable of any published, and come within reasonable bounds of the percentage usually figured for lapsed policies.

But there are many phases of a lapsed policy and it cannot be proved that the average of twenty-eight per cent of insurance was allowed to lapse because the policy-holders were unable to carry it. A fair per cent of lapsed insurance is taken up again when the policy-holder has recovered from his temporary embarrassment. It would be fair to allow about eight per cent for this. And it is fair to allow about ten per cent for those who find that they do not need the insurance. After they take it out they prosper in other lines and do not care to keep on with the payments. They accordingly realize what they can on their policies and withdraw. This transaction is duplicated in hundreds of other lines of business. The number who, perhaps, are compelled by financial straits to allow their policies to lapse is reduced to ten per cent, and it still is a mistake to say they are straight losers. Depending upon the number of payments they have made, these policy-holders can realize something on their investment. And it must be considered that they have had the protection during the time their policies were in force. We might just as well say that a man carrying a fire policy is a straight loser if his house does not burn down. If the protection is worth something in fire insurance it is also worth something in life insurance. A life policy has much more to offer a man for his money than a fire policy. It is almost impossible not to realize some-

thing on a life policy, but you simply cannot realize anything on a fire policy if you do not have a fire.

It is safe to say that there is no other form of investment—real estate, mercantile or industrial—in which the percentage of losers is so small as in life insurance. Take, for instance, the figures given in the first article, concerning the failures of banks during the hard times of 1893 to 1895. Here the depositors lost everything. It would also be interesting to know how many mercantile enterprises failed during these times. Then compare the number with the small proportion of investors in life insurance who did not realize anything (not counting the protective feature), and we will have to admit that a man can place his money in few places where it will do less harm and more good to his fellow-men than in old-line life insurance.

I cannot vouch for the figures, but I believe they are given on authority of *Success,* that out of all men starting in mercantile business to-day ninety per cent of them will fail wholly or partially before twenty years have passed. Do men fail to start in business because their chances of success are only one in nine? Do they gamble on the chances they have of success? Or shall we say that the successful ten per cent have prospered at the cost of the other ninety per cent? Yet these arguments would be strong compared to that advanced against life insurance because a very small number do not realize their expectations.

It is thought that perhaps a man carrying a policy, in dying, will leave to his "little ones a sum of money that few know well how to use when it comes that way." This is an exceedingly weak argument against life insurance. It might be asked if money realized on life-insurance policies is squandered to any greater extent than other inheritances? The writer knows of several fine farms left by a brother to his sons, which they squandered in riotous living. Yet this would not be accepted as an argument against laying up farms as many of the brethren are doing for their children. But when a man with less opportunity attempts to protect his little ones, we say, "They wouldn't know what to do with it."

It is also feared that a man who carries a policy, with his departure from this life, will leave his little ones with his indelible approval of securing money without a fair equivalent, taking what he has not earned if he can do so legitimately. Really, the danger of a man who carries a policy setting such a horrible example to his children is not nearly so imminent as is the likelihood of the man who does not carry a policy leaving his children an example of improvidence that will be to his discredit long after he is in the grave. There are thousands of widows in destitute circumstances, with their children dependent upon the stranger's bounty, who could give some interesting testimony as to the truth of this. This is fact, not theory.

Because a few of the large companies have been mismanaged is no reason why we should brand all companies as sinners. These are matters of correction and not destruction. It would be just as logical to condemn the whole system of banking because one institution in Milwaukee has been looted lately by its cashier. With all the misapplying of funds on the part of the few companies now under fire it cannot be proved that they have defaulted in a single payment. The policy-holders do not get as much in dividends as they should get, but if we would investigate other lines of business the conditions would be just as bad, if not worse. When a bank is mismanaged the depositors generally lose everything. Contemplate, for an instant, the gross extravagance in the government departments. The land frauds, the post office scandal, the printing office extravagance and mismanagement, the "cotton leak" and other sores in our public service might well be used as an argument against a popular form of government. But most of us would not accept the argument. We would advocate, "Turn the rascals out." This is what is being done in the life-insurance business and most of the old-line companies are in hearty sympathy with the move. The few instances of corruption that exist in the Equitable and two other New York companies are being corrected and that is more than can be said for many of the evil practices that exist in what is known as "Big Business." The old-line insurance companies can show as clean a record of returning dollar for dollar to their investors as any other line of business.

Much more might be said about the investment form of life insurance, but space forbids. Enough has been said to prove to every unbiased mind that, considered from every standpoint of morality, the investment and protective features of life insurance are clean propositions, violating no law of right. May we have the wisdom to deal with this question in equal justice to all. It cannot be in accord with the principles of right that we favor a certain class and put on others burdens grievous to be borne. Much censure attaches to parents when they place unwise restrictions on their children, so that the latter are compelled in sheer self-defense to practice deception.

66 Edison Ave., Elgin, Ill.

A CURIOUS custom still holds good in the village of Waddesdon, in Buckinghamshire, England, where, on any morning or evening of the year, a person can claim a free drink of new milk from a cow specially kept for the benefit of thirsty wayfarers. This animal is known locally as the "alms cow," and when she dies another has to be provided by the parish.

PERSIAN COOKING.

C. F. YODER.

Not many of the readers of the Inglenook would care to live as the native Persians do. Even the missionaries try to live after American style rather than in Persian fashion, and we cannot blame them. Not that Persian living is altogether bad, for it is not. As a people the Persians are very sociable and the higher classes in some ways live very well indeed. They have some luxuries which most of us do without



Persian Bakery, with Bread hanging in Window. Butcher Shop to the Right.

in America, and they have some articles of food which we might also have with profit.

But in other ways the people are very primitive and suffer many hardships in consequence. The Persian houses are low, flat-roofed structures, made usually of unbaked clay bricks. The walls are very thick, but are easily made to crumble by the weather and are easily broken through by robbers. The Bible reference to digging through a wall applies to the walls of such houses. There are no chairs; instead, the people have rugs and mats and squat on the floor. The poor people who cannot afford these sit on the earth floor.

In the ordinary poor Persian house there is a hole in the ground in the center of the room and this constitutes the oven. A fire is built in the hole and the smoke goes out at an opening in the roof above, which serves as chimney, window and ventilator. Even in the cold of winter there is no other means of warmth than this fire for cooking, and the people suffer a great deal from cold and from the impure air of the rooms.

Most of the meals consist of a kind of soup which is cooked in a kettle over the fire. When it is ready the men help themselves with their fingers, as there are no knives or forks or spoons among the poor people. The women wait and eat separately.

There is a kind of dish called "dolma," which is very good. It is made by cutting meat into fine pieces, like veal loaf, and then wrapping it in chunks the size of eggs in tender grape leaves. These are placed in a dish with rice and tallow or butter, plenty of it, and baked. The grape leaves give a pleasant flavor to the "dolma" and the dish is very healthful. It is a great favorite among the Persians and everywhere I visited in Persian families I was asked to partake of it.

The Persians have also another favorite dish called "vorsht," which is simply a kind of vegetable soup which contains all obtainable kinds of vegetables and meat chopped up together and well seasoned. There is a great deal of grease in it, but this is counteracted by pickles and wine.

When steak is desired, the meat is cut into small pieces and a long iron prong thrust into it by which it is held in the fire and roasted. Such solid portions are taken into the fingers to be eaten, but the soup is eaten simply with pieces of bread.

The Persians are very proud of their bread and think that it far excels our American bread, from all they can hear of it. Perhaps they are right. It was my privilege to go through a Persian bakery and watch the process of baking from beginning to end. The dough was simply the whole wheat flour mixed with salt and water and tallow so as to make a tough dough. This was rolled out into thin sheets like pie dough, only thinner. While one man was doing this the



Mohammedan Restaurant, Tiflis, Russia.

other tended the oven. This was made of clay and had a charcoal fire in the bottom. The sides were hot and by means of a piece of board the thin pieces of dough were slapped against the clay sides of the oven. There they stuck fast for a moment, when they were baked and dried through, and were then taken out and hung over a line to await sale or consumption. A great amount of this bread is kept hanging on lines in the front windows of bakeries, where

it is exposed to the filthy dust of the streets which blows over it. The people, however, do not notice small things like that.

In eating, a small piece of the tough bread is torn off and rolled into a funnel, and with a funnel of bread in each hand the native will scoop up his soup in great fashion. When the bread becomes soggy it is eaten and a new funnel made.

One curious kind of food is preserved walnuts. When the walnuts are young and tender they are picked, shell and all, and are not so bad to eat as might be imagined. Sunflower seeds and pumpkin seeds are eaten as we eat peanuts here. Cucumbers are eaten raw, and turnips, radishes and onions are eaten tops and all. Plums are eaten green as well as ripe. In spite of the dirt the people seem to thrive on their cooking and on coming to America long for things "like mother used to make" in Persia.

Ashland, Ohio.

AN IMPORTANT MOVE IN AMERICAN EDUCATION.

FRANK WALDO, PH. D.

It has frequently happened that great moral and social conflicts have taken place without the importance of the fight and the methods employed becoming generally known even to some in the very field of battle. Perhaps no stronger example can be mentioned than the fight which is being waged against the use of alcoholic compounds as beverages.

Comparatively few persons who have not been in direct touch with the later stages of the work know what has been and is being done by those who have at heart the lessening of the evils due to the use of alcoholic liquors.

The temperance movement is of course nothing new and the tide of sentiment against rum which swept over this country three-quarters of a century ago must be regarded as the beginning of the most wonderful of all the moral uprisings which have taken place in America. It was indeed a moral epidemic, but it was only a phase of the movement as a whole which has passed through several quite distinct stages—although with but a single object.

Previous to about 1830, the use of alcoholic beverages was common in all grades of society. Then for thirty years the gospel of temperance was everywhere preached and accepted with the same earnestness as religious beliefs—in fact it became a religious doctrine. People were arrayed either for or against it, —there was no lukewarmness.

But science has not yet dispelled the notion that alcohol will help men bear the stress and strain of conflict, hence the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion played havoc with temperance principles and was most distinctly a period of relapse. At the close of the war strong adherents to the cause of temperance felt that drastic measures alone could bring about a reaction and the temperance lecturer entered the field. The fear of the awful consequences of the rum habit was the main appeal, and the famous Black Valley Railroad stretched its haunting lines into the remote corners of the land. Temperance societies sprang up and the times of 1830 were repeated. But a new and distinct period was being entered upon in which the women of the nation were for the first time to unite in the suppression of the great moral and social evil. Instigated by women of strong personalities, and abetted by many of the clergy and lay religious workers, crusades were inaugurated against the purveyors of liquors.

The results accomplished revealed to the American women the power that lay in concerted movement and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was born.

Just as the first temperance movement appealed to the common sense of the people regarding the betterment of their physical condition, so this was a moral and spiritual movement, and its influence has continued on that basis up to the present time.

Still a third phase, which may be designated the intellectual or scientific period of the temperance movement, was slowly being developed. Since it is the latest and inherently the most important of the temperance movements, and is least known, a somewhat detailed account of its development is in place.

The question as to the inherent qualities of alcohol arose as a natural consequence of scientific inquiry. The matter is primarily one for the scientists to decide through careful investigation, but if it is to be of value to humanity it cannot end with a statement of analyses and immediate effects of alcohol on the human system.

The information that must be acquired to properly consider the alcohol question must come from specialists in a dozen different lines of scientific inquiry; and when it is remembered that investigators who are working along the same lines frequently do not agree in their results and still more frequently do not agree in their interpretation of the same results, it will readily be recognized that it is not an easy task to reach conclusions which bear the stamp of absolute truth.

It is one thing to sift out the real facts from the mass of scientific testimony; and it is quite another thing to place these facts before all the people. Strangely enough it has fallen to the lot of one woman to be instrumental in accomplishing both tasks, and when I mention in this connection the name of Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of Boston, all who are familiar with the story of the temperance movement during the past twenty-five years will agree that to her initiative and continuous endeavors are due the marvelous ac-

complishments in both these lines of development and the present advanced condition of the movement as a whole.

From time to time, in the intellectual history of our nation there have come into prominence women who, by reason of natural mental endowments assiduously cultivated, have taken their place with the foremost men of their times. Such a woman was Maria Mitchell; and such a woman is Mary H. Hunt.

No judge of such matters can talk with Mrs. Hunt for a quarter of an hour without recognizing the marked scientific bent of her mind and its analytical and philosophical strength. If Mrs. Hunt had not taken up the alcoholic question as her life work, she would have attained eminence in some other line of research to which her energies may have been bent.

The telling of the story of the development of this movement requires a brief mention of Mrs. Hunt's preparation for her work. She was for some years a science professor in an eastern college where she made a specialty of chemistry. It was during the years 1872-76, when her talented son, Alfred E. Hunt of aluminum fame, was a student in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, that Mrs. Hunt while carrying on sympathetic chemical studies with him for his guidance and encouragement, was led from the study of alcohol as a reagent to an investigation of its origin, nature, and particularly its effects on the human system as disclosed by scientific research. She studied the work of European investigators, particularly that of Dr. B. W. Richardson, and reached the conclusion that there was a scientific basis for the movement against the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. That this information should be collated and put into proper form for presentation to the American people became impressed upon Mrs. Hunt's mind, and it slowly dawned upon her that not only did her own equipment make it possible for her to undertake it, but there came the settled conviction that it was a duty to enter upon this work. This "call" came to a woman of Mrs. Hunt's perception and education just as it comes to the physician to spend his life in ameliorating the distress of humanity, or to the scientist who studies psychology or sociology to advance man's knowledge of man.

Mrs. Hunt's studies convinced her that alcohol must be treated as a drug and a poison, rather than as a food, as it was regarded from the beverage point of view. It was, then, an imperative duty to warn in the light of the best scientific research those who used it or might become habituated to its use.

She became convinced that the only way to disseminate this knowledge widely was to teach in the schools the facts regarding alcohol and its physiological effects in connection with physiology and hygiene.

A series of articles in the *New England Journal of Education* bearing the title, "The Schoolhouse to Decide the Temperance Question," was the opening volley in the fight, both aggressive and defensive, which she has waged for nearly thirty years in order to accomplish what may justly be regarded as her life work, namely, the enactment of state laws making instruction concerning alcoholic liquors and their physiological effects compulsory in the public schools throughout the United States; and more, the arousing of a sentiment in other countries that will unquestionably result in the extension of these laws throughout the civilized world.

Mrs. Hunt very early in her studies of alcohol became convinced that while the moral appeal might reclaim many topers, yet that the common usage of alcoholic beverages had given rise to a popular misapprehension as to the harmful and even dangerous character of alcohol in small quantities, and the fact that the habitual even though moderate use of alcoholic drinks sufficed to create an uncontrollable appetite for it similar to that aroused by the recognizedly dangerous narcotics. If the facts regarding alcohol could be impressed upon the young before they became addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages, they would be forewarned of the evil effects and not only be prevented from falling into the alcohol habit themselves, but also as they acquired influence would use it to prevent the habit from fixing itself upon others.

The first school system to adopt Mrs. Hunt's propaganda was that of Hyde Park, Massachusetts, which in 1878 put scientific temperance on its regular list of studies.

Mrs. Hunt realized that something more than a single-handed fight was necessary to accomplish the task of nationalizing her scheme and she felt the necessity of getting the coöperation of a powerful body of organized workers. Accordingly, in 1879, Mrs. Hunt laid before the Woman's Christian Temperance Union her plan for securing the introduction of the study of physiological temperance into the public schools, and in the following year the society created the Department of Scientific Temperance Instruction in Public Schools and appointed her its superintendent. Thus was a powerful movement inaugurated; but it remained to carry it out,—truly a mountain of labor.

When Mrs. Hunt began her labors in what may be termed temperance pedagogy, not only was there no required study of the alcohol question in any of our public schools, but there was no available text-book literature on the subject nor even a guide for oral teaching. The facts had not even been collected from their various scientific sources. It devolved upon Mrs. Hunt to collect these facts, to see that they were properly presented in the various text-books, to secure the passage of state and national laws commanding that the teaching of this new phase of science be carried out in the schools, to see that these laws were

obeyed, and to meet the opposition that fought the whole work of propaganda from beginning to end, from the fierce onslaught of the liquor dealers to the tacit silence of the sympathizer of social drinking who had not manhood enough to range himself on the one side or the other.

Mrs. Hunt used her scientific training and marked scientific ability in gathering together the necessary scientific material for the proper presentation of alcohol knowledge to students and readers. She had already done much of this work for her own information, but now she was obliged to inaugurate that system of systematic research which she has kept up for a quarter of a century and which has made her in point of thoroughness the first specialist in her department in the world. With her corps of searchers, cataloguers, and translators it may be said that Mrs. Hunt has brought together the gist of every paper of importance that has been published on this subject; and what is more, she has it available for use at a moment's notice.

This vast accumulation of knowledge has served several purposes. It has kept Mrs. Hunt posted as regards any and all researches on the subject; and she has been enabled not only to keep up with the times, but she has thus had at hand the very latest results to guide her in making her own formative plans which have so advanced the cause of temperance. This knowledge has enabled her to furnish authoritative answers to questions which come to her in the spirit of inquiry from correspondents throughout not only our own country but the whole world. Such a clearing-house for accurate information regarding alcohol has been a necessity in accomplishing the work which has been carried on. The facts obtained through its agency have been used in backing up every movement for the spread of temperance reform.

Mrs. Hunt was obliged to use the knowledge that she had just brought together for the preparation of the first text-books in temperance physiology and she has used the more recent accumulations in keeping them up to date.

Mrs. Hunt experienced more than the usual difficulty in getting suitable text-books for presenting the subject of alcohol in the public schools. Her first disheartening experience was the spending of several thousand dollars in getting books prepared by specialists, but they were unsatisfactory. Finally, however, one by one, suitable books were prepared and a systematic school course was built up. Mrs. Hunt did not herself write the books, but she did collect for the authors the truths that are found in these books and outlined a course of study which succeeded so well in this country that it has now become international.

In 1882 no State in the Union had laws requiring the teaching of what may be termed the scientific principles of temperance in the public schools; by 1902 the last State had fallen in line and every State required this instruction. This result was unquestionably due to the ability and persistent purpose of one woman—Mrs. Mary H. Hunt—although she effected its immediate accomplishment by utilizing through coöperation the mighty power of that most thorough of organizations, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, together with the Christian churches. The strong appeal that carried the hearts of influential men, public officials, legislators, and teachers was, "It is for the good of the children, the future citizens."

Vermont was the first State to enact a temperance education law, in 1882. Other States followed, and when New York (1884) and Pennsylvania (1885) entered the line, the national success of the movement was assured.

But even after the laws have been passed it requires the utmost vigilance and pressure to keep them in force. Through the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and its ramifications Mrs. Hunt keeps in touch with every school, school board or school committee in the land, and hears at once of any "let-up" or of obstructive action upon the part of opponents to the temperance movement. Instantly the repelling forces are marshalled and the enforcement of the law made sure.

One of the greatest difficulties to contend with in this movement has been the continual warfare that has been waged in the liquor interest, which sees in the near future of the reign of the coming generation of Americans, all of whom are taught the alcoholic danger, the downfall of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. These liquor partizans have used every force under their control or influence to retard the educational movement and they have welcomed with joy the championing of their interests by those who have clung to the view that the social drinking of alcoholic beverages is permissible. The most powerful of these opposing influences was of the Committee of Fifty which, organized in 1893, was composed of some of our most eminent educators. They subdivided into committees and ten years later published a report of their conclusions in two large volumes, "The Physiological Aspects of the Liquor Problem."

We cannot here consider this report in detail, but in the main it was against the teaching of scientific temperance in the lower schools. Mrs. Hunt has replied to it in a pamphlet printed as Senate Document 171, Fifty-eighth Congress, Second Session. Upon presentation by Mr. Gallinger, it was ordered printed February 27, 1904.

Mrs. Hunt showed that in the light of the results obtained by the foremost authorities of the world this

report of the Committee of Fifty was neither thoroughly scientific nor unprejudiced; and that it did not represent the consensus of scientific and pedagogic opinion.

European eyes are on our nation to a greater extent than we are inclined to think, and Mrs. Hunt's remarkable work has attracted wide attention not only in Great Britain but on the Continent as well. It is impossible in this brief article to give the story of the extension of Mrs. Hunt's propaganda to the Old World, but in Great Britain especially it has received the most enthusiastic support. In February, 1904, upwards of 15,000 members of the medical profession of Great Britain and Ireland petitioned for compulsory education in hygiene and temperance in their public schools as is now required by law in the United States, and recommended the American Course of Study on this subject prepared by Mrs. Hunt, to every local school board for immediate adoption. The active committee in this movement is made up of thirty-one distinguished physicians from the universities of Cambridge, London, Edinburgh, Dublin, with Sir William Broadbent, M. D., as chairman; and there is every reason to believe that success will crown their efforts.

In the German nation a new note has been sounded on the temperance question, and it has received a great impetus by the permission given by the Emperor to drink his health in water. The American movement, as Mrs. Hunt's propaganda is designated, has received the attention of the German royalty itself and to Mrs. Hunt has been accorded the pleasure of explaining her work at length to the German Empress whose interest in the matter has become thoroughly aroused.

In closing this article a word should be added in regard to the financial side of this work. The expenses of Mrs. Hunt's office amount to over $8,000 a year with the practice of the closest economy. To carry on this work to the best advantage would require an additional $2,000 a year. With the exception of an annual grant of $800 from the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, this amount has been raised through the work and personal endeavor of Mrs. Hunt, who has served the cause from the beginning not only without salary but at large personal expense. The charge that Mrs. Hunt has personally profited from the sale of the school textbooks on this subject is therefore absurd. Too much gratitude cannot be expressed to the large-hearted givers who have responded to Mrs. Hunt's financial appeals in the past. The work has now become a necessity to the system which it has implanted in our educational life; but it can be sure of continuance only when an endowment has been provided. A two hundred thousand dollar endowment could not be better devoted to the work of humanity than by placing the Bureau of Scientific Temperance Investigation on a permanent basis. With every curtailment of the work of this Bureau, the liquor interests gain a thousandfold. Loss to the Bureau means a loss to the world; and should its work be permitted to cease, the temperance cause would lose its most powerful ammunition magazine, and the business interests of the country one of their strongest allies—the teaching which leads to the total abstinence habits essential to success.

Cambridge, Mass.

DISCOVERY OF SILK.

MARGUERITE BIXLER.

Rich and beautiful as these fabrics are, and as universally as they are used, yet few people know by whom they were given to the world. I did not know until a few days ago, when I found that the discovery of silk is attributed to one of the wives of the emperor of China, Hoang-ti, who reigned about two thousand years before the Christian era, and since that time a special spot has been allotted in the gardens of the Chinese royal palace to the cultivation of the mulberry tree and to the keeping of silk worms.

It is said that Persian monks who came to Constantinople revealed to the Emperor Justinian the secret of the production of silk and gave him some silk worms. From Greece the art passed into Italy at the end of the thirteenth century.

The secret which had been kept by the Italians was given to the French, when the popes who left Rome settled at Avignon, France.

Louis XI established at Tours a manufactory of silk fabrics, which to the present time has kept the first rank. Henry II, of France, wore at the wedding of his sister the first pair of silk hose ever made.

East Akron, Ohio.

TUNNEL-SICKNESS.

The meeting of the Simplon tunnel borings late in February, the tunnel's inauguration early in April, and its near opening to travel have heightened the world's interest now for seven years centered upon that colossal undertaking. The difficulty of the problem of safe-guarding its employés' health, owing to the tunnel's length of twelve and one quarter miles and its depth below the surface (there being at one point a mile and one-quarter of earth overhead) occasioned the contribution to a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* by the French scientific writer, A. Dastre, of an article summing up the latest results of investigations into the conditions affecting health in railroad tunnels—made by the English and Italian governments.

Tunnel builders and guards, railroad employés, etc., spending some length of time, repeatedly, in railroad

tunnels beyond a certain limit are subject, it is found, to what may be called tunnel-sickness. They are frequently attacked by vertigo, lose consciousness, and show the first symptoms of asphyxiation. They are troubled with headache, nausea, muscular fatigue, physical inability to do their work, and impairment of the use of the legs. Mentally, the memory weakens, the ideas tend to become confused, the mind grows sluggish, with a propensity to errors of judgment and direction, and there is a deadening of the senses, particularly of hearing. Men whose employment keeps them from four to eight hours a day in a railroad tunnel, frequently incur a sort of chronic poisoning, shown by habitual headache, loss of appetite and flesh, weakness, paleness, and an anæmic condition. Often, after a few months, or at most a year or two, they have to be replaced. If a locomotive drawing a heavy freight train, say, should "pin-wheel" long enough on an up-grade in a tunnel without being able to advance, the result might be even fatal to some of the trainmen.

These troubles are caused, mainly, by the vitiation of the air produced by the gas and smoke emitted by the locomotives; and, contributorily, by the heat consequent upon the distance below the earth's surface. The Italian government commission of physiologists in 1899-1900 found, and proved by laboratory experiments on self-sacrificing human volunteers, that what especially vitiates the air is the small quantity of oxide of carbon contained in the locomotive smoke. This causes partial asphyxiation, robbing the blood of its ability to combine with oxygen; which is also the result of the barometric depression on mountain-climbers and balloonists. So that, curiously, it turns out that the trouble affecting these is really the same thing as tunnel-sickness.

The Italian commission found a *cure* for tunnel-sickness in compressed oxygen. "If there were," M. Dastre says, "at the mouth of shafts an air-compressor, we should no longer be liable to see miners, taken alive from the adits after an explosion, succumb a few moments after being brought to the air." As a means of *prevention* the commission recommended that each train traversing a tunnel be provided with several steel cylinders filled with compressed air and with compressed oxygen, two on the tender for the engineer and the fireman, and another for the brakeman, these three functionaries running the most risk on trains. By furnishing a current of air, these cylinders would make a respirable and fresh atmosphere around each man. The commission advised, also, that the compressed oxygen be injected into the fire-box, to quicken the combustion and to prevent the production of the oxide of carbon. Instead of this being done, the Italian railroad companies sank powerful ventilators into the tunnel, which work automatically and are not dependent upon the exercise of (not always reliable) human will. The constructors of the Simplon tunnel, utilizing previous experience and investigations, have so far managed the matter of health with unexampled success. The vitiation and heat of the air have been overcome by forcing through the second tunnel (parallel with the first at a distance of about fifty feet) a current of fresh air that was delivered to the workmen by means of a cross-shaft, having first been cooled by passing through a spray of cold water sent in by pipes.—*Review of Reviews.*

A CONTENTIOUS HABIT.

HONEST criticism for the sake of the truth may be profitable, and lead to fruitful results; contentious criticism for the sake of criticism is likely to be mischievous in its effects, and to lead to an odious habit. We are divinely directed to "contend earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints," and to "strive earnestly to enter the narrow gate," but we are also frequently admonished to beware of those who are "puffed up, doting about questionings and disputes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, wranglings of men corrupted in mind and bereft of the truth."

There are such men among us to-day. They have cultivated the habit of idle criticism, contention, strife about words, until it has become a second nature, and a very bad nature. They are on "the other side" in every discussion, not because they believe it, but because they see a chance for "an argument," and they thrive on "arguments" as a goat thrives on thistles. They will tell you that Nero had doubtless good reasons for lighting up his gardens with burning Christians, that Ananias and Sapphira were probably not so bad as they are painted, and that Judas Iscariot could possibly make a very good defense if only we had the whole story of his alleged treason. In the heat of the argument you will sometimes hear these men, who want "to give full opportunity to both sides," rise to remark that there are reasons for believing that the Niagara Falls flow up the precipice and not down it, and that we must not be so dogmatic in insisting that the sun is larger and brighter than the earth. "There is nothing of which the opposite may not be true," these great logicians assure us.

Now, it may be a fine acquisition to be able "to divide a hair 'twixt south and southwest side," but it has its perils. Besides making a nuisance of one's self in all social circles, it is not difficult so to cultivate this pernicious habit as to make it impossible for us to recognize the truth, even the brightest and highest. This is really that "reprobate mind" of which the apostle warns us that to it the knowledge of God is inaccessible.

"Our nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

He that loves the truth shall know the truth, and it will make him free. He that loves contention shall have the spirit of contention as his abiding and just recompense of reward. "Leave off contention before it be meddled with."—*Examiner.*

THE NEWER UNRIGHTEOUSNESS.

"Our forced-draft pace relieves us of the superabundance of energy that demands an explosive outlet. Spasms of violent feeling go with a sluggish habit of life, and are as out of place to-day as are the hard-drinking habits of our Saxon ancestors. We are too busy to give rein to spite. The stresses and lures of civilized life leave slender margin for the gratification of animosities. In quiet, side-tracked communities there is still much old-fashioned hatred, leading to personal clash; but elsewhere the cherishing of malice is felt to be an expensive luxury. Moreover, brutality, lust, and cruelty are on the wane. In this country, it is true, statistics show a widening torrent of bloody crime, but the cause is the weakening of law rather than an excess of bile. Other civilized peoples seem to be turning away from the sins of passion.

"The man who picks pockets with a railway rebate, murders with an adulterant instead of a bludgeon, burglarizes with a 'rake-off' instead of a jimmy, cheats with a company prospectus instead of a deck of cards, or scuttles his town instead of his ship, does not feel on his brow the brand of a malefactor. The shedder of blood, the oppressor of the widow and the fatherless, long ago became odious; but latter-day treacheries fly no skull-and-crossbones flag at the masthead. . . .

"How decent are the pale slayings of the quack, the adulterator, and the purveyor of polluted water, compared with the red slayings of the vulgar bandit or assassin! Even if there is blood-letting, the long-range, tentacular nature of modern homicide eliminates all personal collision. What an abyss between the knife-play of brawlers and the law-defying neglect to fence dangerous machinery in a mill, or to furnish cars with safety couplers!

"The stealings and slayings that lurk in the complexities of our social relations are not deeds of the dive, the dark alley, the lonely road, and the midnight hour. They require no nocturnal prowling with muffled step and bated breath, no weapon or offer of violence. Unlike the old-time villain, the latter-day malefactor does not wear a slouch hat and a comforter, breathe forth curses and an odor of gin, go about his nefarious work with clenched teeth and an evil scowl. In the supreme moment his lineaments are not distorted with rage, or lust, or malevolence. One misses the traditional setting, the time-honored insignia of turpitude. Fagin and Bill Sykes and Simon Legree are vanishing types. . . . The modern high-power dealer of woe wears immaculate linen, carries a silk hat and a lighted cigar, sins with a calm countenance and a serene soul, leagues or months from the evil he causes. Upon his gentlemanly presence the eventual blood and tears do not obtrude themselves."

"The same qualities that lull the conscience of the sinner blind the eyes of the onlookers. People are sentimental, and bastinado wrongdoing not according to its harmfulness, but according to the infamy that has come to attach to it. Undiscerning, they chastise with scorpions the old authentic sins, but spare the new. They do not see that boodling is treason, that blackmail is piracy, that embezzlement is theft, that speculation is gambling, that tax-dodging is larceny, that railroad discrimination is treachery, that the factory labor of children is slavery, that deleterious adulteration is murder. It has not come home to them that the fraudulent promoter 'devours widows' houses,' that the monopolist 'grinds the faces of the poor,' that mercenary editors and spellbinders 'put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter.' The cloven hoof hides in patent leather; and to-day, as in Hosea's time, the people 'are destroyed for lack of knowledge.' The mob lynches the redhanded slayer, when it ought to keep a gallows Haman-high for the venal mine inspector, the seller of infected milk, the maintainer of a fire-trap theater. The child-beater is forever blasted in reputation, but the exploiter of infant toil, or the concocter of a soothing syrup for the drugging of babies, stands a pillar of society. The petty shoplifter is more abhorred than the stealer of a franchise, and the wife-whipper is outcasted long before the man who sends his over-insured ship to founder with its crew."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

AUNT PAULINA'S NOSE.

One day when Cecelia Barrett went to eat dinner with her grandmother, she talked a great deal about a little sachet she had lost.

"It was a lovely perfume, grandmother," she said, "and the dearest little blue silk case—a kind of a pale blue—just lovely! But—" she shook her head slowly—"I know well enough where it is. Can I have another piece of pie, grandmother? We never have this kind. I know well enough Ruth Pettingill's—well, I'll say found it—for she smells just like it, and you can't deceive my nose."

Grandfather laughed as he pushed back his chair. "Please excuse me, Calista," he said; "but don't let Cecelia go until you've told her about her great-great-aunt Paulina's nose. She may have inherited it."

"Grandfather loves to make fun," sighed Cecelia, as he went out, and grandmother began to gather up

the forks and spoons and put them into a pitcher of hot water.

"Your great-great-aunt Paulina," she said—"please hand your grandfather's cup and saucer, Cely—was your grandfather's aunt. You may have seen her picture in some old album, but she died before you were born. She was always discovering some wonderful thing that never was except in her imagination."

The little girl at the end of the table grew a trifle pinker than before, but grandmother wiped a spoon, composedly, and went on without looking at her.

"One winter her brother Ezra took in a poor, friendless boy from the State Reform School. The boy's name was Henry. Uncle Ezra and his wife were kind to him, and he lived with them for years, and made a good man, but that first winter Uncle Ezra and Aunt Carolina were both called away suddenly, one day, and Aunt Paulina went to keep house. The next day she came over here and began to talk about Henry. 'He'd cleaned out the doughnut pot before I got there,' she said; 'and I can't find out what he's done with 'em, either. He can't have eaten 'em all, for Caroline always makes a potful.' We asked her how she knew there were any, and she said she smelled them. 'Just made,' says she, 'when I got there.' Ezra and Caroline hadn't been gone an hour, and she must have fried them the last thing. I know doughnuts when I smell 'em,' she said.

"She stayed there a week, and she hunted for those doughnuts all the time. Henry was a timid boy, used to a very strict rule and to being found fault with, and he was so afraid of her he wouldn't go into the house if he could help it. He ate scarcely anything, and that made her feel still surer that he had a hoard of doughnuts hidden away. He thought she was crazy; she talked so much to him about eating on the sly, and confessing his sins, and we were afraid he would run away, but Uncle Ezra and Aunt Caroline came home at the end of the week, and then Aunt Paulina went home, but not until she had found out about the doughnuts."

"Did the boy take them?" Cecelia had finished the pie, and was listening eagerly.

Grandmother laughed softly, as she settled the spoons in the holder.

"There were not any to take. Aunt Caroline had put the pot of doughnut fat on to heat when the message came that her brother was sick, and she put it away again without making the doughnuts."

"She did smell them, then," said Cecelia. "She had a pretty good nose, after all."

"She smelt a little fat," replied grandmother, gravely. "But, as Uncle Ezra said, an eggshell in your dooryard doesn't prove that one of your hens has hatched a big flock of chickens, and that your next-door neighbor has stolen them all. Now, I don't know anything about Ruth Pettingill's sachet, but if you will look in the upper left-hand drawer in your grandfather's desk, you will find yours. I picked it up from the floor after you had gone home Saturday."

"I'm very glad to get it again," Cecelia said, slowly, a minute or two later, her nose buried in the sachet. She seated herself on the sofa and watched her grandmother. "Grandmother," she said presently, "are you going to say, 'Now, you see'?"

"No," grandmother smiled. "If you can't see and remember for yourself, it isn't much use to do it for you."

OKLAHOMA AND STATEHOOD.

According to mythology, Minerva had no childhood, but sprang full-armed, a vigorous young woman, from the head of Jupiter. Oklahoma is the Minerva of the States. With her there was no period of slow settlement. On the day that her borders were opened to the settler she sprang full-fledged, a vigorous young commonwealth, into the Union. And on the day that Congress admits her to Statehood she will take rank with the foremost of the Western States. Her population of a million and three hundred thousand,—which is the combined population of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, according to the annual report of Governor Ferguson for the year ending June 30, 1904; it is probably somewhat more than that now,—will place her in advance of at least twenty-one of her sister States, several of them among the original thirteen. Not counting Texas, only two States west of the Missouri will be her equal in number of people—Kansas and California. In old New England, three States,—New Hampshire, Vermont, and Rhode Island,—could be combined and still not contain as great a population as this new commonwealth in the West will have on the first day of its Statehood.—*From "Oklahoma, a Vigorous Western Commonwealth," by Clarence H. Matson, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for September.*

Arizona desert has a lighthouse to guide travelers on the land. It consists of a lantern placed on a tall cottonwood pole, and marks the only place for miles where water can be found. The light can be seen for a long distance, and this guides thirsty travelers to the water they need.

Though they do not readily enter water, but only when put to it from necessity, the squirrel and the rabbit are among the fastest swimmers of all land animals.

Spruce trees are to be raised in this country, like any other crop—for the lumber to be derived from them. The pioneer trees will be imported from Germany.

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TOO BUSY.

That "idleness is the devil's workshop" is an old proverb. It cannot be denied. Observation is a living testimony. Criminals, delinquents and dependents come from a class of boys who are idlers and whose early life has been given to street corners and dry-goods boxes. An unused corner gathers cobwebs. The unused brain and unoccupied mind will seek employment, and generally in something that is dangerous and unpleasant. An extreme is not without a rival. The extremity to which idleness has been carried in our country is astounding. A long list of crimes of all sorts is but the result of our unoccupied boys. But this extreme has a rival. While there are thousands of idlers each year, filling jails and penitentiaries because of idleness, there is also an appalling number who are filling the hospitals and asylums, not because the idler did nothing, or had nothing to do, but because he tried to do everything and did very little, and worried about what he did not get done.

Occasionally you see a man hustling and bustling around all in a splutter, and he keeps it up continually. If he has not enough work to keep him continually on the anxious seat he worries enough to make it all up. You probably have in mind now farmers who do not plow their field well. They want to, but they do not have time. They admire those which are plowed well, but they are too busy to take the time to plow well. The farmer cuts and covers, gets it about half plowed, and the weeds come up everywhere between the furrows, and work as hard as he will afterwards with his hands and with his hoe, he never can keep the weeds down; he never can make up the time he has lost in making those half-turned furrows. It would have paid him much better to have done his work right and then he would have had a pleasant and profitable summer.

When he was plowing he really didn't have time to pick the loose stones from the ground or to pry out the half-rotted stumps, where he had to sow and reap; so he went bumping over them, thumping himself in the ribs with the plow handle every time he struck a stone, splitting the harrow frame, breaking the pins out of the cultivator, straightening drill shoes, and breaking the mower guards. He has the satisfaction of seeing the fire fly when the shear or bar strikes them; he also has the pleasure of making a bonfire of the remains of his self-binder and hay loader. He really was too busy to pick up the stones. He rises a little after three and retires at ten, and is never still a minute; he harnesses the horses before breakfast by lantern light, and uses the lantern to unharness by after the other chores are done. His horses are poor and lank; they are worked to death; he is so busy; he has so much to do.

He has quite a number of cows to milk, but he really does not have time to milk any, so he about half milks the ones he attempts to milk; does not have time to finish properly, and therefore leaves the cream in the cow's udder, and, after the milk he gets is churned and churned, he does not get as much butter in quantity or quality as does his neighbor across the road, who has no better cows, but has time to feed them and milk them. This man likes good butter, likes good milk, and admires sleek cattle, but he is too busy to take the proper care of them.

He is too busy to repair the fences as they ought to be; of course he resets them, but he does not have time to spend in foolishness, such as laying the "worm" straight. He thinks it will turn the cattle just as well anyway, but the first little puff of wind convinces him of the falsity of the idea, for the fence did not have enough "worm." He has not time to mow the fence corner either; since there has been no crop sowed there, what is the use of spending time cutting the weeds? Later on, when he has to spend good time and good money to eradicate a new weed that has come to take his farm, he wishes he had spent a little more time on the fence corners.

He likes to see well-kept buildings, as well as anybody, but he really is so crowded he does not have time to paint his buildings. But when the carpenter's bill comes in for a new lot of weather boarding, he concludes that a few gallons of paint will be a little cheaper. He has not time to haul gravel in the barnyard; he says there is no money in it; but he is inclined to doubt that when it gets muddy, and he stalls in the back barnyard with the empty wagon, breaks the tongue, whiffletrees and harness.

Poor fellow! he is too busy to eat; he shovels down his food as if he had but two minutes in which to satisfy his ravenous appetite, and rinses the last few mouthfuls down with a lot of hot coffee, not forgetting to visit the pump as he goes by, and hurries out

to the work where he has left off. By and by he has plenty of time to eat, when he is lying flat on his back in the hospital; but the trouble is then he does not want anything to eat. Finally he wonders what is the matter with him anyhow; he cannot stand it to work as he once could; it used to be that he could eat anything without it hurting him. He has not time to sleep; he is in the field from three in the morning till after dark. When the committee came to examine him they found out that he was a fit subject for the hospital for the insane. He is now looking through the bars with a demoniacal stare and a maniac's laugh, while his neighbors pass by and see the result of his foolishness. He has plenty of time to rest now, but think what that rest cost him and his family!

A POOR RULE.

One of the happiest "hits" that an American can find is a proverb that can be used as a cloak to cover his sin. And one that has been used for that purpose until it is threadbare is that old one that you have heard ten thousand times, "Better late than never." The deacon at the church, the boy at the office, the conductor at the station, the janitor at the courthouse, have all said, "Better late than never." Almost invariably it is quoted for the purpose of compromising with self-conscience or the conscience of someone else. Many of us are comparative failures and have been bungling away for years trying to hammer cold iron into shape, when a few quick blows would have fashioned it into beauty, had we only struck those blows while it was all aglow, directly from the forge. What tedious labor, what humiliation, what regrets are ours as we toil away, trying to form into the desired model the neglected metal, which at best must remain forever an uncomely botch.

This old proverb is true in the original sense. It is a fact that a man had better get an education than never to get one; it is well to try to make up late in life for the neglected education, much better than not to try at all. But as a rule the golden hours of youth have slipped away and the result will not be very satisfactory. How can we expect to make up in the crowded life of our mature years for the work that should have been done in the formative period of our lives? Then we were developing, unfolding, blossoming; in middle life we have all we can possibly do to meet the demands of that age and period without trying to catch up back work.

Thousands have been ruined by allowing resolutions to cool; cold resolutions are harder to work than old iron. It is a very easy matter to handle a hot resolution when the flush and vigor of hope and the songs of trust and the plastic heart of youth are yours, but when the rose-colored tints have faded, iron welds slowly if at all. When age has hardened the plastic brain and nerve, impressions are hard to make. Numbers of wasted lives date their ruin from a few lost moments. Napoleon laid great stress upon the supreme moment, that nick of time which comes perhaps but once in a lifetime. To take advantage of that moment means victory; to lose it in procrastination means disaster and failure. It is not safe to console one's conscience with this old proverb and become satisfied to be a little late at the table, at work, at church, to bed and everywhere except to an early grave.

TAKE NOTICE.

Every day the popular newspapers have column after column of advertisements for situations and positions. Has it ever occurred to you that only a very small percentage of the applications are from beginners? A very large majority of them are people who have held positions before. The boys and girls have comparatively little trouble in securing work for the first time. The trouble comes afterwards. As a matter of course a good worker now and then loses his job for one reason or the other, and there is no reflection upon him, but this fact does not destroy the significance of the small portion of beginners who have to advertise.

Among these adult advertisers you always find the man who has had a troublesome boss or the woman who wants light work. The real difficulty comes from idle hands and busy tongues. It is the growing inclination to want to get something for nothing; to collect the wages without producing the goods. Of course everyone has the right, that is inalienable, to lay down the conditions upon which he will sell his labor, but he has no right to sit around and discuss the labor question. What such people want is not the right to labor, but the privilege to keep from laboring and still secure wages. It would be right interesting to know in just what proportion these two elements—the right to labor and the right to idle—combine to make the so-called labor question.

Don't carelessly pass by the article entitled "An Important Move in American Education," just because it is a little lengthy. It is a splendid article and is well worth your time, not only to read it but give it serious consideration. Mr. Waldo is a writer of no average ability and has given us the facts in the case. We ought to more and more appreciate the work of the temperance movement in all its phases.

The short sayings of wise and good men are of great value, like the dust of gold or the sparks of diamonds.—*Tillotson.*

Current Happenings

ANOTHER case in which too much confidence was placed in one man has developed at Peoria, Ill. Newton C. Dougherty, president of the school board and of the Peoria National Bank, is in jail charged with embezzling school and bank funds. His peculations extend over a number of years and every day seems to unearth some additional fraudulent transaction. The number of indictments is expected to reach 150. The bank was compelled to close its doors, but it is thought that all depositors can be paid in full. Mr. Dougherty is an educator of note and has held high positions of trust in many places. His downfall comes as a shock to the community, but it is the old, old story. We should safeguard our public officials so that they do not have to withstand too many temptations to go wrong.

THE Chicago school board is endeavoring to restrain the high school fraternities in that city. Recently two nonmembers were dragged into the Phi Alpha Omega house and beaten. The victim's parents intend to prosecute the boys who committed the assault. At present the school board is restrained by an injunction from interfering with the fraternities, but the evil has become so great that most of the school officials are determined to take action in some way to counteract it.

THE will of Mary Irene Hoyt was recently filed for probate in the surrogate's office in New York. The valuation of her estate is estimated at $1,000,000. Miss Hoyt's father died in 1882 and out of an estate of $10,000,000 she was bequeathed only $15,000. She made an unsuccessful attempt to break the will and the contest occupied the attention of the court for many years. In her will Miss Hoyt bequeathed $7,500 to Ralph Saier, of Demorest, N. J., and the residuary estate is given to her friend, Miss Garlic. The will contains this clause: "In making the foregoing disposition of my estate, I state that I have not overlooked the fact that I have relatives living, but I do not desire that any of them shall participate in my estate."

ILLINOIS officials have decided not to take any action in the insurance scandal until the New York Commisson has finished its investigation and made its report. This seems to be the wisest course to take. Nevada has debarred the New York Life Company and Missouri threatens to do so unless certain demands are complied with. These actions hinder rather than help the New York investigation. As there is no question concerning the solvency of the companies under investigation and as the New York Committee is doing its work with the utmost thoroughness, it seems as though the other States would better keep hands off until it is through. This seems to be the sentiment of the governors and insurance commissioners of most of the States.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT recently held a conference with the heads of the athletic departments of several Eastern universities, with a view of making war on brutal college sport. Mr. Roosevelt makes this move not as President of the United States but as an American citizen and the father of a college boy who has just come out of a football game with a "slit eyebrow" and a "cauliflower ear." In a speech at Harvard, made last June, Mr. Roosevelt said:

"Brutality in playing a game should awaken the heartiest and most plainly shown contempt for the player guilty of it, especially if this brutality is coupled with a low cunning in committing it without getting caught by the umpire. I hope to see both graduate and undergraduate opinion come to scorn such a man as one guilty of base and dishonorable action, who has no place in the regard of gallant and upright men."

The recent conference was addressed by the President in much the same way. It is understood that the college men will endeavor to have action taken along the lines of their talk with the President.

CHARLES E. CHAPIN, of Berkeley, Cal., is the inventor of a respiratory apparatus for the use of firemen, which has stood some severe tests. It consists of a hood lined with oiled silk and an air cylinder strapped on the back, carrying enough air to last an hour. The air is conducted by a rubber tube to the headpiece, the exhaled air passing out through a valve before the mouth.

THE increased receipts during the month of September have brought the Treasury deficit down to $9,623,536, as compared with $18,000,000 a year ago.

PRESIDENT HARPER, of the University of Chicago, is perhaps nearing the end of life. The attending physicians are seriously considering another very critical operation, that of removing a part of the large intestine, with the hope that the growth of the cancer may be checked, and inserting an artificial organ. Such an operation is rarely attempted, and seldom successful, but it is claimed that it will be his last and only chance of recovery.

JAMES MILLIKEN, of Decatur, Ill., offered $900,000 for the university at that place bearing his name, on condition that another $100,000 be raised, which was done through the agency of the Cumberland Presbyterian church. Mr. Milliken now offers a million, provided the university raises an additional $300,000. This means another educational center for Illinois.

THE colleges of Japan now have some 5,000 Chinese students who are receiving an up-to-date education. They will return to China as missionaries of Japanese civilization.

THE late census of the Philippines shows that the forests in the islands, in which there are 747 varieties of woods, are worth about $3,000,000,000, or double those of the States of Oregon and Washington, which are especially strong in that particular asset. There are also great deposits of coal, iron and lead, and many indications of gold and silver, all of which represent a wealth of several billions more. The Philippines cost us $20,000,000, or what we paid Spain, and possibly the military and naval expenditures, on account of the islands, cost us $400,000,000 or $500,000,000. But even if these figures are quadrupled, the United States certainly made a good bargain.

THE Labor Department of New York State claims that there are fewer idle wage-earners in the State than ever in recent years. The cost of buildings projected in the first six months of this year exceeded the cost of those projected in the entire twelve months of 1902 or 1903.

ON account of ill health, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., retired from Wall Street, and will do some extensive traveling that he may regain his health.

AN order for 180,000 barrels of flour, to be delivered immediately, has been placed with a Seattle mill by Vladivostok flour merchants. Three special steamers have been chartered to carry the shipment.

DUNDEE is the only large town in Scotland which has no Sunday street car service. Some time ago a vote was taken by the citizens which resulted in a majority against running cars on Sunday. What do we Americans think of this?

A FORGER secured $259,080 from the National City Bank of New York. No trace of him has been found.

THE Executive Committee of the General Educational Board, of New York, met in a special meeting recently, and there received six checks for $1,000,000 each and two for $2,000,000 each, drawn in favor of George Foster Peabody, treasurer, by the representative of John D. Rockefeller. This was only a fulfillment of the promise given by Mr. Rockefeller last June, that he would give $10,000,000 for the cause of higher education throughout the United States.

THE National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, Ohio, dismissed three hundred members of the typographical union last week for having failed to obey an order to assemble and listen to addresses made by the company officials on the labor situation. The order followed on the heels of a refusal to grant the demand for increased wages.

IT is announced that Joseph W. Fifer will retire from the interstate commerce commission in January.

IT is said that more Americans visited Yellowstone National Park this summer than ever before. Fully 20,000 persons have visited the park since the season opened. The record for last year states only 13,000.

FAMINE in all its horrors is again visiting many parts of India. In a number of sections of that country there has been no rain for a year, crops have entirely failed, wells have gone dry, and the people and their cattle are starving.

PLANS are being executed to connect Lake Erie with the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The Lake Erie and Ohio River Shipbuilding Canal Company and the officials of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Ship Canal Company are in charge of the work. The canal will be about one hundred and five miles long, and it is thought the cost will reach $30,000,000.

PROF. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, of Cambridge University, has in view a scheme to excavate Herculaneum. He reports that influential personages have promised him their support, and it is believed that the plan will yet be carried out.

RECENTLY a man arrested at Butte, Mont., turned out to be the long-sought-for kidnapper, Pat Crowe, who planned to get money from a wealthy packer by the name of Eddy Cudahy, at Omaha, Nebr., in 1900. Crowe declares that young Cudahy himself made the proposition of kidnapping and ransom, and actually got $6,000 of the ransom.

IT is reported that a great oil field has been discovered in South Africa. A tract of 30,000,000 acres in Northwestern Karroo, Cape Colony, is supposed to contain the extensive deposits.

HOME DEPARTMENT

A HOUSEHOLD PSALM.

SELECTED BY CLAUDE H. MURRAY.

Take up the Harp of Life now and sing a true song—

Of her whose fruitful love hath filled thy house with the joy and laughter of children.

Who hath often gone down into the Shadow for thee, while thou hast hardly pained thy little finger for her sake.

Who sees her beautiful youth departing without regret, content to find it again in the daughters springing up at her side.

Whose only error hath ever been in loving thee too much.

Whose love, humble yet divine, teaches thee more than all the treasure of thy books and hath ever enriched thee beyond thy dreams.

Filling the house with its spirit of quiet sacrifice and shaming the self in those that look upon it.

Knowing no fickleness or unrest—such as thy bloom often accuses thee of—nor ever harboring a thought of falsehood.

Giving thee ever more than thy due, though thou askest so much,—nay, putting God himself in her debt.

Walking in a better way by a sure instinct, yet going not so far ahead but that the radiance which lights her may still fall on those who stumble fearfully behind.

Striving to lead her little flock to heaven, yet unwilling to leave one behind, though it be at the peril of her soul.

Praying silently against all things that vex her path; setting her pure and sinless hope against the worst that the world can do.

Believing in God, and still believing in God, and always believing in God, with a faith that gives religion its best sanction.

Happy for thee if thou shalt be deemed worthy to clasp her hand at the Awakening—ah! well thou knowest thou are most unworthy. God knows it too, but even he hath not power to make her happy without thee.

Think of this now and then during the days she may be left to thee.

—Michael Monahan, in "The Papyrus."

A HEART-TO-HEART TALK TO YOUNG WOMEN.

ETTIE E. HOLLER.

THE young women of to-day are showing the world that they can be as successful in the educational field, and in various business fields, as men. And it is our duty to try to be successful in some occupation, even though it be the art of cooking and housekeeping, because this is as necessary with your education as a pipe is to a stove. Many young women are availing themselves of the opportunities they have and with their different occupations are not forgetting the higher life.

But with all this, there are some young women, it seems, whose highest object in life is to dress, to follow Dame Fashion in all her wicked ways. They are forgetting and abusing their own womanhood. But what is womanhood? To be a woman in the truest and highest sense of the word is to be the best thing on earth. Every young woman should possess a true womanhood. To be a woman means more than to grow to the physical stature of a woman, to be eighteen or twenty years old.

One does not need to be beautiful, or have a perfect form, to be a true woman. Far from it. Some of the world's greatest and best women have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance.

Beauty is a dangerous gift. Like wealth it has ruined its thousands. Just tell a girl she is beautiful and nine cases out of ten you have given her a good start to be a spoiled girl. Many girls think they were created to be looked at. And they try to make a show of themselves in every way possible, often at the expense of character. And believing and acting thus they soon become good for nothing else.

True, now it is not always this way. And it ought not so to be. Beauty is lovely and should be innocently possessed. Beauty hath power and should and could be used for good purposes. Every girl of beautiful face and features ought to cultivate a beautiful heart and mind.

"A woman's true worth is to be estimated by the real goodness of her heart, the greatness of her soul, and the sweetness of her character." "Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies."

Kindness is woman's chief glory. It is the sword with which she conquers, and the charm with which she captivates. Every girl should be gentle;—not weak, but gentle, kind, affectionate, chaste and meek. Girls, cultivate these heavenly graces.

Every young woman should possess sufficient force of character to hold a steady moral sway over her male associates, to keep them from becoming such lawless rowdies. But many do not. Why? Because their moral wills are not resolute. Girls, be firm, bold and determined when it comes to doing that which is right in the sight of God.

Young women do not want drunkards for hus-

ands, yet they will drink beer with a fast young an. They would not use profane language, yet they ill go in society with men who are very profane. hey would not think of being irreligious, but they ow that they love the company of persons who are ery irreligious,—speak lightly of religion and take e name of God in vain. They would not be licen-ous, but they have no stunning rebuke for the li-entious men, and will even be in their company. hese are virtues, if I dare call them virtues, of too any young women to-day.

A young woman by living a consistent Christian fe can exert an untold power. Persons, I care not ow wicked they may be, will respect a young Chris-an woman wherever they see her, and they will not e her where a Christian should not be, if she is true her religion. Girls, do not think lightly of your eligion and act in a way that people will have to say does you no good. We were designed by our reator for a high and noble purpose—that of doing ood to others, of making others happy. Another ing, Never, never sacrifice your religion for any erson, I care not who he may be. Let us live as ear to our Creator as is possible for us, and that is ery near.

Hagerstown, Ind.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

MAUD HAWKINS.

Do we all improve our opportunities to do good hen they are with us? Alas, I think not. We think e present opportunity too trivial for our considera-on. A chance to do good seldom or never occurs it once. When we see a boy rude and going down e road to ruin, do we try to rescue him? Yes, per-aps we tell him he is going wrong, or we give him a cture on his moral conduct, but if he puts us off with laugh or a derisive answer, we say, "Well, there is use, I have no influence over him; he is lost; he ever thinks of what I have said or done, only to eer at my efforts."

But that is not true. He *may* sneer; he *may* laugh; it down deep in his boyish heart there is a respect r you and for what you have said. He dare not dmit it to his companions and possibly neither to mself.

So do not despair if you do not see the direct result your endeavors. I remember once in my school a ry bad boy. I thought it a very good field to work , and I immediately set forth to endeavor to reform m at once. But I found it no easy task. I could t make any impression on him in the least. I was et in every instance with ridicule. I never used any arsh methods, was very patient and tried what moral asion would do.

The section in which the school was situated was not noted for its refinement and culture and I was trying, among other things, to see what improvement I could make in their daily manners. One of the rules of etiquette that I was endeavoring to train them in was the act of lifting the hat on meeting a lady and of removing it when entering a room. This seemed a terrible thing for this particular boy to do, as it is for a great many other boys. But, while I succeeded fairly well with most of them, he stood firm in his belief that, as he stated it, the women were no better than he and he would never be seen taking off *his* hat to them. "No siree! I am not silly enough for that." He did not have time for such foolishness. No one but dudes and dandys did so. And similar ungentlemanly remarks were often all the response I could get for my entreaties.

Finally I became discouraged and gave up my attempt as a failure. School soon closed and Fred and I parted to our different stations in life. A little more than a year after I was traveling in a town that I had never entered before. Walking up the street with the firm belief that there was no one there who had ever seen or heard of one so obscure as myself, I was surprised on seeing a ragged boy who was ascending some steps to a shabby house. As soon as he observed me he stopped immediately, looked at his ragged coat, took another step, hesitated, brushed his shaggy hair down behind, then waited until I reached him. Then no Lord Chesterfield could have doffed his hat more gracefully (anyway to me it seemed so), for the smile that accompanied the act was genuine and came from the bottom of his little heart.

"Why, Fred, is it really you? I am so glad to see you." And I shook the grimy little hand outstretched to me with genuine pleasure and pride, for was not this the result of MY labors? I did not say a word about my happy surprise in regard to his improved manners, but apparently took it as an established fact that that was just what he was expected to do and that he always did it.

I learned afterward that he admitted to an intimate friend that all of these talks that Miss —— gave him sank deep into his heart, and although he tried to appear not to care about them when in her presence, when she talked so good to him and reasoned with him, he would rather that she had taken a horsewhip to him. Now no boy relishes a horsewhip.

I never saw Fred after that day, but I firmly believe that he profited as well by all the other good things which I endeavored to impress upon his mind.

Towanda, Pa.

THE largest wooden statue in the world is to be seen in Tokio, Japan. It is fifty-four feet high, and the head will hold twenty people.

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

ESTHER.—Rom. 8: 28-39.

For Sunday, October 29, 1905.

I. Hadassah the Orphan.
1. Provided for by Mordecai, ...Esther 2: 7
2. Selected from Many Others, ...Esther 2: 8
3. Why Vashti was Dethroned, ...Esther 1: 12

II. Esther the Queen.
1. Mordecai Discloses a Plot, ...Esther 2: 21-23
2. Haman Seeks Revenge, ...Esther 3: 1-8
3. The Murderous Decree, ...Esther 3: 8-15
4. Esther's Feast.

III. Haman's Downfall.
1. Builds a Gallows, ...Esther 5: 14
2. Esther's Request for the Jews, ...Esther 7: 1-5
3. Haman Accused and Hanged, ...Esther 7: 10

IV. Mordecai's Advancement.
1. From Lowest to Highest Place, ...Esther 8: 1-3
2. Esther's Golden Sceptre, ...Esther 8: 3-7
3. The Right Will Prevail.

Text.—Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulations, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?—Rom. 8: 35.

References.—Jer. 31: 3; Hos. 11: 4; Rom. 8: 35; 13: 10; Gal. 5: 6, 22; Psa. 145: 20; 146: 8, 4, 5; John 13: 1; Prov. 20: 6; 3: 6; Isa. 50: 10; Luke 16: 10; Job 13: 15; 1 Cor. 1: 9; Matt. 21: 21; Psa. 31: 23; 89: 1; Heb. 10: 23; Rev. 2: 10; Micah 7: 18; James 5: 11.

The Queen.

ESTHER was a captive in a strange land, but by this time it may have seemed like home to her, as some time had gone by since the Jews were banished from Jerusalem. The king selected her for his queen without knowing that she was a Jewess. We are told that she obtained favor of all them that looked upon her. We believe that she was beautiful, that she had gracious manners, and a sweet disposition. We know that she was very courageous, that she was not daunted by the thought of personal danger; because when it became necessary for her to venture before the king unannounced, she told her uncle Mordecai to ask the Jews to fast for three days and nights, she and her maidens would also fast, "and so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish."

Her Loyalty.

She was queen of Persia, but that did not shake her allegiance to her own people, the poor, captive Jews. Some women in her position would have been ready and eager to forget and cast off all the old religion, and quickly embrace the religion of the court and the king, ready to forsake God and kneel down to the god of Persia. But not Esther. She was true and loyal t the God of her fathers, to her own family, and to th Jews, her people.

Am I Loyal to Christ?

Do I love Jesus with all my heart and soul an strength? Am I ready to stand up for him no matte what the temptation to deny him? Each of us shoul ask himself these questions. We admire Quee Esther for her brave loyalty, let us not fall behind One boy, a newcomer in a village, was urged by hi companions to go into the saloon with them and tak a drink. His polite refusal made them think he migh yield if urged more strongly. At last he said, "I hav positive orders not to go into such a place, so it's n use to urge me." "Don't be silly," said the leader o the crowd, and how much afraid many boys and girl are of the leader in any crowd. "You are no baby tie to mother's apron-string. Come along, like a man. "Yes, yes, come along," said the others. "Show u your orders," said one at last. The new boy hande him a slip of paper on which was written, "Enter no into the path of the wicked, nor go in the way of ev men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pas away." "I am not going to disobey God's orders, said the boy as he turned away.

One Bow Short.

Haman, the Agagite, who stood in high favor wit the king, had almost everything to make him happy so far as honor and worldly success could go. Bu in talking it over at home, he said, "Yet all this avai eth me nothing so long as I see Mordecai the Jew i the king's gate." Though everybody else in the cit prostrated themselves before Haman, so long as ol Mordecai sat motionless when he passed by he wa one bow short, and he was willing to risk all he ha to get that bow from Mordecai. And so he plotted t destroy all the Jews in Persia, and that would includ Mordecai.

Esther's Bravery.

The king was cruel, he took delight in torturin his subjects, and to appear before him without bein summoned was a crime punishable by death. But sh said, "If I perish, I perish," and so she ventured b fore the king, who held out the golden sceptre fo her. The consciousness that all the Jews were fastin before God, for her, must have given her courag An eminent minister, congratulated on his wonderf power in the pulpit, said, "I ought to speak wit

ower. A half hour before each service twenty-five f my most devoted young men gather in my study, nd a volume of prayer goes up to God for me. Then go into the pulpit and stand on the prayers of those wenty-five young men. No wonder you think I preach ell." Pray for your ministers, it is a difficult thing o move a prayerless congregation.

No Compromise.

We are told that when General Grant was in Paris he president of France, as a special token of respect, nvited him to occupy a place on the grand stand to witness the racing which occurs in that country on unday. To decline such an invitation was unheard f, but General Grant wrote a polite note, saying: It is not in accordance with the custom of my coun- y or with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday n that way." And when Sunday came, General Grant as one of the quiet worshipers in the American hapel.

Her People Were Saved.

God came to the help of his people; when Esther, n tears, pleaded for them, the king did what he could oward their protection. If you and I will risk all or the sake of Jesus we shall not lose our reward.

Topics for Discussion.

1. David Risked his Life to Save Israel. 1 Sam. 8: 40-58.

2. The Idolatry of the Jews Led to their Captivity. er. 52: 1-12.

3. The Eunuch was True and Faithful. Jer. 38: -14.

4. Four Young Jews were Loyal. Dan. 1: 17.

5. Give an Account of Haman's Plot.

THE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

The Meetings.

We are anxious about our young people's meetings hroughout our Brotherhood. They are the means f great power to our church, if encouraged as they hould be. The Sunday school and these meetings are raining the future workers of our church. Have you a share in this great work? Remarks under our con- stitution have it that the president, secretary and reasurer shall be selected by the church. Sometimes oung people are timid, and cannot plead their case ery well in a church council; can you help them by elling the brethren of the good these meetings have done in many churches?

Once in a great while we find an elder opposed to hem. He thinks that there is danger in them. He is conscientious in the matter, but if you will patiently and kindly explain to him the advantage of giving our children something to do on Sunday evenings, of sociability if they meet often, of the discovery of talent, and of using their talents also, and much other good that we have not time to speak of now, you will find him ready to help you organize a Christian Workers' meeting, with its program on missions once a month. And he becomes a worker too.

Ye are Straitened in Your Affections.

If we love much we are ready to do much for love's sweet sake; and life is truly worth living. It is when we begin to calculate and selfishly try to draw all good to ourselves, when our affection narrows, that there is trouble and gloom and discontent.

Mark Guy Pearse, who has been doing a great work in London among the poor, finds much joy in life, his soul is full of joy. At the close of an address he said, "The daily witnessing of Christ's power to lift up fallen humanity makes life full of radiance. The sky is always blue above my head; the sun is always shining, and in my heart a lark is always singing." We have just read a letter from one of our Circle members, in which she says, "I hope some day to offer myself to the mission board for service as a missionary." And she does not lament about it, but looks forward to it as a joyous privilege.

For the selfish, Christless soul, life is often dreariness and disappointment; excitement and amusement must take the place of the joy and peace of the Christian who loves as Christ loved.

HABITUAL KINDNESS.

There is no gift of grace that goes farther towards making one beloved than the art of simple kindness. Just to be kind, in smile and word and deed, is the shortest, surest road to have power over other lives. It is better to be kind than brilliant; one brings affection and loyalty; the other usually brings in its train only envy and bitterness. This adornment of simple kindness is one within the reach of everybody. There is no person so untalented as to be incapable of habitual kindness. The grace is one that grows in any soil, and beneath clouds or sunshine, snow or rain. It has taken centuries for men to grow into anything like an adequate appreciation of the wondrous excellencies of Jesus; but the humblest peasant by the Lake of Galilee or upon the hills of Judea could instantly discern and understand his simple kindness; for kindness is the universal language. —*Westminster.*

In the mountains of the Tyrol it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is the close of the day and sing. Their husbands and brothers answer them from the hills on their way homeward.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter L.

Athens, Greece.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

It is well known to the pupils of the Mayville school that Miss Gertrude has often taught that the world has had three capitals; that Jerusalem was the ancient religious capital of the world; Rome was the political capital, and Athens the educational center. It is interesting to stand here in this city, which is now noted for its ruins only, but which was once the mistress of the arts and sciences. We can but mention a few things that are to be seen here now that call to memory the things of the past which were important to the world at that time.

The most imposing feature of our investigations is the Acropolis. The word itself means a city of temples and that is what it verily is. The Beulah gate was added to it by the Franks in 1000 A. D. The Acropolis is situated upon a very high hill, the approach to which is made by a long series of stone steps. There are many temples within erected to the many different gods of the Greeks; the most imposing perhaps that erected to the goddess Athena. The first is Venus, a small temple near the entrance. This is the beginning of the sacred way that leads to the top, where chariots went up with the attire of Athena. Next is the Pilaza, or temple of nine gates, and next the large Parthenon, or the colossal temple of the virgin goddess. Many of the columns are broken and fallen; many of them measure six feet at the base, and four and a half feet at the top; they are principally of the Ionian style, and the joints are so perfect that one can hardly tell where one section ends and where another begins.

Miss Gertrude thinks I ought to take the time and space to tell you of a legend that says a certain son of Ægean, called Thesis, went to war under the direction of his father. He was instructed to go out with a black sail and come back with a white one, if victorious; if not, to leave the sail as it was. The boy was victorious, but in his joy forgot to change the sail; his father thought he had been defeated and this grieved him so much that he jumped from the Acropolis to the stones below to end his life, which he thought was ruined. Ever since, this water has been called the Ægean Sea.

In the museum we saw a sea monster of the seventh century B. C., and a lion of the sixth century; dozens of statues that were broken by the Persians, especially one of Hercules and the great serpent Tretan.

Mars' Hill, of which you have heard so much in Sunday school, is a solid rock of very small dimensions. We were utterly surprised when we found that the entire top of Mars' Hill was not larger than the campus of the Mayville school ground. While the Acropolis contains seven acres, Mars' Hill will hardly comprise two. It is immediately in front of the ancient market place, and between the Acropolis and the temple of Thesis, with basilica, where the altar to the unknown god (Acts 17: 16-34) is erected that Brother Dawson preached about so much. We decided that we could write no better description of it than what Luke gives of it in his account, for it fits the description exactly. And a man with the advantage of the oratorical power of Paul could easily reach several thousand people in the market place at this point. The temple of Jupiter, built about 111 A. D., stands in the distance in a ruin of fifteen columns.

We were disappointed in not going to Corinth. On account of the condition of our vessel we concluded we would better not risk it. It is quite a ways over there and the trip has to be made by a drive overland. We all hated it because of the sacred associations of the place with the life of the apostle Paul, but the boys say they would like very much to have seen the spot where Diogenes used to live, when Alexander came to see him and found him lying in the sunshine on the south side of the hovel, and while standing there pitying him, the philosopher awoke. On being asked whether any favors might be conferred upon him, he growled, "Yes, get out of my sunshine."

When we got back to the vessel that night there was almost mutiny on board. The cold, heartless way in which we were left at the mercy of the French steamship company had agitated all the American blood and the English pride, and the mass meeting of the first and second-class passengers was called upon the upper deck. A speaker was elected, who spoke as follows: "Fellow passengers, we are stranded here in this harbor on a broken vessel, she will not be able to move for some weeks; the sanitary conditions will not allow us to remain here longer. The steamship company has made no arrangements for our removal; they will neither take us to a hotel nor reship us to our respective destinations. They also decline to pay us back our gold. What shall we do?" Many heated arguments were presented in almost every tongue of the Mediterranean coast. Talk about your Philadelphia lawyers, it would have taken an oriental polyglot to tell what was being said, but I can guess at the results. A committee was appointed to telegraph Paris and Marseilles for a refund of our tickets. This was finally accomplished and the committee proceeded to provide means of transportation for the different sections of the party. The Turkish passengers were sent to Constantinople on a freight boat "Tabor"; the third and fourth class passengers, in a stock ship "Duro" to Smyrna. The rest of us were sent directly to Beirut via Cyprus in a little Greek vessel "Byzantion."

If the people at the tower of Babel had any more confusion than we did trying to get all of our goods and more and get on the proper vessel, I don't think I would have enjoyed being there. There were Syrians, Jews, English, Turks, Germans, Armenians, Americans, Egyptians and French and we were all very much dissatisfied with the treatment we had received by the Messargerie Company.

The little boat was two hundred and fifty feet long with no ballast except fuel and baggage, and of course would bounce around on the water like a cork on a wash tub.

Yours sincerely,

Marie.

(To be Continued.)

No legacy is so rich as honesty.—*Shakespeare.*

The Q. & A. Department.

[The following were sent by a regular subscriber of the nglenook, and instead of taking them separately we take hem collectively and answer them as one question, in rder that they may be preserved together.—Ed.]

Why are the following days so called? Explain each f them.

St. Valentine's Day is the interval of time beginning and ending with the passage of the vernal equinox over the meridian. It is uniformly equal to 23 ours, 56 minutes and 4 seconds. For further light n this we refer you to INGLENOOK, February 14, page 55, an article written by Miss Adelaide McKee Koons.

St. Patrick's Day is observed by the Irish in honor f St. Patrick, on March 17. He was an apostle or the atron saint of Ireland and is supposed to have died bout 460.

Whit Sunday is the seventh Sunday after Easter nd is a festival of the church in commemoration of he descent of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost.

Whit Monday is the day following Whit Sunday, nd in England is generally observed as a holiday.

Hallow-eve should be called "Hallowe'en." It is he evening of October 31, or the eve of Allhallow r All Saints' Day. It is the occasion of certain popuar superstitions and observances in many Christian ountries, we are sorry to say, in which various witchs and imps of all kinds are supposed to be specially cting. In Scotland the people of both sexes celerate the evening by meetings where mystical and layful sermons are playfully performed, with a view f revealing future husbands and wives. In the United tates it is celebrated by the semi-barbarous upturnng of buildings, daubing red paint, putting vehicles n the combs of buildings, pulling up cabbage, and doing all sorts of things that decent people would not e found participating in any other day in the year.

All Saints' Day is a feast of martyrs and saints oberved as early as the 4th Century. In the Greek hurch it occurs on the first Sunday after Pentecost. n the Latin church the 13th of May, since Gregory II, on the next day after Hallowe'en.

All Souls' Day, in the Roman Catholic church, is he second day of November, kept in commemoration f all the faithful departed, for the eternal repose of heir souls, to which end the masses and offices of the ay are directed. It is the day following the feast of ll Saints' Day, which is the day following Hallowe'en.

Shrove Tuesday is the Tuesday before the first day n Lent, or Ash Wednesday, so called from the custom f making confession on that day in preparation for ent. The day formerly was, and, in some places, still is passed in suppers and merry making. It is sometimes called "Pancake Tuesday."

Ash Wednesday is the first day of Lent, and is so named from the custom in the western church, Catholic, of sprinkling ashes on the heads of penitents who are admitted to penance on that day. The origin of this ceremony is attributed to Gregory the Great. The ashes are consecrated on the altar, sprinkled with holy water, signed with the cross, and then sprinkled on the heads of the clergy and people, while the priest says, "Remember that thou art dust and unto dust shalt thou return."

Christmas. Wherever Christians are found Christmas is supposed to celebrate the birth of Christ, and is generally conceded to be the 25th day of December; however, the evening of the 24th is called Christmas. Gifts of all sorts and kinds are made to friends and children, the idea of which was formerly to commemorate the great gift that God gave the world, but it has long since been forgotten by the misuse of it.

Easter Sunday, a festival observed in the Christian church in early times to commemorate the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. There is from 13 days to 15 weeks' difference in the time of observance between the Greek and the Latin churches, but in our country Easter is the Sunday which follows that 14th day of the calendar moon which falls upon or next after the 21st day of March.

Easter Monday, of course, is the day following Easter Sunday.

Ascension Day is forty days after Easter, on which the ascension of Christ is commemorated and is sometimes called holy Thursday.

Decoration Day is the day set apart in the United States for observances in memory of the soldiers and sailors who fell in the Civil War from 1861-65, originally called Memorial Day. May 30 has been decided upon as the legal holiday in most States. The custom is observed both in the North and the South.

Good Friday is the Friday before Easter, in memory of the crucifixion of Christ, of which this day is taken as an anniversary in the Greek and Roman Catholic churches; it is a solemn fast.

Thanksgiving Day is a day set apart for public celebration of divine goodness, especially in the United States. It is an annual festival appointed by proclamation of the president of the United States and held usually on the last day of November. The first celebration of this kind was held by the Plymouth Colony in 1621.

MISCELLANEOUS

BEAUTIFUL LIVING.

REV. I. MENCH CHAMBERS.

Keep the sunshine in your heart,
Wear a smile;
Live a happy, hopeful life
All the while;
Do some helpful work each day
As God's leading lights the way.

Ask for calmness from above;
Keep your place;
Let the Master's mind and thought
Help you trace
Heaven's purpose day by day,
In noiseless, tender way.

Days will come and days will go,
Yet 'tis well;
For in joy or sorrow's hour,
Life shall spell
God's dear message, line by line,
In this life of yours and mine.

—American Messenger.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE most expensive lace manufactured to-day is valued at $5,000 a yard.

The capital stock of railroads in the United States is more than $6,150,000,000.

Soft wood is now hardened and toughened by a process of vulcanizing.

The Czar of Russia, with his 90,000,000 acres, is the biggest land owner in the world.

On American railroads annually 675,000,000 passengers are carried 21,500,000,000 miles.

Late estimates place the population of the world at 1,503,300,000.

The population of Japan increased from 33,110,793 in 1872 to 47,304,999 in 1893.

Germany exported last year over $30,000,000 worth of books and works of art. England and the United States were her best customers.

At present writing there are 12,520 boys and four thousand girls in the industrial schools of Great Britain.

The most costly harness ever made for four horses was ordered in England some months ago by the Khedive of Egypt. The cost was $50,000.

Happiness is not in having what we like but in liking what we have.

The sense of the all-seeing eye ought to save us from the all-sounding I.

The man who learns by his mistakes soon discovers that there is no graduating from that school.—*Glen Mills Daily.*

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An opener for the jaws of death.
A lock for the trunk of an elephant.
A shoe for the foot of a mountain.
A tombstone for the dead of night.
A blanket for the cradle of the deep.
A feather for the wing of the wind.
A pair of glasses for the eyes of the law.
A razor to shave the face of the earth.
A key to the lock of the door of success.
A thermometer to measure the heat of an argument.

BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD.

BACKWARD, turn backward, oh, time, in your flight feed me on gruel jest for to-night. I am so weary of sole-leather steak, petrified biscuit and galvanized cake; oysters that sleep in a watery bath, and butter as strong as Goliath, of Gath. Weary of paying for what I can't eat, chewing up rubber and calling it meat. Backward, turn backward, how weary I am give me a swipe at grandmother's jam; let me drink milk that hasn't been skimmed; let me eat butter whose whiskers are trimmed; let me once more have an old-fashioned pie, then I'll be ready to curl up and die.—*A Soldier's Diary.*

THERE will be opened soon on the Alpine Peak of Ollen, on Monte Rosa, the most elevated literary and scientific institution in the world. Its altitude will be 10,000 feet. The library, which will take the name of Queen Margherita, owes its organization to her majesty, supported by ministers and many eminent persons in Italy and abroad. It will comprise all the books, sculpture, landscape and photographs obtainable relating to the Alps.

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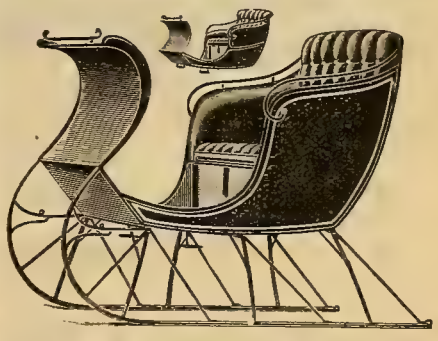
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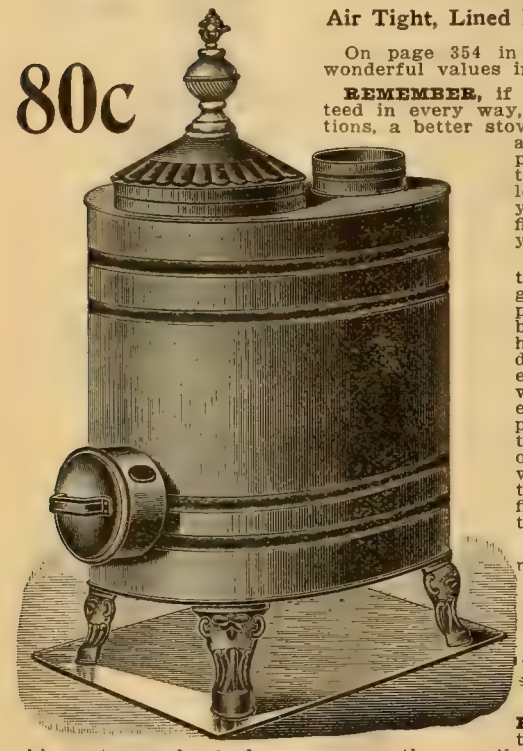
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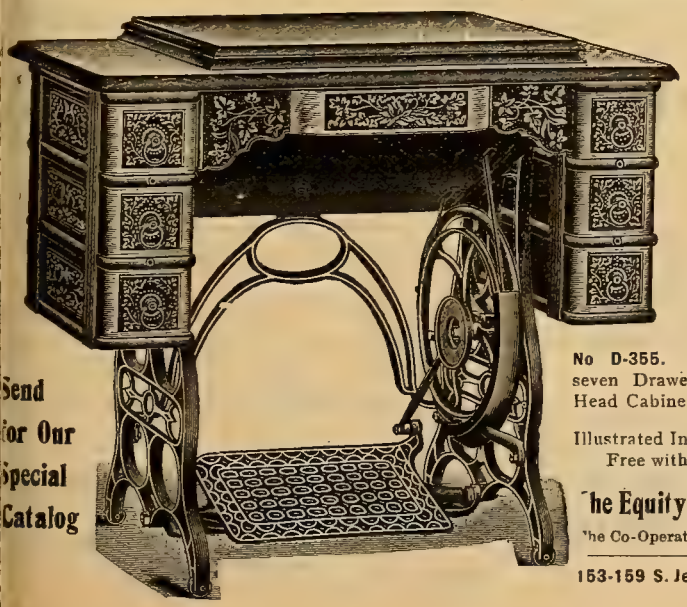
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Style B. Style C.

Style B.—The forepart of this bonnet is made of chenille and the crown and frill are of taffeta silk. It is made over a rice net foundation. Average cost of **made-to-order** bonnet like this one $2.30. **For making only**, 75 cents.

Style C.—This bonnet is made of straw cloth over rice net foundation. It has a chiffon lining and the ribbon is plaited so as to form the frill. Average cost of **made-to-order** bonnet, $2.40. **For making only**, 85 cts. Either of the above made in chenille or silk for winter wear.



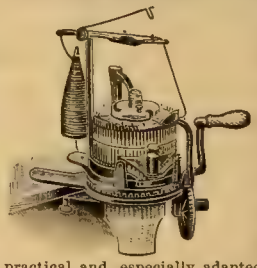
For One Bonnet we use 1 yd. Strawcloth, 1 yd. Rice Net, 2½ yds. Wire, 1½ to 2½ yds. Ribbon, ½ yd. Chiffon Lining, 1 yd. Braid for Trimming. Cost of material 98 cents to $2.25, depending on quality.

1st—Length over head.
2d—Width across back of neck.
3d—Width of forepart from where crown is set on, to the front edge.

Send us your measure and we will make you a Bonnet or Cap. We guarantee satisfaction.

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Dept. 9, CHICAGO, ILL.

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So simple a child can operate it. With this machine anybody can knit a pair of seamless stockings, heel and toe, in 30 minutes. Knits everything required in the household, from homespun or factory wool or cotton yarns such as stockings, mittens, scarfs, leggings, etc. Also put new feet in old stockings. The machine is durable, simple, practical and especially adapted to the requirements of the household. The work in every respect is equal to hand knitting. Full instructions accompany each machine. Price of machine complete, with heel attachment and No. 72 cylinder, $10.00. Price of the machine without the heel attachment, $7.50.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

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Do you have some magazine that you would like to have bound? Perhaps you have some books or Bibles, of special value to you, that you would like to have rebound. If so we can accommodate you.

We have an equipment equal to the best, in the book-binding line and can give you good and prompt service.

Write us, giving full particulars, size, etc., of what you want bound and we will quote you prices.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

Subscribe for the Ing'enook.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE INGLENOOK.

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You are familiar with the saying of Horace Greeley: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." The land now available in the Western States at a reasonable price is not worth while. We come to you with something that is worth while. "Save the best for the last" is an old saying, but we are proving it to you to-day, when we talk about the last "West."



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We own and offer for sale thousands of acres of land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our prices range from $5.00 to $20.00 per acre on easy terms. In some of our districts homesteads of 160 acres each can be obtained for $10.00 and three years' residence.

Is this worth while to you? If so, write to-day for particulars.

PIONEER REALTY COMPANY,

R. R. STONER, President.

231 Boston Block. **Minneapolis, Minn.**

People in Ohio and Eastern Indiana will address

DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio,

for Particulars.

New Silver Blocked Intaglio

TEXT CARDS

Mrs. Sarah Jennings

Numbers 312, 285, 321 and 283 are especially suitable for Sunday School Rewards The other numbers on this page are exceedingly desirable for the home. They present a very cheerful appearance and give inspiration to higher and better things.

No. 312.—SILVER STARS.



Cut out in shape of a star with effective border in silver. Each card corded. 24 cards in box, assorted texts, 25 cents. Size, 2¼x2¼ inches. Texts:

"God is Light."
"Walk in the Light."
"Follow His Steps."
"Abide in Him."
"God is Love."
"He is Precious."

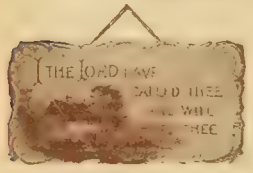
No. 321.—FLORAL VOICES.

Cut out in shape of a scroll, floral designs. Each card corded. 12 cards in box, assorted texts and designs, 25 cents. Size 3¾ x 5. Texts:

"I Love Them That Love Me."
"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."
"Love One Another, as I Have Loved You."
"We Love Him Because He First Loved Us."



No. 318.—LANDSCAPE GEMS.



An artistic series of text cards with fine landscape designs, embossed border. Each card corded. Price 5 cents each or 50 cents per dozen. Assorted texts and designs. Size 8¼ x 4. Texts:

"God Hath Reconciled Us To Himself."
"The Peace of God Shall Keep Your Hearts."
"Jesus: He Satisfieth the Longing Soul."
"I, The Lord Have Called Thee And Will Keep Thee."
"The Lord Will Hold Thy Right Hand."
"Do Those Things That Are Pleasing in His Sight."

No. 277.—FINLAND VIEWS.

A charming series of views from Finland on cut-out shield with effective silver border. Price, 10 cents each or $1.00 per dozen. Size, 6¼x8¾. Corded. Assorted texts and designs. Texts:

"Be Not Afraid, Only Believe."
"Hold Up My Goings In Thy Paths."
"Watch Ye, Stand Fast In The Faith."
"He Is Faithful That Promised."



No. 285.—FLOWERETS.



Cut out in shape of a shield with floral designs. Each card corded. Twenty-four cards in a box, assorted texts and designs, 25 cents. Size, 2¼ x 2. Texts:

"Learn of Me."
"Able to Keep."
"God Our Strength."
"God is Love."
"Rest in the Lord."
"Come Unto Me."

No. 283.—SUNBEAMS.

Cut out in shape of a shield with pretty landscape designs. Each card corded. 12 cards in a box, assorted texts and designs, 25 cents. Size, 3¾ x 3. Texts:

"He Will Be Our Guide."
"Lead Me In Thy Truth."
"Seek Ye The Lord."
"Stand Fast In The Lord."



No. 280.—SCRIPTURE EMBLEMS.

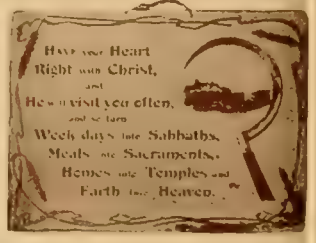


A pretty series of floral designs with emblematical silver embellishments in the form of a cross, crown, anchor and Bible. Size, 6¾ x 5¼ inches, corded. Price five cents each or fifty cents per dozen. Assorted texts and designs. Texts:

"I Have Redeemed Thee."
"Walk By Faith Not By Sight."
"The Lord Is My Strength."
"My Words Shall Not Pass Away."

No. 276.—SPURGEON'S QUOTATIONS.

A beautiful series of chromo cards with fine landscape designs and selected quotations from the late C. H. Spurgeon. Four different quotations. Price 15 cents each or $1.50 per dozen. Size, 10½x8. Corded. Assorted designs.



Brethren Publishing House,
ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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Spidle, Sarah January, 1966

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

ber 24, 1905 $1.00 per Year Number 43. Volume VII

Showing the Goods to the Man from Missouri.

In our journeying back and forth, across the Continent on the Union Pacific trains for years, we have often heard of the fertile valleys along the Upper Platte River and its tributaries and also of the rich gold, copper and coal mines.

While the writer is not from Missouri, he has all the ear-marks of one of those "Doubting Thomases" who say, "Show me." Hearing of this Mr. C. T. Ahlstrand, of Encampment, Wyoming, Superintendent of the Transportation Company for the Penn-Wyoming Copper Company, invited the writer to stop off at Walcott, Wyoming, and accompany him for a three days' drive through alfalfa, wheat and oat fields, irrigated with the waters of the Platte River and its tributaries, south of Walcott, and on up to the copper smelter, mines, etc., which invitation was accepted.

We were reminded of our first visit to the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia —as they say "Up South" and "Down North" there—as the Platte River in this section of Wyoming flows north the same as the Shenandoah flows north in Virginia; hence, it is proper to say "Up South" and "Down North."

We started up Pass Creek, which gets its name from the fact that it heads in Rattlesnake Pass, on the old trail of the "'49'er," who was en route to the gold fields of California. Space being limited, we will say nothing of thousands of acres of beautiful land we passed over, which is waiting for the enterprising Eastern man to come West and possess it, and turn the water, now going to waste, out over the prairies and make it bear alfalfa, wheat and oats.

The first view of the little city of Saratoga, with its brick stores, dwelling houses, churches and schoolhouses, nestling down on the banks of the Platte River, as you pass over the divide from Pass Creek, is indeed a surprise. We then passed over a fine steel bridge, spanning the Platte River and into the main street of the city. Going on we see the Bath House and Hotel at Saratoga Hot Springs. Looking into the stores, we note that they are up-to-date in every respect, and we stop at a three-story brick hotel, fitted with electric lights hot and cold water, and where dinner equal to the best along our railroads is served.

We are then prepared to start out and visit the fields in the valleys, where they are harvesting alfalfa, wheat and oats. We will not waste the time of the reader in trying to describe it, but will simply say that Mr. Ahlstrand drove away from the traveled roads, opened gates, let down bars, and for hours drove South up the Platte River through one field after another, until it was suggested we go on to Encampment and see what they have there.



Mr. C. T. Ahlstrand Showing Sugar Beet Grown in Platte Valley, Saratoga, Wyoming.

He again sprang a surprise on us as we ascended the divide between the Platte River and Encampment River, for, nestling down in the valley of the Encampment River, was the city of that name, which is a pretty sight, with its background of evergreen-clothed mountains. It cannot be described by my pencil, nor can the vast copper smelter with its sixteen miles of double-track overhead steel-wire tramway, that brings the copper ore from the mines over the mountains and through the valleys, to be turned into pure merchantable copper. We will let the kodak tell that story.

Nor will we try to tell how, the second morning, Mr. Ahlstrand drove us through field after field where they were harvesting alfalfa, wheat and oats, and up and up through the evergreen bordered roads, over mountain passes, until we came to the placer mines on Spring Creek about noon unhitching the team in as pretty a natural valley of meadow as one could ask to see,—valuable for that alone,—but Mr. Ahlstrand informed us that it overlaid about seven feet of gold-bearing gravel, carrying at least $1.00 worth of pure gold to the yard, and the valley is half a mile wide by eight or ten miles long.

During the dinner, of which we were hospitably urged to partake with the gold miners, who had just sat down to dinner, it was demonstrated what has often been stated by the writer: The miner lives well, regardless of the cost, and the farmer who lives near a mining camp gets good prices for his produce,—ham and eggs, bread and butter, vegetables, followed by fresh grapes, cantaloupes and peaches that are shipped in at great cost.

After dinner we were invited to go and see them wash out gold from the gravel and the writer himself washed out a few colors as the grains of gold are called. At 3 o'clock Mr. Ahlstrand called "All Aboard," for Saratoga and its hot springs.

In the course of the 3½ hours' drive he told us that improved farms in the valleys could be had at from $12 to $20 per acre; that the farmers sold their grain to the freighters at from $2 to $2.25 per hundred pounds, their alfalfa hay at from $5 to $7 per ton in the field, native wild hay at $12 per ton delivered; that the Transportation Company, of which he is superintendent, works from 150 to 200 head of horses and mules; that there were many other freighting and stage companies, all of whose teams had to be fed either by the local farmer or from grain shipped in; that the price of lumber was $12 per thousand feet at the saw mills in the surrounding mountains; that coal at the neighboring mines was $1 per ton.

By the time we got to Saratoga, we were all too tired to remember all he told us, so after eating supper and taking a hot bath at the Hotel Wolf, where we had dinner the day before we were glad to go to bed.

The third day was a repetition of the first, through gates and bars, alfalfa and grain fields, and back to the railroad. Mr. Ahlstrand drove us, and the "Doubting Thomas" acknowledged that the Platte Valley and its tributaries are hard to beat.

Geo. L. McDonaugh.

Omaha, Nebr.

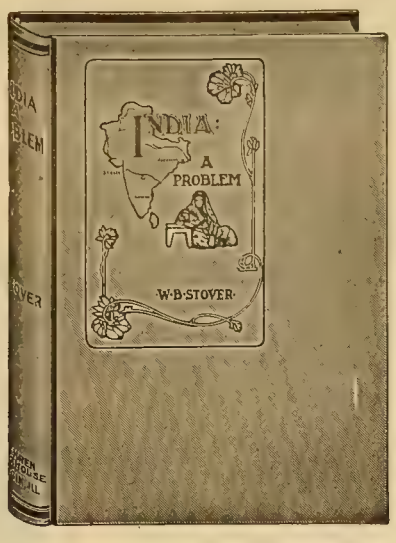
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We are using a first-class number six envelope and we are sure you will be pleased with them.

Price per pack of 25 postpaid,.....10 cents
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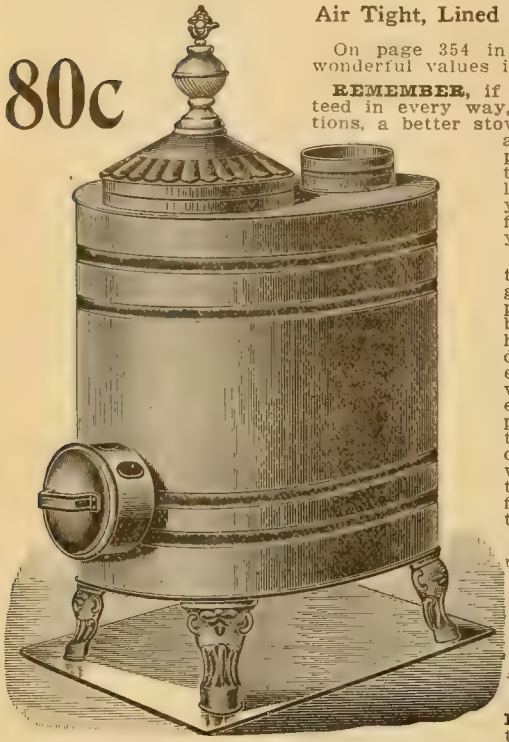
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Style B. Style C.

Style B.—The forepart of this bonnet is made of chenille and the crown and frill are of taffeta silk. It is made over a rice net foundation. Average cost of a **made-to-order** bonnet **like this one** $2.30. **For making only**, 75 cents.

Style C.—This bonnet is made of straw cloth over a rice net foundation. It has a chiffon lining and the ribbon is plaited so as to form the frill. Average cost of a **made-to-order** bonnet, $2.40. **For making only**, 85 cts. Either of the above made in chenille or silk for winter wear.

For One Bonnet we use 1 yd. Strawcloth, 1 yd. Rice Net, 2½ yds. Wire, 1½ to 2½ yds. Ribbon. ½ yd. Chiffon Lining, 1½ yd. Braid for Trimming. Cost of material 98 cents to $2.25, depending on quality.

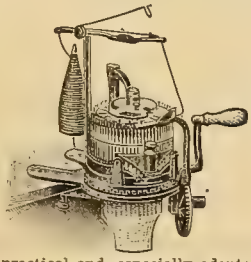


1st—Length over head.
2d—Width across back of neck.
3d—Width of forepart from where crown is set on, to the front edge.

Send us your measure and we will make you a Bonnet or Cap. **We guarantee satisfaction.**

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Dept. 9, CHICAGO, ILL.

A.B.D. IMPROVED FAMILY KNITTER



So simple a child can operate it. With this machine anybody can knit a pair of seamless stockings, heel and toe, in 30 minutes. Knits everything required in the household, from homespun or factory wool or cotton yarns, such as stockings, mittens, scarfs, leggings, etc. Also put new feet in old stockings. The machine is durable, simple practical and especially adapted to the requirements of the household. The work in every respect is equal to hand knitting. Full instructions accompany each machine. Price of machine complete, with heel attachment and No. 72 cylinder, $10.00. Price of the machine without the heel attachment, $7.50.

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Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE INGLENOOK

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FLOWERS AMID THE WEEDS.

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

Altho' I fail my goal to gain,
And the laurel wreath to find;
And in the race to the mount of fame
Am outstripped and left behind,
Shall I regret the path I chased
When storm-clouds o'er me sweep,
And see no light before me shine
And lay me down and sleep?

No, I would rather seek the light,
Whose quivering lancets fling
A ray of hope across my path,
As I follow on and sing;
Tho' I may not climb the dizzy heights
And grasp the laurel crown,
Yet I must scorn the humble flowers
Which, 'mid the thorns, are found.

I may not sing to a wand'ring world;
And in fame ne'er have a part;
Yet I've not tuned my lyre in vain
If I've touched some human heart;
If by one written word of mine
Some heart hath found the needs
Of a purer life and nobler aims—
Those are flow'rs amid the weeds.

Glen Easton, W. Va.

SELECTED SNAPSHOTS.

Be humble lest you stumble.

Time is the stuff life's made of.

Let the sunshine in. Be cheerful.

A good friend is better than gold.

It doesn't take any grit to grumble.

Everything comes to the person who goes after it.

A narrow-minded person is like a narrow-tired wagon,—gets in a rut and stays there.

Time is of no value to the man who fails to use it.

Don't lose your temper. Let the other fellow lose his.

It takes a good big person to accomplish some good little things.

The best-eyed people are those who are blind to some things.

The dewdrops of Paradise are not more pure than a mother's tears.

No man has a poorer outlook than he who is on the outlook for himself only.

Heaven will be a lonesome place for those who do not like common people.

A woman without religion is almost as unattractive as a girl without romance.

Tell me with whom thou art found, and I will tell thee who thou art.—Goethe.

Opportunity never waits: if you are not on hand some one else gets the chance.

Don't be grumpy, sour and glum. Keep out of the shadows. Nothing grows in them.

One cannot build mansions in the skies of bricks stolen from the poor.—Ram's Horn.

In the dark cloud of a great sorrow, the beautiful bow of God's promise is often seen if we look up.—Chaplin.

One may as soon find a living man that does not breathe, as a living Christian that does not pray. If prayerless, then graceless.—Matthew Henry.



The Old Doyle House

By PROF. G. W. FURREY



Chapter XII.

THE six months following the robbery of the miller's money drawer were rife with events and full of interest so that the quiet self-contentment and stolid indifference that once characterized the villagers had been replaced by a feverish interest in each other's affairs, which even approached mutual distrust and jealousy.

The over-haste of the miller's creditors and especially that of his rival at Monticello, aroused the just indignation of the whole community. His old friends and neighbors came to his rescue with a generosity born of deep sympathy. He was thus able to satisfy his creditors and the consequent increase in his custom had enabled him to pay all of his debts. The Monticello miller was not the least liberal after seeing how things were going, " for," thought he, " longer time will only be a longer rope in which he will become more entangled."

For nearly four months the eyes of all the villagers had been turned to the sick room in the mill cottage in which their angel waged a battle with the dark messenger. Night and day they had prayed and hoped for the better, but deep in their inmost hearts was a nameless dread which they dared not look in the face. But all that was over. For two months she had been with them again. And whereas she had been their idol before she was their angel now. Her long sickness, her long sojourn in the shadow of the cold valley seemed to have softened and sweetened her nature so that she seemed to even seek opportunities for showing her affection for them.

The search for Frank had been relentless. Besides the professional skill of the most successful detectives in Delphi, the whole country took up the search and every stranger was compelled to give a pretty straight account of himself or go to the lock-up. But, of course, it had been of no avail. Indeed there had been some hints that if the search had been for the " robber " instead of for " Frank," it might not have been so fruitless.

Charles had borne well his part. Not in the least embarrassed by the role he was playing, he met increased popularity with increased reserve. His part in the rescue of Maud had been grossly overdrawn and he had told the same lie so often that he was beginning to believe it himself, which is always the case with weak characters. As he became more and more lionized he was beginning to learn to roar—softly at first, but nevertheless an unmistakable roar. He felt that he was more of a man than even he had suspected. Only in the presence of Maud he was never at ease. He could ever feel the pure light of her innocent look burning the black lie in the hidden recess of his heart. In her presence he could not forget the firm look on the face of his rival as he disappeared under the ice. He had accepted the scholarship that had been tendered him on the non-appearance of the more successful competitor, so that during Maud's illness he had been away to school. But he had come home on his summer vacation shortly after her recovery.

It was now four months since the community had been startled by an announcement that appeared in the local newspaper printed at Delphi, stating that Francis Doyle, the only living representative of the Doyle estate, would enter upon the occupancy of his lands the first of October following the announcement, and warning all persons residing on said property to remove themselves and chattels before such time, on penalty of loss of such chattels and prosecution in accordance with the trespass laws of the State

At first the common indignation was boundless. The threat was made openly that any " Francis Doyle would be summarily chucked into the river, and if that did not serve to dampen his ardor and cool his ambition—" but the rest of the threat was never committed to word of mouth. After a while the excitement died down and everybody had begun to hope that it was a huge, practical joke. But their last spark of hope was extinguished that morning when the sheriff's deputy delivered to each the court's injunction restraining anyone from moving or causing to be moved any property, goods or chattels now situated upon the Doyle property.

No harder blow could have been dealt the people. Many were just ready to market their summer's crops. This order from the court could not be disregarded, nor could it be obeyed without bringing distress upon everyone affected. When it was learned that the mighty law house of Coe & Cobble was handling the case and that they had produced the injunction, they were hung in effigy. The excitement ran high. That night there was a vast concourse of people before the mill where often they had rallied when the political fever ran high. There were but two classes—the one directly menaced by the action of the court and the other drawn thither through fellow sympathy and interest. There was loud talking, many threats and some fights; for when the blood is hot offenses are easily given and easily taken and each offense is followed by a blow. The meeting had been without ap-

pointment and thus was without an organization or leader. There were calls for "Girard."

The miller, his face whiter than its customary floury hue, here stepped out on the mill platform and addressed them in these words:

"Friends and neighbors, your presence and the cloud of black despair that rests on all your faces sharpens the pain that has touched my heart. I see through your troubled eyes the wives and mothers weeping at the doors of their beloved hearthstones. I see children whom this cruel injunction leaves unhoused and unfed. It does not lighten my load to see that your shoulders are bleeding from one as great. Neither will it feed your children to hear the famished cries of mine for bread. This blow is none the less severe that it falls upon the heads of many instead of one. Then let us be united! Let us stand together or fall together, and if God in his infinite wisdom and mercy decrees that we must be cast adrift upon the great sea of distress, let us not despair, let us not murmur.

"But he has not so willed it. I know, absolutely know, that it is a cheat and a fraud that is being perpetrated against us. (Cries of "Hear! hear!") I know that the villain that is trying to steal the name of another is no Doyle. I know, for I raised him. I warmed the serpent at my breast and now receive his fangs. Coe and Cobble have undertaken, for the enrichment of their own coffers, to make an heir to the Doyle estate out of my former protege—Charles Brown."

At the mention of the name there were exclamations of surprise interspersed with muttered cursings of rage.

"Then why shall we succumb? Why shall we idly permit wrong to triumph over right? Let us proceed honorably and lawfully. Organize to-night. Pledge ourselves to peace and united action. Let no one disregard this mandate of the court. Stand together and we will challenge this impostor to prove his claims."

The general cheering that followed this speech gave evidence of the high esteem in which the miller was held, as well as the common approval of his words. Articles of agreement were drawn up conveying to Mr. Girard the power of attorney, and instructing him to employ the best counsel obtainable with a view of prosecuting the case to the bitter end. After affixing their signatures they returned to their homes with lighter hearts than when they had come.

Chapter XIII.

THE next morning after the mass meeting, the little village was wrapped in the quiet of slumber longer than was its wont. The unusual excitement and late hours of the night before were having their reaction. Only in the miller's cottage was there a stir, and the stillness of the morning was broken only by the monotonous "creak-creak" of the unoiled wooden journal of the large elevator wheel under the mill.

Mr. Girard, assisted by his wife and Maud, was just setting out for Delphi to get legal advice and to employ counsel on the charge that had been given him by his neighbors the evening before.

After his departure, Maud, going to the barn to feed her pony, was somewhat startled at hearing voices in conversation. She stopped to listen. They came from the haymow.

"This is the third night I've bunked in this old nest," said a gruff voice which she recognized as belonging to a customer from the prairie.

"Oh, it ain't so bad. But you must like sleepin' with the horses better'n I do," answered his companion, whose voice was unmistakably that of Jake Haren, a near neighbor, and she began to conjecture for what purpose he had slept in the barn rather than go home.

"No, I don't like it overly well. But what else could I do? The old woman insists that she can't make bread out of flour that has been ground by any one but Jake Girard. Besides, I like Girard as a man. I've taken my grists to him fur nigh onto twenty year. I use to go clean over to Deer Creek when he ran that mill. When I heard of his hard luck, I thought I'd just bring a grist to mill as the flour was gittin' low in the bin, and find out about it. But I can tell ye I didn't calculate on stayin' a week."

"I shouldn't wonder if most of his increase in custom comes the same way," remarked the cynical Haren. "You fellers want to learn at first hand about your old friend's trouble and bring a grist along as a kind of 'peace offerin'.'"

"I jolley, I guess you're about right. But I don't see that he is to get much good out of it after all. He has paid off all his debts only to lose it all to that young scalawag that he has raised."

"No, but you talk as if the game is up. Mebby we will win out."

"I don't see how you can. Them lawyers that are fightin' ye are pretty shrewd. They'll have things purty near their own way. They'll prove that your Charley Brown is Francis Doyle and there ye be. No use talkin' about knowin' he is not, or about the sympathy of the county bein' with ye. Proofs is the only thing that goes in court. Knowin' and sympathy, —humbug!" he snorted in disgust.

"Well, mebby when the time comes we can do some provin' too," cautiously suggested his companion.

"Supposin' ye can. Ye prove he is not and they prove he is. Then what? W'y, them lawyers'll just turn round and impeach your evidence and throw it out of court, if your witness isn't uncommonly sharp."

"But that he ain't. He is none other than my boy Othey," admitted the other unguardedly.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the farmer. "If what I hear'n

tell of him is true, he wouldn't be on the witness stand while ye could say 'scat.' Your only hope is that the true heir might show up in time and be more generous than the bogus Doyle."

"That he won't, for he has been food for the fishes long afore this time. I know that some people hereabouts think Othey ain't any too bright, but they're mostly right. But he sees some things that folks that have keener wits can't see. The day Maud fell in the race Othey was under the mill tryin' to ketch a mess of goggle-eyes when all at once the mill stopped, and he seen the feller they call Frank and who they're fools enough to think got away with the miller's money, all wet, lift the girl out of the flume and when he was tryin' to get out himself the water come on again and Othey seen him come through the wheel and go under the ice. He was going to tell what he seen but just then Charley came carryin' the girl and sayin' as how he'd got her out of the water. Othey then thought he'd better keep mum."

Maud was shocked at what she had heard. She thought to go, but something bade her wait. She listened.

"Then one day he was gettin' some butternuts out of the old smut-mill that him and Charley had hid there and he heard the whole parley between Lawyer Cobble and Charley when the whole business was made out."

"You doan' say!" ejaculated the other.

"Yes'n Charley didn't want to do it at first, but the lawyer seemed to know of his affair with Frank. That brought Charley to time. Othey heard him say: "I know you are not the heir but I can prove you are."

"Then the jig is up," said the gruff voice.

"If he said he could, he can and will."

"I 'most think in a case like this, when you know the law will be the overturnin' of the right by the wrong, a feller ouden't let the law take its course."

There was a long silence, then Haren, who had long been justice of the peace and thus had high regard for the law, said slowly and deliberately: "I don't know but that you are about right. You are the only one that I have ever told this to. These are the facts, how can we best make use of them?"

"The fewer to know them the better," said the other determinedly, "and the sooner we act the quicker, as the nigger said."

Maud waited no longer. She had already heard enough to fill her with a feeling of horror. She was stunned by the conflicting emotions that surged through her soul—pity and grief for the sad fate of her friend of a day and yet glad that he was not the villain her friends had tried to make her believe. Indignation for the base duplicity of her old playmate and childhood sweetheart, and sorrow for the plot that she felt was being made against him.

She hurried on, not knowing what she should do nor caring particularly where she was going. The villagers were beginning to open their doors. The sun was just peeping through the trees on the opposite side of the river. She had reached the "bend" and in the still, deep water saw the beauty of the dawn reflected as a twin landscape rivaling the beauty of the original. In the deep shadows of the surrounding trees she failed to observe the approaching figure of a man, and it was only when she heard his footstep at her side that she looked up with a little startled cry to see that one that was absorbing her thoughts—Charley.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NICKEL.

ANNA REBER.

THE first recollection I had of things I was being tossed and tumbled about with my companions. How long I had been with them I do not know, for everything was such a rush that I was completely bewildered, till I found myself lying in the palm of a hand.

My companions were rather odd-looking to me, and we were a mixed crowd, but the hand seemed very eager to get each one of us. Some were larger than I but not so bright, while others were just little brown fellows.

The owner of the hand, we learned, was a man, a very nice man, too, and seemed to be a Christian. He placed me in his purse and I was off to dreamland.

Next morning was Sunday, and a lovely day. My owner said he thought he'd go to church as it was too nice to stay at home. I enjoyed the services very much, I guess more than my owner, for he went to sleep. They sang such a beautiful song, "Who will labor for the Master?" Then they took up a collection and I just wondered what that was. They passed baskets around, and as one came to us I saw something in it that looked like myself, and I thought I'd go in too, but my owner "fished" round till he found a little brown penny. To say I was disappointed would be putting it mildly, but I consoled myself with the thought that I might yet do some good.

My owner spent the afternoon in reading the Sunday newspaper. I learned later that Christians ought not to read them, but my owner was an exception to the rule, I suppose. In the evening he took his family for a drive and then it got too late for church.

Monday morning was time again for work, and as my owner went down the street, he stopped at what they call a cigar store. Oh, it had a terrible odor. I was surprised that he went into such a place, but imagine my indignation when I was tossed on the counter to pay for a filthy cigar, when I so much

wished to be in that collection box. My feelings of disgust almost got the better of me and I felt like rolling off the counter into some crevice and staying there. But a better idea came to me. I thought I might yet fall into the right hands.

The crowd in this store was rough. Their talk was coarse. My former owner, however, had left the store. He did not seem anxious to associate with them.

It was not long until some one suggested going over to the saloon, which was only next door. (You know the cigar store and saloon work hand in hand. This I learned later.) Well, I was taken along, and I wondered very much what it was like. I soon found out. It was just the opposite of what the church was. I knew that by their talk and actions. These men bought some vile stuff, and what do you think? They drank it, yes, every drop, and then asked for more and more till finally some of them didn't know what they were doing and spent their last penny. They swore awfully. I felt ashamed that I had to hear it.

I, of course, landed in the saloon-keeper's money till and stayed there for several days. One day the saloon-keeper's wife came in for change and I was taken along to the baker's shop. That was a change, I tell you, and I enjoyed it, too.

The place where these people all lived seemed to me to be a large city. There were just crowds of people all the time, and trolley cars running by the store.

One day a lady came in for bread and had not the right change, so I was handed over the counter to her, and such a nice soft hand as I landed into! The lady's voice was gentle and kind, too.

I learned on arriving at her home that she lived in a Mission Home and as soon as the bread was on the table, they sat down to eat. But before they began to eat, they thanked the Lord for the food, which I thought was a very nice way to begin supper.

After supper the lady took her purse and went down the street, intending to pay a bill. The evening was chilly and rainy. Just as she turned a corner she came upon a little ragged, barefoot newsboy. He looked so pitiful and sad that she asked him what was wrong. He told her his little sister was sick and had been longing all day long for an orange, but the pennies he had earned during the day were barely enough for the supper, so an orange was out of the question.

The lady promised to call later and get better employment for him, and then handing me over to him, told him to get the orange. To be sure he did and his little feet could hardly carry him home fast enough. The little sister enjoyed the orange so much, and when a kind neighbor looked in a few hours later she found the little one fast asleep still grasping the orange and a happy smile on her face.

Elizabethtown, Pa.

FOREST PLANTING IN NEBRASKA.

Out in northwestern Nebraska there is a region known as the "sand hill country," a barren, apparently worthless desert, unfit for anything but stock grazing, and not much good for that even. About one-sixth of the total area of Nebraska is embraced in the sand hill region, and it was for the special "benefit" of this section that the so-called Kinkaid law was passed by Congress—a law which permits the entryman to take up 640 acres of government land. Ostensibly the law was enacted to encourage settlement and development of this desolate country, but so far its operation has worked mainly to enable land-grabbers to acquire large tracts of government land for grazing or speculative purposes, more easily and more extensively than before the law went into effect.

In this connection is it timely to note that thousands of acres of this same sand hill region of Nebraska are now being planted to forests by the National government. The forestry department has this spring had some 100,000 jack pine seedlings in Minnesota dug up and shipped to Nebraska for transplanting on the sandhills of that state, hoping thereby to reclaim from the desert thousands of acres. Speaking of this work of the government, a representative of the Forestry Bureau of the Department of Agriculture, under whose direction the work is being done, said:

"It is a settled fact that the forests will induce moisture. The pine is a native of a sandy soil, and we are sure it will grow and flourish there. The pines which we are sending to Nebraska are set on what is known as the government reserve near Thedford. The pines are set out in rows, in order that they may be cared for."

It has been fully demonstrated that the pines will grow in those sandhills, and as the trees grow up the needles will fall off and make a mulch. In this way a bed of soil will in time be formed, which will hold water after a while and cause springs and streams to appear.

It is expected that the work which the government is doing will encourage the settlers in that region to take up the work of planting pine trees on their land. Some of the farmers have already done so. The Burlington railroad, which runs through that section, is encouraging the work, and well it may, for it has much to gain by the development of the country.

If this forest planting by the government proves successful, as undoubtedly it will, the people of Nebraska will soon realize that the Kinkaid law will be a great detriment to the settlement and development of that state. The people of other western states should see to it that all attempts to pass "square mile" homestead laws to apply to other sections of the arid or semi-arid West be promptly and effectively defeated.—*The Talisman.*

RUSSIAN VILLAGES AND RURAL LIFE.

C. F. YODER.

RUSSIAN farmers do not live in isolated farm houses. Instead, their homes are clustered together in villages. They do not own the land which they till. The czar owns sixty million acres of it; the grand dukes own about one hundred and fifty millions and the people own what little is left. The rent from all this land enables the nobility to live in luxury and say, "Go on with the war," but the peasants have a hard enough time to pay their rent and taxes without the added burdens of war.

They could be seen from the car windows working in the fields, always in groups of from ten to fifty.



TYPICAL RUSSIAN VILLAGE HOME.

Men, women and children labor together in long lines reaching across the field. All go barefooted and wear brightly colored calico clothing. They are very picturesque as they labor together with their village homes in the background. Often the small children could be seen sleeping on the ground while their parents labored.

The implements used by the peasants are for the most part primitive. Wooden plows and harrows, wooden rakes and hoes, and even wooden spades are used. The horses are small but very tough. The wagons are small and shaped like a barrel split lengthwise. The harness consists of merely a strap around the necks and reaching back to the single trees. More recently modern machinery is being introduced. We met an agent of the McCormick Harvester Company who travels all over Russia introducing his machines and he says that the people are eager for them. We saw train loads of farm machinery going into Russia but saw none of it in use in 5,000 miles of travel.

The village houses are thatched with straw or hay and plastered on the outside instead of the inside. They are usually small, one-roomed affairs with a large clay oven and a corner for the cow and chickens as well as for the dog and pigs. In some instances we saw hens hatching on the window sill. The better class of houses are painted a bright blue or red and some are very pretty. Others, however, are dirty and infested with vermin.

Sometimes when one of the young people of the home is married an extra room is added to the paternal mansion and the new couple begin housekeeping in it. One house with twenty windows in a row was pointed out to us as being occupied by twenty families.

The village streets are like country roads, which in Russia are well kept, but there are no sidewalks or paving of any kind. There are no fences, all the stock being herded by the boys and girls. Even the geese and ducks are herded. The farmer women wash their clothes in the streams, where there are streams convenient, and hang them to dry on the bushes.

In every village the most prominent building is the church. This is usually a frame structure brightly painted and well attended, for the Russians are very religious, after their manner of worship. The priests may be seen going about with long gowns, long hair and plug hats. The larger villages have schoolhouses, but education among the Russians is not yet very widespread. About seventy per cent of the people can neither read nor write.

At Wolocyst on the border of Hungary we visited three days among the farmers and found them very sociable and hospitable. The hotel in town, however, was abominable. On comparing notes with the traveling man, mentioned above, I learned that all village hotels were like this one. It was small and dirty and foul. Worse than this it was immoral, as all Russian hotels are. One of the greatest blots on the Russian name is the shameless traffic in virtue which is everywhere apparent and which is patronized even by the long-haired priests.

In the larger villages are "fire-towers" in which a watchman lives and keeps a lookout for fires and when one is seen gives the alarm by a wailing sound of a horn. One of these horns can be heard three or four miles.

The Russian peasants are honest and hard-working. Baron Witte, who is to-day the greatest of all the Russians, was born in a peasant's cottage near Tiflis in the Caucasus and married a Jewish peasant girl. It is from the peasants rather than from the nobility that the future rulers of Russia will come.

Ashland, Ohio.

CONDEMNED battleships rarely bring more than five per cent of their original cost when broken up. In many instances not even this is saved, some ships being sacrificed for as little as three per cent of their valuation.

INSURANCE.

J. G. FIGLEY.

It is claimed that the Jews at a very early date had a system of insurance, as also had the Greeks; and though I have not read Livy myself, I have seen the statement that he in his account of the second Punic War (218 B. C.) refers to something akin to insurance. It is claimed that the Cæsars promulgated marine insurance, and that Claudius (41-54 A. D.), in order to encourage the importation of corn, himself guaranteed against all losses, and that during a famine he issued a proclamation that all vessels engaged in carrying food stuffs should be paid by the state for all accidents and losses that might occur.

As early as 1435 the magistrates of Barcelona, Spain, issued an ordinance guaranteeing against loss by merchants and merchantmen. The British possibly got their ideas of insurance from Rome. An old English statute (1601) says: "It hath been tyme and out of mynd, an usage amongst mechanics, both of this realm and furrain nacyones, when they make any good adventure to give some consideration of money to other persons to have assurance made of all their goodes." Thus arose sundry social "guilds" or incorporations among the Anglo-Saxons whereby for sundry fixed contributions, members guaranteed each other against loss from "fire, water, robbery, or other calamity."

It is believed that maritime or marine insurance was the first genuine insurance, followed by fire insurance, later by life insurance, then accident, live-stock, crop, tornado, and other kinds. John de Witt, pensionary counsellor of Holland, was the first to apply mathematical calculations to the value of human life. The "Hand in Hand," formerly the "Amicable," appears to have been the first insurance company organized in Great Britain (1696).

Nowadays insurance is paid by semi-annual or annual installments, if in a mutual or coöperative company, or by the term of one, three or five years, if in a stock company. There are naturally some objectionable features in some forms of insurance; still it has been argued that 1 Tim. 5: 8 is a good insurance text. However that may be, I am in favor of every householder carrying insurance on his buildings and contents, and I had rather do without necessary things for a time than have my house and contents be without for even a day.

All honest and well-meaning people take pleasure in protecting their property while insured, and guard against fire and accident, knowing that if such do occur to them they are safe, and that they are fulfilling the obligations of human brotherhood when they pay their insurance. I have known of a number of fires where there was no insurance, and I consider it nothing but shiftlessness on the part of the losers that they did not expend a few dollars for insurance, whereas the usual rule in such cases is to make a house-to-house canvass and solicit contributions from those who were paying for their own protection, to give those who by stinting themselves on their tobacco, beer and whiskey supply, could have been insured and need not have appealed to their kind and progressive neighbors for aid.

Mutual companies generally charge a per cent according to the amount of property insured, which is collected and annually applied on the payment of obligations. The per cent may fluctuate from year to year according to the amount of obligations to be met. In stock companies the rate is fixed, and depends on the quality of the insurable goods or property and on the location. The usual valuation of insurable property is fixed at about three-fourths of its real value.

Bryan, Ohio.

THE PHILIPPINE SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Nothing in the whole history of our six years' sojourn in the archipelago is more encouraging than the warm welcome accorded to the American schoolteachers, followed by the recent rapid growth of the insular school system. The importance of the work that is being done in the islands by American school officers and organizers is very imperfectly understood in this country. The fact that more than half a million children and youths are now enrolled in the Philippine public schools can only be appreciated in its true significance when we remember that instruction in English is required in all grades, that a great part of the teaching is done altogether in English, and that attendance at the schools is entirely voluntary. The fact that a school system of such magnitude could be developed under the peculiarly difficult conditions existing in the Philippines and made a popular institution throughout the archipelago within seven years after the sinking of the Spanish ships in Manila Bay is a striking tribute to the executive ability, enthusiasm and devotion to duty of the American men and women who have gone out to the islands with the idea of doing pioneer work in education. Hundreds of teachers who take positions each year in the Philippines have an influence outside of the schoolroom far greater in some respects than they had at home. They are continually brought in contact with the local governing bodies, are called upon for advice on civic and social matters, and have a thousand and one opportunities to mold the political institutions of this interesting people at the formative period.—*From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for September.*

Adversity is the first path to truth.—*Byron.*

ILLINOIS CAPITALS.

O. H. KIMMEL.

Illinois, since its admission as a State in 1818, has had three capitals and six capital buildings.

As a matter of fact the first was naturally located at Kaskaskia because of the importance of that town, both civilly and politically. In Kaskaskia the men trained in civil affairs in the central west resided and the place was looked to as the center of political and civil civilization. In fact Illinois was proud of Kaskaskia.

But time was maturing changed conditions. The remote parts of Illinois were being settled. Even Fort Dearborn had attracted so many people that the place became known as Chicago along about the time that the State was admitted to the Union. Other towns and straggling villages were being built; settlers were coming from the east who knew little of and cared less for the traditions of "Old Kaskaskia days." They were a hardy set bent on building up the Illinois country. Hence with these changed conditions and with the prevailing conditions at Kaskaskia, that proud old center of so many fateful days began to decline, and by the time that the new state constitution was framed the sentiment for removal became so strong that it was embodied in the constitution that Kaskaskia should only remain the capital until the assembly should "otherwise direct." The constitution also provided that the State should petition congress for a grant of four sections of land on the Kaskaskia river which should be used as a site for a capitol building for twenty years.

Carlyle and Popes Bluff, being located on this river, were favorably looked upon for a time, and it was believed that one of these little towns would secure the prize, but when the General Assembly were discussing the question, a hunter appeared before the convention and apprised the members of the fact that "his bluff" higher up on the Kaskaskia was a much better location for the new capitol. The result was that the committee appointed to select the site chose the hunter's bluff, which was located on the Kaskaskia several miles above Carlyle and Popes Bluff. The place was named Vandalia after a tribe of Indians, and thus Vandalia became the capital of Illinois.

A temporary statehouse was soon constructed of timber and a couple of men took the contract of removing the state records for $25, which they did by using a small wagon. Vandalia soon became a village and by 1823, when the statehouse burned, the citizens were able to raise $3,000 for the construction of a new building. This time a more commodious building was built of brick and the legislators were well pleased with the building.

By 1830, however, the people of Northern Illinois had become tired of riding through deep ponds and black muddy prairies to reach the capital city to secure preëmption papers; the legislators of that section felt that it was an unjust hardship imposed upon them to thus ride so far to the capital, while the brethren from the south could easily reach the place over the rolling country to the southward. Thus the contention continued and as the muddy prairies to the north filled with people the whisper of insubordination reached to a loud hum.

The noise was heard at Vandalia and in order to quiet the clamoring the enterprising town raised the money and built a $16,000 building to be used as a capitol building and presented it to the State. But the sturdy people in the northern part of the State refused to be quieted and by 1837, only four years after the construction of the new statehouse, the General Assembly voted to meet in joint session in February to "select a suitable place" for the location of the capitol after the constitutional term of twenty years at Vandalia had expired.

It was known generally that "a suitable place" meant some town near the center of the State. Before the days of railroads, in fact before even wagon roads, the transportation question in Illinois was a momentous problem, and the reader can now smile at the problems which so worried our pioneer legislators in this regard. No such question as locating a capital in the geographic center of a State in our country need now be considered of great importance; but in the days when Vandalia was striving to hold the prize, the only solution for the problem as seen by the wise men of the General Assembly of that day, was in removal. So the little towns and villages of the central part of the State, among which were Alton, Illiopolis, Jacksonville, Peoria, Decatur and Springfield, each began to plan a campaign that might result in capturing the prize. Vandalia was thoroughly aroused and was in the contest also.

On the eventful day, February 28, the Assembly met in convention with every member ready to do his whole duty. The first three ballots resulted in no choice, but indicated what the choice might soon be. Before the entire fourth ballot was counted the shouts from the Springfield delegation foretold their victory, and that town's victory was due largely to its able delegation of two senators and seven representatives sent to the Legislature from Sangamon county. This delegation was headed by Abraham Lincoln and Niman Edwards and they were instructed by the enterprising citizens of Springfield to "start early and capture the prize." Both members were good "log rollers" and the entire delegation voted as a unit on every question before the Assembly, and so conducted themselves as to make many friends among the Legislators, and when their pet measure came up before the convention, the friends that they had made during

the term of the Legislature voted with them and their purpose was accomplished.

Springfield at this time was a straggling, dirty, muddy, frontier village of less than 1,500 souls; its buildings were in the main poor, and its sidewalks were wanting. It was not an uncommon thing to see empty wagons so deeply sunken in the muddy streets that they could not be moved. But its people were alert and enterprising, and surrounded by a fertile country which was richly underlaid with mineral. These ambitious and progressive people were determined to build up a city despite the muddy streets and innumerable barriers, hence their determination to secure the state capitol.

As the country developed so did the town, and it slowly grew into a beautiful little city. The new capitol building was accordingly built on the public square in the center of the village at a cost of about $200,000. But the rapid growth of the State soon proved that the legislators had been too economical in their planning and expense, for in less than twenty years the building was entirely inadequate for its purpose and the question of removal was again agitated, with Peoria and Decatur the chief cities among Springfield's rivals. But the people of Springfield donated what was known as the Mather lot, constituting seven acres, and held the capitol. Here a beautiful and massive structure was erected at a cost of over $4,250,000 and the lot was converted into a beautiful ground.

Thus has evolved the capitol building of the great State of Illinois,—from the little one-roomed structure at Old Kaskaskia to the beautiful heap of architecture at Springfield, one of the most beautiful buildings in our country.

And Springfield has responded by developing the mining industry, by building factories, and by encouraging agriculture in the vicinity until it has grown into a beautiful city which shows a just appreciation of the people's gift—a fitting capital city of which all Illinois is justly proud.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

MAKING MONEY FROM THE ROADSIDE.

Other Countries Do, by Planting Fruit Trees.

In *The Country Calendar* for August, John A. Cass writes:

"The land on both sides of the roadway can be planted with fruit trees of various kinds. It will then become as valuable as an enclosed orchard—in fact, it will be an orchard without need of an enclosure, for most states now have laws which forbid allowing cattle to run at large. This would not be an experimental step, for it has already been demonstrated that it can be satisfactorily taken. In a small way the advantages of it have been shown in one or two states of the Union, while in foreign countries it has long since become an established practice. In France, for example, great success has attended it. It appears that the movement was started by the Government, but so satisfactory did it prove that the towns and communes soon took it up on their own account. It is now an important industry and is yielding a revenue of nearly $60,000,000 per annum. No particular tree is used, to the exclusion of others, but different kinds are chosen with regard to their adaptation to the soil and climate. In the South the cherry predominates, and the fruit is used in the manufacture of wines, preserves and alcohol. In Touraine the plum is most in evidence, while throughout the Allier and Limogne walnut trees transform the dusty highways into shaded and beautiful walks or drives. Nor is France alone in this work, for in Germany, in Belgium and in the Duchy of Luxembourg, the plan is largely in vogue. And it is profitable. On the roadsides of Würtemburg, for instance, the fruit grown in 1878 was valued at over $200,000, while twenty years later it was estimated at $750,000, and Belgium statistics show that up to 1896 there had been planted along the highways of that small country 741,571 trees, from which there had even then been realized a net profit of nearly $2,000,000.

"In the light of these facts, let some competent and careful statistician tell us what might be done in this wonderful land of ours. Surely it would be safe to affirm that the revenue which might be derived from these roadside trees would be sufficient for building all needed highways, and for keeping them in constant repair."

PEAT OR CORN-STALKS

Which is of the Greater Industrial Value as a Paper-Producer?

In Ireland and Scotland at one time and another the manufacture of paper and book boards out of peat has been attempted, usually on a small scale. Two firms are now making wrapping paper out of peat, but other material has to be added, the so-called peat paper being only about three-quarters peat. At present, at least, peat pulp cannot be bleached. Consequently only brown paper can be made out of it. Finally, straw and wood-pulp papers are cheaper. Much more promising is the new industry of making paper out of corn-stalks. If it be true, as is reported, that a ton of corn-stalk paper, equal to that made of wood pulp or rag, can be manufactured for $22 to $25—the manufacturing cost of wood pulp or rag paper runs from $60 to $75 a ton— then the people who own the patents on the new process are going to be among the golden gods of the earth, and the Paper Trust will be smitten wofully. The farmers can find more profitable use for their corn-stalks than to make fire or fertilizer of them.—*"With the Procession," in Everybody's Magazine for October.*

GRANDMA'S WOODSHED.

C. MAY MANNERS.

A FEW days ago I entered a home—alas! that it should be called such—to visit an aged father and mother. As I stepped up to the door I saw these words, "Grandma's woodshed." Truly there was some truth in this statement, for it, indeed, was a humble home. Will you listen while I describe it?

There is only one room where Grandpa and Grandma eat, sleep and live. There is an old bed, but covered with a beautiful quilt which Grandma has made. There is a stove, table and a few other articles. All have been cast away by the children. On the mantlepiece is an old well-worn Bible in which they find their daily comfort.

Near them lives their son in wealth and comfort. He has a beautiful home and often goes out riding in an automobile, while the old folks seldom get to church because they are not able to walk and have no other way of getting there. How sad to think of these dear old people living in this way!

As we talked to them of their heavenly home, Grandma's face became brightened and she said, "Yes, I am only waiting." Only waiting for the Lord to call her to her "home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." How lovingly they spoke of bygone days, when to them life was all joy and happiness, when they had their little ones around them, laughing and playing all the day.

But time passed. The little ones were little ones no more; they left their play; left the old home and made new ones. Their companions objected to Grandpa and Grandma. They were too old-fashioned, too much care; they would not appear well in their circle of society. Thus it was Grandpa and Grandma were crowded out into this humble room where they live to themselves, where they often talk and dream of the dear old happy days, when Mary and the boys were at home, and they all lived together and were as happy as could be all the day long.

Happy days gone forever! How anxiously they look for a letter from their child far away. No day is too busy for them to welcome their darlings to this humble home, but they do not often have this privilege.

O that you should grow tired of that sweet, patient mother! Think of all she has done for you, how she guarded your feet from babyhood to manhood. Think of the sleepless nights she spent over you while in your cradle; and as the days went by and you became a man her love and anxiety continued. Night and morning she prayed for you, and she is still praying for you. You were her joy, her pride. O, dear one, if you have an aged father and aged mother, be happy. Thank the Lord for them. Be kind and gentle to them. They will appreciate it and you will be all the happier for it. Strive to make their last days their sweetest days, their best days.

I once knew of a family that each evening as they gathered round the family altar to implore the blessings and guidance of the Holy One, thanked the Lord for Grandma who still was spared to them to make the home happy. Yes, let's love the aged ones. We will some day be old ourselves. We will then need some one to care for us. How sad we will be if we are compelled to live in Grandma's woodshed!

South Bend, Ind.

GROWTH OF BRIDGE TRAFFIC.

PROBABLY any person who crossed from Manhattan to Brooklyn by way of the Brooklyn Bridge two years ago during the rush hours, would have said that it was almost a physical impossibility for that structure to carry any more passengers, so dense were the crowds that swarmed the cars. Yet, under the pressure of necessity, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company has managed, somehow, to greatly increase its service, and the Bridge is now carrying 16 per cent more passengers daily.

November 10, 1902, a careful count of all passengers by trolley, elevated and bridge trains showed that 307,297 passengers were transported across the structure. An equally careful count on October 17, 1904, showed a total of 356,975, an increase of 49,679 in a trifle less than two years.

Since the latter count, the Williamsburg Bridge has come into partial operation, and is sharing the work of carrying the inter-borough traffic. Of the six tracks planned for this latter structure but two are in full operation, yet over these two a hundred trolley cars an hour are handled, so that the traffic these cars carry, added to the gain of the older Brooklyn Bridge, gives the actual increase of wage earners who daily cross the East River.

The fact that big crowds are handled by the newer bridge causes no apparent diminution of the crush on the older one. Six-car trains are operated on the elevated lines where but five-car trains were used a year ago, and they will swing out at forty-five second intervals, jammed to the platforms. So rapidly is population pouring into Brooklyn that the wonderful arteries of transportation now built and building can do but little more than take care of the annual increase.—*The W. H. Monthly.*

THE Mundesley (England) parish council, which struck out a new line in municipalization by starting a poultry farm, has realized profits on the first year's workings which are equal to a reduction in the parish taxes of a cent and a fifth on the dollar.

MUSIC QUOTATIONS.

MARGUERITE BIXLER.

"What passion cannot music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound:
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well."

Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung—as sun and showers
Here had made a lasting spring.
Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or hearing, die!

—Shakespeare.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too!

—Moore.

Floating, drifting through the air,
Music wanders everywhere;
Over the mountains, down the vales,
Tenderly whispers, or mournfully wails,
Kisses the waves of the bright flowing river,
And joins in its song, as it flows on forever,
Breathes a sweet, plaintive air, as the gentle south breeze
Rustles and sighs 'mid the boughs of the trees.
In the bird's merry song there is melody rare,
As they tumble and fall on the soft autumn air.
Bees musically hum, and tell their sweet stories
As they rest in the hearts of the morning-glories.
Brooks sing their songs so soft and low,
With a musical murmur and rippling flow.
And the solemn tones of ocean waves,
Seem chanting a dirge over ocean graves;
And the wonderful power of the human voice
That can sadden a heart, or make it rejoice,
Thrill it with gladness, or take from it light,
Fill it with sorrow, or happiness bright.
Music is heaven-sent, for angels, we're told,
Strike chords of sweet melody from harps of gold.
To us it was sent, our hearts to refine,
And render our natures more like the divine.
To add to each happiness, to care bring relief,
And brighten life into which sin has brought grief.

—St. Ermonds.

How blunt are all the arrows of adversity in comparison with those of guilt!—*Blair.*

WHO ATE THE GENERAL'S LUNCH?

It was during the French Revolution, when many noblemen were accused of conspiring against the government and shut up in prison with their families, that a little boy, the son of a general in the French revolutionary army, was traveling with his father. They went in their own carriage, as there were no trains then, and stopped at a small town to give the horses a feed.

The little boy got out of the carriage and looked about. His father got out too, and went into the inn. In a minute or two a party of soldiers came up, drums beating and colors flying; it was a splendid sight. But with them there were several carts full of ladies and children, looking hungry and sad. The soldiers had taken them from their homes, and were going to put them in prison. Many of them had had nothing to eat all day. One lady asked the soldier who was guarding her to get out and buy some bread for her little ones, but he rudely refused. Then she gave him some money, and asked him to be good enough to buy them something to eat. The man replied, "Do you take me for one of your footmen?"

The little boy felt so sorry for the lady that he went to the carriage, took out the provisions which his father's servant had packed, and when the soldiers were not looking, threw some rolls to the children and the lady in the first cart. But the children in the other carts were just as hungry; so he managed to give them all something. You can imagine how well pleased they were! The ladies bowed, the children kissed their hands, and the little boy felt much pleased with himself.

But when they were again on their way the general said, "I feel rather hungry. Where are the rolls and sandwiches?" The servant went to the place where he had packed them, but, behold! there was nothing.

"What do you mean," said the general, angrily, "by not packing the lunch?"

Then the little boy confessed what he had done with it, and his father might have been angry; but he was pleased that it had been given to the hungry little children, who wanted it more than they did. It was not quite right to take the rolls, which really did not belong to him; but his wise father looked, as our Father in heaven looks, at the motive which prompted the action.

The little boy afterward became a general himself. He is known as the Baron de Marbot.—*Dora M. Jones.*

Chinese newspapers, owing to the cheap quality of paper used and to the low price of labor, both literary and mechanical, are issued at an extremely small figure. The price of the ordinary Shanghai journal is four cash, or about one-fifth of a cent.

AT LUBECK.

SELMA WEICHELT.

In the cathedral of Lubeck, in Germany, there is on the wall an inscription in German, which, in English, is this:

"Ye call me Master, and obey me not.
Ye call me Light, and see me not.
Ye call me The Way, and take me not.
Ye call me Life, and desire me not.
Ye call me Wise, and follow me not.
Ye call me Fair, and love me not.
Ye call me Rich, and ask me not.
Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not.
Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not.
Ye call me Noble, and serve me not.
Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not.
If I condemn you, blame me not."

As I stood there and read it I hardly knew what it meant. Thanks to God I know it now, and it teaches me a lesson.

Indianapolis, Ind.

LEARNING TO WRITE.

A very few there are who think what a wonderful thing it is to know how to write; to make marks which shall express sounds and ideas. Children think they have quite trouble enough learning to write when copies are set for them; but suppose they had no copy and no written language, no letters, and no words, how could they send their news and their thoughts to other lands?

Many heathen nations have no written language; and among the first things teachers have to do is to learn their language, and invent or adapt an alphabet to record the sounds of the words, and then teach the people to read and write.

A man once wanted a certain tool, which one of his fellow-workers was using a long way off. He told a native to go and ask for the tool and bring it to him. He said, "He will not give it to me." The man then took a chip and wrote on it, "Send me the trowel," and gave it to the native, and told him to go and get the tool.

The native was unwilling to go, but was assured that if he carried that chip the man would give him the tool he wanted.

He could not believe it, a chip could not talk, how would the man know what was wanted?

At length he went and found the man, and turning his face away from him so that the man should not read anything from the glance of his face, he handed him the chip. The man at once gave him the tool he wanted, and he brought it back. But he treasured up that chip as one of the greatest curiosities that he had ever seen, and was constantly telling his friends about "the chip that could talk."

Do you ever think what a wonderful thing it is that you can make a piece of paper talk? That with crooked lines, and straight lines, and heavy lines; with dots, and dashes, and marks of various kinds, you can convey your sorrows and joys, your questions and answers, your desires and fears, to persons whom you have never seen, who live in distant lands, and whose faces you may never behold?

The art of writing is a most wonderful art; and yet there are children who cry, and pout, and make up faces because they are asked to learn how to do this wonderful thing. Surely every bright and intelligent child should be delighted to learn how to make a piece of paper talk.

It is very important that children learn how to write very plainly. One of the first things to do is to learn to make straight marks, then curved marks, and many people are not taught to write in the wisest way.

If we were to teach children to write, we should ask them to sit by the side of a table, so that their right arm when laid upon the table, from the elbow to the hand, would lie parallel with the edge of the table, while the elbow would reach back two or three inches over the end of the table, leaving the ball or muscle of the forearm to rest on the table. We should then ask them to hold their pen in any way they pleased, but simply to hold it firmly, and never bend a finger in any motion they might make with the pen, but let every motion of the pen come by rolling the arm upon the muscle as an axis; and we would then have them commence to make curves and circles, without bending their fingers, simply using the fingers to hold the pen firmly. When they had learned by this process to make curves, which they can soon do with ease and regularity, they might undertake to form letters in the same way. This simple direction would save much of the weariness and hard work of writing, and would do more than anything else to insure a graceful and easy style of penmanship.

There are some people who write so beautifully and put so many flourishes on their paper that plain people have hard work to read the writing. It is altogether best to leave the flourishes for the writing master, who is anxious to show what he can do. Children in learning to write should endeavor to make their letters as plain as print, and if they think clearly, and know just what they wish to write, and then write it so plainly that everybody can read it and nobody can misunderstand it, people will be glad to read their letters.

We sometimes have writing sent us that is as obscure as Egyptian hieroglyphics, and the worst of all is, when people have written a letter with some degree of plainness, they write their names and places of residence with such a hop-skip scribble that no one

can tell who they are or where they live. It is a great deal better to write carefully and plainly, for when you can not read a person's writing, you begin to doubt whether he has written anything worth reading.

It is said that a compositor or typesetter in a New York printing office was once given a piece of copy written by the famous editor of the paper. He looked at it in despair and said, "If Belshazzar had seen such a handwriting as that on the wall he would have been more frightened than he was."

We hope that all of our readers will learn to write so that their handwriting will not frighten Belshazzar or anybody else; and when they have learned to write neatly and plainly, how easy it will be to write beautiful letters to father and mother and brothers and sisters; and how pleasant it will be to be able to put upon paper the thoughts and ideas which they have in their minds, some of which perhaps may be printed, and scattered all over the world to instruct, encourage, and enlighten their fellow-men.—*The Angelus.*

APPRENTICESHIP IN AMERICA.

One of the questions that must have occurred to every one who has given any thought to modern industrial problems relates to the sources from which American skilled workers are to be drawn in the future. A related question is, How are these workers to be trained? In the April number of *Cassier's Magazine,* Mr. Frank T. Carlton briefly discusses "The Apprenticeship Question in America." He points out that the introduction of minute division of labor, the extreme specialization of classes of labor, and the growth of the large shop as contrasted with the small general shop have greatly reduced the opportunities for acquiring the thorough knowledge of the trade. Up to recent times, the skilled workers employed in American industrial establishments have been drawn, as a rule from two sources,—the small shop, and immigration from Europe. But the small shop is now rapidly disappearing, while the character of our immigration is quite as rapidly changing, so that skilled workers can no longer be supplied in such numbers from England, Germany and Sweden.

About eight years ago, an investigation was made of 116 industrial establishments in the United States,—engine works, tool factories, electrical shops, and railway repair shops. Out of a total of 116, it was found that 85, or about 73 per cent, took apprentices. In 1902, another investigator found that about 65 per cent took apprentices. Railway shops are invariably in favor of a thoroughgoing apprentice system. The usual rule is one apprentice for every shop, and one extra apprentice for every additional five journeyman after the first five. The customary term of apprenticeship is four years. The company usually agrees that the apprentice shall be advanced from machine to machine, or from job to job, as fast as practicable or desirable.

As Mr. Carlton very clearly shows, apprenticeship is desirable chiefly for two reasons,—to furnish an adequate supply of skilled men, and to maintain and improve the character and efficiency of workmen. If, however, less than three-fourths of the important establishments employing machinists take apprentices, it is not probable that a sufficient supply of skilled men will be furnished to satisfy future requirements.

Mr. Carlton proposes, as a remedy for the situation in America, a combination of school and shop training. In some shops, a foreman of apprentices is employed, whose duty it is to see that the boys are shifted from one machine, or one department, to another at the proper time. School training is given in night schools which try to round out and complete the shop instruction. An apprentice system such as several well-known firms have already established, coupled with public instruction in the evenings or on Saturday afternoons, is believed by many to be superior to the trade school. A suitable ratio between apprentices and journeymen may be roughly calculated by comparing the number of males in the United States of apprentice age,—that is, from sixteen to nineteen years,—with the total number of males of journeyman age of twenty to thirty years, inclusive. The ratio thus indicated is approximately 1 to 5, but, if allowance be made for a probable growth in the industry, it seems to Mr. Carlton that a ratio of 1 to 4½ would not be excessive and would not lead to an over-supply of apprentices.

A Lesson From Japan.

An American writing from Japan calls attention to the fact that Japan has no apprenticeship system. "No one ever learns a trade, or even in the course of time comes to thoroughly understand the work of his trade in all its branches. The demand for skilled or even half-skilled labor is always in excess of the supply. For instance, it took about two years to build a stone bridge of only one arch over a shallow creek only sixty-five feet wide, in Shimbashie, Tokio, and about the same time to build a similar bridge at Nihoubashi, Tokio, over a creek only a few feet wider." It can hardly be doubted that the lack of skilled men, and of opportunity to train such men, will prove a great handicap to Japan.—*In Review of Reviews.*

One of the shoe dealers in Louisville, Ky., is building up a nice little trade in wooden shoes. He has three lots sent to him from Holland each year, and sells them to the German gardeners who live near Louisville. They find them of great value for wear when working in their gardens.

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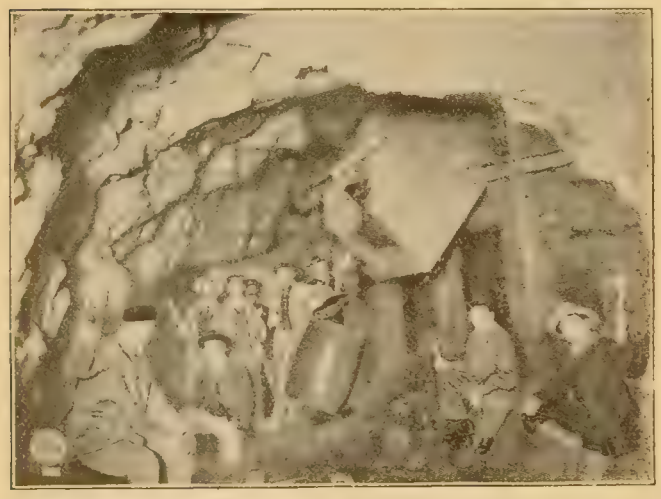
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THE COPPER INDUSTRY.

Copper has become one of the world's staples. Iron and copper are the main pillars of our metallic structure. Iron is altogether indispensable to this age of machinery. It is equally true that copper is indispensable to the age of electricity. The street car lines,



Flashlight Photograph in Copper Mine Showing Chute Connecting with Upper Level.

telephone, telegraph, ocean cables, navies of the world, all, together with the household utensils, and scores of other things, daily demand copper. Meanwhile the increase in the production is small, smaller, in fact, than the increase demands. And the reason for it is this, that it takes several years, and several millions of dollars to prepare the property to furnish a large tonnage of ore and to build a plant to convert that ore into copper, and therefore the production cannot equally be increased, and the time and money required results in very few people undertaking this great enterprise.

Nearly all the copper used in the world is furnished by half a dozen corporations. The largest company in the world produces less than eight million pounds of copper per month, so with these conservative figures you may estimate what half a dozen companies would



Compressed Air Locomotive on Track in Tunnel in Mine. Flashlight Photograph.

do each year. This will furnish some idea as to the consumption of the material.

The United States is rich in copper ore. The fields around the Great Lakes, in Wyoming and other places are among the very best in the world; but it should be remembered that a copper property without a plant is no more productive of copper than a splendid tract of timber land would be without a saw mill.

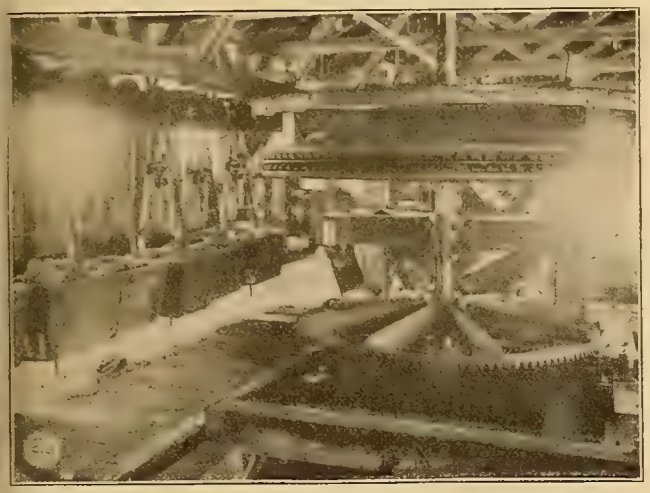


Tramway Buckets and Chutes from Ore Bins above.—Here the Buckets are Loaded with Ore. These Buckets Hold 700 Pounds each.

One of the most profitable industries in the United States is that of smelting custom ores. A series of illustrations is given with this article that the readers of the Inglenook may form a better idea of the great industry that is being introduced into our country. The custom smelter is run on the principle of a flour

mill in the farming community, with the exception that it deals with a much more valuable material and on a much larger scale.

Eastern capital has made it possible to develop conditions, and the men of experience have become the



Tramway Terminal at the Mine.—Buckets Loaded with Ore are here Picked up Automatically by the Tramway Cable and Started on their Journey to the Smelter.

most ardent supporters of the copper industry. It certainly has come to stay. The product is staple, the investment is sure, the profits are good, and the manufactured product is used to a good end. No business in the United States can show a parallel to custom smelting in earnings for the capital invested. It is



Ferris-Haggarty Copper Mine, Power Plant, Shops, Ore Houses and Terminal of Aerial Tramway Connecting the Mine with Reduction Works at Grand Encampment.

positively a cash business. There are no open accounts and no credits, the smelter bearing the same relation to the miner that the miller does to the farmer. A toll is exacted for each ton of ore handled, and the raw material is among the most desirable of the treasures of old mother earth. In almost all new industries that are begun a few men have suffered through the period of



Section of Aerial Tramway, Showing Ore Buckets in Transit, and the Smelter in the Distance. There are over 800 Buckets Continually in Motion on this Tramway.

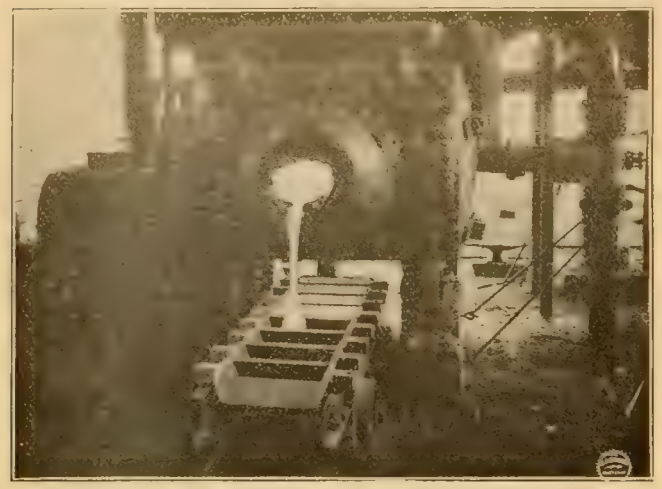
experiment, and after the business has been learned other men profited by the failures of the men before them. It seems that the copper business carries an unbroken record of successes.

The accompanying illustrations, made from actual photographs, are given, through the courtesy of the "Penn-Wyoming Copper Mining Company" and illustrate real well the business from a superficial view. In our limited space we cannot go into detail in every feature of the grand industry. We might write an interesting article about the great expense that is required to run the business, large sums of money used for advertisement, and the means resorted to to market the product, a change in business conditions and a hundred other things relative to it, but we presume that you would be more interested in the way the material is brought from the bowels of the earth and put on the market.



Terminal of the Tramway at Smelter. Here the Loaded Buckets are Automatically Dumped, the Ore Dropping into the Bins below.

In illustration No. 1 you see a flashlight photograph taken in the copper mines, showing the chute connecting with upper levels. In mining, the ore is always dropped down from the upper to the lower level to avoid lifting it on account of the tremendous weight.



Pouring Pure Copper into the Moulds from a Converter Shell.

A little head-work in this way adds much to the capacity of the mine, and also does away with a lot of needless work. It would take a system of elevators to bring the ore from below, and this manner of handling it reduces the labor to a minimum. When the ore has all been brought down to a common level it is taken out of the mine by a small railroad system. Small



Pure Copper.

cars are provided which hold about two tons each and are each drawn by compressed air locomotives, as is shown in illustration No. 2. Large buckets are provided, called Tramway Buckets, as well as chutes from the ore bins above, and here the buckets are loaded with ore. These buckets hold about seven hundred pounds each.

In illustration No. 3 these tramway buckets are to be seen where they are loaded, and from this point they follow this track around the station that is shown in picture No. 4. This terminal is at the mine and the buckets are loaded full, picked up automatically by the tramway cable, and started on their journey to the smelter. From the mine it is up hill for about a mile, and this cable has to be drawn by a 40-horse power engine, with fifty pounds of steam.

In figure No. 5 a large power plant is shown with the shops, ore houses and terminal of this aerial tramway, connecting the mine with the reduction works at what is called their Grand Encampment. This mill has a capacity of five hundred tons a day and a smelter containing two big furnaces and the converting department with necessary converter shelves, as you will see in the photograph. Here is where the raw material is turned into the merchantable article,—the pure copper.

In figure No. 6 is a splendid photograph of a sec-



Two of the Outfits of the Transportation Department Loaded with Copper.

tion of these aerial tramways connecting the mine with the smelter. This shows the ore buckets in transit. There are over 800 buckets continually in motion on this tramway. The upper cable is stationary, and the buckets ride on this cable. The lower cable controls the bucket and is supported by the cross arms. These buckets go down loaded with about a half a ton of ore each, and come back empty.

Now in picture No. 7 you may see where the buckets arrive at their destination at the smelter. Here the loaded buckets are automatically dumped, dropping the ore into the bins below. When they reach the proper spot over the aperture in the floor, they trip, similar to the farmer's hayfork in the barn, and the force of gravity does the rest. The ore is taken from here and placed over the fire. After it has been reduced to a molten mass and the dross taken away, the pure copper is poured out into moulds by tilting the converter shell, as seen in figure No. 8. In this manner the pigs of copper are made, as may be seen in

figure No. 9. This is pure copper. These pigs weigh about 250 pounds each and are loaded onto trucks and thrown on scales, weighed and checked there, then loaded onto the wagons, hauled to the railroads and put on the cars. When the bills of lading are received from the railroad company they are deposited in the bank and are equivalent to money. Copper bullion is just as quickly turned into cash as gold bullion.

The transportation department is shown in the last illustration, No. 10. Here you can see two complete outfits ready to start from the railroad station.

As said in the beginning of the article, the copper industry is a new one and we have taken the editorial space and the news space this week that our readers might become acquainted with one of the means which will help our country to develop rapidly.

Current Happenings

UNITED STATES SENATOR, John H. Mitchell, is confined to a Portland hospital, the result of a broken limb. His condition, however, is not regarded serious.

W. J. BRYAN and family have arrived in Yokohama, and will spend two weeks in Japan. They expect to make a visit of five days at Tokio, and Marquis Ito, president of the privy council, and Count Okuma, progressist leader, are planning to entertain Bryan at dinner during his stay with them. One of the many things on the program is an address by Mr. Bryan to the members of the Japan-American Society at the Young Men's Hall, given Oct. 17.

IT is thought that by Thanksgiving, at the longest, means of travel to the Mammoth Cave by water will be completed. The lock, built on the Green river, above Brownsville, is nearing completion, regardless of the hindrances in the way of high water, etc. In all probability travel to that famous resort and natural curiosity will then increase.

CHINA is undoubtedly the greatest slave country in the world. Of a population of 400,000,000 it is claimed that over one-fortieth are slaves. Most of them are purchased to do housework, it being cheaper to buy them than to hire.

YELLOW FEVER is reported to be increasing in Pensacola, Fla., fifteen new cases being reported. The fever continues to break out at various places in Mississippi and Louisiana, but it is hoped that the spread of the fever will soon be checked.

FINLAND has recently been called upon to give up her first great painter, Albert Edelfelt, who died at the age of sixty-one. He was a man of vigor, originality and brilliant intellect, being educated in Antwerp and Paris. He received a more thorough training than any of his predecessors, having studied all styles and schools of painting, including old Italian and Renaissance art. At one time he refused a professorship in the St. Petersburg Academy of Arts because he feared that his freedom of activity would be limited by that relationship. When he was but twenty-three years of age his first picture, the "Reine Blanca," was exhibited in Paris, in the year 1877. His work consists of Finnish legends, landscapes, scenes from modern life in Finland and religious themes, all of which have won for him high praise. Thus Finland deeply feels the loss to her national art.

FRANK J. CANNON, former United States Senator from Utah, and at one time an apostle of the Mormon church, but excommunicated because he fought polygamy, is to deliver a series of addresses in Philadelphia on the conditions in Utah. Mr. Cannon comes to the city of Philadelphia under the auspices of the National League of Women's Organizations, which is in charge of the campaign against the retention of Reed Smoot in the Senate. Among the Mormons, Mr. Cannon is the most bitterly hated man in Utah. He is a brilliant orator, and is thoroughly in earnest about the evils of polygamy.

THE recent discovery that at one of the gas plants of Indianapolis a blower had been arranged for pumping air directly into the gas mains, to be mixed with the gas and to be sold to consumers, has aroused the greatest indignation. It is estimated that the profit has been at least $20,000 a year by this method of adulteration.

THE auto drivers in the city of Chicago, in the past six months, have been violating the ordinances to such an extent that the mayor has signified his willingness to revoke all licenses of those who go beyond the speed limit. The mania for fast driving has reached such a point that the automobiles are becoming a great nuisance and a danger to life. It is almost impossible for any pedestrian to pass a street corner in safety. Some of the fatal accidents that have attended the handling of the machines recently are declared to have been caused by ignorance of the ordinances.

HOME DEPARTMENT

LOVE'S MISSION.

What is it makes this life worth living
And turns its pain to joy and peace?
It is the love that we are giving,
To others' happiness increase.
Love is the blessing that when guiding,
Will lead our souls to paradise,
And as we feel its power indwelling,
To higher levels we shall rise.

When love possesses, naught degrading
Will e'er be dwelling in the mind;
But all life's greatest charms and beauty,
The love-lit soul will ever find.
It is the blessing all are seeking;
Yet many, erring, turn away,
As selfishness, their hearts possessing,
In darker paths, leads them astray.

—Martha Shepard Lippincott, in Young People's Paper.

THE MOTHER IN THE HOME.

WHATEVER else the mother in the home may or may not be, she should at least know how to superintend the details of a well-ordered home. No woman has any moral right to accept an offer of marriage unless she has some knowledge of homemaking. It is not necessary in all cases that a woman should do the housework, but she certainly ought to know how housework should be done. In these days the mother in the home is hardly expected to do the washing, scrubbing and other menial services formerly done by the housekeeper. Each home must accommodate itself to suit its own necessities.

All honor is due those women of a generation ago who served the home, not only in the capacity of wife and mother, but also in the capacity of a servant. But those days are past, and, in a majority of cases, the mistress of the home does not undertake to carry all these burdens on her own shoulders. The care of the home to-day is much more complicated than it used to be. While perhaps the home is no healthier and happier for the difference, yet the details of modern life make it much more difficult properly to care for the home than in the days of our grandmothers. Therefore, except in special cases, a woman should not be expected to struggle with all the problems of homemaking alone. She ought, in most cases, to have some competent assistance.

While all this is true, it does not for a moment excuse a woman from not knowing how these things should be done. A man has a right to expect in his wife a knowledge of domestic science. If she does not know how to wash clothes, or bake bread, or sweep a room, or make a bed, she is unfit to become a wife and mother. She must know how to do these things whether she is expected to do them or not. If a woman does not know how to take care of the kitchen she will never know how properly to manage her kitchen help.

When a woman entertains a proposal of marriage she ought to look it squarely in the face and see what is expected of her. If marriage involves the care of the home and the rearing of children, she ought to ask herself honestly whether she is capable of doing these things or not. Romance ought not to blind her eyes. Sentiment ought not to stop her ears to the truth. The glamour of lovemaking should not so pervert her judgment as to allow her to enter into a partnership of this kind wholly incompetent to fulfill her obligations.

No matter how fervid the lovemaking may be or how frantically her suitor may desire marriage, sooner or later she will find that she is expected to do her part in homemaking and to perform the function of the housekeeper.

A man may tolerate for a time a slattern woman as the mistress of his home. Love may make him blind for a short period to her incompetency; but, as a rule, all this will come to an end and the woman will find herself valued by her husband according to her practical abilities in attending to, or at least superintending, the details of his home.

The ornamental accomplishments, such as music, dancing, conversation and literary attainments, which were her chief attractions during their lovemaking period, were all very well in their way, and should not be neglected when she becomes a wife. But such accomplishments alone will not stand the test of the practical business of life. A good bread baker will wear better as a wife and mother than a good pianist. A healthy, wholesome woman is much better fitted to be the mistress of a home than a woman who is simply pretty or witty. Beauty has its value—graceful accomplishments are not to be despised, but bodily vigor, strong nerves, quiet manners and a good disposition are far more valuable. A woman with a pretty face and a peevish disposition grows old very rapidly, and her beauty is all gone before she is thirty years old. But a woman with a plain face and a happy, trusting disposition will continue to grow more beautiful as she grows older.

There is no cosmetic that can hide the deformity of a sour temper. There is no face powder that can cover up the wrinkles of a fretful, scolding woman. If any housewife desires to keep the love and admira-

ion of her husband and family as long as she lives, he must make herself beautiful within and without y a benevolent, loving and hopeful disposition.

A good housewife makes her home her first and oremost business. If she is doing her best by her ome she will have no time to gossip about her neighors, or to contrive new ways to amuse herself. Her ome will completely fill her life, her ambition, her sthetic feeling, her desires to do practical Christian ork. She does not have to seek any other avenue f activity in order to fill her life full to overflowing the exercise of all her capacities.

This does not preclude church life, or club life, or umanitarian work through one or more of the many rganizations which are open to the woman of to-day. ut, in accepting these other avenues for worldly ctivity, she should not do so with the feeling that uch work is higher or nobler than the work at home. ndeed, she is only justified in spending any of her nergy in these outside enterprises when she can do without neglect to her own home duties and privi-ges. The average housewife is all the better able to ulfill her home duties by spending a portion of her me in the work of the church or other societies that ring her into practical contact with other housewives. ut everything of this sort should be made subordinate the home duties, and should only be indulged in hen the home is made better for her doing so.

There is in these days an occasional alliance beween a man and a woman which goes by the name f marriage, in which no home was seriously intend-l, no children expected, no domestic felicities antici-ted. A mere convenient, economical alliance beween two people for mutual profit and comfort. An partment house or a hotel would serve their purpose r better than a home. Upon this sort of a matrionial alliance we have no comment to offer farther an to say that our remarks do not in any sense apply such people. We are discussing only those people no enter the matrimonial state with the expectation making a home for themselves, of rearing a family d seeing their children and grandchildren grow up out them. To such people children are welcome, d in cases where, through no fault of their own, no ildren are born it is regarded as a calamity rather an a blessing. Even in such cases we have known beautiful home to be made by the adoption of orans, or making children of others so welcome that eir home, although childless, is made a haven or re-t for neighboring children, where amusement and struction of the very highest order are of daily occurrence.

But a home in which no children belong, or are de welcome, a home that is never thrilled by the attle of babies, or disturbed by the laugh of romping ildren, is a home only in name. It is a place where o selfish or disconsolate people spend their days,

Therefore, the first and foremost function of a woman who desires to become a homemaker is the love of children and the tact and ability to make friends and companions of children.

The only adequate definition of the word home is "a place where children are grown, physically, mentally and morally." In the absence of children born in the home, then other children, but always and ever a place where children are learning to become men and women. Take away this idea from the home, and you have taken away the essential purpose, the real idea of the home.

A woman who takes upon herself the vows of matrimony with no love for children in her heart, and no desire to teach little men and women how to become big men and women—such a woman has made a great mistake. She might a thousand times better have remained single and found some function in life better suited to her tastes than the function of housewife. There are plenty of places in this world for her to make herself useful. The world offers to the maiden lady to-day many places where she may do a noble and a beautiful work. Therefore, women who have little or no domestic instincts need not be deprived of the privilege of helping make the world a better place in which to live.

But when a woman accepts an offer of marriage, she should calmly consider whether she wishes to go into the homemaking business or not. If she does not find herself fitted by taste or acquirement to fill such a responsible position, she should then turn her attention to some other business for which she is fitted. Many a good housewife has been spoiled in trying to make herself into a good business woman or office clerk. On the other hand, many a good business woman or office clerk has been spoiled by accepting an offer of marriage and making a futile attempt to become the mistress of a home.—*C. S. Carr, Editor Medical Talk.*

THE MACHINE-MADE PIE.

THE national institution has reached its apotheosis in Pittsburg, where the American eagle screams over a machine which turns out forty pies a minute, 2,400 an hour, or 24,000 a day of ten hours. A man named Sons invented it. Sons was a boss baker, and the labors of successive generations of mothers over millions of American pies have blossomed in his genius. The machine will turn you out a pie while you wait —apple, mince, blueberry, raspberry, blackberry, pumpkin, custard or lemon meringue. This shows the progress of civilization. Instead of 24,000 women, each making a pie for dinner in her own kitchen, one woman will go and tend that machine and turn out 24,000 pies a day.

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

"THERE REMAINETH YET VERY MUCH LAND TO BE POSSESSED."—Josh. 13:1.

For Sunday, Nov. 5, 1905.
(Missionary Number.)

I. The Unconquered Lands.
1. China.
2. Japan.
3. Africa.
4. Australia.
5. The Philippines, etc., etc.

II. Why Yet Unevangelized?
1. The Church Hitherto Unawakened.
2. Because of Natural Barriers.
3. Because of Wars and Scourges.

III. The Time or Action is Here.
1. We Must Enter the "Open Doors."
2. Evangelization no Longer an Experiment.
3. We are Responsible for Present Conditions
4. Who Will Say: "Lord, Send Me"?

References.—Isa. 54; 58:8-13; Psa. 68:31; Dan. 7:9-19; Matt. 28:19; Rev. 14:6, 7; Lev. 10:3; Ex. 25:8; 15:2; 5:1; Gen. 35:2; Psa. 98:2; 95:6; 100:1; 48:9; 26:7; 22:22; Isa. 12:5; Hab. 2:20; Luke 4:8; Rev. 15:4.

So Many Lands Unchristianized.

CHRISTIANS used to pray for open doors but in these days the barriers have been removed, the doors stand wide open, and in too many cases there is no one to go in and tell them of Jesus. There ought to be a prompt and generous response to the ripe conditions of the great harvest of the world. Think of the thousands of wounded soldiers in Japanese hospitals, of the emancipated peoples of the Philippine Islands, of Cuba and Porto Rico, of the neglected people of South America, who so sadly need the Gospel. Then there are the inquisitive students in China, who will listen one of these days and take knowledge of Jesus Christ. We have not spoken of Turkey, Russia and the frozen countries of the North. Can there be any excuse for our unwillingness and our lack of interest in the matter?

The Missionary.

Said a noted English scholar, "The missionary seems to me the highest expression of human character in the nineteenth century, and his profession to be the noblest. He has the enterprise of the merchant without the narrowing influence of gain, the dauntlessness of the soldier without the shedding of blood; the zeal of the geographer, but from a higher motive than science." And the world is beginning to share this generous appreciation of missionaries.

How Much do we Give?

What are we doing and how much are we giving towards carrying on the Lord's work? It is said that more money is spent annually for chewing-gum, than for foreign missions. One hundred times as much is spent for tobacco, as for the heathen. Nearly two hundred times as much is spent for liquor to ruin the world as is spent for the Gospel to save it. Women pay more for feathers and flowers than to save the world. All this means that many do not care whether the light shines in the dark places of this world or not. It means, that a few whose souls are lighted with faith and power from on high must pray and work and give, counting it all joy to suffer loss for the sake of Jesus.

India.

We rejoice to-day that we have missionaries in India who are teaching the people. And while it is true that missionaries have been in that land for a number of years, yet the need for laborers there was never greater. We rejoice that the results of the last census show that the two and a half million Christians there have increased to three. But we must not forget that India still lies in darkness, that if three millions have been reached, 297 millions still need the Gospel. The old cry of sin, of need, of darkness and despair has not ceased, the spiritual and moral lethargy of the poor in India who live on one meal a day, is appalling.

Africa.

The boundless resources of Africa, awaiting development, have attracted speculators to her shores rather than missionaries. And mission work there has been attended with discouragements. The American Zulu Mission was founded in 1875, but it was ten years before the first convert stood up for Jesus. The churches at home wrote to these missionaries, "Come back, we cannot support you, it is too difficult." But not one of them would give up. They supported themselves by teaching the Boers, or anything they could do. They held on, and at last brought the church in America up to their standard. They are a self-supporting church now. To-day in Johannesburg, there are many Christians. Where a few years ago you could not find a Christian, a schoolhouse or a church you cannot take a half day's journey without finding a little chapel or schoolhouse which has been established by Christians. But oh, how much land there remains to be possessed in this country! There are 160,000,000 of our fellow-beings to be taught and helped by the power of God, for it is only by this power that they can be reached and saved.

If you leave the missionary in the town of Ibaden, and go north and then travel east for 3,000 miles, you will come to the next missionary on that line. On the Niger there are a few at work. Northward there are none for about 1,000 miles. The whole of the Soudan with 60,000,000 people is practically untouched. Between this and the Congo basin there are about 40,000,000 with not a single missionary to teach them.

China.

Less than half a century ago, there were 300 Chinese Christians in the world, all told. At the close of the first two-thirds of this century in 1866, there were but 3,000, and 97 missionaries at work. But when the first missionary conference was held at Shanghai, in 1877, it was found that there were 13,000. When the Boxer troubles broke out in 1900, there were 112,808 adult Protestant Christians in the churches there.

In round numbers 30,000 Christians, two-thirds of which were Catholics, were murdered by the Boxers, and two hundred and fifty-eight missionaries gave up their lives at the hands of the Boxers. But to-day the chapels are crowded with eager listeners, and the people are anxious to learn.

China is a great country; she has been the fountain-head of ideas for Asia for fifty centuries. What can we do? We can pray for the missionaries who are there. We can work and give to missions. Some day, God willing, some of this land will be possessed by the children of God.

Special Topics.

1. Livingstone in Africa. "Effective Workers in Needy Fields," beginning at page 8.

2. Isabella Thoburn. "Effective Workers in Needy Fields," from page 97 to 114.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Be Ye Steadfast.

We are told a good many times by the apostles to be faithful, to "stand fast," and to endure unto the end. Why was it necessary to say so much about this? Just because it is so easy to go slower and more slow and finally the lax hands and laggard feet almost refuse to perform any service for God. The slow coming to result is one reason for this. In proportion to the value of a thing, the preciousness of it, is the long time required, and the efforts needed to bring about results.

This is true in nature. Watch a toadstool; you will see it just beginning one day, and the next you will be surprised at the sudden and swift growth of the huge toadstool that has come to its full growth in a night. But the toadstool is of little value, it is in the vegetable kingdom. Now the oak tree, requires a much longer time to grow, but how much more valuable it is, relatively speaking.

Boys and girls, remember this when you begin to think that you are tired of going to Sunday school or Christian Workers' meetings. Some of you were very eager to go to the first meeting, but now, since you have grown accustomed to them, you are not as enthusiastic as you were. Do not forget that these meetings go towards building up your Christian character. Noble character cannot be the product of a night like Jonah's gourd. You will not wake up some fine morning and find yourself finished a truly good, noble Christian man or woman. No, you need all the religious influences that are thrown around you. You need these lessons that are studied each week in the Christian Workers' meetings. Keep going, and you will become more interested. You must keep going, if you want to serve him aright.

Our Missionary Reading Circle.

We love the Circle and its work. The letters received from its members are very precious to us as they speak of their efforts, their triumphs, and sometimes their failures. We hope to have far more readers this winter than we have ever had. We are going to select the best books possible on missions, for our course. By the way, here are several, not in the course, but very good books, nevertheless; read them if you have the opportunity: "The Little Green God" by Caroline A. Mason, "Fifty Missionary Stories" by Belle M. Brain, and there are many books that will move your hearts to work and pray for missions as you have never done before.

NEW NAMES.

2935. Paul O. Freidley, 536 W. Lemon St., Lancaster, Pa.
2936. Mabel R. Booth, 422 N. Duke St., Lancaster, Pa.
2937. S. J. Heckman, Michigan Valley, Kans.
2938. Mary Yearout, Michigan Valley, Kans.
2939. Rova Flora, Overbrook, Kans.
2940. Eva Michael, Overbrook, Kans.
2941. Milton Ikenberry, Overbrook, Kans.

RECEIVED CERTIFICATES.

J. Hugh Heckman, Cerrogordo, Illinois.
Harry Leedy, Cerrogordo, Illinois.

WHO IS TO BLAME—

If your children have no respect for the house of God?

If they do not believe that father and mother are Christians?

For your misfortunes, if you have done nothing to guard against them?

For the coldness and indifference in the church that you belong to?

For the unsatisfactory condition of your own experience?

If the Sabbath school is not well attended?

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LI.

Larnaka, Cyprus.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

The accident which we described in the former letters made it impossible for us to visit Constantinople and Smyrna. We sailed directly for Beirut via Cyprus, where we stopped to allow a few to disembark who expect to winter there. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." Although we did not get to go where we wanted to, and although we had some trouble and worry, yet we saved some money in the operation. The oriental people are just awful; you cannot believe one of them, it seems, when it comes to bargaining. Under no circumstances do they aim to stay by a contract; they expect to break it when they make it; they make the contract low enough so you will trade and then raise on you sufficiently to make the profit. The dreadful day finally closed at 10 P. M., and the little vessel moved slowly out of the harbor. To our surprise our captain, who was a Greek, spoke English splendidly, and seemed to be a very nice man.

As I mentioned before, we had no ballast in the boat; there were about two hundred and fifty passengers on board, counting the different classes. They did not have much baggage. Of course the fuel kept getting lower all the while so the ballast continued to get lighter. When we were fairly out at sea and began to wiggle around in the thousands of islands in the Grecian Archipelago and the "Euroclydon," as Paul calls it, came sweeping down upon us, our little boat forgot how to behave herself. We had sailed the Atlantic, the Irish Sea, the English Channel, the Cattegat and the Mediterranean from Naples to Athens, and none of us had been bothered to any extent with sea-sickness. But when we struck the Ægean Sea, the sea-god began to get in his work. When we awoke the next morning we were driving in a furious gale. We arose, and, with great difficulty, did our toilet and ate breakfast. After breakfast we went on deck and staid about two hours. One by one the passengers went below as solemn as if they had been summoned to a funeral. Finally Agnes and I felt sleepy and we "turned in." Miss Merritt went to visit a sick lady, hoping to change conditions by changing subjects, but alas she soon became very drowsy and sought her cabin. When she came in Agnes was quite sleepy and yet was not asleep. I was exactly the same way; she wanted to know if we were sick, at which we both remonstrated and said we were not sick, but very sleepy. We could hear the boys in the next bunk talking over matters that were very familiar to us. We heard Roscoe say he had been reading until he had black specks before his eyes, and he crawled in with a long-drawn sigh. Roscoe said he was feverish, but not sick. No, none of us were sick, but strange to say we all wanted to lie flat down, clear flat down, and remain clear flat down. The situation became laughable; we would talk serious for a while, and then when we would hear the boys doing the same thing it provoked levity and we could not help but laugh. One minute we felt like we were going to die, and the next minute we were afraid we wouldn't; but we did not dare to raise our heads sufficiently to place one hand under without being in danger of surrendering to the enemy.

At last the noon hour came; the gong sounded for lunch; nobody moved; it seemed that nobody was hungry. Finally one of the boys shouted to us and asked if we were not going to the table. We all refused. Roscoe proceeded to the dining room under great difficulty. The steward greeted him with a smile; the table was ladened with delicacies and sweetmeats. How many passengers out of the two hundred and fifty do you suppose were at the table? Just three. Poor Roscoe returned, his face was the color of a dishrag; he took his place again upon the shelf. When none of us responded to the gong the stewardess came to our room and asked us if we didn't want a drink of nice hot chicken broth. I refused it on sight; Agnes drank a little, the boys say they drank some. This only made matters worse. The little exertion that was required to drink the soup was too much, and one by one we yielded to the inevitable. The kind stewardess did everything in her power to help us. She brought some fine Grecian grapes, which we all refused but Oscar. After a few admonitions to the rest of us to "be game" he took the nice bunch from the stewardess' hand and picked off a fine, large, sweet grape and tasted it and finally swallowed it; he said, "Why, that's good," but the poor grape had no sooner reached the end of its journey than it proceeded to turn around and come back; and he immediately, though reluctantly, gave freedom to his pent-up feelings. The fight was desperate but soon over with. We had six meals a day—three down and three up. Conditions are so far beyond description that many have tried and failed as I have, to make one realize what the gods of the deep can do for a traveler.

The tempest continued to grow worse and worse. At supper the steward placed racks on the table to hold the dishes, but all to no avail. Many were broken; people were thrown from their seats, and my alligator valise arose and flew across the cabin into Miss Meritt's bunk; but she happened to be out at the time. Chairs were tied; seats were roped, and every precaution possible taken. About one o'clock in the night we all awoke and heard the boys laughing. We could hardly hear what they said for the dashing of the waves, but Oscar said Roscoe was sitting up in bed counting his money, and he said if the sea was as rough in olden times as it is now it is no wonder that the whale could easily get rid of Jonah.

Miss Merritt looked out at the port hole and got a moonlight peep at Rhodes, which we read about in Acts 21:1. All the next day we passed along the lower coast of Lycia and Pamphylia, Acts 13:13. They extend out into the Mediterranean Sea in a sort of promontory way, and are barren and rough. We got a view of Paphos on the western end of Cyprus; here is where Paul had his trouble, in Acts 13:6-12. About 3 P. M. we arrived at this place and the captain said that we might go ashore for two hours, so I'll post this letter on shore.

Yours sincerely,

Marie.

(To be Continued.)

The Q. & A. Department.

Are there now any remains of plants or fruits that indicate the location of the Garden of Eden? What sort of people live there and what are their customs?

There is no special kind of fruits or plants and not even traces of buildings that go to indicate the Garden mentioned. You will notice that almost always this place is referred to as The Garden of Eden. If you will read closely you will remember that the Bible says this Garden was eastward in Eden. And while there are being uncovered in that country many things to identify the truthfulness of the text of God's Word, yet nothing has been found which will indicate the location of this Garden. The people who live in that country now are Persian Mohammedans. They do not differ materially from the Mohammedan as we know him and see him in western Asia. They believe parts of the Old Testament, but not the New Testament. They believe that Jesus Christ was a great man, but not the son of God. They think that Mohammed is the greatest prophet of God. Many of them are nomadic; with their tents they go from place to place, and, besides buying and selling, they do a great deal of pilfering and plundering.

In the third chapter of Esther we read that Haman offered to pay ten thousand talents of silver into the king's treasury for the privilege of killing all the Jews in the kingdom. How much was that in United States money?

Authorities differ on the value of a talent; even the best authorities range in their estimates from $1,000 to $2,000. We also find that the Greek, Hebrew and Roman talent were all different, so that it is difficult to get a definite idea of the amount he was to pay; to be extremely conservative you will be safe in saying that he agreed to pay not less than $12,000,000, and probably much more than that. The most probable statistics make a talent of silver to be $1,650.86.

Does the shadow of a cloud move over the earth's surface faster than the cloud, the cloud moving in an easterly direction?

The shadow of a cloud does not move perceptibly faster than the cloud itself moves. Clouds vary in altitude above the earth's surface. Aeronauts at the highest altitude attained have still seen cirrus clouds above them. The ordinary heavy cumulus clouds, however, are not at any high altitudes; probably five miles would be a maximum for them. So the distance from the cloud to the sun is almost the same as the distance from the earth's surface from the sun, and the shadow of the cloud, cast by the sun will move with the same velocity as the cloud in the same direction.

Which has the greatest individuality, Bryan or Roosevelt?

This question reminds one of "Which is the greatest benefactor,—the horse or the whale?" Since you cannot use them for the same thing it is hard to compare. These are both great men, and have proven themselves to be so. Everyone who knows either of them, knows they are individual thinkers and refuse to be moved by every little puff of wind from the contrary direction. Their accomplishments as moulders of sentiment show their individuality, but they can hardly be compared, because contrasts cannot easily be compared.

Is there any sound when there is no ear to hear it?

The dictionary gives two meanings to the word *sound*. One is the sensation in the mind, as when you say "I hear a sound"; the other the mechanical cause of the sensation, as when you say a sound is produced by the vibration of some heavy body. In the first sense there is no sound where there is no ear to receive it.

What do you consider to be the most valuable book to have in the home besides the Bible?

This depends entirely upon the purpose you have behind your question. Since you accept the Bible as being the most valuable, it follows that the next most valuable book would be the one which makes you know more about the Bible, whether it be a commentary, dictionary or geography.

Is it proper to use a fork in the right or left hand when not carving food?

The fork should always be used in the right hand except when you are using that hand for your knife. That is for right-handed persons.

Please give the number and names of the colors in the rainbow.

There are seven: Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red.

What are the three greatest needs of the Sunday school?

First, better teaching. Second, better teaching. Third, better teaching.

What is the address of the White Automobile Company?

Cleveland, Ohio.

To what is the changes of season due?

The motion of the earth around the sun.

MISCELLANEOUS

TEDDY'S SOLILOQUY.

Grown folks are queer, it seems to me!
They almost make me vexed;
They think I ought to be one day
What I can't be the next.

One day my sister Kate and I
Went out-of-doors to play
Beside a little muddy pool—
She got right in my way.

I didn't think, but threw a stone
And spattered Kate's new frock;
She jumped, and home she crying went
To tell about the shock.

Then mother said, "Why, Teddy Jones!
A big, smart boy like you!"
And grandma said, "You've grown so big
I thought you better knew!"

My father said, "Boys will be boys,"
But Aunt May hushed him quick.
"Ted Jones," she said, "is much too big
To play that shabby trick!"

And Aunt Maud pitied "poor dear Kate";
At me sharp looks she threw.
"You ought to act the man," she said,
"A boy as big as you!"

Next day I asked to do some things
That big folks well enjoy.
"Oh! no," they said; "you're much too small—
You're just a little boy."

Of course, I know grown folks are right;
But truly I'm perplexed
At finding that I'm big one day
And very small the next.

—Clara D. Gilbert, in Lippincott's.

FOR ALL YOUNG MEN.

An aged gentleman, who was buried on his ninetieth birthday, Mr. Muir, of Patterson, N. J., had for fifty years carried in his pocket a printed slip, on which were set down in ordered sequence certain practical rules of duty. These rules had been cut from a newspaper, and been carried in the pocket of Mr. Stephen Allen, many years ago mayor of New York. They are of interest to young people of to-day, since their value is greater to youth with all before it than to age with all behind it. So here are the good rules cherished by wise old men, published again:

Keep good company or none. Never be idle.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth. Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good character is above all things else.

Your character cannot be essentially injured, except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of your life, live so that no one will believe him.

Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.

Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquillity of mind.

Never play at any game of chance.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it.

Never run into debt unless you see a way out again.

Do not marry until you are eligible to support a wife.

Never speak evil of any one.—*Glenwood Boy.*

A DOZEN DON'TS.

Don't meet trouble half way.

Don't waste bear shot on snowbirds.

Don't give advice to a starving man. Feed him first.

Don't be a "good fellow" at the expense of your family.

Don't expect to be truly happy without making others happy.

Don't set your son an example and then punish him for following it.

Don't try to fight the devil with fire. Take a weapon with which he is not familiar.

Don't expect people to profit by the advice you give without following it yourself.

Don't forget that the most tedious conversations are those in which "I" is the text.

Don't worry over to-day's troubles until to-morrow, and then it will not be necessary.

Don't make the mistake of thinking the pleasure you buy is equal to the happiness you earn.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that a knowing look will always serve the same purpose as real knowledge.

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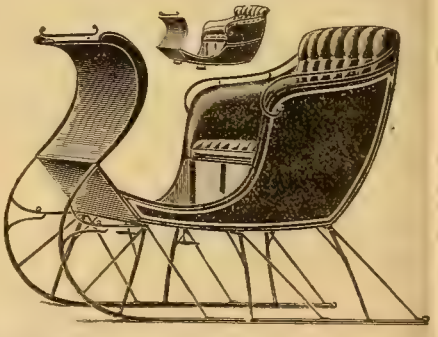
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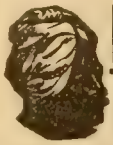
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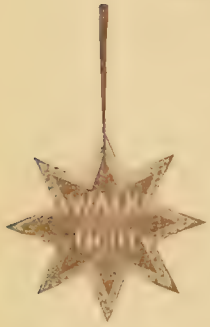
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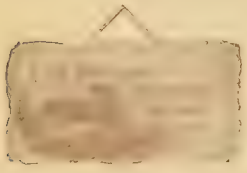
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"Love One Another, as I Have Loved You."
"We Love Him Because He First Loved Us."

No. 318.—LANDSCAPE GEMS.

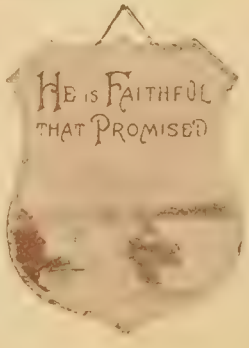


An artistic series of text cards with fine landscape designs, embossed border. Each card corded. Price 5 cents each or 50 cents per dozen. Assorted texts and designs. Size 8¼ x 4. Texts:

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"The Peace of God Shall Keep Your Hearts."
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"I, The Lord Have Called Thee And Will Keep Thee."
"The Lord Will Hold Thy Right Hand."
"Do Those Things That Are Pleasing in His Sight."

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"He Is Faithful That Promised."

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"Able to Keep."
"God Our Strength."
"God is Love."
"Rest in the Lord."
"Come Unto Me."

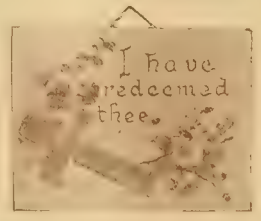
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"Lead Me In Thy Truth."
"Seek Ye The Lord."
"Stand Fast In The Lord."

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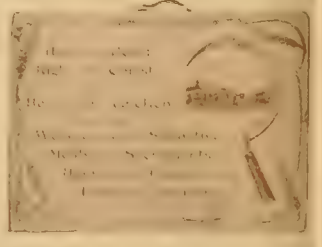


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THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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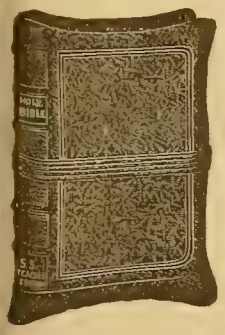
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DID NOT THINK HE WOULD LIVE.

Lowell, Mass., Sept. 26.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Really, I ought to write you something. In the first place, I want to say that I do not believe I would have been alive to-day if it had not been for your **Blood Vitalizer.** About fourteen months ago I came back from Florida, sick and discouraged. I have had stomach trouble ever since I came out of the army in 1865. I have taken all kinds of medicines, and tried as many doctors without benefit. Death would have been a relief many times. I left Citrus county, Florida, terribly sick, and had not eaten anything or slept hardly a bit for six weeks and for four weeks of that time I was under the care of a doctor. Then I got another doctor, but fared no better with him. I sent them both away and told them that I was going to send for your **Blood Vitalizer,** and that I would wait until it arrived, live or die. A shingle is a good illustration of how I looked, I was so thin. Well, the medicine came and I had not taken more than about ten doses before I felt better. I got so that I could eat and digest my food and gained strength. The people were astonished and the doctors, too, as they did not expect me to get over it. There are lots of people here who have stomach trouble but I guess they would rather have the doctors fool with them than use a reliable medicine. Yours respectfully,

81 Barney St. O. P. Blaisdell.

AN OCTOGENARIAN WRITES.

Carbondale, Kans., June 30, 1904.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—As you, no doubt, know, we ordered your **Blood Vitalizer** mainly for our own use. For a long time we sold very little to outsiders. We distributed a good deal of literature telling all about the medicine, but our looks and the condition of our health since using the **Blood Vitalizer** speak louder than anything else about the merits of the medicine. I should like to sell a great deal of it even if I did not make a penny on it, just for the sake of the medicine which has done us so much good.

It cured me of a disease after four doctors had tried without even helping me. I suffered pain almost continually and could neither lie down nor sit up, and sleep was almost out of the question. Since using the **Blood Vitalizer** I feel well and have a good appetite, and also sleep well. The same I can say in behalf of my wife. I do not know what she would have done if she had not gotten your medicine. On the 23rd of October last she was eighty years old, and I shall be eighty this July.

Respectfully yours,

John J. Dietrich.

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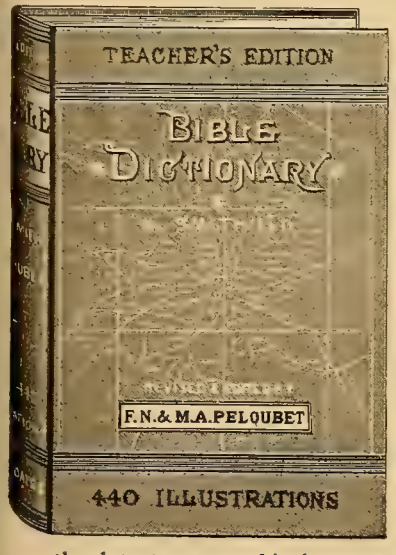
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is Done by Irrigation.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. OCTOBER 31, 1905. NO. 44.

A GOOD PRESCRIPTION.

Feel all out of kilter, do you?
Nothing seems to suit you quite?
Skies seem sort of dark and clouded?
Though the day is fair and bright?
Eyes affected—fail to notice
Beauty spread on every hand?
Hearing so impaired you're missing
Songs of promise sweet and grand?

No, your case is not uncommon—
'Tis a popular distress;
Though 'tis not at all contagious,
Thousands have it, more or less;
But it yields to simple treatment,
And is easy, quite to cure;
If you follow my directions,
Convalescence, quick, is sure.

Take a bit of cheerful thinking,
Add a portion of content,
And with both let glad endeavor
Mixed with earnestness be blent.

—Exchange.

SELECTED SNAPSHOTS.

Great and intense ought to be our charity toward human weakness.

The man who reaps joys to-day is the man who sowed smiles yesterday.

Moral light radiates from the moon in life's horizon. Spiritual life from the sun.

A vote cast for principle is never lost, even though it be the only one in the ballot box.

We have our doubts about the Christianity that has to get into a man's heart through a bullet hole.

It is easy to be cheerful when things go right, but the man who faces adversity with a smile is the man who wins out in the end.

The world wants men who do not think or believe that shrewdness, sharpness, cunning and longheadedness are the best qualities for winning success.

God looks behind the sum given to see the heart of the giver.

Being spiritually minded means being minded as Jesus was minded.

A person never really begins to learn until he is ready to admit that he does not know.

There are Christians who think they have done their full duty when they pay the preacher.

Spiritual life is evidence of spiritual birth whether you can tell the exact day and hour or not.

To the sincere, earnest, devoted and consecrated Christian faith amounts to absolute knowledge.

The world wants men who will not have one brand of honesty for business purposes and another for private life.

There is entirely too much of this subway business about national legislation. What the country needs is more work above the ground.

When we hear a churchmember complaining of something the preacher said we are moved to believe that the preacher is doing some good.

It is possible to be satisfied with numbers. If you have a houseful of people, don't forget that they are hungry, and that there are plenty more outside.

There should be no restraints to liberty but nature's punishment for violation of her laws. Fundamentally speaking no man can ever acquire the right to rule others.

What a pity the devil does not go about roaring as a lion, instead of "as a roaring lion." We might perhaps hear him while he is yet afar off, and get out of his way.



The Old Doyle House

By PROF. G. W. FURREY



Chapter XIV.

THE mutual surprise occasioned by the unexpected meeting was followed by mutual embarrassment which left them momentarily speechless.

At length Charles ventured confusedly: "Maud, what brings you out so early?"

"It seems to me that I have as good a right to ask the same of you," she answered archly.

"Oh, I—well, I did not sleep well, perhaps, and preferred a walk in the morning air to lying in bed."

"I was not aware of the fact that we had you for a neighbor."

"Yes, I have recently returned to my estate," he said with a superior air. "Last night I slept in the Old Doyle House."

"I don't wonder that you are out so early. I suppose you had pleasant dreams?"

"Well, not especially. But I feel well repaid."

"By your morning walk? It is simply delightful. I was just admiring that reflection in the water when you came up. Looks like two twin landscapes clasping hands at the water's edge."

"More like the picture in the sky was stooping to woo the one in the water."

"How very poetical! But see! she turns her back on him."

"I hope the picture on this bank is more agreeable," he said softly. "The beauty of the other is eclipsed by only the half of this, if I am to judge," and he gave a stealthy glance at her face.

"Indeed! but perhaps the other half spoils the picture. But Charlie, why did you not come home when you came back? Has your college life made you too good for your old friends?"

"There's no room for me in your home any more. Your father would not let me come into the house."

"Why, what makes you say that? What have you done? You must think that we easily forget that you saved my life," she said with a searching look into his eyes, which dropped to the ground, while he attempted to answer in evident confusion.

"No—no—not at all—but—you know what I am going to do, don't you?"

"Yes, I just found it out. But why will you do such a thing?"

"A fellow has a right to his own, hasn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose so; but I should not think that you could easily forget what your friends have done for you."

"Nor do I, and when it is all over my friends shall not suffer. First among which are yourself and your folks."

"You are indeed very generous. But the wretchedness you will bring upon so many of my old friends and your former friends will be too poorly recompensed by the assurance that I need not share their fate."

"That you shall not; and if I only had the assurance that you once gave me that you would share my fate—" His passionate boldness could hardly be interrupted by her laugh which was no less hearty because it was forced.

"That was a long time ago; and the vows of babies are soon broken. However, you are getting old enough, I should think, not to talk such nonsense."

"Quite the contrary. I am getting old enough that such talk ceases to be nonsense as it once may have been."

"But I have not answered your question, what brings me here so early," she remarked, with the purpose of changing the trend of the conversation.

"True, but I would now prefer having you answer another question first."

"No, but the answer of the other is of more consequence to you just now," she persisted. "I got up to help papa off for Delphi where he is going to employ counsel in the interest of the defendants against the would-be heir of the Doyle property. There was a crowd at the mill last night to discuss the situation; and I'm afraid it would not have been well for you to have come up just then."

"They are nothing but a lot of cowards and thieves! They want to hold property that they know does not belong to them," he answered hotly.

"When you hear what brought me here you will know that one at least was not a coward. I was in that crowd."

"You may have been in the crowd but you were not one of them."

"Do you know that if there is an heir to the Doyle estate, in case he fails to show up at the next spring term of court that it will be forever too late?"

"Yes, but I also know that I will be there," he said loftily.

"Have you considered that where there are so many interested there may be some, more or less, unscrupulous?"

"Perhaps. But I am unable to see the point."

"What if you were suddenly to disappear?"

"Ah! I see. I take the hint. But you don't think that I am in any immediate danger?"

"I don't think anything about it. I know that your only safety is in keeping out of sight. I accidentally overheard two men talking this morning who I am sure will not shrink from violence if they consider it necessary."

Charles paled visibly.

"I shall take every precaution; nor do I know how I am to express my gratitude to you."

"Oh, that is unnecessary. Now I may go."

"No. You must answer the other question first. You know that I love you. What would wealth and position be to me unless I had you to share it? I love you more and more every day," he was saying, boldly looking into her eyes as he attempted to approach her, but was stopped by a warning gesture. "It is only a little more than two years till you will be of age. Tell me that you will then become my wife."

She looked into his flushed face with a feeling of pity. "I wish you would have spared yourself this pain. First, I am too young to think about becoming anybody's wife, and second, I'll never be able to love you again, since you have turned out to be a Doyle. I believe the Doyles are more than half ghosts. I am afraid of you. You have your answer."

"But, Maudie, if that is it, I'll never be a Doyle. I am not really. It is all the work of my lawyers."

"Then you are a fraud and a cheat, which is still worse. If you are not the heir you will never be able to prove that you are. I shall certainly testify to what you have confessed to me."

"No, no, you must not," he cried in alarm. "Tell me that you will not betray me. Promise me not to tell a word of what I said to anyone," he said, half pleading, half threatening.

"Never! You are not deserving of the slightest consideration and shall receive none. I shall tell papa all as soon as I see him. Stand back! Don't you dare come near me!" she cried, her hands clinched and her eyes flashing as he essayed to approach her.

Chapter XV.

"I'll be hanged if I didn't hear that old barn door creak."

"I heard it too," said 'Squire' Haren. His companion, however, was already half down the ladder to the barn floor to see what it might have been.

"No. Seems to be no one 'round," he answered to the inquiry of his companion, "but I guess I'll just put feed in fer my horses, and then I'm goin' to hunt up a fire sommers."

"Yir gittin' soft in yir old age," observed Haren as he climbed slowly down into the "feeding room."

"I'll bet Girard's half way to Delphi 'fore this."

"Yes, I see his horses are gone. But that feller don't care fer anything. Night 'fore last when it was so cold that the fence was white with frost in the mornin', he spent a good part o' the night in the water throwin' up stones onto the dam."

"How's that? Is the water gittin' low in the race?"

"Well, rather, to run all the burrs."

"The dam has been in poor shape ever since the ice went off the river last spring. He's had several men and teams workin' on it, but on account o' his girl's health he could not oversee it, so they done a bad job of it."

"Girard's a brick, but I fear he'll feel the effects of it sooner or later. By the way he has his old team back again, ain't he?"

"Yes, but he had to give the feller a cool fifty to get him to trade back."

"They say that was all the work of that scamp Charlie, is it so?"

"Yes."

During this conversation the two men had walked to the blacksmith shop, but finding that cold they entered the store. But Joe Ramsey, the storekeeper, was just lighting a fire so they walked back to the mill office after purchasing some cheese and crackers to add to their lunch.

In the office was a warm fire and they were soon washing down their scanty breakfast with liberal draughts from the big coffee pot that the miller kept boiling for his customers.

But as one of the mill hands that had just got off shift was toasting his shins by the fire while parching corn, they did not feel free to talk as they desired.

"Let's take a walk, Pete, and git a bit of fresh air."

"All right! But that's 'bout all I've been gittin' ever since I've been here."

"Come, go along with me. I'm trappin' a leettle. I think there'll be a mus'rat in one of my traps down by the 'Widow's Bend.'"

Who will say that there is not a method if not a purpose in what we call fate?

How is it that we find the unexpected continually happening? And how well it always fits in!

How is it that we find these plotters and counter-plotters drawn to the same spot at the same time? And that just the right time! As they walked along the path that ran close to the water's edge, for a long time they were silent, although their purpose in taking the walk was to be free to talk. Each was busy with his own thoughts. Each had traversed the same path many a time as a barefooted boy with fishing pole and pocket full of worms.

At last Old Pete broke the silence.

"I doan' see quite clear how we'll git him but git him we must."

"Hold on now, here's my traps," was the only reply.

But just as the "squire" was peering cautiously in the position of one of his traps and announcing in a stage whisper: "I've got him this time sure!" they

were attracted by the startled cry of a girl's voice just above them.

Looking up they saw the miller's daughter, her long brown hair falling in picturesque confusion about her shoulders, her hands clinched defiantly, "Keep back!" she cried. "Don't dare lay hand on me!"

For a moment they were lost in admiration.

It seemed that her recent suffering had made a woman out of the girl before her time.

The youth, whom they recognized at once, exchanging a look of mutual understanding, with flushed face was approaching in a vacillating manner.

"Keep your distance. Rather than let you touch me I will jump into the river!"

"I won't touch you if you will promise not to tell your father or any one else what I said."

"But that I said I would never do!"

"Then I'll take you by force up to the Old Doyle House to keep you in concealment till your information will be too late."

She had kept retreating while he advanced, till she was at the very edge of the bank. About ten feet below was a narrow ledge upon which were crouched the two men. A light jump would carry her right over their heads into the river, where the water was so deep that the bottom had never been reached. To prevent this, they were both on the point of speaking, when Charles, seeing Maud stood to jump, sprang forward and seized her. But the momentum carried them over the edge. With a scream of terror they found themselves in the strong embrace of two pairs of brawny arms.

(To be Continued.)

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

C. F. YODER.

THE Russian soldiers have been of special interest to the world during the past two years because of the war with Japan. In my travels in Russia I saw a great many of them and am glad of the opportunity of telling something about them.

In Russia every young man must join the army at twenty and remain until he is twenty-five unless he is excused for the reason that he is a student or the only son in the family. Thus, practically, all of the Russian men are trained in the art of war, and there is a great abundance of soldiers everywhere in Russia. A Russian professor told me that when I should return to America I could tell the people that I saw three things in Russia,—soldiers, churches and vodka.

Nevertheless the Russian soldiers have not proven successful fighters. There are several causes for this, aside from that fact that they have had to face an almost invincible foe. First is the fact that they have comparatively little patriotism. Everywhere in Russia I found the people proud of their race and their blood but when it came to speaking of the government they were silent or else hinted that they considered it very bad indeed.

The Russian soldiers go into battle by force and not from any enthusiasm for war. An Englishman, who was on the coast of India when the fleet of Rojestvensky passed, told me that he saw the officers shoot down three hundred of the soldiers, in order to compel the rest to go on board the ships.

Another reason for the inefficiency of the army, and of the government in general, is the drunkenness that



RUSSIAN RAILROAD STATION GUARDED BY SOLDIERS.

abounds. The Russian vodka looks like water, but it is a very strong kind of whiskey. The same Englishman who saw the soldiers mutiny, saw more than one hundred thousand bottles of liquor taken on board the fleet for the use of the officers alone. This is one reason that the Russian soldiers and people in general are so thick-headed. They are brave enough. When ordered to hold a certain position they will hold it or die. If the officers be killed the soldiers will stand there like so many dogs waiting to be shot. They will not budge without orders. The Japanese, on the other hand, will immediately have new officers from the ranks and adapt themselves to the situation.

The Cossacks are a Russian tribe whose life business is fighting. From the cradle the Cossack boys are trained to fight. They are supported by the government, and, being ignorant and savage, are not among the revolutionists. They are scattered all over the empire, a few being in each of the garrisons in the large towns and cities. They are splendidly equipped with rifles and fine ponies, but they are cowards when it comes to actual battle. The sort of fighting they love is that of charging a defenseless mob. They love to cut down women and children who cannot fight back. The first person they killed at Baku was a poor little girl standing in front of her own door in the yard. A Norwegian, whom we met in Tiflis, told us that,

had he not been armed, they would have killed him and his little girl one day in the street. Once I was obliged to flee from them because I ventured to try to take a picture of a group of them.

Sometimes the Russian soldiers refuse to fire on women and children, but the Cossacks can always be depended upon to do such work. When they were sent to Baku to quell the disturbance there, they did but little because the Russian government really encourages the Tartars to massacre the Armenians. When in Tiflis I saw Armenians killed by the Tartars and the police were appealed to in vain. One day, when several Armenians had been shot down in broad daylight, other Armenians gathered and threatened the life of the police if they would not act. Then they arrested the Tartars.

There are soldiers at every railway station, especially in the Caucasus region. They look rather picturesque with their neat white uniforms, but they are a sad commentary upon the government that must sustain itself constantly by the employment of force.

How different is the kingdom of our Lord who rules by love; whose followers willingly die for the cause they love and whose dominion shall increase until "the nations shall bring their glory and their honor into it" and "the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ."

Ashland, Ohio.

THE KING OF ENGLAND AND THE FRENCH NUNS.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* of recent date had, in its Paris correspondence, a story about a party of French nuns and the present King of Great Britain and Ireland.

A party of nuns, eleven in number, forced to either give up their sacred calling or to leave France, had made arrangements to establish themselves in a quiet, beautiful little city of England, not far from London, and started on their journey by taking through third-class tickets *via* Boulogne-Folkstone. Not one spoke a word of English, not even the Mother Superior. The short sea trip from Boulogne to Folkstone had been rather rough, and had considerably fatigued the poor sisters, whose first sea voyage this happened to be. However, as the railroad officials in France had assured them there would be a train ready for them at Folkstone on arrival of the boat, the sisters consoled themselves with the thought that they would soon get over the little inconveniences of the sea.

Well, the boat did arrive at Folkstone, and the sisters followed the crowd along the great quay to the station. Arrived there almost among the last, because they were timid and lacked the somewhat uncouth aggressiveness of the veteran travelers, they saw the train; oh, yes! But found all the third-class seats taken. Their feelings at this discovery can better be imagined than described when—oh, good fortune!—they espied a gentleman whose headgear was a white cap. As all station-masters in France wear white caps, the good sisters naturally thought that this gentleman was the one to address themselves to, and the Mother Superior went to him with a reverence and asked him if he spoke French. The gentleman, taking off his cap, answered in the purest French accent, asking what he could do for her and her companions. The Mother Superior quickly explained their dilemma, showing the gentleman her third-class tickets. The sister was assured a carriage would be immediately attached to the train, and that he would soon return and see they were comfortably seated. The gentleman left at a brisk pace, while the Mother rejoined the other sisters, all anxious to know the result of the interview. Needless to say they were all happy when the Mother had told them. Presently a locomotive came with a first-class carriage, which was attached to the train. The gentleman with the white cap had arrived at the same time, and bowing politely, bade the sisters to get in. But the Mother Superior had noticed it was a first-class carriage, and again mentioned to the gentleman that they had third-class tickets. On being assured it made no difference, and that they would not be asked to pay anything extra or be annoyed on that account, the sisters took their seats, the gentleman wished them "*bon voyage,*" bowed, and the train left.

Now, King Edward was the gentleman with the white cap, according to the *Picayune's* correspondent. He was on a cruise and his yacht was at Folkstone. By the merest good fortune for the nuns, his Majesty happened to be at the railroad station when they arrived; and it goes without saying that this charming little episode had been respectfully watched by all those on the platform who knew the gentleman with the white cap was none other than the king.

A few months had elapsed when a gentleman who had been an admiring witness to the proceedings was stopping, for a few days, at the place the sisters had chosen as their new residence. Luck would have it that he met the Mother Superior, and he respectfully approached her, asking what impression King Edward had made upon her. The good soul answered she did not know the king, never having met him. "Oh, yes!" replied the gentleman, "you know and have seen his majesty;" and then he related to the grateful but amazed sister under what circumstances she had made the king's acquaintance at Folkstone.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

WHAT man is there that does not laboriously, though all unconsciously, himself fashion the sorrow that is to be the pivot of his life?—*Maeterlinck.*

TO WHICH CLASS DO YOU BELONG?

ETHA A. EVANS.

Do you remember that Whittier in one of his beautiful poems pours forth his thoughts in the following words:

"Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin
And all I fail of win.
What matter, I or they?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?"

Have you not met people who by their actions express the same thoughts? They have the knack of saying just the right word at the right time and one goes out from their presence feeling refreshed in mind and more able to cope with the many difficulties that life presents. They tell you the pleasant things that people say about you, they speak of what a pleasant life this is and for them "every cloud has a silver lining." They are satisfied with their lot and thankful for the many blessings that God has bestowed on them. If there is a member of the family sick, they come in, make themselves useful in a quiet way and so cheer one by their very presence that all cares seem to flee before their bonny smile, their sympathetic countenance, their reassuring glance.

But, vice versa, has it not been your misfortune to meet people who are continually drawling out in dismal tones their many misfortunes, what a dreary old world this is, and, "In the good old times people never did so," then again that instead of progressing we are retrograding?

If there is any one sick they feel it their duty to wend their way immediately to that unfortunate individual's home and to remind the family that they know of half a dozen different cases of the measles similar to Johnnie's and the parties all died with them, too. These women insist on helping clean up the sick room, declaring it is unsanitary in its present condition, and they proceed to pound, dust and worry around until they have well-nigh exhausted the patient's strength and patience. Meanwhile the hostess is at her wits' end trying to devise some way to get her unwelcome visitor to desist from her labors. When at last she is gone one feels relieved, yet in spite of one's knowledge of her shortcomings, one's mind is distressed by what has been said.

These two classes of people are to be met with every place. Those with sunny, unclouded temperaments are the ones whose society we seek and whose acquaintance we cultivate. But the "I-told-you-sos," the pessimists who think there is nothing good in this world are the ones whose very presence is nauseating and repulsive.

If you are not an ardent church-goer, you can at least set a good example of your Christianity by cultivating the art of being pleasant. When little troubles come up, cultivate a pleasant tone of voice and you will be surprised to see how quickly they vanish. By being truthful, calm, modest and sunny one can become a very charming and attractive personage.

Buford, N. Dak.

EDUCATION.

THE value of an education is appreciated not only by the man who in his youth was given its high privileges, but by the man who by force of circumstances was denied early educational advantages. Men of experience in any line of business will advise their young friends to grasp every opportunity for educational training offered in early life. The educated man well knows what his early training has done for him, and the uneducated knows that men who were denied the privilege of an early education are frequently in the course of life's experiences forced to face serious embarrassments and obstacles.

Willmott said that "education is the apprenticeship of life." Franklin said: "If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always brings the best interest." Ruskin said that "education, briefly, is leading the human mind and soul to what is right and best and to make what is best out of them, and these two objects are always obtainable together and by the same means. The training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others." Channing said: "He is to be educated, not because he is to make shoes, nails or pins, but because he is a man."

Education is never finished, and no one knows this better than the really educated and cultured man. One may be the graduate of the highest educational institution in the land, but still he finds that "there is more to learn." the storehouse of knowledge is never depleted, and there is none so rich or so poor that he may not draw something therefrom. Those who were denied the advantages of an early education may in the course of later life, by devoting only a few hours every week to study at home, acquire an education along special or general lines. Books are now within the reach of all, and every home, however humble, may have a library. The "home study" will make home life more attractive to both young and old. If we make "live to learn" our life motto, we shall always find life worth living.—*Maxwell's Talisman.*

CARRIER pigeons are still part of the German system of telegraphy; two hundred of the little air-couriers are kept in every fortress.

THE CHRISTIAN IN POLITICS.

OTTIS L. DICKEY.

THERE is no subject in which the minds of our nation are more deeply absorbed than politics. The masses give too little attention to spiritual truths and the moral welfare of their nation. A large number of our Christian people do nothing to aid the nation, in raising the moral standard of politics to a higher plane. This discussion is aimed to cause us to have a deeper interest in the political welfare of our nation, of which we form a part.

It is a Christian's duty to teach, prepare and better equip man for society. In order to teach we must go where people live and think. The Christian should be more interested in holiness and right living. It is our duty to serve humanity and do it with a heart of love.

The nation has given a right of suffrage to all her citizens and wants to serve her people in the very best way possible, so she desires and should have the advice of each of her citizens in regard to the welfare of the people. From a large number of opinions, viewed from different standpoints, expressed in votes, the nation gets an idea of the will of her people. The most votes, expressing the people's desire, on any subject is considered right, and the nation does that which her people advise. The vote of a Christian should be nearer correct than that of a non-Christian, or those who have no love of country at heart. So it is highly necessary for every Christian to exercise his right of suffrage. The nation will protect any of her citizens, no difference in what country he may go; if he carries a United States flag and a passport, he is safe. If our country protects us wherever we may be, is it not just and right that we should do something for her?

Christians should be guided by their conscience in voting. They should vote for those who work for the good of the nation, regardless of party. Christians should put new life into the deadened sensibilities of their neighbors and cause them to realize a deeper interest in their nation. Our republic is made up of individuals, belonging to God, and everything done for the welfare of his people is that much done for him.

There are many corruptions being permitted in our politics, and the only remedy is to encourage Christian men, with strong backbone, to enter the political arena and fight for justice and right. Our politics are just what the people make them. To-day men combine their forces to fight a certain political question; to-morrow they are the bitterest of enemies, ready to fly at each other's throats. In this swift American life of opportunities, men work for popularity, honor and position, regardless of justice, principles or morals. There are so many positions of public trust and honor opening to men in this day that ought to be and need to be filled with Christian men, who have the good of the nation at heart, instead of worldly men who have no regard for this country or its welfare; but having selfish ends in view. Those Christian men, permitting evil, base, vile men to occupy positions of public trust, without trying to defeat them, are committing a gross sin in the sight of their Maker.

Sometimes in looking at the politics of our nation it seems a question of the "survival of the fittest." Some people are desirous to be on the side that wins, regardless of principle. They are on the side of the last person they came in contact with. You never know where to find them. These floaters are the ones whom politicians bribe. They are generally uneducated and have a very poor sense of duty. They are the ones that need the training and education of Christians, who can help raise their moral standard, instead of corrupting them. So many Christians stand by, look on, and see the many corruptions practiced by these floaters, who have no regard for morals, honor, oath of office or for humanity. The progress of humanity is greatly impeded by these floaters. Still it is their votes that are shaping the destiny of our nation. The politicians of this day make brilliant speeches, false appeals, swaying the minds of a large number of those in the uneducated class. This should not, and would not be, if Christian men would do their duty.

All the good we have in our politics is what the Christian people put there. There is some good in our politics or they would not stand, but my plea is that it is not what it ought to be. Some Christian men are in the political field and have accomplished wonders. The value of even one Christian man can not be calculated. His influence will reach and affect the lives of individuals more than a dozen wicked men. "An upright minority is better than a universal corruption." A Christian can and ought to be influential in the eradicating of the corruptions which are so common in our politics.

A true Christian will give a pure light and create a wholesome atmosphere wherever he may go, causing it to be hard for evil men to do wrong. A group of bad men will talk and act differently when they see a pure, noble-hearted Christian approaching. A bad man, when approaching a group of Christian men, will ward off their evil thoughts and words. So a Christian has a wonderful power for good wherever he may be found. If Christians would become examples and teachers as they ought, our politics would be much more pure.

The Christian people of this nation, who are growlers, having no love for country, and being content with things as they exist, without a desire to improve them, are responsible for the corruption existing in our politics. I have heard Christian professors claim they have

nothing to do with politics. When I hear them make that statement, it means to me that they have no interest in their country's welfare. To have no interest in the welfare of one's country is to have no love for her people. I would like to make such Christians realize that there were other beings created by the Maker of the universe, besides themselves, who are lending their help and sacrificing their lives for the good of humanity. There is no room for inert Christians. A man, claiming "the world owes him a living" is soon found behind the bars. Man should not live for self, but for others. It is a Christian's duty to have an interest in politics. The neglect of our political duties is lending our influence for evil. We all owe so much to society and it is our duty to contribute at least our part for its advancement. One man says, "Every individual is worth at least fifty dollars per month to society." If we do all we can we are still unprofitable servants. Everyone, who is a Christian in the highest sense of the word, must be, and is interested in the politics of his country.

Christians excuse themselves from their political duties on the ground that politics are worldly; because so corrupt. Because there is so much worldliness in our politics is just the reason we make a plea for Christians to take a deeper interest in politics and help take part in eradicating the evils. This class of Christians are encouraging and propagating worldliness by not taking part. The more men like those who estrange themselves from political duties will aid in the strengthening power of non-Christians. Sin is the enemy to be fought by Christians, and it can never be conquered by those who run from it, or sit down and let it run its course unrestrained. We are responsible for not using every opportunity in the aiding of society. If there is a corruption and we cast our vote and influence against it, we are free from guilt, but if we do not, we are just as responsible as if we voted for the wrong. We neglected our duty, and woe unto those who neglect their duty.

The Christian, claiming to be neutral, is one of the worst enemies to society. A man cannot be neutral on moral questions, and be God's servant. Duty cannot be shifted on the excuse of neutrality. What! can it be possible that beings, claiming to be Christians, are not interested in the welfare of their nation, their state, their church and their home? In a question of right or wrong, can a man be neutral? No, sir! he is encouraging the repeated wrongs of the nation when claiming to be neutral. A neutral man is one of the bitterest enemies to the republic. A neutral man can accomplish no good. Our moral world has no room for such enemies. Nothing would have been accomplished along the line of civilization if all were neutral.

Our patience is much tried when we find a Christian who does not vote for his country's interest, but is continually complaining and finding fault with what the nation does. They also philosophize, plan and give their theories as to how they would do if they had hold of things, but they never accomplish anything unless it is to cause their listeners to have a less regard, a love for their country. Such men are a detriment to society. We must not permit the world to rule us; it never was intended that way. Christians should be the rulers. Every Christian who neglects his political duties takes just that much Christianity out of politics. We have no right to find fault with the politics or the doings of the nation unless we do at least our part to make them better.

Christian friends, do not philosophize on conditions and remedies of our nation and find fault with everything it does unless you do your duty toward prohibiting its wrongs. Don't be telling us how much you love your country, because your words will die on the winds, and, besides, we will not believe you unless we see by your actions and deeds that you do something to make your country better. Please lend us your aid in the spreading of Christianity, and help put moral men in offices of trust to represent our needs and desires. Our government does as her people advise her.

People tend to be as their politics. If false, we have no regard for principle, truthfulness, or anything which is vital to moral and religious beings; but if pure we are truthful, respectful, moral and religious. A true Christian should be a philanthropist, a patriot and a cosmopolitan. Man is expected to educate, cultivate and prepare man for serving humanity.

The prosperity of our nation is determined by its politics. Your vote is determining the destiny of your nation. Times are rather dull before election, because the people are anxious to see how you vote before they will do anything. The prosperity or destruction of their business is determined by your vote. Did your vote at the last election help anybody?

Every campaign is an education. It is only through the campaigns that the needs and wants of the nation are brought before the people. A large number of our citizens do not read and have no way of finding out the condition of the country, only during campaigns. Political speakers of all parties go over the country making speeches to please the people. In this way people get different views, and can make their decisions in their own minds as to which is proper. A large number in the mediocre class are so narrow minded that they vote and act as their ancestors did. This is not right; we should act and vote as our conscience directs. Christian teaching is needed along this line. If our political speakers were Christians, they could be of great service to humanity. There is more need for Christian men during campaigns than at any other time.

Every individual is responsible for what he does or neglects to do. Some think they escape responsibility by belonging to some great political party, and if there

is any wrong committed they shift it on their friends. It did not make it right and just for the Roman governor to decide against our Savior because the crowd wished him to. The Roman governor was responsible for the crucifixion of Jesus. He was influenced by the crowd and not by his conscience. He wanted to be on the popular side. So are people in this very day; they want to be on the side that wins, regardless of circumstances. No water, however pure, will wash the guilt off the hands of Pilate. Pilate, with a good many others, will have to walk up to the judgment bar as a perjured judge and crucifier. It makes no difference if all the world is against us and we know we are wrong, we are held accountable for all we neglect. It was no credit to the disciples of Jesus to forsake and flee from him at the most critical time.

Let us not forsake virtue or truth at critical moments and follow vice. A virtue once gone is gone forever. Don't lead your Master into the hands of enemies. Don't lead your government into the hands of evil, base, wicked and corrupt men.

In this great, swift, express, American political arena there is a place for each one of us; we can go in and take active part in the contests, or stand outside and look on with eyes of approval or disapproval. People want to be praised for what they do, and if you don't sanction or give your eye of approval, they will do differently. Christian, get somewhere, be felt, and do something!

North Manchester, Ind.

SAME STYLE ON EVERY SEA.

"The sailor's trunk," said an old salt, "is a canvas bag, cylindrical in form and about four feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, and when he's got that bag packed with stuff, the whole outfit, bag and all, constitutes his kit. He couldn't carry a regular trunk even if he wanted to, for there would be no place for it in a ship's forecastle. But a dunnage bag takes up only so much room as the stuff inside of it takes up.

"And then this bag is a mighty sight handier to carry than a trunk would be when a sailor-man goes ashore, or when he goes from his boarding-house to a vessel when he ships for a new voyage. He can just pick that bag up and sling it over his shoulder, and it's flexible enough to fit there easily, and sag down a little forward and aft, making it easy to carry.

"You can buy dunnage bags in any of the sailors' outfitting stores, and you can also buy them second-hand just as you can anything else in the world that I know of. And then sailors make their own dunnage bags, many being mighty handy with the needle and every sailor carrying in his bag a housewife, with needles and thread and buttons and such things, just as every soldier everywhere carries one in his knapsack.

"The bag is made with a shirring string at the open end by which it can be closed there. Sometimes if his bag is packed so plump full that he can't close the end the sailor puts over his stuff on top a canvas disk for a stopper and then draws the shirring string on that.

"Sometimes the sailor carries his dunnage bag always just as it was made in the plain canvas and then sometimes he paints it to make it waterproof. And sometimes they ornament 'em.

"A common way of doing this is to paint on the butt or closed end of the bag a star, maybe a double star, one inside of the other and in different colors, the inner in a ring and the outside of the ring the rays of another star running round like the points of a compass. Sometimes they paint pictures on them, maybe pictures of ships.

"But whatever they may do about such details as these the sailors of whatever country use a dunnage bag in which to carry their personal belongings. The world over in the ships of every nation a dunnage bag serves as the sailors' trunk."—*Exchange.*

MAGNETIC COUPLING DEVICE.

A MUCH wider range of application is claimed for a new magnetic coupler and accelerator than that possessed by the friction clutch. The couplings consist of two cast steel rings, one with annular grooves in which the magnetic coil is securely fastened, and the other acting as an armature or keeper. A cross section of the two members shows the well-known form of the horseshoe magnet and its keeper. Friction and the eddy currents induced in the armature plates by the magnetism of the field are the two components in these clutches, the sum of which is the torque. The induction component is a maximum, dropping off as speed is attained, thus giving remarkably smooth accelerations, capable of automatic control. In most work an electric contact device for control can be thrown directly across the line, as it is practically impossible to produce a sudden jerk. The device also gives prompt and absolute release regardless of load, cutting out the shaft in rotation, and a two ampere current in the magnetizing coil is sufficient to control a 100 horse-power unit at ordinary speed. The device may likewise be used in connection with gear trains to operate machines at different speeds.

AT a wedding in Barstow, Cal., the other day, each of the guests was presented with a gold nugget from a mine which the bridegroom had bestowed on the bride.

THE covetous man loses what he does not get.—*Seneca.*

A NIGHT OF MYSTERY AND SUPERSTITION.

RILLA ARNOLD.

It was on the evening of Oct. 31, a few years ago, that a certain family were entertaining a stranger who had asked for lodging for the night. They were all sitting around the evening lamp in the family living room listening to the stranger's stories. He was saying: "I suppose you people don't believe in ghosts. I don't like to think that I am superstitious myself, but I had a strange experience once upon a time. It was when I was a young man living at home yet. We lived in a little house in a very lonely part of the country. My people had gone to attend the funeral of a relative, several miles away, and were going to be away over night. I was left at home to keep house. It was in the early winter and towards evening it commenced to rain, a cold, drizzly rain, accompanied by a moaning wind. I tell you it made one feel lonesome! After the chores were done, I came in and sat down beside the kitchen stove and picked up the farm paper, to read a little before going to bed. I had read but a few minutes before I heard a tapping on the window. I looked at the window, but at first could see nothing as the night was very dark. As I looked a hand gradually came in view, a detached hand, there was no arm, just a hand. Paralyzed with terror I watched that hand. It clutched at some dead vines that were at the window—"

The story was never finished. They were all looking at the stranger and listening very intently, when at this critical point in the story there was a crash and a bang and it sounded as if the front window in the room where they were sitting had fallen in and broken to fragments.

The stranger and all jumped to their feet and looked towards the window with eyes fairly starting out of their sockets from horror, while there were several hysterical feminine screams. Then there was a loud merry shout heard from the outside. "O, it's Hallowe'en!" they all said in tones of mingled relief and disgust.

Yes, it was Hallowe'en, but they had forgotten it. A troop of mischief-loving boys and girls were making a tour of the little town armed with a "rip-side," and of course it was this little instrument of torture that had made all the noise.

It was indeed a strange coincidence that the stranger should be telling that ghost story just at that time and stranger yet that the "rip-side" should have "gone off" just as "the detached hand clutched the dead vines at the window."

Was it altogether a coincidence or is there something in the very atmosphere that makes people feel superstitious and inclined to tell ghost stories on that mysterious night?

Why is Hallowe'en observed year after year and looked forward to with joy by the children and young people? We all know why we observe the other holidays. There are two reasons: We like a holiday, and every one, it makes no difference how much he may deny it, has a vein of superstition in him. This night of all nights in the year you can indulge in superstition and not be laughed at. It is perfectly proper on Hallowe'en to have your fortune told, walk down the cellar backwards, holding a mirror in your hand and expecting to see the face of your future husband reflected in the glass, and any number of ridiculous things. Some people also seem to think they have a license to frighten people out of their wits and to destroy and hide property on that night. It is a relic of paganism and medieval superstition, and was supposed to be the night when witches and all sorts of spirits went abroad.

Although there is much nonsense and evil done on that night, it is the occasion for many happy gatherings of young people, and, judging from its age and popularity, it is with us to stay.

Milford, Ind.

LARGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD.

The Raffesia is a strange plant. It grows in Sumatra and derives its name from Sir Stamford Raffes, governor of Sumatra at one time, and his friend, Dr. Arnold, a naturalist. They were the first white men to discover the wonderful plant. It is said to be the largest and most magnificent flower in the world. It is composed of five roundish petals, each a foot across and of a brick red color, covered with numerous irregular yellowish white swellings. The petals surround a cup nearly a foot wide, the margin of which bears the stamens.

This cup is filled with a fleshy dish, the upper surface of which is everywhere covered with projections like miniature cow's horns.

The cup when free from its contents would hold about twelve pints of water. The flower weighs fifteen pounds. It is very thick, the petals being three-quarters of an inch in thickness. With its beauty one is led to expect sweetness, but its odor is that of tainted beef, and Dr. Arnold supposed that even the flies were deceived by the smell and were depositing their eggs in the thick dish, taking it for a piece of carrion.—*Exchange.*

When Ellis H. Roberts handed over the treasurership to his successor, Chas. H. Treat, July 1, it was found that the report of cash in the United States Treasury was correct to a cent. The grand total is $1,259,598,278.58, an enormous gain over the fund reported at the last count, seven years ago, when Mr. Roberts entered upon his duties.

A GOOD NAME.

GRACE WAGONER.

It is ever to be kept in mind that a good name is in all cases the fruit of personal exertion. It is not inherited from parent, it is not acquired by external advantages, it is no necessary appendage of birth, wealth, talent, station, but the result of one's own efforts, the fruit and reward of good principles, exercised in a course of virtuous and honorable action. The attainment of a good name is wholly within one's own power. However humble your birth or obscure your condition, you have only to fix your eye on the prize and press toward it in a course of useful and virtuous conduct, and it is yours. How many of our worthiest and best citizens have risen to fame and usefulness by dint of their own persevering exertions!

In the formation of character, personal exertion is the first, the second and the third virtue. A good name will not come without being sought. All the virtues of which it is composed are the fruits of untiring application and industry. Nothing can be more fatal to the attainment of a good name than a treacherous confidence in external advantages. These, if not seconded by your own exertions, will drop you midway. Or perhaps you will not have started when the diligent traveler will have won the race.

It is of the highest importance that you have a commanding object in view and that your aim in life be elevated. It is an old proverb "that he who aims at the sun, to be sure will not reach it, but his arrow will fly higher than if he aimed at some object on a level with himself." Just so in the formation of character. Set your standard high and you cannot fail to rise higher than if you aimed at some inferior excellence. Young people are not generally conscious of what they are capable of doing. They do not tax their faculties nor improve their powers, neither attempt as they ought to rise to superior excellence. The consequence is their efforts are few and feeble. They are not awake to anything great or distinguished, and hence fail to acquire a character of decided worth. You may be whatever you resolve to be. Resolution is omnipotent. Resolve at excellence, and excellence may be attained. "I cannot do it" never accomplished anything. "I will try" has wrought wonders.

The young man who starts out in life with a determination to win can hardly fail of his purpose. There is in his case a steadiness of aim, a concentration of feeling, and an effort which bears him on to his object with irresistible energy, and renders success in whatever he undertakes.

Delphi, Ind.

* * *

If a man could have half his wishes he would double his trouble.—*Poor Richard.*

MAKE BELIEVE.

The boy sat cuddled so close to the woman in gray that everybody felt sure he belonged to her; so when he unconsciously dug his muddy shoes into the broadcloth skirt of his left-hand neighbor, she leaned over and said, "Pardon me, madam, will you kindly make your little boy square himself around? He is soiling my skirt with his muddy shoes." The New York *Times* tells the story.

The woman in gray blushed a little, and nudged the boy away.

"My boy?" she said. "My goodness, he isn't mine!"

The boy squirmed uneasily. He was such a little fellow that he could not touch his feet to the floor, so he stuck them out straight in front of him like pegs to hang things on, and looked at them depreciatingly.

"I am sorry I got your dress dirty," he said to the woman on his left. "I hope it will brush off."

The timidity of his voice made a short cut to the woman's heart, and she smiled upon him kindly.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said. Then, as his eyes were still fastened upon hers, she added, "Are you going up town alone?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I always go alone. There isn't anybody to go with me. Father is dead and mother is dead. I live with Aunt Clara in Brooklyn, but she says Aunt Anna ought to do something for me, so once or twice a week, when she gets tired out and wants to go some place to get rested up, she sends me over to stay with Aunt Anna. I am going up there now. Sometimes I don't find Aunt Anna at home, but I hope she will be home to-day, because it looks as if it is going to rain, and I don't like to hang around in the street in the rain."

The woman felt something uncomfortable in her throat, and she said, "You are a very little boy to be knocked about this way," rather unsteadily.

"Oh, I don't mind," he said. "I never get lost. But I get lonesome sometimes on the long trips, and when I see anybody that I think I would like to belong to, I scrooge up close to her so I can make believe that I really do belong to her. This morning I was playing that I belonged to that lady on the other side of me, and I forgot all about my feet. That is why I got your dress dirty."

The woman put her arm around the tiny chap and "scrooged" him up so close that she hurt him, and every other woman who had heard his artless confidence looked as if she would not only let him wipe his shoes on her best gown, but would rather he did it than not.—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

Action may not always bring happiness; but there is no happiness without action.—*Disraeli.*

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

JANE BADGER.

THE Sunday school is an auxiliary of the church, so, of necessity, is a Christian institution.

The embryo teacher should be a Christian, if possible, as the possibilities of development are so much greater in the young than in those older. He should be a student of God's Word, love the church and its doctrines, apt to teach, having tact. He should be able to meet each pupil as the character of the pupil needs.

The teacher should be social and friendly, meeting the class with a smile, and, above all, he must have the saving of souls in view as the great result of teaching.

Some may say we put too much stress on the qualification of the would-be teacher. The promise of the beautiful, fragrant, full-blown rose is the perfect bud.

Daniel's success in life was due to right principles taught him in the home and his firm purpose of heart to practice them. The meaning of "develop," taken from the Standard Dictionary, is to unfold, to increase in power and strength. Then, how very necessary that the young teacher has learned the right things to develop and increase!

Physical exercise develops the muscles, study develops the mind. A firm purpose of heart developed Daniel so he could pray with his window open toward Jerusalem when his life was at stake. Thus the new teacher will need to work, to teach, to unfold, to gain strength and power in teaching. One of the many things to help develop the teacher is perfect coöperation of all teachers and officers of the school.

The teachers' meetings, where methods may be discussed and encouragement given to one another, is an important factor. A visit from the superintendent during class recitation should be made and if the teacher be doing the work well, give a word of praise. If there are mistakes, kindly and lovingly suggest a better way.

The pupils may aid much, but this suggests a question: How do we prepare ourselves and our children for the class? Do we ask, urge, yes, help our children with the lesson, so they will appear before the teacher bright-eyed and eager to be questioned on the lesson? The teacher that meets such a class will feel an increase of strength before recitation, and be enthusiastic at the close.

The rosebud needs shade as well as sunshine to cause it to develop, and perhaps the teacher needs the same, for surely it is not all sunshine. Many times the teacher is not met by eager faces and sparkling eyes, indicating a well-prepared lesson, but just the opposite—dull and inattentive—and he need not ask many questions until he realizes he might almost as well be talking to the empty benches. Will such a class aid in developing the teacher? Yes, if there is grace enough in his heart, it will develop patience at least, and a more prayerful heart for help from our heavenly Father to aid in the Herculanean task of interesting such pupils.

I hear some one say, "There is no use for me to try to teach, for I have but one talent." Did you ever think that it is not the ten-talented people that are moving the world?

It is the one and two-talented people that are willing to develop, unfold, increase, to the utmost of their ability, their God-given powers, that are moving the world, the church, the Sunday school. So I would say, Let us all be workers together with God.

Panther, Iowa.

TEETH AND AGE OF ANIMALS.

AT the Smithfield and Birmingham (Eng.) shows even a pig must pass a dental inspection before possessing the right to compete for prizes in a given class. The rules governing the age rating of animals at these shows are as follows:

Cattle having their central permanent incisors cut will be considered as exceeding one year and six months.

Cattle having their central permanent incisors fully up will be considered as exceeding one year and nine months.

Cattle having their second pair of permanent incisors fully up will be considered as exceeding two years and three months.

Cattle having their third pair of permanent incisors cut will be considered as exceeding two years and eight months.

Cattle having their fourth pair (corner) permanent incisors fully up and their interior molars showing signs of wear will be considered as exceeding three years.

Sheep having their central permanent incisors cut will be considered as exceeding ten months.

Sheep having their central permanent incisors fully up will be considered as exceeding twelve months.

Sheep having their third pair of permanent incisors cut will be considered as exceeding nineteen months.

Sheep having their third pair of permanent incisors fully up and the temporary molars shed will be considered as exceeding twenty-four months.

Sheep having their corner permanent incisors well up and showing marks of wear will be considered as exceeding three years.

Pigs having their corner permanent incisors cut will be considered as exceeding six months.

Pigs having their permanent tusks more than half up will be considered as exceeding nine months.

Pigs having their central permanent incisors up

and any of the first three permanent molars cut will be considered as exceeding twelve months.

Pigs having their lateral temporary incisors shed and the permanents appearing will be considered as exceeding fifteen months.

Pigs having their lateral permanent incisors fully up will be considered as exceeding eighteen months.

THE PHILIPPINE NATIONAL SPORT.

THE stranger in the Philippines is astonished at the number of gamecocks everywhere in evidence. They are tied to the wharves outside the warehouses, at the doors of the squalid little nipa huts beyond the city walls, and temporarily to boxes, bales, or barrels on the public thoroughfares while the owner indulges in a chat with a friend. Ten chances to one if you hire a man to do some work for you he will bring his "li'l' game chicken" along and tie it to your gate-post or piazza-rail, and if you take a walk you are sure to meet more than one native with an aggressive little head poked out of the front of his calico blouse. If he owns no roof but his ragged straw hat, he is, nevertheless, the proud possessor of a gamecock with which to indulge in the national sport of cock-fighting. They are scraggy, noisy, furtive-eyed little fellows, these Filipino gamecocks, rumpled as to feathers, lean and hungry, but as full of fight as a walnut of meat, being put in training from chickhood. They rarely survive more than one encounter, for the reason that small, slender knives sharpened to a razor-edge are affixed to the legs just above the spurs, and the bird that strikes first is sure to inflict a mortal wound. When a cock-fight takes place a pit is roughly marked out in any convenient place, preferably the public square. The town takes a holiday, and men, women and children flock gayly to the scene of battle. Everybody chatters excitedly, and betting runs high if the birds are favorites or the owners popular, and a lack of actual coin does not stand in the way: jewelry, clothing, even household goods, are put up, and the women bet as heavily as the men, girls not hesitating to sacrifice rings, bracelets, brooches, even their precious rosaries, to the god of chance. It is not uncommon to see a girl wager her slippers, if she has nothing else of value, and go home barefooted. When all is ready, and after the birds have been passed around from hand to hand for admiring inspection, the owners squat on opposite sides of the ring and the feathered gladiators are thrown at each other, one often being transfixed by the little daggers on the other's legs before they touch the ground. The encounter is always brief, and invariably fatal to one, frequently to both, in which case the bird last to die is declared the victor.

The dead bird is taken away, and fried in cocoanut oil to solace his defeated owner.—*Minna Irving, in August Lippincott's.*

SOUTH AFRICAN JINRIKISHA.

Perhaps Even More Picturesque Than Its Japanese Original.

"HERE, again, we find the jinrikisha," says Dr. Francis E. Clark, writing of South African vehicles in his article in the August *Everybody's*, "How the World Rides,"—"which, indeed, is nowhere so picturesque and *outré* in its adornment as in Natal, for in Durban the stalwart Zulus, strong and supple of limb, cheerful of disposition, and of wonderful endurance, make, next to the Japanese, the best jinrikisha men in the world.

"'Mercy on us!' exclaimed a lady, a few months since, as our steamer approached the wharf of Durban. 'What is that thing coming down the street? It looks like a hearse drawn by a Bull of Bashan!' So it did, for, prancing and cavorting around, in front of a jinrikisha decorated with waving black plumes, was a stalwart Zulu adorned with huge horns that would have done credit to any Texas steer. These horns were bound to his forehead, and a great feather duster surmounting the horns added to the grotesqueness of his appearance. The rest of his garments consisted of many strings of beads, and as gay and varied an assortment of colored cloths as he could muster.

"But very soon, when the first sense of novelty had been dulled by familiarity, we came to look upon such grotesque human horses as the most natural objects in the world; for everywhere upon the streets of Durban they swarmed, sometimes without horns and sometimes with them, but always interesting and picturesque, always strong and willing and light-hearted, and seeming to have a superfluity of animal spirits to work off."

TYPEWRITER A DYNAMO.

"WHEN a typewriter has been operated for several hours at a stretch it becomes a center of electrical phenomena," remarked a stenographer. "Touch it with something metallic and you will get a distinct shock. At the same time there will be a crackling sound, and a spark will appear at the point of contact. If another person than the one who has been operating it should begin to pound the keyboard after the machine has been in continuous use for a couple of hours he will experience a real electrical sensation, the pins-and-needles feeling of a foot asleep. Drawing the sheet of paper off the roller rapidly will charge the paper, and it will crackle when laid on other paper. It will also adhere to the other sheets or to any surface with which it comes in contact, and quite a little tug is necessary to loosen it. A long-worked typewriter seems to become an electric plant on a small scale, and will furnish all sorts of surprises."

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

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Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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THE OLD FOLKS.

ONE of the simplest propositions of this world is the fact that we are all growing old. Every child that has reached the age of reason ought to be able to calculate that each year brings him a little nearer the end of the race. But do you know this is one of the most difficult things to realize? It is not difficult to understand; you may speak about it to whomsoever you will and they readily answer you in the affirmative with a hearty acknowledgment that such is the case. But down deep in their lives it is quite hard to fully appreciate it.

These facts are the reason, perhaps, why so many people forget to try and make old folks happy. It is a fact that all of us are more or less guilty of not paying enough attention to the aged ones. Their lives have been largely spent; their strength is well-nigh gone, and they practically return to the days of their childhood and necessarily demand more notice than when in their middle years.

It is natural for old persons to feel that they are in the way. There are several reasons for that, one is that they cannot move as swiftly as they once could, and when younger ones pass by, at a high rate of speed, they feel dazed with the contrast between that and their own movement. To counteract this feeling, we ought to endeavor to make them feel that there is still a place for them where they can be useful and happy. Of course we cannot help noticing their failing powers, but we can refrain from seeming to notice it. It is enough for them to feel it without our continual reminding them of it.

Another thing that we are inclined to do, which is very humiliating indeed, is to do work over after them. Grandmother cannot understand why she cannot wash the dishes just as well as she could when her eyesight was perfect, and therefore great care should be taken to prevent allowing her to feel as if the work must be done over again. If either of the old folks offer their services to help you, accept them, even if they do not get all the dust wiped off. If they should stain a carpet with some liquid, it is better not to notice these things than to rob them of their self-respect by exposing their deficiency.

We may give our old people the best room in the house, decorate their room with pictures and flowers, let them have our seat at church, the best rocking chair in the parlor, and even allow them to sit at the head of the table, but if we lead them to feel that they have passed the days of their usefulness, we have left a thorn in their side that will remain there as long as life lasts.

If Grandma can darn the stockings, or Grandpa get the kindling, by all means allow them to do those things and show your appreciation of them. Do not ignore their taste in judgment. You will, perhaps, recognize that their judgment is faulty, compared to what it was some years ago, but it is not difficult to compromise sufficiently to satisfy them and it does them a world of good to act on one of their suggestions.

Indulge them in their habits. Young people should endeavor, as far as possible, to keep themselves free from the bondage of habits, but when old people have been yielding to a certain habit for a lifetime and they are now so far advanced with age as not to be able to dispense with it, do not scold them nor keep nagging at the habits they have formed. If they don't come right up to the scratch with your new-fangled table etiquette, and should happen to get a fork in the wrong hand, or pour their tea into the saucer, or fold the napkin wrong, do not imply to them that the custom of their day is obnoxious to good society, and that they are stepping down and out of respectability. Remember that you will be in the same condition a generation hence.

Do not hurt their feelings by speaking of their pronunciation; words change; old people do not. Any amount of reason will not change the sound of a word in the ears of one who has used it for half a century. In short, be kind, courteous, mindful, and considerate of the aged ones.

THE AGITATION OF REFORMS.

THE wave of reforms which struck the United States some time ago is at high tide. From the President on down to the civil officer at the crossroad village and the deacon in the country parish there seems to be an inclination to set things right. Politics, religion and society have been very much corrupted of late and some of the people, whose consciences have not been entirely calloused, are screaming at the top of their voices for reform, and reforms are coming. The government has lifted a high arm against the post office

scandal and some things are being unearthed which will cause dishonesty a little more trouble in the future than it has had in the past, because suspicions did not exist. The rottenness in the army and navy is being looked after, and it is remarkable how long this has been hidden. The case is very similar to the old man who has been concealing his habit of drink for a number of years, which at last breaks upon him and shows his real character to his neighbors.

This monumental graft is not a new thing, it is simply a matter of recent discovery. Here is the difference between invention and discovery; the thing had been invented long ago. Men, even before King Darius, accepted bribes. The number of bank failures, all over this country, indicates that somebody has been yielding to temptation; but that is not the worst side of it. The greater fault is in the fact that the court of justice(?) calls the thief a kleptomaniac and lets him go scot free. But the fellow who steals a suit of clothes must go to the penitentiary for ten years.

The life insurance companies have put the rope around their own necks by extortionate rates, in order that the managers might take a hand in this great system of graft. The railroads, express companies, and other corporations have all been guilty of misdemeanor along these lines, hence it is high time for the American people to begin to have some say in the matter. What will be accomplished in the end is hard to say; one thing is sure, conditions will be remedied. Along with the practical side of investigation, the people are wisely agitating reforms from another standpoint. There is a great movement being made all over the country in the way of Chautauquas, which, in reality, are a cross between the old-fashioned camp meeting and the county fair. This brings up the theoretical side along with the practical. It provides a medium for the propagation of the reformer's theories. The management of these assemblies secures men of distinctive opinions, whether they be governors, cabinet members, president, ex-president, mayors, preachers, newspaper reporters, politicians, or temperance workers. In this manner agitation is carried on continually among the people. What the government officials are able to do, together with what the people may be able to work out, ought to bring some good results.

THE HAPPY MAN.

THE happiest man in the world is the common, everyday chap who makes his own living by the labor of his brain or brawn, pays his own bills, endeavors to lay a little by for a rainy day, and who does not lie awake of nights, trying to figure out how he can get a corner on some local output, and who is not a slave either to society or ambition. We are not encouraging mediocrity. We want citizens of our country to have high aspirations; they are the best people of the world and nothing is too good for them. All industrious, good-thinking, peace-loving people deserve a good place in a good world; but society really has no use for the man who doubts humanity and endeavors to gain a living in a dishonest way.

The happy fellow is the one who does not hurry away from his home to keep company with a lot of ruffians at the street corner or in the saloon, but he is the man who loves and reveres the Creator, loves his wife, his home and his children and prefers their company to that of anyone else. Man is a creature of education and therefore is subject to habit forming. The man who forms the habit of this kind of association finds real happiness in it because of its purity. The man who learns to be content and satisfied with a low grade of society sooner or later learns that behind it all is a wrong motive that will sometime either divorce him from it or ruin him.

We need men who do not have to poultice their consciences, men who do not sit up at night to euchre their neighbor out of his rights. We need men who believe in the doctrine of "live and let live," who, when they come in contact with the real needy ones, do not study their pocketbook. The plain man is happy because he is satisfied, and does not spend the best part of his life yearning for something that is four sizes too big for him.

What makes people unhappy is that they buy clothes, build houses, and set tables far beyond the reach of their income. When the reaction comes, they are unhappy; in fact they are unhappy all the time because they have not lived up to their day dream. But, as we said in the beginning, the happy fellow plans his pattern according to the cloth, pays his bills as he goes, follows the Golden Rule, looks the world in the face, provides for his family in this world and in the world to come.

LIFE INSURANCE.

THIS is one of the open questions before the world to-day. A lot of people favor it and another lot of people oppose it. Some people want to educate, some want to argue and some want to fight. The INGLENOOK stands for a fair and square discussion of both sides of all moral questions, without partiality. We have allowed two articles to be written on each side of this question, and we think that both sides have been fairly well ventilated. Now let us think carefully over the matter and let it rest for a while. We may take it up again some time in the future.

IGNORANCE, when it is voluntary, is criminal, and he may properly be charged with evil who refuses to learn how he might prevent it.—*Johnson.*

Current Happenings

A RECENT march through the streets of Brooklyn was composed of eighteen thousand members of a Roman Catholic society, under the name of Holy Name Society. Its purpose is to put an end to blasphemy and profanity.

MR. J. L. BARKER, of Berkeley, Cal., is putting into actual practice a new business plan of his own contrivance. The rent of an entire business block, which he owns, is devoted to the support of his daughter, Miss Lydia G. Barker, a missionary in India.

LAST week, in Santiago, Chili, fifty persons were killed and five hundred wounded, besides a quarter of a million dollars' worth of property lost by a two days' riot. It seems that the disturbance was primarily due to the high price of meat caused by tariff on imported beef. Stores, residences and offices were alike demolished by the excited rioters. The police and armed civilians fought the mob desperately. Business is suspended and peace will likely have to be obtained by the assistance of regular troops.

MAXIM GORKY has repeatedly traversed the greater part of the vast Russian domain on foot, educating the people to what he believes to be the better government for the commonwealth.

KING VICTOR, of Italy, is one of the many monarchs of Europe who delights in taking little trips into the country without the peasantry knowing who he is.

RUMOR is afloat that the rock of Gibraltar is to be subjected to a searching investigation. And, by the way, the report comes from England.

THREE hundred college students in Chicago, at their annual class flag rush of the Freshmen and Sophomores, were so brutal in their struggles that passersby called police to scatter the crowd.

THE *Tasmania* foundered one day last week off Pelee Island and none of her crew were saved. It seems that the entire waters of the earth were disturbed by a general storm.

IT has been the rule for years in Lincoln Park, Chicago, that the flower plants be given away during the month of October. One beautiful day this last week was hailed with delight by the children, who, all summer long, had been admiring the many beautiful flowers from a distance, and now they were permitted to carry them away by the armfuls. Besides a number of children there were nurses from the hospitals, old men and women, trooped in and followed the gardeners from bed to bed in their work of demolition, going to their homes loaded with flowers, and happy hearts.

THE national convention of the American Anti-Saloon League, which met last week in Indianapolis, reports an excellent meeting, some very able addresses being given on the great evil resulting from the tolerance of the saloon.

THE University of California has lately received some very valuable gifts, among which is one from Mrs. Hearst, amounting to nearly $500,000. For the past several years she has been collecting archæological and anthropological material from all parts of the world for this institution. In addition to this gift, which cost her several thousand dollars, she gives $60,000 for the maintenance of the department of anthropology.

THROUGH the dishonesty or ignorance of a Pittsburg employé the Adams Express Company at that place was victimized of $100,000.

A RACE of bees has been brought to this country by the United States government, as an experiment, which has been found the gentlest in the world. Most people, in caring for bees, are afraid of being stung, but a recent experiment on these Caucasian bees at Washington, D. C., has proven them to be the most remarkable bees in existence for their gentleness. They are not a stingless bee, an organ which is so necessary to their welfare, but so seldom resort to its use, and for that reason are sometimes called the stingless bees.

THE chamber of council of Omaha, Nebr., has recently had some difficulty in passing some resolutions, so much so that five of the councilmen, with the mayor, had to station police officers at the council chamber to prevent the other three councilmen from breaking the quorum, while the majority passed a ten-year contract with the Omaha Gas Company.

THE Brethren Colony at Morgan Hill, Cal., is increasing in numbers, and the demand for good carpenters at good wages exceeds the supply. It might not be amiss for those who may be seeking such employment to confer with Geo. L. McDonaugh, Colonization Agent, Omaha, Nebr.

In view of the fact that the Panama canal expenditures have already exceeded the minimum figures, President Roosevelt has concluded to ask, in his annual message, that congress authorize the issue of bonds to the amount of $60,000,000.

Eight thousand railway men of Russia, in a recent meeting, decided to declare a strike on all railways operating with St. Petersburg. This will increase the spirit of revolution throughout many of the interior provinces. At some stations as many as two thousand passengers are being detained. The railroad administration is compelled to pay these passengers fifty and twenty-five cents respectively, according to class, that they might meet their hotel expenses. The mail service is also tied up. All professional activities have ceased. A great many seem to think that civil war is in sight.

Charles M. Bailey, of Baileysville, Maine, has made ten million dollars in the oilcloth business. He began in 1847, in a little barn, and now his factory covers twenty-four acres of floor space.

While moving from one place to another, Miss Kate Butcher, of Chicago, discovered that some of her valuable clothing and jewelry was missing. An expressman had been employed to convey her goods from one house to the other, and upon his arrival could not account for the missing articles, among which was a gown that Miss Butcher valued at $1,000. She valued the stolen goods at $1,500.

In the British House of Lords there are said to be seven peers, whose ages aggregate six hundred twenty-three years. Their ages range from eighty-seven to ninety-five. While their age, perhaps, has given them experience, yet, at this extreme age, it seems as if considerable risk is taken in entrusting them with such important work.

The Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, at Pittsburg, Pa., have caused the arrest of four men, three of whom were employés of the firm, who have systematically robbed the company. By some plan of scheming, illegal names appeared on the payroll, and for some time wages had been drawn under pretense by these employés. They were suspicioned, and committed to jail in default of $2,000 bail each.

The fifth cable of the Commercial Cable Company across the Atlantic, from Casno, Nova Scotia, to Waterville, Ireland, was recently completed. Its cost ranges from $1,000 to $6,000 per mile, and its greatest depth in which it is laid is 2,500 fathoms.

Recently a harvest thanksgiving service was conducted at St. John's Blackpool, London. Among the many decorations and offerings was a bottle of water labeled, "Thank God for the rain," the contribution of a woman too poor to afford a gift of fruit, flowers or vegetables.

While visiting through the South President Roosevelt stopped at Mobile, Alabama, and addressed an audience of 40,000 persons. He also visited other cities in the South.

Prince Sergius Troubetskoy, who was considered the foremost liberal in Russia, was stricken with paralysis at St. Petersburg and died in two hours.

It is calculated that, in a terrific gale on the Great Lakes, twenty-four lives and nearly a score of ships were lost. It is believed by mariners to have been one of the most disastrous storms in the history of our inland seas.

Some changes are being made in the President's cabinet. Postmaster General Cortelyou is to succeed Secretary Shaw; Secretary of the Navy, Charles J. Bonaparte, is to succeed Attorney General Moody, and in all probability the new head of the navy will be that of George von L. Meyer, ambassador to St. Petersburg.

The northwest crater of old Vesuvius is said to be very active, emitting great quantities of lava, and columns of smoke are seen ascending to an immense height, scattering red-hot ashes over the district in the vicinity. The eruption is accompanied with large detonations, shaking the houses in surrounding villages, and it is believed to have some physical connection with the earthquake shocks that are now going on in southern Italy.

Sir Henry Irving, the famous English actor, died suddenly last week. His death is supposed to be caused by the severe losses in the theatrical business which he has lately suffered. He did not seem to be so much affected by the financial loss as by the failure of the people to appreciate his artistic productions.

Owing to the very inclement weather and the previous spread of the disease to all sections of the city, the yellow fever is on the increase in the city of Pensacola, Florida.

Crops in the western end of the Dominion of Canada are reported to be the largest ever produced there, and the yield from year to year shows gains.

HOME DEPARTMENT

HARVESTING IRISH POTATOES.

D. Z. ANGLE.

October is the month probably most suitable for gathering the potato crop, but if the vines are dead they may be secured with safety in September. In this latitude we sometimes leave them in the ground until November, but a sudden freeze occasionally ruins a few of them for us while lying on top of the ground or in sacks in the field.

We usually dig the potato with a spading fork. Some folks plow them out with a breaking plow, then pick up all in sight. A rake is then used, or a harrow, to pull out into view those under the soil.

Where the soil is loose and pliable a potato digger, which is a plow with one broad shovel, having several rods fastened at the top of the shovel at intervals, and extending backwards, is used very successfully.

This potato digger is probably the quickest, cheapest and easiest means of potato harvesting when soil conditions are favorable to its use. After potatoes are dug they should be left lie on the ground from three to six hours to sun and dry and toughen the skin, and accustom their eyes to the daylight. Now we pick them up in half bushel baskets, scatter sacks over the patch, and put a bushel of potatoes in each sack, as more make them too heavy to handle with ease and rapidity.

Then we gather up the sacks of tubers on the wheelbarrow or a low wagon, whichever is at hand or handiest and haul to the house or storage cellar. They should be sorted, the big from the little, and spread on scaffold bins not over a foot deep, or better still, if you have lots of room, put them in light bushel boxes so they will be handy to load for marketing at any time.

Potatoes should be kept where an even temperature of about fifty degrees prevails.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

It goes without saying that to-day, more than at any other time in the world's history, there is no end in the making of books, pamphlets, magazines and newspapers. Literature, good, bad and indifferent, is easily and cheaply obtained, and no doubt the people are reading as they never read before. But with this vast field of literature—including everything from the Sunday issue of the daily newspapers to popular editions of classical works—to choose from, the average reader finds time for the perusal of only a limited amount from the great store of the universal supply. It is sometimes puzzling, if not confusing, to decide what to read. No one can afford to read everything and anything indiscriminately. Reading that does not benefit injures. Those who would not only increase their store of knowledge, but keep their minds pure, must exercise a great deal of care in the selection of their reading matter. Parents especially need be careful and watchful in the selection of books for their children. The influence of books upon the child mind is frequently overlooked, and many so-called "children's books" are placed into the hands of young people that are positively bad. No parent should give a child a book without knowing something of its contents. It is a well-known fact that many boys have imbibed false ideas of life and been led into evil doing from the perusal of sensational, trashy "boy" story books. The same may be said with reference to girls and the reading of silly, over-sentimental novels.

In choosing our friends and associates it is wise to select those who are honest, truthful, pure and brave. It is just as important in selecting books to take into one's hands and thoughts only those that are uplifting, instructive and inspiring, avoiding all that leave a stain on the mind or a "bad taste in the mouth." There are so many good books to be had that can be perused with both profit and pleasure that it is really a waste of time to read anything that is bad or of a questionable character.

People sometimes read a book because it has been widely advertised and is "popular." They fear being considered behind the times if they have not read the latest popular novel. Better be behind than "up-to-date" with trash. The so-called "popular" books do not by any means always furnish the best mental food. The best plan is to let all questionable books alone. One should not confine his reading to new books. Many new books are well worth reading, but books that are good often improve with age. Never refuse to read a good book because it happens to be an old one. Those books which have stood the test of time, that have comforted, counseled and edified past generations, may furnish both instructive and interesting reading for the people of to-day. Among old or new books, choose only the best.—*Maxwell's Talisman.*

Students at Japanese universities and commercial schools are not obliged to serve in the army.

PUSH YOUR TALENTS.

We know a farmer who says it is hard for him to make a living on the farm. He works very hard, and is what we would call a conscientious Christian man. A visit to his farm, however, will give the observer the reason for his hard struggle for success. He is not a careful farmer. He gives no attention to the "trifles" around the place. Too many weeds grow in his fields, hence he has a short crop. His harness never receives a bit of oil. Poison ivy is allowed to overrun his fences. Wooden buckets stand in the sun till they fall to pieces. The feed is taken from the bin in a careless manner. The nuts are not watched on his reapers and mowers, hence his machines soon rattle to pieces. Some might say, "What silly trifles these!" but they are a few of the many little neglects which stand in the way of success for this man. So in the moral life the trifles often hinder us from achieving higher successes.

Watch your little evil habits—they are an expense upon your moral stock. The moral stock in trade is the capital of every Christian. Take care of the little leaks in character. The cider does not have to run out of the spigot or bung-hole to empty the barrel. Let there be a leak no bigger than a pin head, and the barrel will be empty in a short time. Little leaks will sink the greatest ship. Little wastes will empty large purses. Little colds will wreck the hardest constitution. Little sins will ruin the strongest character. Guard your small points. Take care of your weak hours and the strong ones will take care of themselves.

Guard your thoughts, and your acts will need little watching. Watch your acts and the result will be a strong character. Keep your character, and your destiny will be grand.

It may be that you have only a few years to count till you reach the age of thirty-three. It may be that you have to look back but a few days on the calendar or a few hours by the clock. No young man started with brighter hope than the poet Byron. How pitiful are the words written on his thirty-third birthday:

> "Through life's dull sound, so dim and dirty,
> I have dragged to three and thirty.
> What have these years left to me?
> Nothing—excepting thirty-three."

Do these lines fit your case? Have you dragged your life through twenty, thirty, forty years? If you have, stop dragging it. It will get heavier every year until at last you will be dragged to an early grave. The man who drags his life drags his talents. Get your talents before you and give them a push. By pushing your talents into your work you will do better work. You should gather up all your talents and concentrate them on the special work you may be doing. Good work depends not upon the amount done, but the amount of talent you put in it.—*Christian Observer.*

SUCCESS WITH NINE ACRES.

E. P. Powell writes in *The Country Calendar* for August of his success with his nine-acre place in New York State:

"For a while I had no other purpose but to have and to improve a vacation home. Instead of spending money at summer resorts, I began to invest it in a summer retreat of my own—and a possible old-age residence. Besides, each year I was learning something. It is a great thing to be able to kick up under your own apple trees, and roll in your own clover; to eat berries and milk of your own growing; not to have to pay for all the eggs and apples and plums, and even potatoes, which you wish to use.

"Each year marked some stage of progress, not only in my conception of our country life, but on the road toward financial success. To renovate old trees; to make worn-out soil grow peas and sweet peas; to set new trees and plants; to work out ideas that were novel took time—years of time.

"Of the twelve sorts of orchard and garden fruits that I now raise, experience has taught me that about three will totally fail each year—cut off by frost or by drought, or ruined by insects or by blight. Yet you see there will still be nine sorts left each year. This is where intensive horticulture comes in ahead of extensive farming, which takes account of only two or three crops—all of which may fail in a single year, and leave you short of food and cash. After ten years the balance-sheets would read something like this: Raspberries, net $250; currants, $100; cherries and plums, $100; apples, $400; pears, $100; blackberries, with gooseberries, quinces and grapes, $100; miscellaneous—including eggs, chickens, honey, and surplus trees sold, $200. Here is a snug little income of thirteen hundred dollars. Now you may knock out of this estimate any three of the above items that you please, as the contribution to fungoid and insect enemies, droughts and other hindrances to horticulture. Only bear in mind that the raspberry failure will never be complete; and the apple failure, with proper care, will rarely decrease the crop one-half. In other words, we are sure of an annual surplus of from nine hundred to twelve hundred dollars."

WEALTH OF TRANSVAAL.

The Transvaal colony in South Africa is rich not only in gold, but also in other metals which have received no attention during the Boer regime. The first step in the exploitation course has just been taken by erecting a furnace for smelting iron ore near Pretoria. Large deposits of this metal and of coal and limestone abound there in close proximity. It is contemplated to start a rolling mill and other iron works in the same region.

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

"AS THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY."—1 Cor. 13.

For November 12.

I. Vision Depends Upon the Angle of Observation.

1. Better from a Mountain than a Valley, Matt. 4:8, 9
2. Depends upon what we Look for, ...Matt. 16:1-5
3. The Lower Down we are the Smaller will be the Horizon, ...Deut. 34:1-5
4. Many See the "Mote" Better than the "Beam," .....Matt. 7:3

II. Many of Our Hindrances are Self-Made.

1. We Think we Can't, and then we Can't, ...Matt. 14:22-34
2. We Learn to Swim by Getting into Deep Water.

III. Some of Our Troubles are Real.

1. Jesus is a Sympathizing Friend, ...John 11:35
2. Can You Trust Him?

Text.—"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face, now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13:12.

References.—Psa. 14:2; 25:15; 27:8; Prov. 8:34; Isa. 55:6, 7; Acts 26:18; Ezek. 37:13; Isa. 35:5, 6; 49:9; Eph. 5:14; Phil. 1:6; 2 Cor. 4:6; 3:18; Luke 12:2; Rev. 1:7; Jer. 32:19.

Defective Vision.

We are glad that if we see as through a glass darkly now, the time is surely coming when we shall see clearly, face to face. Not a day goes by without its mysteries, things that we do not understand. We are puzzled by them for awhile, then we give it up, and wonder about some other things that are just as hard to understand. Because we see as through a glass darkly, we do not see things as they really are, we only see them as they appear to us. If we had seen Joseph's brothers sell him to the Ishmaelites, and heard his cries of distress as the camel bore him away towards the desert, we would have thought that no good could ever come of such a trouble as that. But years later thousands and thousands of people were saved from death by starvation, because Joseph was ruler over Egypt. He gathered corn and stored it during the years of plenty for the years of famine. God raised him up for this purpose.

Open His Eyes that He May See.

In the sixth chapter of Second Kings we find an instance of obscured vision. The king of Syria sent an army to take Elisha the prophet. And the servant of Elisha rose early and saw the large army in possession of the city. He was afraid because there were horses and chariots and soldiers with armor on, a formidable host. He said to Elisha, "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" The prophet answered, "Fear not, for those that be with us are more than they that be with them." Then he prayed, and said, "Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see." And when his eyes were opened, he saw that the mountain was full of horses and chariots round about them to protect Elisha. We should pray the same prayer. We enjoy the pleasures of life, our houses and lands, and money, but we need to have heaven as real to us as the world around us. We need to see that goodness, truth and love are more real and abiding than these earthly things which we prize. Our houses and lands will pass into the hands of others, but love abideth forever.

"Brighter than flaming chariot,
Stronger than fiery horse;
All heaven is marshalled on your side,
God and the universe."

To One Who Can See.

Consider what a terrible evil blindness is, how it darkens and narrows the life, and how little of beauty can come in. Ruskin says "that the greatest thing a human soul ever does is to see something, and tell what it sees in a plain way. To one who can see,

"The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise."

To one who can see the world is full of beauty. He looks for charity, kind deeds, and good will and finds them everywhere. He goes on his way through life rejoicing because he sees so much to make him glad, so many opportunities of doing good. He sees men who were discouraged become brave and persevering, the children who were in want are cared for, and those who mourn are comforted by the one who sees clearly that Jesus asks us to love our neighbor and do good to all men. Light, love, and life all come from the Father of lights. A clear vision means more faith, greater courage, larger hope, and nobler life.

"The Lord Seeth Not as Man Seeth."

It is such a comfort to know that God sees what we would do for him if we could. Many of us would like to do some special work for Jesus, but we find it impossible, because it takes every moment to earn bread and clothing for those dependent upon us, who need our care. In a beautiful poem by Mrs. Preston she tells of a woman who grieved sorely because she had not been able to do any work for Christ. She had promised her dying mother to care for her little sister, and this work so filled her hands that she had no time for anything else; yet she wanted to do something for

him, and it troubled her that she could not. One night her little sister related a dream she had had. She thought her big sister was sitting alone and sad because our Lord had asked each one to bring him a gift.

"And in my dream I saw you there,
And heard you say, 'No hands can bear
A gift that are so filled with care.'

"'What care?' the king said, and he smiled
To hear you answer, wailing wild,
'I only toil to feed a child.'

"And then, with such a look divine,
('Twas that awaked me with its shine),
He whispered, 'But the child is mine.'"

"We Would See Jesus."

It was the Greeks who came to Philip of Bethsaida and said, "We would see Jesus." They had heard about him and his mighty works and now they were anxious to see him. This should be our desire, to see him as he is, as our Lord always ready to forgive and to help. Seeing Jesus will attract our hearts to him and away from the world, and we will grow in his likeness, so that those about us will know that we have been with Jesus.

"'We would see Jesus,' for the shadows lengthen,
Across this little landscape of our life;
'We would see Jesus,' our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness—the final strife."

Topics for Discussion.

1. Jesus will help us to see clearly. Acts 26: 18.
2. The woman at the well saw Jesus, but dimly. John 4: 10-14.
3. God's promise to those who cannot see. Isa. 42: 16.
4. The work of the Spirit. 2 Cor. 3: 18.
5. We can have no secrets from God. Luke 12: 3.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Effective Workers in Needy Fields.

Our Missionary Reading Circle has for its ultimate aim a purpose no less wide and lofty than the bringing home to all our church members a sense of their duty towards the unsaved. So these books, which go to make up our courses of reading, are intensely interesting, and we do not see how any one can read them unmoved. The lives portrayed in "Effective Workers in Needy Fields" cannot fail to thrill and inspire anyone by their heroism. We believe this book is the one best adapted to almost any circle, and we would advise you to study it first. The sketch of Isabella Thoburn alone is worth the price of the book. Her school in the Ruby Garden, where she lived for thirty-one years, became the foremost Christian school for young Indian women. How she loved her garden with its Indian laburnum, red pomegranate flowers, tuberoses and jasmine. Not the least result of her work is the desire of the Indian women to have an education. Two generations before women were looked upon as little above the clods of the earth; now some of the men want educated Indian wives. Miss Thoburn took their girls and made from them a new type of Indian women, such as were never dreamed of, and when she had thus demonstrated what Christ could do for Indian womanhood, her task was done and God called her home.

You will find the sketches of David Livingstone, of Mackay, of Cyrus Hamlin, all worth a careful study. If you are in doubt as to which book you want to study first, get this one without delay.

A Permanent Interest in Missions.

We have seen the effects of a wave of missionary enthusiasm, such as sweeps over our church about once a year at our Annual Meeting, and we are thankful for so much. Our missionary talks and sermons at this time arouse interest but they fail to provide work for our people, and as this one missionary meeting at our Annual Meeting is the only meeting of the kind in the year that many of our members attend, you will agree with me that there should be some teaching or preaching or study in between to help us do what we ought to do for missions.

A general reading of missionary books and journals fades quickly from the mind; it leaves no abiding impression. We want something to call forth the assimilative powers of each one. Our Missionary Reading Circle has tried to solve this problem by providing a series of books to be read and studied by its members. Only study will enable us to gain any idea of missions and their scope, and to hold what we gain for future use. Individual study is our aim, but to stimulate and direct such study, a class is of great assistance. In a class or circle all receive the benefits of discussion. Most of us require frequent contact with others engaged in like pursuits to quicken our enthusiasm. We broaden and strengthen our own ideas by listening to others. By expressing our own thoughts we learn to speak clearly when others are listening, and we receive guidance from our leader in further studying our subject.

Study.

Our Circle is not an end in itself. We organize a circle to promote study. When a circle becomes a substitute for study it has failed in its chief aim. We praise God and take courage when we review the great increase of mission study and mission interest in our church. The Circle has fostered and secured a large amount of individual study. It has given the members something to prepare for each meeting, brought them together for discussion, and suggested outside reading bearing on the course. Those who have tried it are convinced that it is by far the best method employed for spreading a thorough knowledge of missions.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LII.

Beirut, Syria.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

Well, we certainly had a fine time on shore at Larnaka You remember that this Island of Cyprus is the place where Barnabas owned a farm and sold it and gave the money to the church. Acts 4:36, 37. This was a splendid example to set as leaders in the church, and yet some of the church members abused the example and suffered from it. This is also the place where John Mark came with Barnabas and Paul on a missionary journey. After going as far as Perga, in Pamphylia, John Mark got homesick and returned to Jerusalem. This action caused a separation between Barnabas and Paul the next time he wanted to go with them. Acts 13:5.

While upon the island, we visited a church about eleven hundred years old, which is supposed to be built over the grave of Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha. You remember that he died while Jesus was conducting a series of meetings east of Jordan, and they had buried Lazarus in Bethany. Jesus came back and raised him to life. Although the Bible says nothing about him further, yet history says that he became a missionary and went with Mark and Barnabas to this island and spent a very long and useful life in the service of the Master; and finally died and was buried a second time at the above-mentioned spot. One thing is certain, there is a man by the name of Lazarus buried in the tomb far beneath this church, for we went down into the tomb and saw it recorded there on his tombstone, and the name given is Lazarus. Whether it is the brother of Mary and Martha or not, of course we are not able to say; but the opinion predominates that this is genuine. Whether this be true or not, it made us think as we stood at this grave that there are very few people in the world that have ever had two experiences in death. It brought to mind the fact that death ends all, so far as our preparation for eternal life is concerned.

While standing on the shore, ready to go back to the ship again, we saw a caravan of camels which came from the interior of the island, laden with locusts. These are a vegetable bean, something similar to the locust beans in California, and are very, very good to eat. It is claimed by some that these are the locusts that John the Baptist ate, but this is not so, for the locusts which he ate were preserved with wild honey, and the inhabitants of Palestine prepare the same material the same way unto this day. The locusts that are prepared after that manner are something similar to our grasshoppers, and are caught by the thousands with nets, and preserved in honey. But in all probability these locust bean husks are the very kind of husks with which the prodigal "would fain have filled his belly," when he was in a far country, feeding swine. It is the custom unto this day to feed those husks to swine. Our guide opened a sack and gave us each some of the locusts and we tried them and found them to be very good.

In some of the old tombs in the island are to be found tear bottles. The only place we find mention of this in the Bible is Psa. 56:8. Some people claim that glass is a modern invention, but when we were in Pompeii we saw a glass window pane that is nearly two thousand years old, and the customs in the time of David show us that glass bottles were made even in his time and probably before that.

We are just beginning to get to the place on our journey that is exceedingly interesting in the study of the Bible. We spent almost four hours on shore, returned to the vessel and about daylight the next morning when we awoke, not hearing the thud, thud, thud, wondered what had happened. In a moment Agnes dressed herself, and, running out on deck, returned in breathless haste, saying that "We are somewhere." Breakfast was served earlier than usual and we were soon ready to go ashore. Our guide told us that we were at Beirut. Before the passengers could get ready to disembark, there were literally hundreds of canoes surrounding our boat, and the men in charge of them were screaming at the tops of their voices in an unintelligible jargon that was destined either to drive us crazy or deafen us. A thing happened here which gave us a great deal of confidence in our dragoman. When we were standing at the taffrail, looking at the boatmen that we have just described, a dozen or more of them caught sight of him, and with one accord they yelled at the tops of their voices, "Halleck saieed Jameel,—Kaieff Halleck," which, in our language, would be, "Hello Jameel! how are you?" (His full name is Jameel Nissaire). This made us know that our dragoman was a man widely known in business circles and gave us confidence in his ability. Presently he selected one of the number to take us ashore. Here we had to pass through the custom house and be examined to see whether we had any typewriter or books of any sort that refer in any way to the Sultan or any of his subjects. If the baggage contains anything suspicious it is confiscated and held for examination. Sometimes they are returned and sometimes not. We are now really in a strange land. The customs here are so queer. The men dress more like the women do in America, and look so queer with their loose clothing and the little red fez, which they wear upon their heads.

Beirut is the chief seaport of Syria, and furnishes commercial connection with the world for Damascus. The harbor is beautiful; the streets are narrow, short and filthy, the stores have nice goods, but the streets are so filthy and the keepers so slovenly that they are uninviting.

Freight is transported by the bearers of burdens,—camels, donkeys and men. Hardly any wagons are to be seen. We have seen some very nice carriages. To-day Roscoe called our attention to a camel which had over four hundred feet of lumber on her back, and we saw three donkeys that were each carrying more than a quarter of a cord of wood; six camels loaded with large loads of straw and many donkeys carrying wood, coal, etc. We must go to the hotel now and get acquainted with this money. We got some express checks cashed and now we have a handful of majidis, half-majidis, quarter-majidis, büshlech, meta-leeks and habbaks. Yours sincerely,

Marie.

(To be continued.)

The Q. & A. Department.

How may we prove the rotation of the earth by a ball dropped from a tower?

There is a law which says that a body set in motion will continue in a straight line forever unless arrested or suspended. That same body would lie motionless forever unless some force other than itself moves it. This is called inertia. The earth rotates, grant that much for the sake of argument; the stone at the top of a high tower would evidently gain more momentum than it would at the surface of the earth because of the distance from the center of the earth. When the rock starts to fall from the top of the tower, the power of the earth to give it momentum ceases. The only power the earth gives it now is attraction. The earth continues to rotate at the regular speed and would gain on the rock. The momentum that the stone had gained would carry it forward some, but not as much as the rotation of the earth would leave it behind. Therefore, as you may prove by actual experiment, the stone would fall to the west of the tower, showing that the earth rotates from west to east.

What was Bacon's rebellion?

The persecuted people under the tyrannical rule of William Berkeley rebelled. Nathaniel Bacon, a young lawyer who had been elected commander-in-chief by the people, to lead them against the Indians, was refused a commission by Berkeley. Bacon proceeded at the head of the small army without the authority of the governor and after defeating the Indians, returned to Jamestown, and drove Berkeley and his friends aboard the ship, where they were kept until certain reforms were promised. But these promises were not kept and the Baconians drove the royalists out of Jamestown, burned the town and made Williamsburg the capital. About this time Bacon died, leaving the colonists without a leader. Berkeley returned, regained control, and punished many of his enemies by putting them to death.

What is a trust?

At a former period certain corporations desiring to act together would sometimes place their business as a "trust" in the hands of some person delegated to act for all. Stringent laws were then enacted, forbidding such combinations, since which time there has been little meaning to the term. Political agitators and jealous rivals are apt to apply it indiscriminately as an expression of odium to any large and prosperous corporation. Business corporations, large and small alike, are chartered under the general laws, and the differences among them relate to their measure of wealth and influence, rather than to any inherent dissimilarity in their nature.

What is the Twilight Circle?

The Twilight Circle is the boundary of the earth's shadow, which rises in the east after the setting of the sun and cuts off the twilight glow. Within this circle, or arc, which sometimes appears very sharply defined, the atmosphere receives no direct light from the sun, and reflects only the diffuse light that comes from other parts of the sky. As the sun descends, the arc rises to the zenith, and then passes over to the western horizon, its arrival at the latter point marking the end of twilight.

What are trade winds, and monsoons?

The winds which blow into the hot belt from the northeast and southeast are called trade winds because of the steadiness with which they follow a path across the sea. Monsoons are the periodical winds of the Indian ocean, which blow from the southwest from the latter part of May to the middle of September, and from the northeast from about the middle of October to the middle of December.

What is a Foucault pendulum?

A Foucault pendulum is a conical pendulum with a very long wire to which is attached a very heavy bob, designed to exhibit the revolution of the earth. At the north pole the plane of oscillation, really remaining fixed, will appear to rotate about the vertical once in twenty-four hours; at the equator there would be no such effect, at other latitudes there should be slower rotation.

Is "The Old Doyle House" a true story?

The setting of the story is evidently well located. The characters, of course, do not have their proper names, as some people would not want personalities exposed. This is true of any good story. What is valuable in a good story is the moral teaching and not the name of the hero.

What was the annexation of Texas?

Texas established her freedom in 1836. After a turbulent career as a republic for nine years, she was admitted to the federal union in 1845.

MISCELLANEOUS

A FEW THINGS IN WHICH SOUTH AMERICA EXCELS.

1. It has the densest and most extensive forests in the world.
2. It is richer in birds and insects than any other continent.
3. It has the largest river in the world.
4. It has the fiercest volcano in the world.
5. It has the loftiest mountain in the western hemisphere.
6. It has more volcanoes than any other continent.
7. It has a volcano which has the deepest crater in the world.
8. It has more cattle and horses than any other continent.
9. It has the largest lake of any considerable size in the world.
10. It produces more coffee than any other continent in the world.
11. It has the loftiest volcano in the world.
12. It is probably the richest mineral region in the world.—*Selected.*

DO STRIKES PAY?

From a tabulated list recently published one finds that the Chicago strike, which has paralyzed so many industries, began April 16, out of sympathy for seventeen garment-workers, who went on a strike last November. The first union to go out was the teamsters' union, who called out forty-one of their members on the above date. Since then nearly 4,000 working people have participated in the strike. Eight persons have been killed by violence and more than 150 injured and reported to the police. Three thousand deputy sheriffs were on strike duty and 2,3000 extra police were employed. The cost to the city has been more than $75,000. The teamsters lost $455,000 in wages. Employed teamsters have had to pay an assessment of $435,000. The cost to employers for employing and lodging strike-breakers has been $840,000. The shrinkage in the wholesale business is estimated at two million dollars and in the retail trade at three million. In addition to this, the loss to firms not in the controversy is estimated at five million dollars.—*Matthews News.*

On account of the climate of the city of Mexico not being congenial to the impaired health of John Alexander Dowie, he has gone to Tampico, Mexico, for a week's bathing in the ocean.

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR CICADA.

At several points in the United States seventeen-year cicadas appeared in the spring of 1902, while in other parts there were none. This uncovers one of the curious facts in the insect's natural history. Somewhere throughout the continent there appears, almost every year, a brood which is limited to a certain belt of country to a greater or less extent. Entomologists, by keeping the track of these broods, have been able to predict their appearance within certain zones. For example, in the western suburbs of Philadelphia immense numbers of cicadas appeared in the summer of 1885. This visit was predicted and announced by the writer several months before it occurred. The only knowledge needed for this was that a brood had appeared in 1868; and the only ability, that of adding seventeen to these figures. In like manner, by adding seventeen again, a 1902 brood was predicted and it arrived "on time." If readers will make note of the cicadas coming in their own neighborhood, they may be sure that seventeen years thereafter another brood will appear.—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE EVIL OF UNSKILLED LABOR.

The following paragraphs from President Layton's inaugural address at the tri-state meeting at Ashland is one of the great number of good things which that paper contained:

"Men who work regularly, even at unskilled labor, are generally honest men and provide for the family. A habit of irregular work is a species of mental or moral weakness, or both. A man or woman who will not stick to a job is morally certain to be a pauper or a criminal. One great benefit of going to a school regularly for eight or nine months each year for eight or more years is that it establishes a habit of regularity and persistence in effort. A boy who leaves school to go to work does not necessarily learn how to work steadily, but often quite the reverse. The boy who goes regularly to school and graduates has settled habits of effort. Did you ever think how the unskilled workmen of this country are made up of men who never even graduated from a grammar school? They say they had no chance; I say they had no ambition."

Facts are God's arguments; we should be careful never to misunderstand or pervert them.—*Tyron Edwards.*

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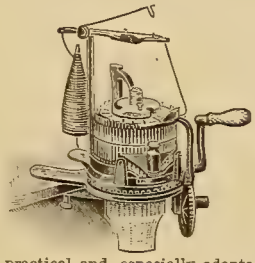


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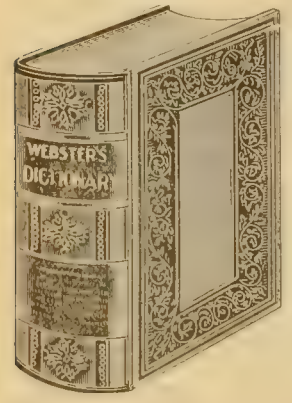
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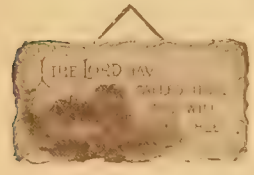
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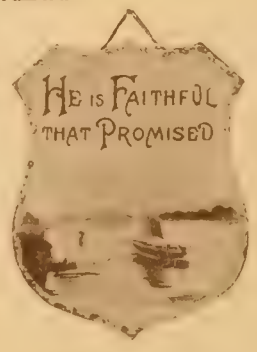
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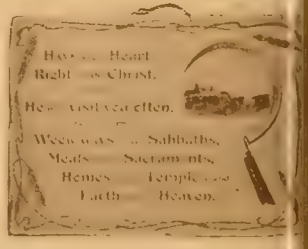


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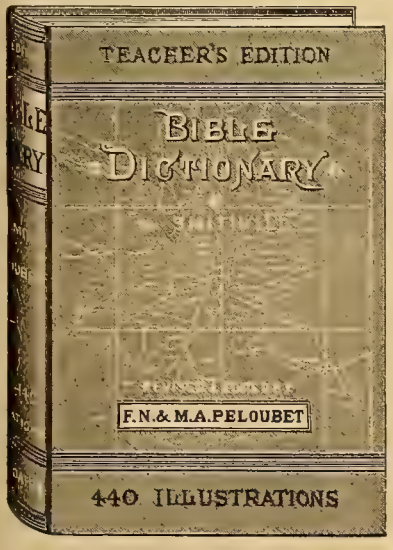
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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. NOVEMBER 7, 1905. NO. 45.

WHOM SHALL WE CALL OUR FRIEND?

NANNIE BLAIN UNDERHILL.

Whom shall we call our friend?
The one who loves us while we're up—
While pleasures overflow our cup,
While wealth and honor blend?

Whom shall we call our friend?
The one who always does agree—
Who never sees but as we see,
Nor fails to comprehend?

Whom shall we call our friend?
The ones who in our ears confide
The very things they ought to hide—
Whose thoughts to gossip tend?

Whom shall we call our friend?
Those who commend alone the rich;
Or those who know the poorest—which?
The first, our wealth could spend.

Whom shall we call our friend?
When trouble knocks at our heart's door,
And we are low, despised and poor:
When woes our sad hearts rend?

Whom shall we call our friend?
When sorest need stares in our face;
When some see only fault—disgrace—
(We long, our lives to end.)

Whom shall we call our friend?
The one who "loveth at all times";
Who speaks the truth altho' it grinds,
And tries, each fault to mend.

Whom shall we call our friend?
The one who loves his neighbors, all:
Who ne'er proclaims another's fall,
But helping hands extend.

Whom shall we call our friend?
The One who never will forsake;
The bruised reed will never break:
But loves unto the end.

Collbran, Colo.

SNAPSHOTS.

They never fail who die in a great cause.

Fanaticism can only flourish where ignorance prevails.

Gossips thrive only when listeners are handy.

Purity of heart means purity of motive in its holiest sense.

Money may buy a place to live, but it takes love to make a home.

Too many are willing to wash the disciples' feet with boiling lye.

What a man sows he shall reap, unless he is an amateur gardener.

A fool is like a rabbit; get his ear and you can skin him at your leisure.

Abel's blood cried unto the Lord. The blood of Jesus cries still louder.

A little to-day is better than waiting for to-morrow in the hope of getting more.

It is not hard to calm an angry man if you keep your own temper under control.

Professing religion amounts to an acknowledgment of responsibility on your part also.

There is a world of difference between asking God to help and asking God to do it all.

The world wants men whose ambitions are not confined to their own selfish desires.

The man who takes life easy is very apt to fall into the habit of taking everything else the same way.

He is happier who knows little and loves much than he who loves little and knows much. Yet neither state is as desirable as being well stocked with both love and knowledge.



The Old Doyle House

By PROF. G. W. FURREY



Chapter XVI.

"MERCIFUL heavens!" exclaimed the farmer, as he regained his equilibrium on the narrow ledge below which the dark waters of the river rushed against the almost vertical bank of clay, "ef we hadn't got here jest as we did you'd 'a been gone goslins an' no mistake."

"Speak up!" demanded "Squire" Haren, whose intimate acquaintance with the two "youngsters" he thought should demand an explanation. "What d'you mean by sich carryin's on?"

"Why—I—she," panted Charles, pale with fright, "she did not realize how near she was to the edge and was about to step off backwards when I tried to catch her." He was evidently grasping at the straw of hope that they had not heard the conversation on the bank a little while before.

"What do you say, Maudie?" asked Haren, in gentler tones, of the trembling girl he held in his strong arms, as he lifted her to the bank above.

For answer the girl burst out crying and covered her face with her hands, "I'll tell you sometime! Now, let me go home!" she sobbed.

"Yes, yes, of course," answered the gruff farmer in tones so soft that the "squire" gave him a look of incredulous surprise. "Let her run along, squire, no one shall hinder her while I'm about," with a look of defiance at the youth who with downcast countenance was slowly skulking away.

"Not so fast, young man! Don't be so anxious to get away from your rescuers and with not so much as a 'Thankee!' We have a litttle business with you afore we go!"

And all the gruffness had got back into the farmer's voice. They watched the girl as she crossed the hollow and disappeared around the clump of hazel bushes. Then turning to the young man who was standing sullenly waiting their pleasure, but in whose heart was an oppressing sense of evil foreboding, "Now, Mr. Brown, or, if you prefer, 'Doyle,' we might as well come right to the point. Have you aught to say why sentence should not be passed upon you accordin' to the facts in this case?" asked the squire, unconsciously falling into the legal formula, but omitting the "law and."

"Why," stuttered the now thoroughly frightened youth, for he remembered Maud's words of warning a little while ago, "I don't exactly know what you mean or what you would ask of me."

"Then I'd better explain, which I can do in very few words. We know as well as you do that you are about to perpetrate an outrage an' a fraud upon this community. No use to deny it. Them lawyers that are handling your case are so sharp and know the law so well that they can get along without facts. Now, we have you here and have it in our power to beat them with all their sharpness."

After hesitating a moment in which Charles was silent, he said, "You pass sentence, Martin; what shall it be?"

"Why the deuce didn't ye go on? Ef it is left to me, howsom'ever, the sentence is that we leave him as we found him in the hand of Providence. I could never be able to answer an accoosin' conscience, ef I would remember that I had snatched from the hand of an avenging Providence the villain who brought so much wretchedness upon these people."

Charles was beginning to congratulate himself, thinking they were about to let him go, when the farmer ended with: "We'll leave ye as we found ye, goin' over the bank into the river, and let's have it over with," continued he, advancing toward Charles, so paralyzed with fear that he could not say a word in his defense. They knew as well as he did that he could not swim a stroke.

"Wait," said a voice behind them, and turning around they were confronted by Maud, who had returned, fearing just such a contingency. "I could not go home and leave you here with him without feeling that I was equally guilty with you if you should do anything with him," she explained. "I accidentally overheard what you said in the haymow this morning."

"Whew!" said the farmer. "Eavesdroppin'; well, this concerns you more than it does me and if you know what is to your best interest ye'll run on home and say nothing about what you've heard. You know too much already."

"Hold on! stop him!" cried the two men, for as soon as Charles found their attention was turned to the girl he made a hasty retreat towards the woods. Both men gave chase, leaving Maud alone.

"Well!" she said to herself and smiled. "I might as well go home. They won't be able to overtake him."

As she was walking rapidly homeward, thinking that her mother would possibly be anxious about her and wondering whether she should tell all she had heard, in case she were not questioned, and just as she was making a turn in the road that led around a huge stone, she was seized by a man springing up behind her. He put a rough hand over her mouth to

prevent her giving an alarm. One glance at the disproportionately large head and protruding chin and hunchback sent a thrill of terror to her heart and she fainted away.

(To be Continued.)

PERSIAN RELIGIONS.

C. F. YODER.

THE Persians are a very religious people. If Christians should be half so zealous in their religion as the Persians are in theirs, the world would be evangelized in this generation.

Nine of the ten millions of the inhabitants of Persia are Mohammedans. This is not all that needs to be said, however, because the Persian Mohammedans are different from the Turkish Mohammedans. They belong to the "Shiah" sect and reject the authority of the "traditions" which the Sunnite Mohammedans accept. These factions hate one another and each believes that even Christians have a better chance to be saved than the other sect.

The Mohammedans are polygamists, being allowed four wives and an indefinite number of concubines. When we asked one Mohammedan how he could manage so many he replied, "We manage them," and taking down a large whip he cracked it about his head as he repeated, "We manage them."

The Mohammedans believe that Jesus was a prophet, but not so great a prophet as Mohammed. They accept much of the Old Testament but not the New. They believe in God, but are fatalists. They say that God said when he made men, "This half to heaven and I care not, and this half to hell and I care not." If the roads are bad and the bridges are gone, they say, "It is the will of God; we must submit." The name which they give to their religion is "Islamism," which means submission.

They allow no missionary work to be done directly for Mohammedans, but allow the Christians to work among the Jews and Armenians and Nestorians. If a Mohammedan should turn Christian, he would be killed at once.

Babists.

There is a new sect of the Mohammedans, however, which gives promise of opening the way for missions among the Mohammedans directly. It is called Babism. The Mohammedans have believed that in the last days a prophet should appear among them who would give to them new laws. In 1846 a young man of twenty-five proclaimed himself as this prophet. He was a fine poet, an orator and of splendid appearance. He taught the people to have but one wife, to be kind and forgiving and honest and virtuous, and to treat the Christians as brothers. He reproved the Mohammedan priests for their wickedness and thus incurred their hatred. They secured a sentence of death upon him. But as he was to be shot between two of his disciples, the volley which killed the others only cut the cords which bound him. This seeming miraculous deliverance caused the people to believe in him all the more and it is believed that there are several million Babists to-day. Their doctrine is propagated secretly, as they are opposed to the present government. Wherever they are in power, there is protection for the Christians and the missionaries.

Kurds.

The Kurds are a wild, nomadic race living mainly in the Kurdistan mountains. They live partly by caring for flocks but more largely by plundering their Armenian and Nestorian neighbors. We were told that the Kurdish young men cannot find wives until they have proven their proficiency in robbery, so that they can support them. It was the Kurds who were brought in by the Russian government to attack the Armenians in Naftchuan. We saw a number of them at Tiflis and gave several Kurdish women each a copeck to let us take their picture. In religion the Kurds are Sunnite Mohammedans, but they do not require their women to go veiled.

The Jews.

It was into the land of Persia that Nebuchadnezzar carried away captive the children of Israel. It was here that Daniel, Ezra, Esther, and Nehemiah lived. Thousands of the descendants of these people have remained in Persia as a distinct race to this day. They are not as much prejudiced against Christianity in Persia as elsewhere and furnish a very hopeful field for missionary effort.

The Armenians.

There are some two millions of Armenians in the world, of whom sixty thousand are in Persia. They occupy the region of the mountains of Ararat and the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris rivers, besides being scattered through the Caucasus and Asia Minor. They are of the Aryan race and the upper class cannot easily be told from Europeans. They are enterprising business people and because they are hard competitors they are hated by their Russian and Turkish neighbors. This is the real reason of their persecution.

In religion the Armenians are formal Christians. They believe in trine immersion of infants, and feet-washing, but worship images and depend upon ceremonies for salvation. They are bent upon securing independence and as their religion is mixed with this movement, it is almost impossible to do effective missionary work among them.

The Nestorians.

The Nestorians are also Aryans, as we are, but are called Nestorians because of having been followers of Nestorius, a heretical Christian missionary of the

fourth century. They also baptize infants by trine immersion and practice feet-washing, but their religion is lifeless and formal. They make excellent missionaries when converted and once had evangelized much of Asia, but their missions were destroyed by the terrible Tamerlane and the Mohammedans.

The Fire-Worshipers.

The fire-worshipers are the remaining adherents of the ancient Zoroastrianism, which once was the prevailing religion of Persia. Persecution has driven most of them to India where they are known as Parsees.

They believe that there is a good spirit and an evil spirit in constant conflict. They believe that God resides in fire and therefore they keep the fires on their altars constantly burning. They dispose of their dead by placing the bodies on the tops of towers to be devoured by vultures. By the Mohammedans they are called Guebres, meaning infidels. I met one of these fire-worshipers while eating in a Mohammedan restaurant in Tiflis. He was very courteous and said that he believed that Christ was better than Mohammed.

The Devil-Worshipers.

A most extraordinary religion to be found in Persia is Yezideism or devil worship. There are said to be several million devil-worshipers distributed through northwestern Persia, and the Caucasus region. They hate the Mohammedans and Kurds and Christians and rob and murder all of them indiscriminately. They pay tribute to the government, but are not in subjection to it further. They believe that the world is given over to Satan for ten thousand years and that therefore they must worship him. They will put to death any one who speaks a word against him.

With all these heathen religions in Persia there are many Christian missions and it is hoped that the time is not far distant when the ignorance of the people shall have been overcome and Christianity shall prevail. It will make of the Persians a noble race as it has of all other peoples who have yielded to our Lord Jesus Christ.

Ashland, Ohio.

A GLIMPSE OF VENICE.

You have all heard of Venice, that curious city on the Adriatic Sea, where the streets are canals and the men go from place to place in gondolas instead of in carriages, writes John Mott, in *St. Nicholas.* Long ago Venice was one of the wealthiest cities in the world; its great fleets brought home the merchandise of the east, jewels and silks and spices; its merchant princes built those beautiful palaces which stand today beside the Grand canal, most of them sadly in need of repair, it is true, but majestic still, though the plaster is falling from their weather-beaten walls. Perhaps Venice is even more beautiful now in its decay than it was in the days of its greatest glory, for age has a beauty of its own, softer and more delicate than that of youth. The bright colors which once shone with dazzling brilliancy under the Italian sky are now subdued and mellowed like those of an old tapestry. So, though wealth and commerce are deserting the city on the sea, its loveliness increases from year to year and attracts to it thousands of visitors from all parts of the earth; from Germany and England and America, and even from far-away China and Japan. These visitors come in the greatest numbers in the early springtime, for then the weather is best; the days are clear and fine, and the bright southern sun makes Italy warm and delightful when people in more northern countries are still shivering with the cold. So, during the pleasant spring days the old square of San Marco, the public gardens and the bathing beach at the Lido are crowded with strangers, while the graceful black gondolas which dart through the narrow canals are nearly all decorated with flags of foreign countries, among which the stars and stripes are not lacking.

But it is on a moonlight night that Venice is most beautiful. Then the lights along the quay adjoining the Doge's palace show throngs of laughing people; the ancient mansions that line the Grand canal seem to be gazing calmly down at their broken reflections in the dark water, and the moon rides high in the heavens above the white dome of the Church of Our Lady of Salvation. Suddenly the soft strains of sweet music fill the air. They come from a large boat, all aglow with gay colors and lanterns. It floats along the center of the Grand canal. The crowds on the quay cease chattering and laughing for an instant, the balconies of the hotels fill with eager listeners and the fleet gondolas which have been darting about in the moonlight cluster quickly around the boat, where a boy is singing to the accompaniment of two or three stringed instruments.

The young Venitian's beautiful voice rises clear and strong on the still night air as he sings an Italian love song. To many of his hearers the words are without meaning, but the language of music is universal; so the stranger, as he leans back on the cushioned seat of his gondola, understands as well as the native. All discordant sounds are hushed; only a faint murmur from the people on the quay, the soft rubbing of one gunwale against another as the gondolas snuggle closely together and the lapping of the ripples mingle with the singing to make it different from any that the listener has heard elsewhere. But ever afterward, when the music of that song flashes through his memory, as music has a way of doing, he will see again the moonlight and the dark canal, the somber old palaces and the gleaming lights along the quay.

AFRAID OF A SHADOW.

THE young clergyman's text was the twenty-third psalm, of which he gave a running commentary. When he came to the verse, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," he abruptly paused and said: "I am a Scotchman; let me tell you a little incident that occurred not long ago in the parish where I was laboring." He leaned from the pulpit and with the sweetness of Scottish accents began in a low, tender voice:

"I was sitting in my study one Saturday evening, when a message came to me that one of the godliest among the shepherds who attended their flocks upon the slopes of our Highland hills was dying and wanted to see the minister. Without loss of time I crossed the wide heath to his comfortable little home. When I entered the low room I found the shepherd propped up with pillows and breathing with such difficulty that it was apparent he was near his end. 'Jean,' he said, 'give the minister a stool and leave me for a bit; for I wad see the minister alone.' As soon as the door had closed he turned the most pathetic pair of gray eyes upon me that I had ever looked into and said, in a voice shaken with emotion: 'Minister, I am dying, and—and—I'm afraid.'

"I began at once to repeat the strongest promises with which God's Word furnishes us; but in the midst of them he stopped me. 'I ken them a',' he said mournfully; 'I ken them a', but somehow they dinna gie me comfort.'

"'Do you not believe them?'

"'Wi' a' my heart,' he replied, earnestly.

"'Where then is there any room for fear, with such a saving faith?'

"'For a' that, minister, I'm afraid, I'm afraid.'

"I took up the well-worn Bible which lay on his bed and turned to the psalm which I have read to-day.

"'You remember the twenty-third psalm?' I began.

"'Remember it?' he said vehemently, 'I kenned it afore ye were born; ye need na' read it; I've conned it a thousand times on the hillside.'

"'But there is one verse you have not taken in.'

"He turned upon me with a half-reproachful and even stern look.

"'Did I na' tell ye I kenned it every word afore ye were born?'

"I slowly repeated the verse, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.'

"'You have been a shepherd all your life and have watched the heavy shadows pass over the valleys and over the hills, hiding for a little while all the light of the sun. Did the shadows ever frighten you?'

"'Frighten me?' he said quickly. 'Na, na! Dave Donaldson has Covenanter's bluid in his veins; neither shadow nor substance could weel frighten him.'

"'But did these shadows never make you believe you would not see the sun again—that it was gone forever?'

"'Na, na, I cudna be sic a simpleton as that.'

"'Nevertheless, that is just what you are doing now.' He looked at me with incredulous eyes.

"'Yes,' I continued, 'the shadow of death is over you, and it hides for a little the Sun of Righteousness, who shines all the same behind; but it's only a shadow that will pass, and when it has passed, before you will be the everlasting hills in their unclouded glory.'

"The old shepherd covered his face with his trembling hands, and for a few moments maintained an unbroken silence, then letting them fall straight before him on the coverlet, he said, as if musing to himself:

"'Aweel, aweel! I have conned that verse a thousand times among the heather, and I never understood it so afore—afraid of a shadow! afraid of a shadow!' Then turning upon me a face now bright with an almost supernatural brightness, he exclaimed, lifting his eyes reverently to heaven, 'Aye, aye, I see it a' now! Death is only a shadow—a shadow that will pass—na, na, I'm afraid nae mair.'"—*Margaret J. Preston, in the Gospel Banner.*

ICE HOUSES.

THE few simple but essential requisites for making a satisfactory ice house are: 1st, perfect drainage, with perfect exclusion of air below; 2nd, good ventilation above; 3rd, ample non-conducting material around and above the ice, and, 4th, total exclusion of air and water from the ice, and solid packing of the ice, and the filling of the house in dry, cold weather. If these rules are observed it matters not of what the house is constructed. It is so easy to preserve ice that every dairyman should have a supply.

When ice is packed solid there is no thawing except on the outside of the mass, hence it is best to cut the blocks as uniformly as possible so that they will pack snugly and regularly. Thus if the house is 12 feet square, blocks 2x3 would make a layer having six blocks one way and four the other. And the next layer might be placed to break joints with the first, and so on. The walls of the ice house should be built double and filled in with sawdust or tan bark.—*Farmer's Voice.*

SECRETARY TAFT reports that the main trouble with the Philippines is the agricultural depression, and that it will probably be four or five years before a revival in agricultural prosperity can be brought about. Drought, locusts, etc., have been against the farming interests. He further believes the Filipinos will not be ready for independence for at least a generation, and perhaps a longer time than that. The people, however, seem to be very eager for an education.

JOAN OF ARC.

HETTIE STAUFFER.

In days gone by, among the hills of southern France, was situated a country village in which could be seen the humble cot of a happy peasant family. In this home was reared a child destined to become the pride of the family, of the village and of the nation. The father and mother were devout Catholics, and consequently the little girl early imbibed the same faith. Her early training was of the most primitive kind, and although she was never taught to read or write, yet when guided as she was, by a mother strong in the faith of her religion, anxious for the future of her child, and willing to make all sacrifices for its future happiness, she could not well be otherwise than loved and respected by all who knew her. Her mother did not fail to give her a complete education in those things which were thought by the rural parent of those early times to be the most necessary for the welfare of the child.

Little Joan of Arc was noted for physical activity, and therefore was a most happy child when engaged in the household duties in which she had become very proficient. From her earliest days she had impressed her parents as being a dutiful child, for nothing seemed to be a greater joy to her than to show by her obedience her gratefulness to her father and mother for their untiring care and sacrifice. Her sympathetic nature and the charm of her unselfish kindness made her the favorite of all the village. Her character was void of those coarse, unfeminine traits so often noticeable in uneducated children, and as she was executing her daily duties, her sparkling, happy face told that her inward soul was engrossed with thoughts that far exceeded those of grown persons.



HER CALL.

As she grew to womanhood, she was more inclined to silence and devotion and spent much of her time in solitude and prayer. In appearance she was not exceedingly handsome, but those who knew her best state that she was more comely than many in her station in life. Her features were expressive of rustic honesty, her large azure eyes that beamed with noble aspirations, her flowing chestnut hair, her ruby lips so expressive of her sacrificing nature, naturally gave her that beauty that is so much admired by those who know the worth of woman's devotion.

Owing to a peculiarity in her nervous constitution, her most inward feelings and desires seemed to speak to her in an audible voice. This she considered as messages from the saints, which delusion in later years led her to believe that she was the deliverer of her country.

Some distance from Joan's village home was a forest and a valley that was owned by her father, and in which he kept numerous flocks of sheep. Here each successive spring, as the flowers budded and the grass sprouted, and as the warm rays of the sun, and the balmy breeze of the dawning summer dispelled the thoughts of the cold winter, could be seen the maid, surrounded by the playful lambs and the fleecy sheep, as they partook of the fresh bounties of nature,—a picture that was very animating to the imaginative, fanciful character of the French people. Often was she seen caring for the tired lamb or stroking the lazy sheep as it lay in the shade of the forest tree or by the clear water of the rippling brook. These creatures in her charge were but fitting emblems of the meek spirit that reigned within her soul. Often in her silent meditations she pondered about the old tradition that was so current in that country, "that out of this same forest should come a virgin that should liberate France from an appalling calamity."

We are sorry that all France, as a nation, was not enjoying peace and happiness as was this little rural home, but this was the time when the Hundred Years' War between France and England was raging in all its cruelty. England had devastated a large portion of the country, and in addition France was unfortunate in having an insane king, Charles VI. King Henry of England had succeeded in convincing a large number of the French people that they had better give up all hope of victory and be subject to England. In addition to this, Isabella, the mother of him who afterwards became Charles VII, disinherited her son in favor of the king of England. This afforded an opportunity for the ancient prophecy, "that the calamity that should fall upon France through the depravity of a woman should be removed by a chaste virgin."



HER SACRIFICE.

There were many patriotic people in France who felt that the measures that had been taken were unjust, and their inward souls were stirred for the cause of their native country. Not only were the hearts of strong men of the nation bleeding at the injustice they were receiving from the hands of England, but in a distant village the spirit of a sympathetic maiden was kindled to ardent enthusiasm in behalf of the persecution of her country. Those things that to her seemed her duties weighed more and more heavily upon her mind until finally, during the siege of Orleans by the English, she was convinced by what she thought a heavenly voice, that it was her mission to be the redeemer of her people. She left all her home comforts, her sacred childhood pleasures, and going against the earnest pleadings of her parents, in 1429 she started on her twofold mission—that of relieving Orleans and of crowning the young Charles king of France.

By her religious and patriotic fervor she aroused the discouraged Frenchmen to new zeal and after various hindrances was successful in raising an army of five thousand men, destined for the relief of Orleans. At the head of the army she rode, clothed in a coat of mail and bearing a white standard embroidered with lilies, and having on one side the image of God, seated on the clouds and holding the Word in his hands, and on the other side the representation of the annunciation.

Her voice was powerful, but had that sweetness which softened and subdued even the rudest soldiers. In April, 1429, the English were successfully driven from their stronghold.

Joan was also granted the privilege of standing next to King Charles during his coronation in the cathedral. Thus was she victorious in both her efforts. She was afterwards taken captive by the English and sentenced by the Inquisition to be burned as a sorceress. Thus the life of Joan at the early age of twenty, in the prime of her usefulness, was cruelly demanded and willingly yielded at the burning stake.

Arcanum, Ohio.

RIGHT AWAY.

"BEGIN right, and right away," is a motto which would have saved many a youth from disaster. Nothing is more delusive than delay. I have known more people come to grief through procrastination, indolence, and dillydallying than from almost anything else. Nothing is quite so destructive to the energy which does things, or which so paralyzes the executive faculties, as a habit of dawdling.

The only possible corrective of it is to determine stoutly to begin, on the instant, the task before you. Every moment's delay makes it harder and harder to start. It is the beginning which is difficult. If dawdlers could only once be set in motion, many of them would run awhile; but they lack the power of initiative.

Shun the fatal habit of "putting off," as you would a temptation to crime. The moment you feel a temptation to dawdle come upon you, jump up, and then go with all your might at the most difficult thing you have to do. Never begin with the easiest thing; take the hardest, and hang on persistently until you have overcome the habit. Fear procrastination as a dangerous enemy. It is more than a thief of time; it steals character, ruins opportunity, robs you of freedom, and makes a slave of you.

How can one expect to succeed when his to-morrows are always mortgaged for the debt that should have been paid to-day? The ready boy, the one who is always on the alert for the next thing, who is always prepared to do the thing required of him, and to do it at once is the one who wins. A habit of promptness is a most valuable one to form. It unifies and strengthens the faculties, and makes one methodical.

Everybody admires a boy who, like a race horse, is always ready to start. A ready boy makes a prompt, efficient man. Somehow readiness and promptness seem to brave up all the other faculties, and raise their value to the highest power. They follow in line when promptness leads the way.—*Success.*

THE SUNDAY MORNING QUESTION: "WILL I GO VISITING?"

ARTHUR SMITH.

THIS question of going visiting on Sunday morning instead of going to Sunday school has been settled with me. My parents fixed that matter when I was but a child. This thing of going visiting on Sunday was never allowed. That was a law in our home like unto the laws of the Medes and Persians. It never changed. Solomon said, "Train up a child in the way he SHOULD go and when he gets old he will not depart from it."

Well, I am glad that I was never trained to go visiting on Sunday. Observation teaches me that it is almost a killing matter with some people to refrain from it. Solomon seems to agree that fixed principles are to be developed in human lives until they become a second nature to us. When a small boy, it was quite interesting to me to watch the movements of a nest full of small robins. Nature seemed to tell the little chirpers, when the mother bird left the nest in the morning, they would soon be provided with a feast, and they seemingly nestled and huddled themselves together as quiet as midnight, but the very moment the noise of the mother robin's wings was heard, they all stood up in the nest stretching every muscle in their legs, bodies, necks and mouths, each eager to have the first mouthful.

As I watch the Sunday morning movement of many homes, I see parents and children exerting every nerve and muscle to go visiting and have a Sunday feast, and as the little robins learn to open their mouths at the returning of the mother bird, so the children of many homes have learned to open their mouths while parents indulge them. Will I go visiting? You expect me to answer this question. I shall give you five reasons why I would not go visiting and neglect the Sunday school.

1. It's habit. I look at the habit of going visiting on Sunday morning as the habit of idleness of many men who rob themselves and the family of many of the home comforts. The men, women, boys, or girls, who go visiting on Sunday morning, rob themselves of their highest and best interests.

2. By going visiting instead of going to Sunday school we rob God. The old prophet, long ago, asked the question, "Will a man rob God?" Inasmuch as the Lord set apart and sanctified the Sabbath day, and said we should keep it holy, a day given to his praise and the honoring of his sanctuary, we should now and forever settle the question by saying, "We will not rob God by going visiting on the Lord's Day."

3. I will not go visiting on Sunday morning, for he who is ignorant of divine revelation in this present age of sanctuary privileges, is of all men most miserable.

Two men were walking through a park. They noticed on the trees here and there boards nailed up, which had written on them in large letters, "All dogs found in this park will be shot." One said to the other, "Well, I do pity the poor dogs; they surely will be shot, for they can't read those boards." But the man in this present state of society, without the knowledge of the Bible, is worse off than the dog in the park; for the dog has a master who can read for him, and keep him out, but he who would rather go visiting and feasting than hear the warnings of God, must surely die.

The fourth reason for not going visiting is the same reason Daniel gave when he said, "I have purposed in my heart not to defile myself with the king's meat." The king of this world is the devil, and many are eating at his table, desecrating the Sabbath day. Like unto Belshazzar, they are misusing the vessels which were dedicated to the temple, drinking wine from them and being intoxicated in the misuse and abuse of things that belong to the Lord. To whom do we belong? Paul says, "We are not our own, we have been bought with a price." Will we be vessels in the hands of the king of this world, to be misused on the Lord's Day, and stay away from Sunday school and church services because we want to go visiting? Oh, let us thank the Lord for the holy Lord's Day, and be ready at all times to say, like David of old, "I was glad when they said to me, Let us go to the house of the Lord."

5. I have discovered already, young as I am, that every day there are decisions to be made for right or wrong. I have decided NO because I know it's right. This is a Sunday morning question, but it is far reaching—either for heaven or for hell. On the summit of a hill in a western State is a courthouse, so situated that the raindrops that fall on one side of the roof descend into Lake Erie, thence to the St. Lawrence, thence to the Atlantic. Those falling on the other side, trinkle from rivulet to stream down the Ohio, thence into the Mississippi, thence into the Gulf of Mexico. Just a faint breath of wind against the drop of rain determines the destination of these raindrops for three thousand miles. So a single act of decision of this Sunday morning question will determine a human destiny for all time and eternity.

Sidney, Ohio.

A DOUKHOBOR WEDDING.

COURTSHIP among the quaint, exclusive, simple-hearted people known as the Doukhobors, who fled from persecuting Russia to their religious asylum in western Canada some years ago, is a simple, brief, unpretentious affair and yet it undoubtedly is accom-

panied with the same interest, felicity and romance that usually does and should attend this all-important period of life.

The Doukhobors are communists and the sexes up to the time of marriage are not allowed to intermingle, except in public assemblies. A young man is not supposed to have a private conversation with the girl of his choice until after the nuptial knot is tied. When he arrives at the matrimonial age he singles out the woman toward whom his heart and affections are drawn and soon after lays the matter before his father, and if the choice meets his approval, the father proceeds at once to the home of the favorite one and communicates his son's desires to the lady's father. He having acquiesced, the fiancee to-be is called in and in the presence of her parents she is asked by the father to become the wife of his enamored son. Her consent having been given, parents and daughter accompany the paternal solicitor to his home where the parents and the lovers drink a cup of tea together, thus indicating their mutual good will and agreement to the engagement.

The betrothal is now publicly announced and the "happy day" set for the following Sunday, when the ceremony is performed in the meetinghouse during public service.

The ceremony itself is probably the most unique and affecting part of all. The bridegroom, on entering the assembly, kneels and kisses the feet of the mother of his spouse, whereupon she raises him to his feet and plants the kiss of maternal love on his lips—an open avowal that she accepts him as her son. The bride shows the same homage to the mother of her betrothed and is received into her family in a similar affectionate manner. The Doukhobors have no ordained ministers, so the father of the bride reads a psalm, asks the usual questions, pronounces the two one and the happy husband and wife return to his father's home and at once enter fully into the joys and trials of wedded life.

The entire affair is consummated with religious solemnity and touching sacredness that cannot fail to impress every one who witnesses it.—*Herald of Truth.*

OPPORTUNITY.

Opportunities lost are like so many precious hours and days wasted. We find ourselves wishing them back, thinking how stupid not to improve the time, or what a mistake it was to let it slip by without our having accomplished one single thing.

Who says the day of the poor boy or girl is passed, and the poor no longer have a chance? This year the president of the sophomore class at Harvard is a young man who entered college with only $100, not sufficient to buy the books needed for the first two years of the course. Where he was to get more money he did not know, but he knew that he wished an education. It was his opportunity and through it he must put himself in a position to win out and get a foothold in that direction towards honor and success.

He pondered early and late, thinking of one project and then another, trying to devise a plan whereby he might earn money to support himself and at the same time continue in college. The old story presented itself; waiting on table, where he earned his board. He also acted as caretaker of a house; thus his room was furnished. He worked at odd jobs to do anything that would net him an honest dollar.

As a freshman he was popular, and with a helping hand and a kind word for all the students he made friends by the score and finally had thrust upon him the honor of president of his class, receiving it above boys whose families possessed untold wealth.

Surely it proves that a poor boy or girl, if they will but help along opportunities, have the same chance to forge ahead and win as those persons whose parents are blessed with riches. Pluck and energy still win, no matter what the odds may be. If poor can win at Harvard, one of the most aristocratic of eastern universities, why should they not succeed elsewhere?

Abraham Lincoln was a grand example of the self-made man. There was no position in life which he felt he could not aspire to, though in his early years he had no idea of ever being the loved and honored leader of this vast United States. But he was building character strong and staunch, trusting opportunity would knock at his door. What would have been the result had he failed to recognize the call?

Do young men and women grasp the opportunities, or do they let them slip away, trusting time in its appointed hour will turn the wheel of fortune in their direction, tempting them into accepting that which they once refused?—*Advance.*

MAIL SERVICE OF THE WORLD.

The aggregate annual letter and newspaper mail of the world amounts to 32,500,000,000 pieces, of which 8,500,000,000 go through the United States mails. We have 75,000 post offices and 500,000 miles of postal routes, with a yearly travel over them amounting to 500,000,000 miles. The service costs over $150,000,000 a year. The receipts now almost equal the expenditures, and have doubled in the last ten years. In 1860 the total receipts were $8,000,000, which was considered an extraordinary sum. But for $22,000,000 spent in establishing the rural free delivery, which now serves one-seventh of the population of the United States, the post office would be self-sustaining.

OYSTER INDUSTRY.

J. M. HENRY.

Oyster planting and raising, which is now only in its infancy, has become a great industry in some sections of our country. In Chesapeake Bay are the most noted beds of the eastern coast. These beds in Virginia alone cover an area of three thousand square miles, from which more than ten million bushels are gathered annually. There are some mysterious facts, as well as interesting ones, in the study of the oyster.

This little animal comes under the branch of *Molluska,* a division of the great animal kingdom and classified by naturalists as *Auphala,* or Bivalves. The oyster resembles the clam very much and differs only in two striking peculiarities. The oyster is somewhat irregularly shaped, being narrow at hinge and widening at heart, while the clam is more regularly oval-shaped. But the clam has two muscles that bind the two divisions of the shell together and the oyster has only one, but it is very strong and elastic. In studying the oyster there are many puzzling questions, and some remain yet unanswered. One question comes up, Why do not all streams along the coast abound in oysters? Some say because nature has not been so provided. Then some one asks why. And again we are lost in nature's domain searching for a plausible answer. The writer can only mention matters of fact. Nature has provided special places for oyster raising. In the James, Rappahannock, Potomac and some smaller rivers, also Tangier and Pocomoke sounds are natural rocks, seemingly formed especially for oysters to grow on. These rocks have been forming for ages. Their formation is somewhat on the same principle as coral.

On these rocks the oysters cling and reproduction by means of eggs takes place. The mussel and oyster are exceedingly prolific, some seasons producing as many as three hundred thousand young oysters. This young oyster is known as spawn and at a certain age it floats away from the old one, being carried away by the tide. Here and there it floats along until it comes in contact with some rough substance upon which it fastens itself. This spawn resembles the pollywog floating about through the water.

Oyster planting has become a great branch of industry in Chesapeake Bay, Va. Like other occupations it requires skill, time and money. The planter selects his ground where he is to plant his crop; generally a place where the tide is shallow and land dry during low tide. He then sends his schooner to market for shells. Norfolk, Baltimore, or Crisfield, Md. These shells the previous winter had been opened. On market they cost three and four cents per bushel. The schooner returns to grounds selected. Then the planting crew quickly go aboard the vessel and shovel them into small boats holding from thirty to seventy bushels. These boats are rowed about into different places and the shells thrown into the water in heaps of three to five bushels, resembling sweet potato hills. These heaps are then scattered and it takes about three thousand bushels to cover an acre. They are planted in June, July and August, and remain untouched for two years, then they will pass for shuck house, yielding three thousand bushels per acre the second year and four thousand the third and so on in a profitable business as long as shells last. It must be remembered that the spawn catches on these old shells as soon as planted. In fact spawn will hang on to any substance above low water, sometimes clinging to pine limbs, brush, briers, boots and shoes, etc.

An oysterman found that a large pine limb produced a barrel of oysters, a rubber boot one-half bushel. This is a new discovery, how to use wornout boots to a profitable planting. One of these old shells after being planted two months will show twenty-five or thirty little oysters looking just like white blisters. These young ones grow for two years and are then gathered if not too poor, green or red.

Here, again, come in some more strange facts. Planters say they do not know what they feed upon, what makes them fat or poor nor why they are sometimes green. When they are found in this condition the planter puts them back for another year, and so on until ready to gather. They are gathered in August, September and October, by tongs in deep water, and picked up by hand in shallow.

These tongs are made by riveting two pieces of timber sixteen feet long, two inches wide and one inch thick, fastening about two feet from one end on which are placed heads resembling two garden rakes fastened together. Tongs are being done away with and dredging machines used instead. To give anything like a full description of the oyster and facts concerning this great industry would take many pages of print, but suffice it to say that this little animal, small and insignificant as it may seem, yet forms a link in the great chain of animal life and was placed here by the Creator of all things to perform its own functions in propelling life through the heart of the great universe and to add to the joy of man another dish of happiness.

Poages Mill, Va.

A DAY'S PROGRAM FOR KING ALFONSO.

It is not all ease and luxury to be a king: the story of the young Spanish monarch's last day in England, June 9, tells of real hard work. The rain fell dismally, but in spite of it King Alphonso drove early to the city from Buckingham Palace to see the Premier diamond. The king handled the gem with apparent delight and expressed astonishment at its weight and

marvelous color and purity. Unrecognized by the crowd, the king a little later reached the headquarters of the London Fire Brigade in Southwark Bridge Road. The candidates in training went through their drill in showing how rescues from burning houses are effected, after which Captain Hamilton gave a signal for a general turn-out, and in an instant the whole place was alive with steamers, prancing horses and motor fire engines.

After the fire brigade display the young king had a long motor run across London to the Zoölogical Gardens where he spent an hour viewing the animals accompanied by Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, the secretary of the Zoölogical Society, and Mr. Pocock the superintendent. The king then returned to Buckingham Palace, and just before noön drove with King Edward to Paddington for Windsor, escorted by cavalry. But the poor young king had something else to do at Paddington in graciously replying to an address of welcome from the mayor and corporation; a repetition of this presentation was enacted at Windsor when King Alfonso again received and replied to an address of welcome. After lunch at Windsor Castle an inspection was made of the art treasures and apartments and also of the Frogmore Mausoleum. A return to the city was effected between six and seven when a preparation was made for dinner at Marlborough House, and the subsequent state ball at the palace. Dancing commenced at 11 P. M. If King Alfonso, who is only nineteen years of age, works at home as energetically as he plays abroad he must indeed be industrious. The young king is stated to be of graceful and dignified carriage and speech, and he has very much endeared himself to the English people. An official denial is given to the persistent rumor of his engagement to the second daughter of the Duke of Connaught.

THE FLIGHT OF A HAILSTONE.

A SCIENTIST who has pulled a hailstone apart to see what it was made of, tells this story:

"At the heart of every hailstone is a tiny atom of dust, which may be considered to be the very foundation of the whole icy structure. These atoms of dust pervade every part of the atmosphere. Not only are they found in the lower strata of the air, but the winds carry them far above the highest mountains, and no matter whether samples of air obtained by balloonists or by mountain travelers are examined, minute particles of dust are always everywhere to be found. Indeed, it is becoming understood that without an atom of dust upon which the moisture of the air could settle there would be no raindrops, no snow, no fog, no dew, or clouds of hail. Without these minute platforms, as they may be called, upon which the moisture as it condenses could alight, rain would be continually pouring down upon the earth and it is these motes that keep the moisture buoyed up in the atmosphere until such times as circumstances compel them to yield up the aqueous supplies which they so industriously collect. Supposing, then, that a little vapor should happen to condense on a particle of dust floating aimlessly through the air, there is a beginning made of what, under favorable conditions, may ultimately grow to a full-sized hailstone.

"Imagining now the journey to be well started, it will at once be realized that the traveling hailstone will pass through strata of air that differ very much as regards temperature and moisture. Some of the air will be above the freezing point, and other layers will be below it; while it will be no uncommon episode for the dropping hailstone to plunge sheer through a cloud that may be thousands of feet thick. The hailstone itself, with its heart of ice, is always below the freezing point, so that any moisture that settles on it is promptly frozen and forms a girdle of ice around the central nucleus. An examination, indeed, of any hailstone shows that these icy girdles are its most characteristic feature. It will also be observed that these girdles or zones are of two kinds, and that they are alternately clear and opaque. It is these zones that tell the most concerning the incidents of a wonderful journey, for they are produced by the different strata of air through which the hailstone passed, each country, as it were, over which the journey was made, impressing its characteristics on the flying traveler."—*Knowledge.*

THE FOUR PLANTS.

AN old teacher was once taking a walk through a forest with a scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground, the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth, the third was a small shrub, while the fourth and last was a full sized tree. The tutor said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And now the third."

The boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the youth, hardly shook its leaves.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our bad habits and passions. When they are young we can cast them out readily, but only divine power can uproot them when they are old.—*Exchange.*

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

HATTIE SELLERS.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

SOFTLY but sweetly were the words sung as a tired, weary mother rocked listlessly back and forth on her old rocking chair, and gazed into an invisible beyond. Never before did she realize how much those words meant to her. Sweet, sweet, indeed, would be the rest over there with the loved husband, the dear father and mother, brothers and sisters, and oh! to be "safe in the arms of Jesus."

Toil and care for the little boy, the only one left to her now, seemed to bring them nearer to her. And careless, fun-loving Bennie, who sat on the porch vainly trying to hear "what mother was singing now," never once thought of the many hours she spent in toil and labor and all to help to make the life of her boy easier, and that he might secure an education. How often she would draw him to her and gently point out to him the great work which was before him. Vainly she strove to show him that the great purpose in life was that of serving his Master, but scarcely would the words be uttered than they would be heedlessly disobeyed.

With many misgivings the anxious mother noticed it, but comforted herself with the thought, "He did not intend to disobey, but forgets so easily," and "He has a good heart and will be different after awhile." But after a few years, when the mother's weary and careworn hands were laid to rest and dear ones softly sang, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," to those who had gathered together in memory of the dear sainted one, then stricken Bennie began to realize his utter loneliness and would long for the kind and gentle mother who had guided and advised, but whose words had been so utterly neglected. But after the feeling of loneliness had passed away, he began to think that he had only himself to work and care for and there was no necessity of preparing for some special work, and as for serving his Master he was so young and could work better, he thought, if not bound by any Christian vows, and with no one to guide and persuade him to live differently he wandered aimlessly on, knowing not where the end of his destiny lay.

* * * * * *

A few short years had passed and at the early hour of four o'clock, on a cold, windy morning a number of anxious people could be seen waiting on a corner for the owl car that passed through the large city at that time, expressly for the purpose of carrying those to their homes whose situations required their work during the night. A good-natured and well-dressed bartender stood leaning against a telegraph post leisurely smoking a cigar, while two office boys sat on steps near by, very impatient for the car, and a tall telephone girl could have been seen standing at the side of a building to protect herself from the wind. As she looked at the shivering group around her, she seemed more impatient than ever to be at home, where a cheerful fire awaited her return. But suddenly the monotonous waiting of the tired group was disturbed by a few clear, distinct notes of some beautiful song being sung they knew not where, but as they listened, it seemed the singer was coming nearer and plainly the words were sung,

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Nearer and nearer the singer came, and the eyes of those waiting for the delayed car seemed riveted on the spot from whence came the song. Plainer still:

Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the field of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

And as the last line of the verse was sung the singer came into view. But even with hat in hand and disheveled hair they could see the noble brow and manly figure of a youth whose tottering steps showed them one who had been led astray,—one who was traveling the broad path which leads to ruin. One of the boys on the steps who attempted to say some sneering words was quickly silenced by the others with "Don't, Jack," and the singer all unconscious of the pitying gazes which fell upon him, passed on and continued:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

And as the singer passed out of sight, the words floated back to them:

Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm in the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me rest with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

Ever after that when the little group would be waiting on the corner for the car, they would turn almost involuntarily to look again for the singer, whose song could never be forgotten, but the singer whose song made the lives of others better, never

passed that way again. When the great destroyer, Rum, which leads so many to ruin, had ended the life of the unfortunate youth, strangers sang over the lifeless form of one they knew not,

"Safe in the arms of Jesus."

Fostoria, Ohio.

ARITHMETIC IN DAILY LIFE.

FRANK WALDO, PH. D.

INFORMATION regarding the new movement in education, which connects the school more closely with outside life, crops up on all sides. This method is being adopted in all subjects by the greatest authorities. But perhaps a unique example occurs in the case of Professor David E. Smith, the famous mathematician of Columbia University, who has been able to infuse this spirit into so dry a subject as arithmetic.

I heard the other day of the case of a father who, one evening in May, told his boy that he was to sit at the other end of the sitting-room table until he had finished his arithmetic examples, and that then he might go out and play with the other boys until bedtime. It was the middle of the baseball season, and an important game was scheduled, which the boys wanted to sit on the fence in the moonlight and discuss.

The father thought that he would keep a sharp eye on his son to see that he really learned his lesson before he was permitted to go. The boy appeared to be deeply immersed in his arithmetic, but pretty soon the father heard a faint mumbling of such words as "champion record," "baseball," "games won," "lost," "won the pennant," "batting averages," etc., and he came to the conclusion that the boy was shamming about studying, and that his mind and even his tongue were busy with the schoolboy plays.

So the father spoke pretty sharply to the lad, and reminded him that he couldn't go out to see the other boys until he had done his examples, and that he had better stop thinking about those baseball games.

The youngster looked up most indignantly and "guessed" that he had been studying with all his might. He had done three hard "baseball" problems.

This was such startling information as to the kind of problems that school children have to solve, that the father went around the table to where the boy was sitting, and looking over his shoulder read these three problems:

1. The championship record in baseball in a certain year was 52 games won, 14 lost. What per cent of the games were won?

2. One of the best records of baseball in recent years was when Brooklyn won the pennant with a total of 82 games won, 54 lost. What was the per cent of games won?

3. Two of the best running averages in baseball were 597 times at the bat, 139 runs, and 543 times at the bat, 145 runs. What was the per cent of runs in each case?

"Well!" exclaimed the father, "you boys do have an easy time. School baseball club practice all the afternoon; then baseball problems to solve in the evening; and then, I suppose, you spend the next morning explaining the problems in the class. But I see that it isn't all baseball," he added, as he looked over some of the other pages, "although almost every problem has an interest for boys and girls, for they all seem to deal with something in real life. It is not a dry arithmetic such as I had to study."

Cambridge, Mass.

THE FAMOUS HYMN WRITER.

WHEN Fanny Crosby was but six weeks old her sight began to fail. Only for that short period has she known what it is to see anything in this world. She is now eighty-five years of age.

When she was but eight years old she wrote her first poem, as follows:

"O what a happy soul am I,
Although I cannot see!
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be.

"How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't!
To weep and sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot, and I won't.

The first poem was prophetic of her subsequent life, so far as peace and contentment are concerned. Since then she has written some six thousand hymns and poems. Her hymns are sung in every quarter of the globe, and have been translated into many languages spoken in the missionary fields of the Christian church.

Her favorite hymn begins with the words, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." Her implicit trust in Providence found expression in the hymn, "All the way my Savior leads me." The hymn which has seemed to exceed in usefulness is "Rescue the perishing."

Strange as it may seem, part of her life she has spent as a teacher of English grammar, rhetoric, and Roman and American history.

She occasionally tells in public some of the stories of her hymns, for all hymns have a history.

THERE are three kinds of persons in the world—the wills, the won'ts, and the can'ts. The first accomplish everything, the second oppose everything, the third fail in everything.

THE INGLENOOK

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. **Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.**

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given. Club rates for Sunday schools and other religious organizations. **Address as above.**

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AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

'Tis Autumn; the mighty demon
Has donned his softest coat,—
'Though 'tis by far untimely rough,—
And clapped a chilling hand upon the living summer.
Two falls come simultaneously, and these,
The fall of the year and the fall of my soul.

The gayety of the summer has been touched by the magic wand.
With his icy scepter the frost king strokes the trees,
Supplants a gold robe dropping off
In place of vivid green. What wonder
That the birds start up and follow the retreating summer queen
As she gathers up her retinue and hastens southward.
They rise into the air and see the winter coming,
Then depart as shadows do before the sun.
But here I must remain.
Vainly does my eye mark out their distant flight
With great desire to follow, but one by one
They all forsake the land o'er which the snow holds a calamitous hand,
And vanish in the warm horizon,
Where the heart sees farther than the eye.
I turn about to find myself alone.

The Spring gave birth to budded limbs,
The Summer developed them into leafy boughs
And flowery sprays. The fall, with
Loud and all-benumbing blast,
Sweeps through the trees to find them naked.

But a few months since and I was born to public favor.
I grew and flourished under the warm skies of "Success."
The first snow falls to-day and finds me homeless,
Friendless, and alone.
Ah! But sadder days than these are coming.
'Tis only fall and winter drear must pass.
My soul, why art thou sad?

Melancholy, thou hast wrought thy work!
Cheer! Who will not say, The blackest cloud is silver trimmed?
The snows are coming soon. Rest thou
Beneath the placid smoothness and await the spring.
A winter desolate will make a glorious summer.
Whosoever will, can find sweet music in a winter's gale,
And purity in the crystal snow.

J. E. C.

AT CLOSE RANGE.

You often see men sitting around the stove in the winter time at the crossroad grocery, or in the springtime you find them perched on a storebox by the side of the store in the sun, with a knife in one hand and a pine stick in the other, telling how many bears they have killed or could kill if they had a chance; and these are the first fellows that would climb a tree or crawl into a hole if they would see a fresh bear track without ever getting sight of the bear.

It is also customary for this same class of people to own horses that can go a mile in less than three minutes, and while the fire is burning briskly and their shins are comfortably warm, by faith they can see the horses going down the road at a good, lively clip; but next summer when the roads dry up not a man in the crowd has a horse that can make it in less than four.

Old men, in the easy chairs, with chins resting on the tops of staves, tell how far they could jump when they were boys, but of course they cannot do that any more. When the young men ask for a demonstration of the fact they put themselves out of danger by referring to their ages.

Sometimes, with sleeves rolled up, men spit upon their hands and jump up and down and nearly die for an opportunity to whip somebody; but as soon as an opponent faces them, their ardor cools off and they are the first ones to have business down the street, or a lame leg, or something to prevent immediate action.

Many a learned man will jump on the grave of Moses and tell what kind of a man he was and how many mistakes he made and lay him open to criticism, but he is the last man on earth to face a real live man that is full of the Holy Ghost and the Word of God. The infidel would rather fight a corpse than a real man of God.

Hundreds of Christians are satisfied to talk and preach missionary work provided it is ten thousand miles away, who are the last people in the community to visit the sick, relieve the poor and do house-to-house mission work in their own village or vicinity.

It is an old saying, not altogether void of truth, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." The trouble is the range is too close. In all the above illustrations you will be able to see that "Distance lends enchantment to charms."

It is easy enough to see the faults in your neighbor because you are far enough away that you can make a decent survey, but when it comes to picking beams by the use of the looking-glass, you find the self is "at close range."

The reason why it is easier to preach than to practice is because the audience is at a respectable distance, especially if your sermon is on paper, but when it comes to the performance of obligations, you again find the man you are looking for at close range.

THE EDITOR'S TROUBLES.

Ideas are many and various concerning the publication of a newspaper or a magazine. There are as many different opinions as there are people, and yet the majority of the people think that the editing of a periodical makes life one glad, sweet song and one continual round of pleasure. Nothing short of experience, which is impossible for all to enjoy, will ever relieve the public mind of this mistaken idea. If jokes and puns are published half of the constituency at once declare that we are rattle-brained. The other half will go into a fit of ecstasy and have food for a week. While the dissatisfied class is growling about the publication of a joke, the gay class says we are fossils if we do not publish them.

Some people enjoy the editorials because they like to know the editor's idea of things, and once in a decade perhaps they spend a postage stamp in telling the editor that they enjoy his production. On the other hand, another class of people clamor for a greater variety of selections. If the editor acts upon this suggestion, and gives a few of the best thoughts from the best authors and writers, then they proceed to tell us that we use only the scissors and paste-cup and are too lazy to write.

If we give them plenty of local news, they growl because they get that kind over the telephone, and at the sewing society. If we give them general news, they claim that they get that in the daily. If we neglect the church, we are counted as heathens and they do not want to take a publication from an editor of that kind. If we do attend church regularly, of course they tell us that we do it for policy's sake and therefore we are hypocrites and there is not a ghost of a show of heaven for us. If we remain in the office and attend strictly to business our good fellows, who are looking after our welfare, gently intimate that we ought to be out looking for news. Acting upon their suggestion we start out in search of news, and, meeting another of our social advisers, we are reminded that we ought to be at the office attending to our business.

If our clothes are not in the latest style the street gazers "guy" us and call us "bum." If we don a new suit, they either say we have a "pull" or a "snap." If we reject articles they contribute, they say we are "smart Alec." If we do print them, they claim we are misrepresenting them. If we print long articles, they want short ones. If we print short ones, they cannot get interested in them. Now, what are we to do? Just as likely as not someone will say that we stole this editorial. So we did; we stole the idea from an advertiser and he from a magazine.

In a session of several hundred of the world's most famous experts, comprising the International Tuberculosis Congress, at Paris, recently, it was concluded that the chief causes of tuberculosis, the world-wide destroyer of human life, are alcoholism, overwork and overcrowding. The authorities of France have become so alarmed at the marked increase of this dreaded disease that radical measures are deemed necessary in the schools, and a committee has been appointed to investigate existing conditions. It was decided that in all public and private schools an examination should be made every three months, of each pupil's condition of health, and that bills containing hygienic prescriptions by a competent physician be posted up, so that they may be read and acted upon by every pupil and teacher.

There seem to be signs of an approaching conflict between Canada and Newfoundland on the question of territory. The real boundary of certain districts in Labrador is in dispute. The Canadian Government feels that it should be finally established, so that no further controversy should occur. Newfoundland has, for some time, been issuing timber license in the interior of Labrador, and it is a serious question as to whether or not the island colony has any right to issue timber license on this disputed territory.

When a man won't fight for anything else on earth, says Wm. Allen White in the *Emporia Gazette,* he will fight for whiskey. When good government doesn't interest him, when party politics make him tired, when the cause of his friends gives him a pain, and the defense of his home only wearies him, he will get out and tear his shirt for the inalienable right to bruise his bosom against a bar and soak his hide full of liquor. The right to drink whiskey is more sacred to some men than the right to worship God, or the right to protect their homes.

Current Happenings

THE crisis seems to have finally arrived in Russia. The populace is divided into hostile camps, known as the *whites* and *reds*. The reds demand a removal of troops. Finland has revolted against the rule of the Czar. The people have forced the senate, appointed by the Czar, to resign. A general strike is in progress. Poland rejects the Czar's promises. Warsaw is still filled with troops. The city of Odessa is one flame of revolutionary excitement. Many are killed and wounded in fights with the Cossacks. Jewish shops are looted by night. Some of the demands that the people are making of the Czar are, complete political amnesty; the creation of a national militia; a guarantee of civil rights; the repeal of the martial law, and the abolition of capital punishment. In short, they want freedom from tyranny, and it looks as if they were going to get it.

LAST week a train, known as the "California Flyer," was wrecked on the Santa Fe route near Kansas City, killing thirteen and injuring many others. The train was running at a higher speed than usual, thirty-five miles an hour, when it struck a loose rail and jumped the track. A number of the unfortunates were residents of Chicago.

THE Illinois Central Railway has secured control of the Tennessee Central, combining their interests. The Tennessee Central extends some distance both east and west from Nashville, which city is expected to be the terminal of two of the greatest railroad systems in the country. The Standard Trust Company, of New York, holds stocks and bonds in the Tennessee Central on an option for between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000.

THE municipality of New York City has recently put into operation a new modern ferry system service between the Battery and Staten Island. The first boat sent out made the trip in fifteen minutes, but the regular schedule is to be twenty minutes, that being ten minutes less time than the old private line required. This is believed to be one of the greatest events in municipal operations, and is likely to be the beginning of a new epoch for the city.

A $3,000,000 power plant is to be erected on the Tennessee river, twelve miles from Chattanooga, which will distribute power and light to that city and adjacent regions. This will doubtless double the present number of manufactories, making a total of nearly 1,000 institutions. This permission of so using a navigable river was granted by the government only on conditions that the company build a lock, so that the dam would in no way disturb the navigation. The capacity of the plant will be 56,000 horse power, which will be distributed through fourteen electrical generators.

THE colored people of the South have in contemplation the organization of a trust company with a half million dollars capital. The concern will be known as the Afro-American Trust Company, and will be supported by eight negro banks of the South. This is one of the largest financial projects yet undertaken by the colored people.

A FRENCHMAN, named Marcillac, is now preparing to make an air voyage to discover the North Pole. It will be remembered that Andree sailed off into the Arctic sky with a hope of finding the North Pole, but has never been heard from, but the hope that inspires Marcillac to make the attempt is that improved aerial navigations have been effected since Andree's effort, and that a more hopeful journey can be made.

LAST week we mentioned that a score of vessels had been lost and destroyed during the storm on the Great Lakes, but later reports place the loss at forty or more.

DR. SVEN HEDIN, the distinguished explorer, who is now on a trip to Constantinople, en route for Tibet via Armenia, Persia, Baluchistan and northern India, is to be accompanied by an armed Indian escort through Tibet. It is the purpose of the doctor to explore the oases of eastern Persia, and he will request, through King Oscar, that the Shah provide him with an escort. The main object of this tour is to discover the sources of the rivers Indus and Brahmaputra and to survey the great Tibetan lakes. This is the daring traveler's fifth voyage of exploration in the unknown parts of Asia.

ADMIRAL TOGO, accompanied by Viscount Ito and the vice and rear admirals, recently returned home and was royally greeted by almost the entire populace. The party, in their imperial coaches, were accompanied to the palace by a mass of people, where a private interview was accorded. The day following their arrival the Japanese fleets were reviewed by the Emperor on board the *Asama,* with Admiral Togo by his side. An audience was granted to the officers of the British and American warships.

THE company owning and controlling the pneumatic tube system of mail service, which conveys letters between different points in the city of New York, failed to pay $645,000 interest due on bonds, and the Tubular Despatch Company interfered with their service. The Government ordered the discontinuance of the tube system until further notice.

THE Missouri Executive Mansion, at Jefferson City, was damaged by fire last week, the flames being checked through the personal efforts of the Governor.

IT is estimated by the Mint Director that the output of gold during the year 1904 was $22,000,000 more than that of the previous year, the United States gaining $7,000,000 and South Africa $13,000,000. The productions of both countries are on the increase, while that of Australia is on the decline. The most productive gold field is that of the Transvaal.

THE Navy Department has just issued a statement showing that within a short time six new battleships will be added, namely, the *Virginia, Louisiana, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Georgia,* and the *New Jerscy.* Seven other first-class battleships, six armored and three protected, are under construction.

DURING a recent riot on account of the striking workingmen in Santiago, Chile, two regiments of government troops were ordered out to quiet the disturbance. Seven persons were killed and eighty wounded.

FOUR young American negro artists of New York have recently had the pleasure of placing on exhibition in Brooklyn forty-five of their original paintings. The purpose of this is to encourage and interest the negroes of New York, and all over the country as well, in art, and to make an annual display of their work. This will give the colored man a chance to rival the white man.

IT has now been decided by the Russian Minister of Finance to raise a loan of $350,000,000, negotiating to this end with representatives of French, English, American and German banks. Russia feels the need of a stronger navy and for this purpose most of the money is to be used.

THE foreign trade of the United States, for nine months ending Sept. 30, is reported by the Department of Commerce and Labor, to have increased $238,212,769, in comparison with the same period of time last year. The aggregate is nearly $2,000,000,000, the highest ever recorded.

A NEW steamship line is to be run frow New York and Boston to Searsport, Me., in connection with the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad. Work began on this line Nov. 1. This will be a great boon to the lumber business.

A NEW school project is under consideration in the city of New York, the purpose being to take care of the backward boys, and in some measure eliminate the cause for truancy, so prevalent in many of the schools. The new method is to be known as the "Backward Boys' School." The plan of the school aims to give each boy equal opportunities to learn, thus giving him a start before entering the ordinary school. This, doubtless, will prove helpful in overcoming some of the difficulties that have long since been a problem in the school curriculum.

A PRIZE of $200,000 has been endorsed by the French Government for any one who shall discover a real cure for tuberculosis. This means may greatly stimulate research.

A CORONER of Windsor, England, is evidently not much taken up with the microbe fad. He says that the old Bible which he uses in swearing in witnesses was used by his father in 1837, and has been used ever since and nobody has been ruined with microbes yet. He thinks the faddists would have him buy a new Testament at each inquest.

A MAN in Columbus, Ohio, who has been afflicted with diseased lower eyelids recently submitted to an operation, and was given a new set of eyelids. The new lids were formed by grafting skin from his arm, after which the eyes were sewed shut and bandaged. This is one of the many remarkable operations performed, and it is believed that it will prove entirely successful.

CAN YOU HELP US OUT?

Were you ever caught napping? Well, we have been. We are fairly good on a guess, but sometimes we miss it. The worst thing to guess on is the growth of the Inglenook family. So many have sent in names of their friends that last week we lacked 300 of having enough to go around and they are "saying something" to us about it and we don't blame them either. What are you going to do? We can't print any more; the forms are all down. The only way we know is to ask the big-hearted workers to send us the number bearing the date of Oct. 24, so these good Nookers need not miss their paper. Of course it will cost you ONE CENT postage, us also, but what of it, if we can help a brother out?

We will appreciate your kindness twice, once for ourselves and once for the reader. Now come on! Our aim will be to avoid such a dilemma again.

HOME DEPARTMENT

SUMMER'S END.

A sheaf of broom-flowers, yellow at the heart,
Drugged with the sun and listless with the dew,
The silence of the ordered petal edge
With flame shot through.

A sheaf of broom-flowers, amber with the light,
Green with the jade of leaf-work, shadow dull:
Pale silver silk sown with thin silver veins,
O—wonderful!

A sheaf of broom-flowers, lipped with line of brown,
Because the urge of death is in the hours;
O dawn in dust! O hand that cannot close
Upon the flowers!

—Zona Gale, in Everybody's Magazine for September.

CAUSES OF COLDS.

One of the Most Common of Them is Overeating.

THE invariable cause of colds comes from within, not without. No one takes cold when in a vigorous state of health, with pure blood coursing through the body, and there is no good reason why any one in ordinary health should have a cold. It may come from insufficient exercise, breathing of foul air, want of wholesome food, lack of bathing, etc., but always from some violation of the plain laws of health.

There can be no more prolific cause of colds than highly seasoned foods as well as frequent eating. These give no time for the digestive organs to rest and incite an increased flow of the digestive secretions. Thus larger quantities of nourishment are absorbed than can be properly utilized, and the result is an obstruction, commonly called a "cold," which is simply an effort of the system to expel the useless material. Properly speaking, it is self poisoning, due to an incapability of the organism to regulate and compensate for the disturbance.

A deficient supply of pure air to the lungs is not only a strong predisposing cause of colds, but a prolific source of much graver conditions. Pure air and exercise are necessary to prepare the system for the assimilation of nutriment, for without them there can be no vigorous health. The oxygen of the air we breathe regulates the appetite as well as the nutriment that is built up in the system.

The safest and best way to avoid colds is to sleep in a room with the windows wide open and to remain out of doors every day, no matter what may be the weather, for at least two hours, preferably with some kind of exercise, if no more than walking. One should not sit down to rest while the feet are wet or the clothing damp. A person may go with the clothing wet through to the skin all day if he but keeps moving. Exercise keeps up the circulation and prevents taking cold.

The physiologic care of colds is the prevention of the occurrence. The person who does not carry around an over-supply of alimentation in his system and furthermore secures a purified circulation by strict sanitary cleanliness, thus placing himself in a positive condition, is immune to colds. A starving man cannot take cold.

A careful diet would exclude the use of all narcotics and all food that is not thoroughly appropriated. An overfed person is worse off than one who is underfed, because the overfed body is taxed to dispose of what cannot be appropriated and, when not properly disposed of, remains only to be an element of danger.—*Science of Health.*

"JUST LIKE FATHER."

Why Smith Sold Out His Saloon.

"I HEAR that Smith has just sold out his saloon," said one of a couple of middle-aged men who sat sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in an American saloon. "Yes," responded the other, rather slowly. "What was the reason? I thought he was coining money there." The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly for a moment, and then said: "Smith, you know, lives on Mount Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home, and three as pretty children as ever played outdoors. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of a citizen, never drinks or gambles, and thinks the world of his family. Well, he went home one afternoon last week, and found his wife out shopping. He went through the house into the back yard and there under the apple tree were the little fellows playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were playing 'keep saloon.' He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was setting the drinks up pretty free. Smith walked over and looked in the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbor's boy, two years older, lay asleep behind the tree. 'Boys, you must not drink that!' he said, as he lifted the six-year-old from behind the bench. 'We's playin' s'loon, papa; an' I was sellin' it just like you,' said the little fellow

Smith poured out the beer, carried the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys home and put them to bed. When his wife came back she found him crying like a child. He came down town that night and sold out his business, and says he will never sell or drink another drop of liquor. His wife told mine about it, and she broke down crying while she told it." This was a true story, but the name was not Smith.—*Christian Scotsman.*

THE DIET OF DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

THE vagaries of the appetite are far beyond the explanatory science of physiology. What we call tolerance in medicine is in itself a mystery. We can not tell why this thing agrees with this individual and at the same time utterly destroys his brother. The trite old saying that one man's meat is another man's poison must be accepted empirically. Still less can we account for the variations of taste. Why one man's gustatory nerves could respond agreeably to salt, while another's repel it with violence, we can not understand. Doubtless education has much to do with it, and yet the manner in which education operates continues a mystery.

The preference of the Chinese for food that seems to our appetites absolutely disgusting is well known. In Canton, rats sell for fifty cents a dozen, and dogs' hind-quarters demand a higher price than lamb or mutton. Fancy eating birds' nests worth $30 a pound! This is what a mandarin revels in. The French have beguiled us into eating frogs' legs, which were once tabooed in this country, and we have even come to esteem diseased goose liver in the form of *pase de foie gras.*

The writer has met Brazilians who rave over boa constrictor steaks, and count monkeys and parrots a good meal. In the West Indies baked snake is a common dish, as the reptiles abound, and it is a good way of getting rid of them. But when it comes to frying palm worms in fat one would think the stomach would rebel. It is not so, however, though, by a strange consistency, stewed rabbit is looked upon with disgust. On the Pacific coast the Digger Indians eat dried locusts, and in the Argentine Republic skunk flesh is a dainty. Our own favorite oyster is very disgusting to a Turk, while the devil-fish, eaten in Corsica, is equally so to us. We cannot understand either how the inhabitants of the West Indies and the Pacific coast can eat lizards' eggs with a relish.

The Brazilians eat ants, probably to get rid of them, for they literally infest the country, and are of enormous size. It is easy to pick up a handful of ants almost anywhere, though the wary do not go about it in this way, as they bite in a vicious manner. A curry of ants' eggs is a great delicacy in Siam, and the Cingalese eat the bees whose honey they have stolen. The Chinese, who seem to have stomachs like the ostrich, eat the chrysalis of the silkworm after unwinding the cocoon. Spiders are used in New Caledonia as a kind of dessert, while caterpillars are also relished by the African Bushmen.—*Philadelphia Medical Register.*

TO CLEAN BLACK SILK.

AFTER having ripped the garment apart and removed all threads, brush as much dust out of it as possible. Place each piece on a smooth, clean table or board, and use for a sponge a wad of the material you are cleaning. The fluid used may be equal parts of alcohol and lukewarm water; cold coffee well strained; or a fluid made by boiling an old black glace kid glove in a pint of water, until the water is reduced one-half, is very much recommended. Any one of these fluids is good. Dip the wad in the cleansing fluid and rub with downward strokes each piece of the silk until wet through, sponging always on the side that will be the "right" side when the goods is again made up, as some silks may be turned. When dripping wet, hang on a line to drip, and when nearly dry, but still quite damp, iron with a moderately hot iron on the wrong side, placing between the iron and the goods a piece of soft black cambric or crinoline; iron each piece until thoroughly dry, and do not fold when laid away. If the selvage edges "draw" when wet, clip them here and there, that the goods may dry straight. The ironing must be done on the wrong side, over a second fabric of the color of the silk to be ironed. If there are any grease spots on the silk, these must be removed before the silk is wet. Ether, gasoline, or any suitable cleansing fluid may be used, rubbing it in with a bit of the silk; or French chalk may be scraped onto the spot and left over night, brushing it off in the morning; repeat if necessary. French chalk may be used on any fabric or color. Benzine will remove paint, but it is apt to leave a stain, like water, which can be removed with French chalk. Another plan for removing grease from silk is to rub a lump of wet magnesia over the spot, allowing it to dry and brushing off the powder.

Some claim that silk should not be ironed when left to drip dry, but if not, it never looks so nice as when well ironed as above described.

SUCCESS is the child of wisdom, and wisdom is fathered by a broad, magnanimous spirit; while a lack of charity is a lack of sense, and such ignorance is an embryotic curse.

THE greatest failure in life is the man who spends so much time wishing he could accomplish big reforms that he has no time in which to assist in minor reforms.

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

REASONS FOR PLAIN DRESSING.—Prov. 16:18.

For November 19, 1905.

I. It is More Economical.

1. Our Means are Only Loaned to Us, ...Psa. 24:1
2. We are Responsible for Their Use, Matt. 18:23-31
3. The Poor Need Our Luxuries, ...Matt. 25:21, 22

II. It is More Sensible.

1. Because More Comfortable, ...Ezek. 13:18
2. It Appeals Less to Carnality, ...1 Peter 3:3
3. Sensible People Like Sensible Things, ..Matt. 6:25

III. It is More Scriptural.

1. The Wearing of Gold, Pearls and Costly Array is Forbidden, ...1 Tim. 2:9
2. Fashions Originate in the Wickedest City in the World.
3. We Promised to be Separate from the World, ...2 Cor. 6:17, 18
4. If a Cross, we Must Bear it for Jesus' Sake, ...Gal. 6:14

Text.—Pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall.—Prov. 16:18.

References.—1 Tim. 2:9; 2 Cor. 6:17, 18; Mark 10:28; 9:50; Heb. 12:1; James 2:8, 9.

Example.

A WOMAN of great benevolence and large wealth established a training school for poor girls. The number of girls was limited, but they were maintained by her during the years in which they were given a good common school education, and fitted to earn their living as clerks, shopwomen, milliners or seamstresses. It was suggested to this lady that she secure the services of a highly educated young woman, whose name was given, as superintendent. We quote the rest of the story from our *Young People's Weekly:*

A majority of the trustees of the new institute were eager in pressing her claims. She had, they said, tact, knowledge, winning manners, and wide experience in the training of girls.

The lady who founded the school was delighted at finding a "mother" for her girls so easily and requested the teacher to call upon her. After the brief visit was made, she declined positively to offer her the position. She nevertheless acknowledged the young woman to be attractive and charming, and so far as she knew, fully qualified to guide her pupils both in mind and morals.

The applicant, bitterly disappointed, returned to her former position.

Years afterward a friend asked the founder of the school the reason for her sudden and apparently arbitrary decision.

"It was a trifle," she said, "but a trifle in which as in an Egyptian hieroglyphic, lay a volume of meaning. The young woman came to me dressed far beyond her means, and not only that but strove by several little acts to call my attention to her dress. Such an example placed before our young girls could not have proved helpful to them."

Her Jewels.

Cornelia was one of the most honored ladies of ancient Rome. She appeared in company without any jewels when it was customary for women to wear much jewelry. Someone questioned her regarding her jewels. Then she led forward her two sons and said they were her brightest ornaments. Chrysostom commended a lady of birth and fortune, named Olympia, for wearing nothing gay or extravagant.

What John Wesley Said.

John Wesley said that showy, expensive attire should not be worn on the plea, "I can afford it," and added, "No man living can *afford* to waste any part of what God has committed to his trust, and it is far worse than waste to spend money on gay attire. It is giving so much poison to yourself and others, so far as your example spreads, with pride, vanity, lust, love of the world and a thousand hurtful desires which pierce with many sorrows.

"In the elder days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

"Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean."

—Longfellow.

Testimony of Catharine Booth.

"When chaplains of prisons and reformatories tell us that gaudy dressing leads as many young girls to destruction as drink, it behooves every true woman to settle before God in her closet what kind of dress she ought to wear, and resolve to wear it in spite of fashion."

A Meek and Quiet Spirit.

Studying the hard, almost brutal and debased faces of the women we pass on the streets of our cities, we see there the results of prayerless lives. Women who never read the Bible, never offer a prayer, seldom go to church and seldom think of God, are not beauti-

ful women, no matter how richly they may happen to be attired. Women whose chief concern is how they may best get on in society, how they may find time for all the card playing and dancing, and matinees that they want to attend, though they be clothed in velvets and wear the costliest gems, they never bring to your mind any poet's dream of fair women, or your own early conceptions of a sweet woman. We have not even referred to those whose habits are worse, who have stamped on every feature of their faces the coarse, low-down marks of the beer guzzler. God grant that none of you girls may descend so low.

We ask you to remember that only by living a life hid with Christ in God can woman live the complete, beautiful life God has designed for each of us. A lady will possess the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. It is the spirit of Christ that makes for true womanhood, that makes for unselfishness and the higher life. What a blessing the meek and quiet spirit proves in the home, and what a desolate, miserable, low-down abode a discontented spirit will make out of a palace!

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

New Members, for the Christian Workers' Society.

You want more new members this winter. There must be some boys and girls who should be taking part in your meetings whom you have not yet won over. There are other young people who ought to be working Christians. You have your ministers. You have a body of church workers. You have yourself. Get together, and God will help you to plan for the better care and nurture of your young people. Make out a list of the young people who should be with you. Talk over these names. Seek to find the right person or persons to approach each one. Study the various lines of possible appeal and the motives to suggest. Always get the best possible worker for each move you make. But you will find there is some task for each one to perform. You must be thorough and persistent, leave no element of strength unused. Kindness and sociability will often win where argument has failed. When it is wiser to wait in a given case, wait in patience for the most favorable time. But do not give up. Whoever heard of a man doing anything worth the while if he wasn't in dead earnest about it? By a concerted effort of this kind you will help your society and stir all the life of the church.

Poor Excuses.

"We have some young talent in our church, but we do not need it," said a brother one day. Now that is a very poor excuse for the inactivity of either young or old. The church of Christ exists in order to help save sinners, and every member in the church can do something for their salvation. We need the younger element in our church. We can bring to bear upon these fresh young hearts the old covenant principle of obligation to serve Christ, and to acknowledge him before men.

Another poor excuse is, "We cannot reach them." If we cannot get them it is because our zeal is declining, or our tactfulness, or our love for them. A warm, personal sympathy will gladden their hearts, and turn their thoughts to the old church.

We do need a new vision of God's power and of youth's possibilities, for a new, strong, hearty effort to win the young for Christ.

"Thou knowest not which seed shall grow,
Or which may die or live;
In faith and hope and patience sow;
The increase God shall give."

Round and Round.

We always felt sorry for the poor old horse in the treadmill who went round and round, his feet almost treading in the same footsteps of the circular path he traveled so monotonously. Is that the way you are moving in your Christian Workers' meetings? If it is, you will run a humdrum course without getting anywhere ever. No general suggestions, however well advised, can take the place of your own devotion and your own brains. Carefully consider what your conditions and your young people need. In our own church we find it very beneficial to get one of our ministers from an adjoining church, who has the power of interesting and winning our young people, to address them. We lay aside our Christian Workers' program for that evening, and all enjoy the sermon or talk by our brother. Some evenings we sing more, and vary the program by this means. We are careful to do the best we can at each meeting. There is no danger of their growing monotonous if we do our duty.

WE WANT TO SEE THE DAY COME—

When the preacher can announce that a collection will be taken next Sunday, and be sure of a big audience.

When the Lord's children will be so faithful that it won't take much preaching to convict sinners.

When every man who claims to love God will want the whole world to know it.

When all people who come into the church will be willing to say good-by to the devil at the doorsill.

When church people who go to the theater and the dance will get their eyes open wide enough to see that they are leading an army astray by doing so.

When people who love the Lord will not be ashamed to tell the devil so, no matter where they may meet him.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LIII.

Baalbek, Syria.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

We got our money counted all right, but the trouble is, in going from one town to another, the money changes; sometimes it changes names altogether and at other times it changes value. For instance, in one town a mijidi may contain thirty-two piasters, in another town a mijidi is worth twenty-eight and sometimes forty piasters; on the other hand, in a town where a majidi is worth thirty-two piasters we find the piaster to be worth more than it is in the town where it takes forty piasters to make a mijidi. While it is true that the piaster is their monetary unit, yet its value fluctuates in the market, instead of the value of the mijidi.

Miss Merritt was very anxious to visit the American college. It is a fine institution and one of her old school friends is an instructor there. We found out that the school did not open until the next day after we left. But we got to see the buildings anyway, and they certainly have things up-to-date, in comparison with everything else in the city. About seven hundred pupils are enrolled for the next term, and they have fifteen members in the faculty.

We were treated to a grand sight from the hotel portico. A new governor of Syria had just been elected, and the people of Beirut were celebrating the victory over the other candidate. There was quite a nice turn-out of people, Christians, Mohammedans, Druses, Polonaise, etc., but no loud demonstrations save the everlasting jangle of the cabmen and boatmen. For the first time in our lives we saw the Mohammedan women with their faces veiled like Sarah and Rebecca of old, and with their simple garments made of two breadths of goods, with a seam around the waist, using one breadth for a cloak and the other for a skirt.

Before we started to Baalbek we each bought us a pugaree. A pugaree is a hat made expressly to keep the sun from blistering us, as we are now in a climate where we can hardly stand it with our ordinary costume. We left for Baalbek early in the morning. As we started for the train, we happened to strike a part of the town that we had not seen before, and we saw so many interesting things that we nearly missed getting to the station in time. One of the things that was so interesting was a native sawmill. A log was laid upon some trestles about six feet from the ground. One man stood upon the top of the log, pulling the saw up; two men stood below the log and pulled the saw down, in a manner similar to our old-fashioned sash saws. This primitive method is used to saw the material for all their buildings, except some lumber which is shipped in; of course, not so much lumber is needed as in America because the houses are built of stone and brick.

All along the street we could see men and women having their hubble-bubble or nagleyh. The hubble-bubble is a large glass decanter filled with water, and upon the top of it is a brass fixture connecting it with a long goat-skin tube. Upon the top of the brass fixture is a clay receptacle which contains Persian tobacco. This decanter is placed upon the pavement or ground and the smoker leans back and takes it easy. It is claimed that the water extracts the nicotine from the smoke. Sometimes there are several tubes fastened to one pipe and they make a family concern out of it, and all take a smoke at once. All the men wear a small turban cap with a black tassel. The men wear dress-like trousers and the women trouser-like dresses,—almost the reverse to what we saw in Europe.

The ride up the Lebanon mountains will never be forgotten if we live to be very old. Fortunately we were seated in the rear end of the train, and as soon as we left the city we began to go up, up, up, leaving the busy metropolis of Syria by the beautiful harbor and the deep blue sea beyond. The railroad makes letter S's and figure 8's, and as we looked out of the car window we could see Beirut one one side and in less than two minutes look out of the opposite car window and see the same city. The Lebanon mountains are very barren and rugged; a few hillsides are terraced very closely and planted in vineyards. The grade is exceedingly steep, requiring in most places a cog-wheel railway. After we had reached the summit of the Lebanon we descended very rapidly into the Colie-Syria valley, which is exceedingly fertile. Occasionally, as we ascended the mountains, we changed engines, and at every one of these stations, where we had to stop for a moment, women who were sellers of grapes, surrounded our train. Many a time we bought a ruttle (six pounds) for a metaleek (a cent and a quarter). Rest assured that the boys kept us well supplied with grapes.

In the valley we saw hundreds of camels and asses grazing; also many of the fat-tailed sheep. The boys were perfectly delighted with this new species of sheep. Many of them had tails so long that they could not carry them, but dragged them on the ground. The shepherds say that many times they are compelled to help their sheep to their feet when they are lying down; and in one or two cases our dragoman told us that he knew of shepherds who had to arrange a little truck upon which the tail of the sheep was laid so it could haul its tail instead of carrying it. This is an actual fact and no ghost story.

We changed cars at Rayak. We soon passed the traditional tomb of Noah, under a church on the side of the Lebanon mountains. Of course this is the barest possibility. In the afternoon we landed at Baalbek, or Heliopolis. One is an Arabic word and the other is a Greek word, meaning the "City of the Sun." Outside of Palmyra, these probably are the greatest ruins shown to the traveler to-day. Our guide has completed a contract with Professor Michael H. Alouf, who will take us through the ruins this afternoon. Yours sincerely,

Marie.

(To be continued.)

The Q. & A. Department.

What is the meaning of the word "sloyd"?

It may be spelled either "sloyd" or "sloid," a system of manual training which originated in Finland. It is not confined to wood-working, as is frequently supposed, but is work with the hands and with simple tools. The system is adapted to the needs of different grades of the elementary schools, and is designed to develop the pupils mentally and physically. Its true aim is that of general development and the laying of a foundation for future industrial growth.

In the use of the accent mark (′), does one or do two accents after a figure denote inches?

According to American practice in mensuration the single accent denotes a foot or feet, while the double accent denotes an inch and inches. In European books three accent marks are used to denote line or lines, the line being one-twelfth of an inch. In botany the degree mark is used to designate foot or feet; the single accent, inch or inches, and the double accent, line or lines.

Are the words "all" and "right" ever written as one word,—alright?

There is such a word as "alright" in the English language, but it is obsolete. Under the Plantagenets this form, analogous to "already" and "altogether," found favor. Other variants were "alriht" and "alrihtes." Modern usage prefers to write the term as two words, "all right."

What is the title of the ruler of Japan, generally called "Mikado," and its meaning?

The official title of the Emperor of Japan is "Tenno," meaning "the heavenly ruler." Only foreigners make use of the title "Mikado," the literal sense of which is "the gate of the Imperial Palace," and is sometimes erroneously spoken of as the spiritual emperor.

Who was the celebrated Mara?

We presume you refer to Gertrude Elizabeth Schmeling Mara, a noted German singer, who was born in Cassel in 1749, and died in 1833. She was the wife of the well-known violincellist Mara, and the most celebrated singer of her time.

Who is the author of the song "Old Folks at Home"?

An American song-writer, named Stephen Collins Foster, who was born in Pittsburg, Pa., in 1826, and died in New York in 1864.

Why are the six weeks, beginning with July 10 and ending with August 21, called "Dog days," and why is there more danger to the human body during this time than any other time?

The period of time which is generally called Dog days is marked by the heliacal rising of the Dog Star. Your date is not always correct. The date varies from July 3 to August 15, and the duration varies from 30 to 54 days. The most likely solution to the question of the unhealthy part of the year is, that it is supposed to be the hottest time of the year, and from the excessive heat gives an opportunity for disease to play upon the human family. Authorities such as Pliny and Hippocrates differ as to the origin of the term Dog days.

In Robert Browning's "The Ring and the Book" the word "Mannaia" frequently occurs. What is the meaning of the word?

"Mannaia" is the Italian word for "ax," and is used by Browning as the name for the Goddess of Retribution.

What is the meaning of the word "Purim"?

"Purim" is a Jewish festival commemorating the defeat of Haman's plot to massacre the Jews (see Esther 9: 26). It is observed annually on the 14th and 15th of Adar (about the first of March), with a preparatory feast on the 13th.

When did H. de Balzac, the French novelist, flourish, and how is his name correctly pronounced?

H. de Balzac was born in 1799 and died in 1850. You would pronounce his name as though it were written "Bahl'zahc" or "Bäl'zäk."

Which is preferable, "graduation present" or "graduating present"?

"Graduation present" is preferable. As a matter of fact presents do not graduate, hence the latter expression would not be allowable.

Is it incorrect to use "and" in ordinal numbers such as "the one hundred and twentieth book"?

It is not considered so, inasmuch as it is sanctioned by the preponderance of usage and is employed in cardinal numbers.

What is the official name of the country we call "China"?

The official name of China is "Chung Kuo," which, literally translated, means the "Middle Kingdom."

TWO VERSIONS OF STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Authorized Version by FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming.
Whose stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
||:Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?:||

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
||:And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
While the land of the free is the home of the brave.:||

When our land is illumined with liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor, that dares to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her story!
By the millions unchained who our birthright have gained,
We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained.
||:And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
While the land of the free is the home of the brave.:||

Revised and Corrected by ADA MELVILLE SHAW.

Oh, say, can you see as the dawn groweth bright
What our sad eyes discerned at the twilight's last gleaming?
The open saloon? the dives' cursed light?
The whiskey and rum down the throats of men streaming?
Does the drunkard's wild laugh and the wife's wail of woe
Give proof that the devil's decoctions still flow?
||:Oh, say, does our blood-sprinkled banner yet wave
Dismay to the hearts and the homes of the brave?:||

Oh, thus it is ever when rum-votes decide
The wreckage of homes and our land's desolation;
Gone are vict'ry and peace from our staggering ranks,—
CURSE the blight that can damn and defile a whole nation!
Already disgrace and defeat hover near,
For we vote for saloons and drown honor in beer!
||:And the blood-sprinkled banner in horror shall wave
O'er a land that no longer has strength to be brave.:||

When our land is illumined by alcohol's glare,
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Say, how shall our rum-sodden banner then fare?
SHAME, SHAME on the voters who made the sad story!
By the millions of slaves who their birthrights have sold
Shall our tale of defeat forever be told,
||:And the blood-sprinkled banner in horror shall wave
Till the rum-stricken land is the land of the brave!:||

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pale and haggard is sure to leave its impress on our minds. If it happens to be the face of one of our loved ones, mother, wife or child, we are doubly sad. Such faces haunt us in our sleep and are present to our minds in our waking hours. It is human nature to be solicitous for those we love. Possibly, while reading these lines, you see before you the face of some loved one, thin and blanched, stricken with disease! What would you say if an investment in a couple of bottles of

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BEEN A GREAT BLESSING.

Mediapolis, Iowa, Dec. 26, 1904.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago. Ill,

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E. Ellison.

FEELS LIKE A NEW WOMAN.

New Britain, Conn., June 15, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

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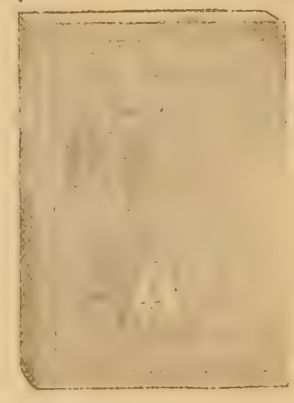
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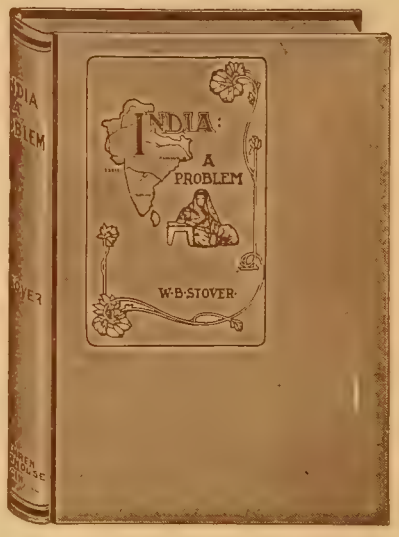
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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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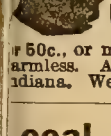
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pale and haggard is sure to leave its impress on our minds. If it happens to be the face of one of ou loved ones, mother, wife or child, we are doubly sad. Such faces haunt us in our sleep and are presen to our minds in our waking hours. It is human nature to be solicitous for those we love. Possibly while reading these lines, you see before you the face of some loved one, thin and blanched, stricken wit disease! What would you say if an investment in a couple of bottles of

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. NOVEMBER 14, 1905. NO. 46.

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Have a heart that fails us never when there's duty to be done,
And a faith that will not waver till we have the battle won.
Never may our courage falter, may we to the good be true,
Keep our place before the altar, as the Lord would have us do.
Shun the ill we cannot alter, and each doubtful path eschew.
Good to us the Lord has given from his never failing store.
In his service have we striven as we should in days of yore?
Victory alone is given to the faithful evermore.
In the lonely hour of sorrow, Father, we will look to thee,
Never fearing for the morrow, howe'er dark the present be.
Grant that we may never borrow trouble we shall never see.

Illinois.

SNAPSHOTS.

Love measures life by its chances to give itself away.

Books that do not make you think had better not be read.

When you speak harshly of sin, do so with a view of doing the sinner good.

In all the world there is nothing like fidelity to one's friends and business.

When a man is the slave of his stomach he can never be master of his mind.

A man is rich when he is contented with what he has, although he may not be satisfied with his possessions.

The dollar you give does more good than the millions you wish you could give.

It is reserve power, and not threatening words, that controls the pupil. Power works easily.

When you ask God for anything, believe in immediate results, and you will get them.

The man who is always boasting of being self-made is a poor advertiser for his architect.

Carnality is like a spoiled woman; it must be hired, coaxed, and flattered, or it will pout and sputter.

Any man who is allowed to pick the wall paper for his home will also be allowed to rule the roost.

Demand more of yourself than others expect of you. Sink self out of sight and work for the interest of your community.

Human possibilities are great, but utterly inadequate to save from sin. It is the cry of blood that reaches the ears of God.

Did you ever see any one look quite as foolish as the boy who smokes a cigarette because he thinks it makes him look like a man?

The wise man avoids temptation, fearful lest he be weak enough to succumb. The foolish man hunts it with the intention of showing his strength.

Whether in the religious or natural realm that feeling only is worthy the name of love that stands ready at all times if need be to give its life for its object.

Some people's mental capacity is so small that they have no room for elevating thought, and so weakened that it can digest nothing but flimsy, idle gossip, and yet they want to be considered worthy advisers.



The Old Doyle House

By PROF. G. W. FURREY



Chapter XVII.

ALMOST a year had passed since we last saw the unfortunate young man, Frank, in his subterranean world. By aid of the "radioscope" he had read of the resources of the cavern and was starting out to avail himself of them.

He soon found the lake, by following a well-worn path. But what surprised and delighted him the most was the abundance of fish, and the ease by which they were caught. Indeed, he had only to put his hands into the water and choose the finest of them. For while he could see them without difficulty, he forgot that they were not so fortunate as to be fitted out with "radioscopes" and in the black darkness they were swimming about in bewilderment utterly oblivious of his presence. He soon had a couple of the largest prepared and was roasting them over a fire that he had kindled from some dry driftwood.

It must have been no less than three times twenty-four hours since he had taken food and his appetite was commensurate with the length of his fast and the violence of his activities and emotions. He ate heartily. After his hunger was appeased, he felt an almost supernatural drowsiness coming upon him, and lying down, actually falling down, upon the stone floor, he slept.

When he awoke, after how long he was not able to conjecture, he seeemd to have forgotten where he was. But the "radioscope," buckled to his forehead, gave him his bearings. But what a treasure he had in the lake, in the "radioscope" and in the book! The former was the first to receive his attention and after his bodily needs were supplied he again took up the book. The account thrilled him. It contained a complete record of the Doyle family, which he devoured with avidity; a precise statement as to the nature and amount, also the hiding places, of the family treasures, some of which were known only to himself, a diary of his underground life and finally a closely written discussion of the principles and facts underlying his work.

The wonderful operation by which certain crystals were ground and polished into the lenses of the "radioscope" was fully explained, as also were the extent and character of the cavern minutely described. Its dimensions and structure were worked out with an exactness that showed a prodigal expenditure of time and a thorough knowledge of mathematics and geology.

Frank felt that all that could possibly be accomplished in that narrow world had already been done, that nothing was left for him but to wonder at and admire the works of nature and the handiwork of his noble progenitor. However, he started in to explore the cave, which he found to be much smaller than he had thought. It appeared to be only a room of a larger cavern through the only entrance to which the river was flowing.

The walls and floor were brilliant natural creations of onyx and alabaster—green and opal and red and blue in the richest and most fantastic designs. Stalagmites not less than fifteen feet in diameter at the base rose forty and fifty feet like colossal pillars of Hercules; some as clear as a "sea of crystal," others with every tint and texture imaginable; but all as perfect in outline as if chiseled and polished by the hand of a master.

He wandered and wondered, and wondered and wandered. Thus passed the first days of his incarceration. He ate and slept. He talked to the echoes of his own voice; he tested the reverberating power of the cavern at every point; he speculated on possible means of escape.

At the very highest point of the roof the brilliancy of the dome was marred by a dark crevasse which seemed to lead upwards as far as the "radioscope" had power to penetrate the darkness. Perhaps this led to the world above. Perhaps this had been the very crevasse into which his predecessor had fallen. Could he but reach it and scale its glassy walls! But how could he? Nothing but a balloon or a pair of wings could enable him even to make the attempt. What if he could cut niches in the walls to serve as steps? He would try it even though it offered but little hope. It would give him much desired work at any rate. A pair of burr picks found in the tool case were the ready means. But the walls were harder than granite. He estimated that one niche was a day's work, and after he got up a distance no less than two days were required to make one hole. Fifty holes brought him to the slope of the roof where he found it impossible to hold fast while he made a single stroke. Besides his picks were worn out so that he was compelled to desist.

Through it all he had subsisted on a diet of fish, as the river had not yet brought him any "grists of wheat already ground" as it had his predecessor. He had had a loathing for such fare at the end of the first few weeks of his imprisonment. He had been so sickened by the continued diet of fish, fish, that he came to the point where he could not bring himself to eat any more of it. He spent hours and hours

alking up and down the cave, searching into every ook and cranny for something to eat. Green weeds ould have been devoured with voracity, but not a af was borne to him. He longed and languished way till he began to think he would starve. There emed to be no way. One day, when he was so weak at he could scarcely walk, a rock bass about ten ches long was flopping about on the bank of the ke where it must have jumped in blind confusion. here was a sudden revision of his feelings. He nged for its flesh, and seizing it, tore it apart with s hands, and actually devoured it in cold blood!

He knew when it was spring. But not by the mperature of the cavern, which was absolutely in-ariable, but by the temperature of the water and the tal absence in it of anything in the nature of vegeta-on. Only to-day he found some small cakes of ice hich told him that spring was at hand. The ice ould soon go off the river, and then the river would egin to show its generosity.

At first green weeds, or twigs or leaves, anything egetable would be cooked and eaten with a relish. ut summer would increase his allowance, while utumn would add an occasional apple or stalk of erries. Ah, he was glad for the approach of spring, ven though hundreds of feet beyond its best gift—arm sunlight.

He was lonely, as a matter of course, but the days ad passed on fleeter foot than one might suppose. he book, besides containing the annals of his an-estors, proved to be a veritable treatise on mathe-natical and experimental optics.

He determined to master it, which afforded him a reat deal of diversion. He continued the study at irst hand. He restored the grinding and polishing pparatus of his grandsire and was busy at his work hen there occurred a most frightful cataclysm. Suddenly the cavern was filled with a deafening rash and rumbling of falling stone, great masses of which fell from the roof and walls of the cave. A huge stalactite fell immediately across the door of his workshop and lay there like a Cleopatra's needle almost barring his escape. He was unable to account for it. At first he thought it was an earthquake, but hat could not be, since the disturbance was almost wholly confined to the roof and walls of the cavern. Also, there was a single crash like a tremendous explosion and all became silent as before. Then there came a frightful rushing and roaring sound that grew louder and more distinct till the cave was filled with it. What could it mean? He ran to the lake. The river had broken through and was flooding the cavern! The lake was already half way up to his room. The boat! He saw it dashed against the stony walls by the mad torrent to be broken into slivers. What could he do? Was he to be drowned like a rat in a trap? It would be a matter of only a few hours till the whole cavern would be filled.

(To be Continued.)

MOTION.

Let us suppose that a stretched cord or wire fixed at both ends, and let a sharp blow be given it. The hand or other instrument which imparted the blow was set in motion in order to do so, and its motion was one of translation, but the cord which had received the blow and to which some of the motion has consequently been transferred cannot change its place, for it is fixed. We know well enough what will happen. It will commence vibrating, more or less strongly and rapidly, according to the strength of the blow it has received. We have therefore here seen motion of translation changed into motion of vibration, but a similar and quite as familiar a transformation takes place which is invisible.

Let us take a coin or any small piece of metal and rub it well with a cloth or handkerchief. In a short time it will become warm and if the friction be still continued even unpleasantly hot. The visible motion of the hand has been transformed into the invisible intermolecular vibration which we call heat. That "heat is a form of motion" has become a scientific truism, but it was not so at the commencement of the last century, when it was still supposed by many to be some intangible kind of substance named "caloric," proofs to the contrary being almost simultaneously given by Davy and Rumford at the end of the eighteenth century, that of the former consisting in melting two pieces of ice, carefuly insulated from external heat, by rubbing them together; that of the latter in causing water to boil by the sole means of keeping it in continual motion.

"It is hardly necessary to add," says Rumford, "that anything which any insulated body or system of bodies can continue to furnish without limitation cannot possibly be a material substance, and it appears to me exceedingly difficult if not quite impossible to form any distinct idea of anything capable of being excited and communicated in the manner heat was excited and communicated in these experiments, except it be motion."—*Good Words.*

THE LONGEST BRIDGE.

The longest bridge in the world is the Lion bridge, near Saugong, China. It extends five and one-fourth miles over an arm of the Yellow Sea, and it is supported by three hundred huge stone arches. The roadway is seventy feet above the water and is enclosed in an iron network.—*From Our Dumb Animals.*

THE LARGEST INCUBATOR IN CALIFORNIA.

M. M. ESHELMAN.

ABOUT one mile northeast from the writer's home, in Tropico, Mrs. Elizabeth Aiken has planned and built a mammoth incubator which is now doing business successfully with ostrich, duck and hen eggs. The name of this unique undertaking is "The Bamboo Ranch." The incubator proper is built of adobe bricks. These bricks were formerly a residence in Verdugo, made and put together in the early days in the history of this valley. They were taken apart and transported to Mrs. Aiken's home and built into a circular structure by her and Mrs. Coe, assisted by two small boys as "masters in waiting." After measuring a circle thirteen feet and nine inches in diameter, they proceeded to lay the bricks in this circle and built the wall eight feet high. This done, they called in a carpenter and he built a frame house over this circular one, making the walls about fourteen inches apart inside and outside about twelve inches, thus making two spaces or chambers. The outside one was filled with sand, cement and earth and the inside one is used for an air chamber. The roof is made of 2x4 inch joist covered with inch boards and upon this were laid adobe bricks so that no heat can escape. Perfect ventilation is secured in the center of the roof.



Mrs. Elizabeth Aiken.

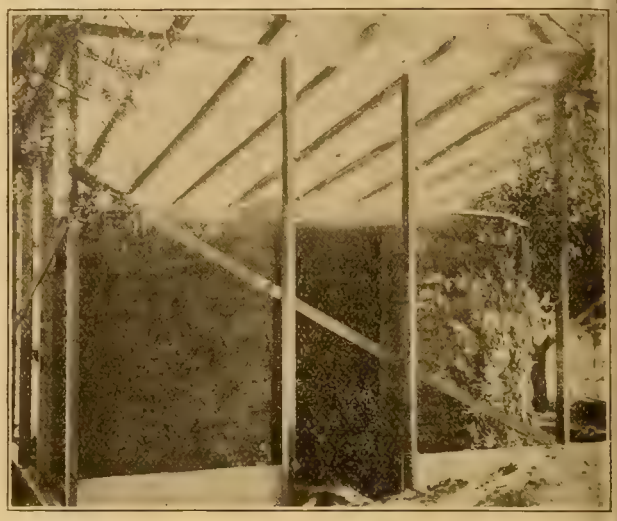
The diameter of the incubator is thirteen feet nine inches, and when the shelves were arranged a space of about eight feet in diameter was left to move about in and attend to the business. Three shelves are arranged, the upper one holds 6,200 eggs, and when I saw it there were 3,600 incubating. The middle shelf is used for the newly-hatched chicks, and the lower one for them when a little older. The eggs are placed on earth, which aids in absorbing the carbonic acid emanating from the eggs during incubation. This is the reason a hen likes to hatch on the ground.

The heat to hatch so many eggs is secured by two gasoline burners outside the incubator, and this heated air is conveyed through a six-inch pipe extending into and around inside the incubator near the top. This pipe is fitted with openings and slides by which the heat can be regulated by the attendant. A trap door near the bottom of the floor permits fresh air at the will of the operator.

About six inches above the egg tray is a handy device which connects with a bell at the residence. Whenever there is a slight change in the thermometer, low or high, the instrument sounds an alarm and continues to ring the bell until some one corrects th wrong by admitting cool air or more heat. This a machine that talks in time. Not that much c always be said of the human tongue.

Mrs. Aiken is now building an aviary of gre proportions. She is spending $3,000 in this ve ture with poultry and birds. In her aviary will found pheasants, grouse, pigeons and other feathere birds of utility.

Mrs. Aiken has in view an extensive broiler pla



to supply the great demand in Los Angeles and surrounding towns. Besides, she will incubate eggs for the public. Her prices are $5 per hundred and larger orders at $4 per hundred a few days old. She has contracts ahead and can accept no more just now. She desires first to stock up her own ranch. She has invented the water troughs for her poultry and pigeons. It is a great undertaking and only such persons as Mrs. Aiken can do "big things." Of course she had to meet the usual predictions of the doubting and the gloomy, but the thing goes just as she said it would, and now all say it is "just the thing." It certainly is.

Tropico, Cal.

CURE FOR BARB WIRE CUTS.

I HAD a young horse cut on wire so badly I decided to shoot him. My wife objected to that and made salve which her father (veterinary surgeon) has used for twenty-five years with unfailing success. My horse was cured in seven weeks without a blemish. This recipe has never been allowed before the public, but with his consent it is herewith enclosed. Unsalted lard one pint, wood soot one-half pint, burnt alum two tablespoonfuls, turpentine one tablespoonful, carbolic acid eight drops. From the simplicity of the ingredients it is marvelous to note the results.—*A. R. B., in Epitomist.*

HOME, AND LIFE UPON THE WATER.

W. R. MILLER.

It may not be generally known that there are many ousands of people along the south coast of China ose home is upon the water. There they live, they rry, children are born and there they die.

The "Chinese Junk" is in evidence everywhere ng this coast. This is a very old style of sailboat, ry odd in appearance, and seen in no other waters cept Chinese. The bow is low, slanting from the rn downward, so much so that the boat almost has e appearance as though it were set for a dive into e water.

The stern is cut off square on deck. The whole ing, the deck plan, has the appearance of a mam- th V, the point of the V as the bow, and the wide rt as the stern. The stern also slopes under at an gle of perhaps sixty degrees.

Beneath this the rudder hangs, the rudder post ming up through a well, and operated by lever, ich the steersman pushes either way to steer his at.

It is on these boats, which range in size from twen- feet to a hundred feet long, and from a few feet am to twenty feet or more, that men and women re. They marry, their children are born, their fami- s are reared, and they die, knowing no other home t their waterhouse upon the waves.

I have seen these "junks" in the various harbors the hundreds, yes, by the thousands, and, invariably ere will be seen the mother with her children about r, usually with the youngest upon her back, for China this is the method of carrying the children. India they are carried upon the hip, and in Egypt on the shoulders.

The Chinese mother cuts a piece of cloth so that covers the child's back to the neck from the seat. o this there are straps of cloth attached to the cor- rs. Two of these pass over the child's shoulders d over the mother's, as he lies, face forward, against s mother's back. The other two between his little gs, and around his mother's waist, and attached to e others passing over his shoulders, and crossing n her chest.

This leaves the child's arms and legs free, and so mly is he tied to his mother's back that he cannot uirm out, and she always knows where her "kid" is.

The mother's hands, too, are free to do her work, hich consists of steering the "junk," unfurling nd reefing the sail, giving a hand at the windlass, nd cooking their rice. It really makes one shudder nd start to see a mother with a little babe upon her ack, stepping from boat to boat.

When they are in port they tie up side by side and nd to end. Sometimes twenty or thirty must be crossed by those on the outside in order to reach the dock. This the woman will do with the sleeping babe upon her back, his little head rolling from side to side or hanging back so far that one feels just sure the little head will break off and fall into the water. But I guess no little neck ever breaks off and drops the little sleeping head.

The innocent child goes on sleeping, unconscious of its apparent danger and extremely, seemingly, uncomfortable sleeping position. The mother is apparently as unconscious of the sleeping child upon her back as she goes about her dangerous work as the sleeping child is of its mother.

This is the way the thing has been done for many centuries, and I suppose both child and mother soon become accustomed to the surroundings.

Another thing that makes one just a little nervous is to see a lot of children, little and big, playing on a small platform about ten feet by sixteen or twenty. The stern of the boat is decked over, and on this little deck they live, play, eat, cook and many times sleep. There is no protection to keep them from falling overboard. The children play all sorts of games, yet I never saw one fall overboard, though I have seen men fall over.

The little tots play dangerously near the danger line. Apparently there is no one concerned whether they fall over or not, but I soon learned that there is an eye on them until they learn of the danger. The mother or older children are seldom out of reach of the toddler, and it is surprising how quickly they learn to race about the boat, over the cargo, and into the rigging very like a cat and about as sure-footed.

Chicago, Ill.

It makes very little difference what we do in life whether it be for good or evil, it will react upon us. For this reason alone it would pay us to do that which is right, thereby laying a foundation for a future of happiness. Always do your fellow-man any kindness it is in your power to do, and never say anything while he is absent you would not say when he is present, then you will be able to face him at all times without the least embarrassment. You can find nothing that will be worth more to you than a clear conscience and a pure heart—it cannot be valued by dollars and cents. If we do right we have no cause to look back in future years with regret. On the other hand if we spend our life in dishonesty and dissipation our life will be, sooner or later, one of sorrow and neglect.—*The Arrow.*

"It is a trite saying that the rolling stone gathers no moss. It is equally true that the one which is always stationary gathers little else."

A JAYHAWKER TALE.

MA BELLE MURRAY.

"O, Kansas Land, sweet Kansas Land,
As on the highest hill I stand,
I look away across the plains,
And wonder why it never rains;
I view my fields of golden corn,
I think I'll never leave the farm."

As I was riding along the road, which at one time was known as the Santa Fe Trail, these words sung to the tune of "Beulah Land," caused me to draw rein and listen. The strains came from a low, thatched prairie cottage, hardly visible to the traveler, because of the enormous grove of Kansas sunflowers immediately in front of the house. The clatter of my horse's hoofs caused the singer to stop singing and immediately there was the ever-present greeting of "Hello." This implies a great deal. It means genuine delight and cordiality. Timidly stepping forward, a tall, black-haired, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked young woman graciously invited me to dismount and share their hospitality. I informed her that I was only out for a little jaunt, and paused to listen to her song, that floated on the evening breezes. The sun was sinking, the shadows of night lengthening, and being a stranger in a strange land, at last I accepted her repeated invitation to spend the night with them.

The gentle hostelry, the latchstring hanging out for the wayfarer who chanced to be passing, caused me to feel "at home." On the porch in front of the door lay a mat with the word "Welcome" on it. This only gave the stranger a still better feeling as he entered. But the gentle manner of my hostess proved to me that Kansas sociability is unbounded.

The neighing of horses at the barn told me that the men had returned from their day's work. An aged father and grown son, whose faces were bronzed by the continued kissing of the prairie zephyrs, greeted me with hearty handshakes. It was seven thirty o'clock—just supper time, for it must be remembered that the Kansas supper hour differs vastly from that of the Easterner who dines at five and then continues his work until dusk.

The shadows had deepened until a light was necessary. The gas lights—so common in the rural districts—were lighted and we surrounded the board. After the grace was said—for all Kansans are ever thankful that they have found the earthly Canaan—we were ready for "the good things to eat." And what about that supper? It consisted of delicious, crisp fried chicken,—the gizzard included,—snowy biscuits, alfalfa honey, fried potatoes and apple pie. The meal was made the more palatable because of the charming conversation of my hosts. Marian, the black-eyed warbler, who seemed to be the pride of both father and brother, proved exceptionally interesting to me, for the reason that I knew nothing whatever about Western advantages. I, being a "tenderfoot," displayed my ignorance on all sides. My surprise at seeing the rural telephone, free mail delivery, beautiful schoolhouses, etc., caused many a hearty laugh from my hosts. But I recalled the words "Live and learn." The family prayers were offered around the home altar—these are what bring true happiness in the home—and we retired, rather reluctantly, however. The melodious voice of Marian as she busied herself in partial preparation of the breakfast for the morrow, was distinctly heard in the kitchen.

Quietness at last reigned in the house. From without, the occasional howling of the coyote, the barking of the farm dogs, the hooting of the owl, or perhaps the recollection of the face of the black-eyed maiden, drove all signs of sleep from me. At last overpowered by Morpheus, I, too, was enjoying the sweet rest and balmy sleep of the weary.

Morning dawned; my first greeting was a medley by the barnyard chorus. It was yet dark, but streams of light from the kitchen windows penetrated the darkness. The smell of the frying ham told me that breakfast was almost ready. I arose from my bed as reluctantly as I had entered it the previous night. For what is more delightful than a morning nap, with the matinee of the birds, the sweet scent from the sunflowers, and the invigorating Kansas zephyrs lulling you into deeper repose?

After breakfast the father took me to the dairy house just by the spring, wherein was a large cream separator. Marian came to "tend the separator," but was assisted in carrying away the separated milk by their guest. As the humming noise of the separator increased, the sleek calves surrounded the long trough waiting for their milk. This being done, we took a tour of the farm.

A few rods west of the house, the ground rising rapidly, formed an immense mound (a Kansas mountain). Upon inquiry, I was informed that this was one of the famous Bender mounds, so called because of the horrible deeds committed there by the notorious Bender family, thirty years previous. The father gave me this bit of history concerning the Bender family: When the country was yet new, traveling from one place to another was carried on by means of the stagecoach. This necessitated taverns along the route.

The Bender Tavern was located about a half day's drive from either Parsons or Cherryvale, and travelers would often leave these villages after dinner, reach Bender Tavern at evening and spend the night there. But, alas! many, in fact, nearly everybody, who once entered the ill-fated place never lived to travel far-

ther. While the meal was being served to the traveler, one of the Bender family was concealed behind a curtain, just back of the table, and with a deadly weapon would knock the party in the back of the head, causing him to fall backwards into the cellar, by means of a trapdoor.

The body was left here until it could be removed and buried in the Bender garden, just behind the house. Thus thirty persons were massacred before their dastardly deeds were discovered. They left that part of the country by night, and were never heard of.

After listening to this heart-rending story, I stood feasting my eyes on the beautiful prairie country. Stretching before me, the beautiful prairies gleamed in the bright sunshine. Looking eastward fourteen miles, the steeples and tall buildings of Parsons are vividly seen. Toward the southwest, the factories of Cherryvale send up their smoky columns; and toward the northwest may be seen the peaceful hamlet of Moorhead, resting against the side of a sister mound.

The near-by country, just at the base of the mound presented a striking picture. Haystacks dotted the green fields on one side; waving corn-fields, laden with golden grain, gleamed in the dazzling sunshine; apple orchards, red with mellow fruit, scented the air; the sweet singing of the songster in every tree, gave one the feeling that he could easily "live and die in Kansas" and be satisfied.

Returning to the house, Marian had completed her household duties and was seated at the piano singing "The Jayhawker Song" so sweetly that the proud old father said, as we paused to listen, "That er gal ud make some feller a mighty good woman; she's a good worker, and a happier child you never seen. I'd hate orful bad to lose er, but I ain't goin' ter live allus, and she must be the sunshine of some un else's life, fer she's worth her weight in gold."

I begged leave to resume my jaunt, although it was with that same degree of reluctance. Passing slowly out of the yard, I again reached the highway, and started westward. The first place beyond the mound was a modern rural schoolhouse. The newly-painted buildings, well-kept yard, and good fence around it, plainly showed the interest that is taken in education in the West.

Just a word in explanation: I forgot to mention to my readers that the object of my jaunt on horseback was to benefit my rapidly-declining health, caused from being housed up in a large factory as bookkeeper for a number of years. Heart trouble being one of my ailments a change of climate was recommended by my physician.

It being late in August, and no teacher being employed in the district I referred to, at once I determined to apply for the position. To my utter surprise I was elected to the place.

School opened with an enrollment of thirty pupils, the majority of them being girls. At Thanksgiving time a box supper was held and I was the lucky one in securing Marian's box. Frequent calls were made at "Warbler's" home and by the time spring opened my health was much improved. The cure for heart trouble was found at last. In the beautiful month of roses Marian and I had found that life without each other was impossible.

Two years have elapsed; the traveler passing along may still hear the same sweet strains of "Kansas Land" floating from the cottage. Two voices sing it together and are accompanied by occasional crying of Little Marian from the cradle.

Parsons, Kans.

ORIGIN OF A GREAT HYMN.

PROBABLY a great hymn never had a more humble origin than "Onward, Christian Soldiers," which is one of the most popular of our modern hymns. In the October *Delineator* Allan Sutherland writes:

"A great school festival was to be held in a Yorkshire village on Whit-Monday, 1865, and the pupils of Horbury Bridge school, over which the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould was curate, were invited to attend. As the place of the celebration was some distance away, the minister thought it would be an excellent plan to have his pupils march to the singing of an appropriate and stirring hymn. Fortunately for our hymnology, he could find nothing in his song books suitable for such an occasion, so from sheer necessity he sat down on the Saturday evening preceding the celebration and composed this great processional hymn, little dreaming that he had produced that which would be world-wide in its usefulness and make his name a household word. Baring-Gould, a minister of the Church of England, is an authority on many subjects, and is a voluminous writer, having published nearly one hundred volumes. In twenty years, between 1870 and 1890, he issued no less than forty-three books. During the next six years he published seventeen. A number of his works have passed through several editions. This suggests the poet Thomas Gray, who was also a man of vast learning, not only in literature, but in all the arts and sciences of his day, and although he left writings enough to form with his life a book of four volumes, edited by Edmund Gosse, it is by his one poem, "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," that he will be ever remembered. This may also prove true of Baring-Gould. The few lines hurriedly composed on a Saturday evening as a marching song for a band of little children will doubtless give to his name greater fame than all the books he has ever written."

THE SUCCESSFUL PRIMARY SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

MARY HOOKE.

THIS subject is a very important one, perhaps because it is productive of great results. To say a successful primary teacher really means a successful Sunday school, for all classes and officers of the school grow out of the primary class. Even the aged students of the Bible classes were once in the training of the successful primary teacher.

Thus we see that the primary class is, beyond a doubt, the most important part of the Sunday school.

Here are minds to be taught and hearts to inspire, vining tendrils reaching out and clinging to the first support given them.

If children are well moulded in the nursery and then finished in the Sunday school it is hard to spoil them afterwards. Begin teaching the Bible to the children when they are young, fresh in thought and hungry for information. Then the memory is capable of cultivation and retains through life what is seen and heard; it is the time when they should have a chance to learn that which leads to the good of life instead of being allowed to have impressions of bad ever implanted in their tender hearts.

In studying the history of some of the world's good men we find that not infrequently the noblest inspirations were received in childhood. In youth the teacher has an open field, ideas have not taken strong root. How careful then we ought to be that these minds and hearts are started in the right way, that nothing is planted that may ever mar the beauty of that life, but only such seeds as will develop a desire for the noblest and purest things in life.

The pupils will mould many of their ideals from what they see in the teacher.

The one important thing for us as teachers to look to is to getting self right. Surely no teacher who is not herself following a noble purpose, aspiring to a high ideal, can ever expect to instill anything of that spirit into the minds of her pupils.

One of our authors said that it is not so much what we say or do, but it is the size and quality of the person behind what is said or done that gives it power.

Some essentials of a successful teacher are: Character; knowledge; enthusiasm; sympathy; power to control; devotion to duty; common sense. She must be wholesouled, honest and true; she must possess patience, sympathy and love for children; she should cultivate a happy disposition. Then she must keep this aim in view, lead pupils to appreciate the past and so develop character and power for the duties of the present.

Mere instruction is not the end of religious teaching. Bible study is not designed to entertain or instruct, but to plant, nourish and develop character and the life back of the character.

The problem before the intelligent teacher is, to take pupils of varied tastes and conditions, begin with the natural influences that she can bring to bear on the child's mind and learn to see from his point of view; we should thoroughly understand our pupils.

Personal acquaintance is demanded, without it success is unassured. The wise teacher studies her books part of the time and children all the time.

It is said that the next thing to being a poet is to thoroughly understand his writings. This being true, the nearest we can place ourselves in the student's position is to have a minute understanding of his life, surroundings, what his hindrances are, if any, that may keep him from becoming a noble worker.

Children are by nature keen in observation and ready in expression. Any teacher who observes children knows that their desire for sympathy is so great that they cannot do their best unless they feel that they have the kindly individual interest of their instructor. This interest may be shown by a word, a look, a smile, or a hand upon the shoulder.

How real are their small difficulties and how genuine their expressions of feeling which we sometimes smother with coldness. Go along the way with them even if you see a thousand times more clearly. A great man has said that even a dog goes down the street with a better heart if he has a pat on the head when he starts.

The teacher's starting point should be, perhaps, in winning the confidence of her pupils. So long as the pupils have confidence in their teacher, that teacher is not likely to fail. If you have confidence in your pupil the chances are many to one that they will have confidence in you. Then confidence is won by absence of mistakes. The fewer mistakes a teacher makes the more will the pupil think of her. So as successful teachers we should gain the love and respect of the children, which is half the battle fought and won.

Next, the teacher should understand the art of questioning. First, questions should be simple and clear, so that the youngest can easily get the meaning, although this is sometimes hard to do. Second, they should be taken from the teacher's knowledge and not from merely printed matter. If this is done the teacher must necessarily know the object to be obtained by asking the question. Third, questions should have a definite purpose; if ever so simple they should contain some good thought for the children. Fourth, they should stimulate thought; questions and answers may be given in such a way as to suggest new ideas.

Again, attention is necessary. To secure it disturbing influences must be guarded against. One child

it is trying to give his attention should never be owed to be disturbed by some mischievous member the class. Then secure the attitude of ention. If a child is interested he will sit up-ht with an eager look as though he were anxious learn. You have not the attention of the class if pupils are sitting carelessly in their seats, seem-ly not noticing what is going on. Then never ch without attention. If the teacher allows some e to talk to his neighbor or disregard the teacher's rk it will not be long until she will have an un-erested class. Remember that individuals make class.

If we have attention we will have interest. Some-e said, "Interest is the mother of attention, atten-n is the mother of memory; to get memory get her ther and grandmother." If the teacher is alert and ls on the timid ones, those that need to recite, she ll have the good will and interest of all the class gular in attendance and it may be have a ter attendance. Every teacher should have r class interested, not by means of a story that has bearing on the subject of the lesson, but by means the subject matter and the plan of the recitation. a teacher has knowledge, perseverance and deter-nation she can instruct and interest her class.

But remember that interest is not the only thing. child may be interested in the Sunday school, and it is well, but if he is so handled that he does his rk and learns his lessons whether he is interested not he should thank God for such a teacher. Un-s we impress him with the sacredness of the duty leave him much weaker than when we found him. s chief pleasure in after life and in later success ll then be, "That teacher started me in the thorough dy of the Bible and taught me that duty is above erest."

The chief thing in obtaining the best results is a e for the work. Many pupils have no desire or e for Sunday-school work. This love may be de-loped in many cases by the teacher. If she per-ms her work faithfully she need not fear the re-t.

Then the successful primary teacher is one whose l is on fire for the cause of humanity, and whose rsonality can touch and direct the boys and girls higher, purer, and nobler things, teachers who can en the eyes of the pupils to the beauties lying all out them, teachers whose lives are in every way an spiration to the pupils, and worthy models for them pattern after.

When the teacher is what he or she should be in ne, carriage and conduct, then will the children go m the Sunday school with the grace of gentlemen d gentlewomen.

Love the work yourself, never tire of suggesting and moulding the growing mind, for there is no finer reward than in finding years afterward that the child is able to play the sweetest harmonies on every chord of the soul. Its victories, with the faith and love which help us to attain them, belong to the eternal.

In all our teaching let us feel our dependence upon the great Teacher and with fuller consecration and the humbleness of a little child ever seek his guidance in our work among the children.

There are many kinds of love as many kinds of light,
And every kind of love makes a glory in the night.
There is a love that stirs the heart and love that gives it rest,
But the love that leads lives upward is the noblest and the best.

Muncie, Ind.

THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH.

A TRAGIC commentary on the inevitable consequences of sin was furnished in the press of this week when a self-confessed murderer of thirty years ago took his own life and left a note telling of his crime and of the punishment and execution of another man for the deed he had committed. Thirty years ago this human fiend had murdered a young girl and escaped detection. He saw another man condemned and executed and himself went scot-free. He came west, married and determined to forget the past and live a decent life, but the memory of his crime haunted him; the constant fear of detection, the ghostly thoughts of two souls sent into eternity by him tortured his mind. Settlers from his old Ohio home came to his new home, and for fear of detection he ran away to Death Valley in California, there to live in despair and isolation until his own deed caused him to raise his hand against himself.

This is as dramatic a picture of retribution and of the inexorable operation of the moral law of compensation as has ever been seen. It might form the basis of a powerful tragedy for the stage or for fiction. It represents the stern decrees of fate that pursue the man who sins. There is no escape from it, no avenue of relief; nothing left but confession and a free conscience, nothing to do but to stand before one's fellow-man, self-confessed and in a true light, or commit suicide, and "Suicide," said Webster, "is confession."

Why, then, does not all of civilized mankind recognize this relentless decree of fate and escape the misery and remorse of an ignominious life and death by resisting sin? The question has never been fully answered. It is as old as Pharaoh and yet as young as the deeds of to-day. It is as old as human nature, and the final answer will never be given until men are made over again into a new life.—*Denver News.*

THE LAST OF THE KEARSARGE.

MAUD HAWKINS.

THE only surviving member of the long-to-be-remembered *Kearsarge* was mustered out August 29, 1905. Jack O'Boyle, as he was familiarly known by his many friends before the war, was a gunner in the crew of the United States gunboat *Kearsarge,* and is supposed to be the last survivor of the picked crew of 114 who sunk the rebel ship *Alabama* off Cherbourg, France, in 1864.

He was born at Troy, N. Y., June 15, 1838, of Irish descent, and, when about twelve years of age, was brought by his parents to Towanda, Pa.

In 1858 he went on a whaling voyage, was wrecked, and only returned to Boston at the breaking out of the Civil War. In November, 1861, he enlisted in the navy and served a year on the *Ohio.* He was one of the 163 men who were drafted from 3,000, and who sailed from Kittery, Maine, in February, 1862, and in June, 1864, the *Alabama* was cornered at Cherbourg.

In that engagement O'Boyle was a leader in the gun crew and stood at his gun during the entire action. He also hauled in the first Confederate prisoner who was captured when the *Alabama* went down and her captain, Semmes, escaped to the English yacht.

After being honorably discharged, he followed sea life for many years. Later he traveled with Barnum and Bailey's circuses, visiting nearly every State and territory in the Union. He consequently acquired a vast amount of information, and his narrations and descriptions of his many ups and downs in life were very interestingly told by him and listened to by many, for he was a genial fellow to all who knew him, and every one was glad to hear "Jack" tell of his many hairbreadth escapes and especially of the important part he took in capturing the "rebs." He married late in life and during the last few years he has been resting quietly at his home in North Towanda, but was seldom seen. During that time he received many tokens of respect and honor.

Towanda, Pa.

LOVE.

To love God in full measure is to know God. To be in the love of all the universe is to be in God's presence. All manifestations of God (or creation) are expressions of love; but not all creation has learned to be responsive to the voice of God that speaks in manifestation, and therefore cosmic unity is not realized by all.

There is but one creation, and that is the creation of love. Love is not able to express in earthly condition its highest potentialities; many are the ma festations in the world of earthly conditions, but limited is the expression that it will never be co prehended, until the limitations that encompass are lost.

To love in very truth is to express the soul, never in the mental nor in the physical can be pressed that which is man's true being. Love is creator; to love is to create. Not only in the ma festations that are recognized by the senses is cr tion taking place, but also in the spiritual worl and here is man's opportunity; all may coöper in this work of creation; but not without love m be created that which may endure, for life is lo and without love no life is there that can withsta the shock of change. All expressions are fore changing—all may endure in essence, if sufficient l or love is in their being. To *love* is the primal ne of all manifestation, and in expressing God man *m* love. Now all love is in a manner divine, but not is pure; love to be pure must be in the universal, l and found; love that cannot endure the univer "merging" cannot endure when the conditions whi generated it pass away.

Love not less but more; let all who meet you f that love is the law of your being, and that it radia from you as a light which may illumine the pathw of earthly manifestation. Fear not that love may misinterpreted; no true love could give other th blessing. Love is not physical attraction only, in t low degree that matter attracts matter. The sto inanimate at your feet, the plant struggling to cat the rays of light and heat which call it from its pr on-house, the bird on bough whose nature goes o in song to mate, the lioness even, protecting her you at the risk of her own life, all are expressing in so degree this glorious power—LOVE, but each a cording to its kind must manifest this attribute. N man's to linger on the plane of physical attracti when open to him are spheres of beauty and splend unapproachable by life in its own manifestation. Do he desire no higher consciousness than may be ma fested on the plane of sense, then let him strive n for mastery of the lower expression of love; wou he rise to heights of power, and see what is the glo of the God-man, let him on the highest plane of b ing express all that love includes.

Love not *less* but *more;* but in the expression your love enter into that realm of spirit where may dwell. Forever is love impelling expressio

Man is the perfect expression of love manifeste in matter; to him has been given the privilege of e pressing this love in such manner that new man festation may occur. God works through all natur all lower manifestation, but God speaks thus to ma "You are now to work out your own salvation— LIVE or DIE. It is no longer mine to mould yo

ave as you will respond to my 'breath,' the Spirit, which you may receive. Love is the fulfilling of the aw; love—love—love. This is not a cruel, arbitrary ecree, but is the greatest privilege I can give to hee. Worlds are forming, worlds are loving, love hou, form all in accordance with the desire of thy eart; if it be pure and true it will endure all change, nd in itself be able to create anew."

Now the angel of the Lord was with man in all is early strivings to live, guiding him in this en-leavor, and in that aspiration. To-day he stands eady to inspire, and show the way to heights beyond ortal's comprehension. He stands, ever watchful of he dangers, ever mindful of the weaknesses which re his heritage through the material enveloping him n earth conditions; but also stands he ready to sus-ain, ready to guard, ready to share with man the ift of life eternal. Oh man, be not blinded by the enses! Be open to this communion of spirit with our spirit; let its influence be the strongest that may ome to you. A world of spirit is about you; enter t *now,* and awaken to your privilege; be love ex-pressed in fulness; call upon all creation to respond; eel within your being the longing to be one with he universal life which pulsates through the great eart of humanity; desire to be in sympathy, too, with the life which manifests in nature, so beautiful o those who read her secret. Be more, be able to ealize that not one expression in the vast universe ut needs the love that you can give; that all parts f this cosmic plan, and that *all* are needed, and *all* re passing on to *all,* that which they themselves do generate. Not all creation is visible—not all is even pprehended—but all is capable of being responsive o "the Son of man" become "the Son of God." Now this is the law of creation, of response, of full xpression—*love unutterable,* love manifesting in such ountless ways man has not dreamed of, nor could he yet comprehend. Now in this love which man is alled to express, comes the right to choose the nature f its expression. Without this choice, man would ot be more than a puppet. He is free in all the myriad manifestations possible, to choose what shall e his gift unto the universe. Let him well consider —for immortality comes not a gift conferred—it must e bought with a price—and the value is high, and he coin is never dishonored. In all the universe it is he same—nor time nor space can change its value; he coin is *love*—love in its highest manifestation—ove that in its embrace includes *all* creation, manifest-ed and unmanifested—love that is willing and ready o give and to receive; love that changes not with outward seeming, but is always present in the pure expression. Now, could man learn to feel *this* love, all problems of earthly life would be solved—all work f heavenly ministration would be ended—for God would then come fully to his own, and his own would know him.—*Francis E. Allen, in Mind.*

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

DEATH is the price we pay for life, but a man should not fear the grim messenger, because all that part of your life which you lived is dead, and we may be considered to be dying constantly, for every minute passed brings us that much nearer to the windowless palace of death. But what a thought! A man goeth down to the earth to lie in cold obstruction and rot. He mingles again with the dust and becomes a part of Mother Earth and helps to revivify the grass and flowers in the beautiful spring. Nothing is annihilated; it only changes form, but thought of flesh does not savor well nor look pretty when it is putrid and the worms play a mad rout and revel through the marrow bones. It will soon pass from that state, resolved into gas; it will become food for grass and come forth again with new life.

It may sparkle in the dew-drops or glow in the purple of the pansy, blush in the petals of the rose, trill in the throats of pretty birds or babble in the running brook.

Yes, who knoweth, but the man who goeth down to the earth in the autumn time a poor, despised "chump"; may come forth in the spring a daisy, to be used to decorate the head of some beautiful young lady. But no matter whether you spring up a daisy, a sunflower or a mushroom, see to it, because of the certainty of death, that you have endeavored to live a noble and Christian life.—*Exchange.*

STRANGE FIRES.

DUST is a wonderful producer of fires. There have been instances in post offices where the dust of the mail bags suspended in the rear of a close room exploded with terrific force. Dust explosions are of frequent occurrence in flour and drug mills. The origin of many fires in tailor shops may be traced to the so-called dry cleaning of clothes. A rag dipped in naphtha is frequently used in removing grease spots from garments. The rag soaked with inflammable fluid is thrown upon the floor. When the shop is closed up and the air is confined, the naphtha-soaked material will of itself generate fire. Bales of cotton placed in the hold of a ship are often the cause of disastrous fires. Frequently a spark from a cigar finds a resting place in a cotton bale, where it smoulders for weeks. The dark hall in tenement houses is the indirect originator of fires. Greasy matting or small heaps of paper lie about. A match not extinguished or a cigarette stub is thrown down and a blaze results.—*Fire and Water.*

THE TENTH MEMBER.

"WELL, if that's not a surprise!" Agnes Colbick crumpled the letter she had been reading with a quick, nervous gesture, while her smooth forehead furrowed itself into sympathetic creases.

"What's the matter? Some one you don't like coming to make you a visit?" questioned Jack, who had caught sight of the postmark on the newly-opened envelope.

"Just listen!" And Agnes set herself to smooth out the wrinkled sheets, finding, as many another has done in more important matters, that it takes considerable time to even partially undo that which can be done in one impatient moment. When her efforts had succeeded in restoring the communication to something like legibility, she read it aloud to her brother, who listened with an amused smile.

"'Dear Cousin Agnes:—Nine of us girls have organized ourselves into a circle of King's Daughters,—the Backwoods Circle, we call it,—and we want you for the tenth member. We mean to send flowers into the city every week to be given to the poor people. We have made all the arrangements for getting them taken into the city, but we want you to distribute them for us, because of course you know just where they will bring the most happiness. Please let us hear from you. Lovingly, Alice.'"

"Rather cool!" commented Jack. "Why don't you write and tell her that you haven't any time for that sort of thing?"

Agnes reflected. "Yes, but I don't have much to do, and they know it. Besides"—she hesitated a moment and the color rose in her cheeks—"they made a lovely time for me, Jack. You know I was there all last summer, and I must say I never was received so graciously before. Alice—she's just fourteen—was devoted to me, and did everything she could think of to make me comfortable and happy. I can't refuse the first favor any of them have ever asked."

"Oh, well, there's no need of worrying over it. When the flowers come, dump them into the alley, and let that end it." And as Jack proffered this valuable bit of advice, his sister guiltily wondered if her conscience were elastic enough to admit of her acting upon it.

A few days later the first consignment of flowers arrived, delivered by a farmer who had come to town with a load of vegetables. When the cover of the wooden box had been removed, Agnes promptly decided that its contents were far too pretty to be thrown into the alley. Violets and spring beauties and sturdy hepaticas, shading from pink to purple, smiled up at her from little baskets daintily fashioned out of birch-bark. In their delicate fragrance there was a suggestion of damp earth and sunshine and leafless trees in which the sap was stirring.

"I wouldn't mind keeping them myself," Agnes thought, stroking the soft petals as if they had been sentient things, capable of returning her tenderness.

Then she sat down to wonder what was the best disposition to make of this undesired wealth of sweets. As her gaze wandered through the window, the outlines of the Old Ladies' Home, cut grimly against the blue spring sky, seemed to give the wished-for answer.

Well, she might do it just for this once, Agnes decided. She had never entered the building in sight of which she had lived for the last half dozen years, but surely there could be nothing very formidable about carrying a few flowers to the old women shut up within those brick walls. Yet Agnes felt a curious embarrassment as she made ready for her unusual errand.

"How Jack will laugh at me when I tell him!" she thought, when at last, with her basket on her arm, she started out to begin the work for the sake of which she had been elected the tenth member of the Backwoods Circle.

Before the hour was over she had forgotten all about Jack and his probable merriment. To this day the memory of that afternoon stands out unique in her experience. She was a pretty, attractive girl, used to being cordially received wherever she went, but never before had eyes looked upon her with such grateful welcome. She saw querulous faces soften at the sight of the flowers she brought, and sweet old faces grow sweeter still with a radiance that seemed almost unearthly. She saw tears creeping down wrinkled cheeks, as faltering voices told of childhood days and country homes and meadows blue with violets. One old lady bent her white head over a cluster of flowers, and thanked God for it with a simple confidence that brought the Father of all mercies very near.

In the next room a woman confined to her chair clutched Agnes' arm to tell of the flower-garden that had once been hers, "to my home down East," in which the beds had been bordered with shells. Her husband had been a sea-faring man. "Him an' my three sons was all drownded to onct," said the old creature, looking at Agnes with sad, lack-lustre eyes. "If they was alive I wouldn't be here, I can tell you." She was garrulous and complaining, and peevishness had left its lines upon her face, but the dignity of tragic suffering and infinite loss was upon her, and Agnes listened pityingly and patiently to the flow of words which seemed endless.

She went away late in the afternoon with an empty basket and a full heart. The day's experience seemed to her almost a sacred thing, not to be spoken of lightly. That night after dinner she did, indeed, give Jack an outline of what she had done, adding hastily:

"But please don't laugh, Jack, because—honestly, I rather liked it."

And her brother looked into her downcast face with an expression she could not see, but which was far removed from laughter.

The nine junior members of the Backwoods Circle did their work faithfully, and each week a box of flowers was delivered at Agnes' door. At first they consisted of the spring's earliest offerings to the meadows and woods, and later the more brilliant resources of the country gardens were taxed to their utmost.

And from the day when her work began, the tenth member never uttered a word of complaint regarding the responsibility which had been thrust upon her. She became a rather frequent visitor at the Children's Hospital, and saw her coming bring smiles to little faces white with suffering and old with a patience sadly unchildlike. She found her way into homes where Poverty was a familiar acquaintance and Death a present guest.

Now and then she stood upon the street corner in some poor and crowded quarter of the city, and distributed her flowers to crowds of squalid children, and women with babies in their arms, and even to men who held out their big, rough hands eagerly for these fragrant reminders of a purer air and a freer life.

In a little country town among the hills, nine young girls, who had spent a portion of their summer's leisure in passing on to others a part of their every-day blessings, were better and happier for the effort they had made. Into many a shadowed life the Backwoods Circle had sent a gleam of sunshine; it had held a cup of refreshing water to many a pair of parched lips. But in the case of the tenth member it had performed a still higher mission, for it had made her old selfish content insupportable. And as she had forgotten herself, and striven to console aching, broken hearts, she had suddenly come face to face with the Christ, and had known that life's sweetest duty henceforth would be to follow in his footsteps. —*Hattie Lyman, in Young People's Weekly.*

COST OF EDUCATION VS. COST OF WAR.

THE amount now spent for education in the United States is about two hundred million dollars a year. From present indications the annual appropriation for the navy alone will soon very largely exceed this sum, with prospects of indefinite expansion. Until recently the combined military and naval expenses of the country were less than one-fourth of those of education. We are, therefore, progressing four times as fast in the arts of war as in those of peace.

The latest type of battleship will cost eight million dollars to build, as much as the entire appropriation for the army and navy during the eight years of Washington's presidency. Since that time the military and naval expenses have increased fifteen times as fast as the population—and when this ship is finished it will be merely an experiment! England has had the largest experience in naval construction, and has recently declared a great number of her warships to be useless. Eight million dollars is more than three times the cost of all the buildings and equipments of Tuft's College, Boston University, Williams College and Amherst College. The yearly maintenance, operation, interest on investment, deterioration and gun practice of this battleship will exceed one and one-half million dollars—a sum sufficient to pay every living and educational expense of three thousand young men and women in our best colleges or to meet the school expenses of fifty thousand children. It costs more for the mere material to fire one shot from the gun at Sandy Hook than it did to educate Daniel Webster. A day's gun practice of a single ship, firing at imaginary enemies, costs more than it did to educate Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell and Phillips in Harvard college. Any increase in appropriations and naval activity by the other great naval powers of the world excites us to further expenditure so none gains anything in relative strength. The burden is merely increased. The taxpayers of the different naval powers of the world are kept in a state of continual excitement and fear by the activity of the others, each believing there is an intention to secure some unfair advantage, and claiming that no other reason can be offered in explanation of this extraordinary and unprecedented growth. There have been necessary and honorable wars, and the future may have others in store. There are nobler sentiments than those of peace—duty, patriotism, justice, and honor—but above them all we may write love to man. To deny one penny of necessary appropriation or to cease one moment's needed activity, in any genuinely patriotic cause, is so wholly un-American that I need not refer to it. But it is far better to direct our labors towards the things that will build up rather than toward those that tend to pull us down. It is far nobler and more in accordance with the spirit of American development and progress to direct our energies into the channels through which we may uplift our entire country and aid the whole world.—*Musical Million.*

IT is said that there are about ten million cases of illness in the United States each year, about eleven million accidents and one million deaths. Is anything further needed to show the importance of making provision against the uncertainties of the future?

RIGHT is the innermost part of man.—*Victor Hugo.*

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BILL'S BACKBONE.

"I DON'T want Mistah Rockefeller's money," said Everson the other day. "I rather have mah farm. Why should I sell out mah little home? Here I have mah wife, mah three children, mah old hoss, mah garden sass, mah hay field and mah 'tater patch, and I own all ob 'em. If I sell mah farm to Mistah Rockefeller where do you s'pose I'm goin' to live? Nobody much wants colored folks 'round as neighbors and I'm not goin' to spend mah time lookin' for another farm. He offered me twelve hundred dollars for mah farm, but I don't want his twelve hundred dollars; mah farm's worth more to me than all the money Mistah Rockefeller's got in his iron ches'. It's mah home, mah wife's home and mah children's home, and I'm goin' to stay right tha'."

The above are the words of Bill Everson, a colored gentleman who owns a three-acre path which is situated almost in the middle of a six-thousand-acre tract, owned by John D. Rockefeller. These words stand in evidence of the kind of material of which Bill is constructed. You may talk all you please about the colored people not knowing how to become good citizens, but in this fellow it is easy to see at least four qualities that wouldn't hurt some of his white brethren if they were in possession of them.

The first one we notice with pleasure is his love for home. The twelve hundred dollars of Mr. Rockefeller was no temptation whatever beside the little "coop" that he had where his happy little family sheltered themselves and surrounded their scanty board. Other neighborhoods might have mansions, the money might have bought a much finer homestead, but it would not have been the old home. Think of the backbone that it requires to refuse twelve hundred dollars to prevent homesickness. If half of the American people, and especially the men who leave their homes six nights out of the week and lock themselves away from their families in some lodge room or saloon, had the love of home that Bill had this nation would take a turn for the better on short orders.

The second admirable quality is his love for his family. He may have had a great deal of respect for Mr. Rockefeller in his desire to own the whole tract, but he had more respect for his maiden sister, who owned a half acre tract near him and for whom he chopped wood once a week. Would he sell out and leave her in the mountains alone? Not much. Would he deed away his little property and compel his wife to sign the paper, who had so willingly raised his family, every member of which had been taught to call the place, "Home, sweet home"? Would he be able to drive the little picaninnies away from their little mountain cottage, where they have been living with nature and set them down in a strange place? No, that wouldn't be Bill. He thinks more of his family than to go off and leave them and allow them to gad the streets at pleasure and become dependents or delinquents. Bill simply had a true American-father heart, that's all.

Bill also had some concern for his neighbors, which is the Golden Rule kind of a citizen. He knew that his new neighbors would not be likely to smile upon him with a welcome because his skin was shady. He had enough consideration for his neighbors and their preferences that he decided to remain right where he was, where he would be entirely free from such a social unpleasantness.

Last, but not least, Bill was not a fit subject for bribery. Rockefeller's yellow gold may have made Bill's eyes shine like a bull's-eye dark lantern, but he had enough true patriotism within his breast that the money never touched his heart. He would not sell his convictions of right. He knew that four hundred dollars an acre was an enormous price for that little patch of land which stands up edgewise, but at the same time he did not want to have the name of selling his principle. If a few thousand more people to-day who are conspicuous in circles, social, religious and political, were as careful about selling their convictions of right as Bill Everson, American citizenship would rise far above par in a few days, when, by the use of a microscope we find positions and titles that simply have been bought with so many dollars; and when we hear sermons and doctrines preached, not for the purpose of teaching principle, but to satisfy the conviction of the wealthy supporter, and when the arena of politics is noticeably void of honest blood it is time for Diogenes to come with his little lantern and hunt a few more to match up with Bill Everson.

THE FATE OF THE FAITHFUL OLD SERVANT.

Among the many things that are to be seen in our great cities, that cause the heart to become saddened and call forth the sympathy of God's loving children, is the treatment of the poor horse. There are a number of them in the large cities, and indeed their service is very necessary and also quite varied. One is almost compelled to think of them being classified similar to the classification of people. There are the retired class of people, those employed in factories, clerks, servants, the street laborer, etc., and, of course, there is more or less caste distinction existing.

Now there are horses which are well cared for (as their appearance shows), their masters think well of them, are kind and good both in disposition and temperament, and thus the horse is educated similarly. Some, however, are poor and lank, some blind and crippled, etc. Some of them are used for conveying goods, freight, etc., from one part of the city to another; some for hauling coal, wood, etc.; some for the special benefit of the wealthy, who ride out for pleasure; and others are used in livery barns, and also in fire departments, and in this way we have the horses classified as to work, each class trained according to their several departments of work.

Some people know how to treat a horse, while others do not. If a horse has more to pull than he is really able for, he is whipped and lashed and even suffers intense pain from the use of a club; the master will play seesaw with the horse's head, jerking first one line then the other; or he will walk up to the horse and kick him or else strike him on the nose; every means conceivable is used to irritate the patience of the horse. Now, of course, the brutes cannot tell anyone how much pain they suffer, but do they not have feeling as well as we? Are they not sensitive to abuse the same as we are? Prick the flesh of a horse and see how quickly he will kick and rear; then do not question longer whether it is right or wrong cruelly to abuse the poor brutes.

The horses in service in fire departments range in number, in different cities, from few to hundreds. At these city departments they live in clean houses, eat pure food and plenty of it, usually at regular intervals, have good water to drink and are well cared for. They are worked pretty hard sometimes, but of course their strength is sufficient to endure the labor.

Many times an individual or a company, after owning a horse and realizing its valued service while yet in younger years, decides to dispose of the animal which has grown too old to do much service. It has long been the custom in the fire department in the city of New York to sell at auction those horses which have grown too old for the hard work. Now it is not unreasonable for one to believe that many of them fall into the hands of harder masters and receive less considerate care, and not the proper quality and quantity of food. Not long since the son of a wealthy railroad man, together with some friends whom he interested in the fate of these faithful old servants, provided funds which insure the horse a peaceful old age. They will be permitted to roam at will "in green fields and pastures new." Eight of these old veterans are already enjoying their pension. The growth of humanitarianism is surely as great a sign of the progress of the race as the building of churches. Surely this will prove to be a noble institution. Man is in duty bound to show kindness to the animals, and especially to those which are given to us for beasts of burden. Will the time ever come when the horse will be useless? The man who is not kind and good to the horse is evidently no different to his family.

Could horses but speak they would have many and varied tales to relate. If they would at all times receive proper care and treatment they would not be so vicious and unruly. We sometimes hear people say that horses are only brutes, and thus it does not make much difference as to their treatment, whether they have good, clean water to drink, or a good, warm place in the winter. While it is true they are only brutes, yet this one thing is sure, they will not drink whiskey, the thing which steals a man's brain and good common sense and causes him to be so brutal, and drags him down lower than the poor animal.

M. H. B.

RAILROAD MAN'S PRAYER.

An old railroad man, having been converted, was asked to lead in prayer. The following was the response: "O Lord, now that I have flagged thee, lift up my feet from the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp known as prudence, make all the couplings in the train with strong links of thy love and let my hand lamp be the Bible, and heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead off the sidings, especially those with the blind end. O Lord, if it be thy pleasure, have every semaphore block along the line show the white line of hope that I may make the run of life without stopping. And, Lord, give us the Ten Commandments for a schedule, and when I have finished the run on schedule time and pulled into the great station of death may thou the Superintendent of the universe, say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; come and sign the pay roll and receive your check for eternal happiness.'"—*Railroad Gazette.*

We are never too poor, too ugly, too dull, too sick, too friendless, to be useful to some one.—*Kate Gannett Willis.*

Current Happenings

CZAR'S UKASE.

By the grace of God, we, Nicholas II, emperor and autocrat of all the Russias, czar of Poland, grand duke of Finland, etc., in virtue of the law of the diet of April 25, 1869, command the opening at Helsingfors, Dec. 20, of an extraordinary diet to consider the following questions: First—The proposals for the budget of 1906-'07, provisional taxes, and a loan for railway construction. Second—A bill providing by a new fundamental law, a parliament for Finland on the basis of universal suffrage with the establishment of the responsibility of the local authorities to the nation's deputies. Third—Bills granting liberty of the press, of meeting, and of unions. We expect from all an exact execution of our will.—Nicholas.

The Central Railroad, of New Jersey, intends building a new freight yard, occupying nearly a square mile of land, to be filled in from the present shore line south of the freight docks at Jersey City. It will likely take a year and a half to complete the building and the cost will probably be about $1,500,000.

It was declared by Bishop John William Hamilton, at a recent meeting of the Methodist Episcopal bishops, at Washington, D. C., that the typical American of the future would be born of the amalgamation of all the races that now inhabit this continent, and that those very persons who are to-day proud of what they call their Anglo-Saxon blood, will be the grandparents or great-grandparents of men and women partly Japanese, Chinese, Russian Jew, southern European and dusky African. This statement seemed so ridiculous to some of his hearers that they left the church. The Bishop stated that it was God's plan that race prejudices in time should be wiped away, and that the American of the future would have become "the composite type of all the races of the earth."

Quarantine against yellow fever in the southern States is gradually being raised.

Sir Geo. Williams died at his home in London, Nov. 6. He is one of the men of this world who has left behind him a monument that will never crumble. He was the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association and president of the London headquarters of that organization. He was born in 1821, and attained this ripe old age, working until the very last for the cause which he had espoused early in life. Queen Victoria, in 1894, the jubilee year of the Y. M. C. A., knighted the founder of the institution. Every civilized nation in the world knows of his work and will mourn their loss. How much better it would be if hundreds of other men would erect their own monuments instead of leaving that for the nation to do, at a cost of a few millions.

The new post office at Chicago, which cost $5,000,000 and years of labor, is now pronounced by the inspectors as a very poor makeshift of a building. It is claimed that it requires more time to handle the mail now than in the temporary building. The noise of the heavy machinery makes it impossible to hear well in the building. The receiving chutes on the street seem to be inadequate for the service, and a great many other objections are filed by governmental officials as well as the patrons. So Chicago may wait a few years longer for good service.

President Roosevelt is again at his home at the White House, having traveled by water from New Orleans on the cruiser *West Virginia*. One interesting feature about his trip was that he was almost constantly in touch with land by wireless telegraphy. While yet in the Gulf of Mexico he sent a message to the Navy Yard at Washington, and also to Cleveland, Ohio. The President showed a minute interest in the mechanism of the ship, and just for fun would shovel coal in the furnaces to please the stokers.

Warden Wilcox, of the Rhode Island penitentiary, discovered that morphine and opium were being smuggled to the prisoners in English walnuts.

A recent report announces the murder of American missionaries by natives at a small town two hundred miles inland from the city of Canton, China. Of a party of six, four were killed outright, two remaining with slight wounds to tell the story.

Dr. Hazen, of Glasgow Junction, Ky., while out on a tour, discovered an underground passageway near the city, which is claimed to rival in beauty and extent that of the Mammoth Cave. The discoverer followed one arm of the cave for a distance of seven miles, when he was stopped by a swift-flowing river.

The Swedish steamer *Johan* and the Russian bark *Antares* collided and foundered in the North Sea, a few days ago, twenty-six of the crew being drowned.

THE Labelle iron and steel plants, located at Wheeling, W. Va., and Steubenville, Ohio, have recently been purchased by the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company for the approximate sum of $14,000,000. This deal leaves but two large independent iron mills in the Wheeling district.

THE last day of October marked the first snowfall over the States between the Mississippi and the Rockies, except those of the southern belt.

THE New York Subway transit system completed its first year of active service, ending with October. Records show that during the twelve months 106,000,000 passengers have been carried, at the average rate of about 300,000 per day, while the elevated roads work out at an average of about 717,000 daily passengers. A reasonable estimate of the number of passengers carried by the Elevated and Subway combined reaches a total of over 1,000,000 per day.

H. G. BRYANT, president of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, seems to have sufficient proof that two of the Bryant-Melville casks, which were set adrift several years ago in the Polar Sea, and were recently discovered, found their path in a current from Behring Straits around the circumpolar basin to the Atlantic Ocean.

A PLANT for furnishing light to the new Williamsburg Bridge is being erected in the city of New York. The furnaces for the new plant are to be kept going entirely on the material collected by the street cleaners, which will greatly lessen the expense of the Street Commissioners of otherwise disposing of the great quantity of rubbish. The plant will cost about $55,000, and light service will likely be afforded several of the schools.

THE newspapers have all had their turn at mentioning the hazing of Steward L. Pierson at Kenyon College. The case is now under investigation and it seems that there can be no doubt but that the students actually tied him on the railroad track, expecting, of course, to cut the rope just before the train struck him, yet making him think that the train would run over him. They had somehow miscalculated on the time of the train, or else their timepieces were off, for the train crushed him to death before they released him. The letter written by his father does not seem to show the concern that some fathers have for their families, and rather offers an apology for the crime than to show his disapproval of this relic of barbarism. The investigation shows two things at least. One is the increase of public sentiment against hazing, and the other is the fidelity of college fraternities to their Alma Mater. It is to be presumed that this will put an end to hazing at least for a time at one place.

STATISTICS say that during the year ending with June, there were 6,523 desertions from the enlisted force of the army. This is nearly seven per cent of the total enlistment. Within the last ten years desertion has never reached five per cent. In speaking of this increase in desertions the Military Secretary of the army, General Ainsworth, said that he thinks the way to remedy this is to socially ostracize every deserter and treat him as a criminal. He also thinks that the abolition of the canteen, the monotony of garrison life, and the great amount of work required to obtain good employment in army life are the things that tend toward desertion. He thinks the Americans are not a military people. Here is an opportunity for conditions and not theories, to show to the government what class of men are really willing to spend their life in that way. Since the canteen is taken away it eliminates the drinking class. Since study is required it eliminates the class who are too lazy to learn, so when the army demands a clean class of industrious people, all such will be found trying to get something better. If our government wants to maintain an army, it will have to be satisfied with the kind of people who are willing to be used as a mechanical army force, and not a sober, thinking people.

NEARLY the whole of Russia has taken either active or passive part in the revolt against the system of absolute monarchy and autocracy. Since almost all of his subjects have been thus engaged, Nicholas II, under the unanimous advice of his ministers, has at last actually signed a full and explicit surrender of his autocratic power, and has granted a constitutional form of government. In this manifesto the Czar has agreed to coördinate or unify the powers of the simple government, to permit all classes of people to have a share in the election of their lawmaking body; that no law can come into force without the approval of parliament and that the said legislature shall actually have part in supervising the acts of the Czar's ministers; that he, the Czar, will avoid repressive measures which would tend to openly menace society. The more enlightened the people become, the more they have no use for the form of government which Russia has sustained for a number of years. It is hoped that the subjects of the Sultan will follow the example of Russia.

DOING is the great thing, for if resolutely people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.—*Ruskin.*

HOME DEPARTMENT

THE RUMMAGE SALE AGAIN.

CHARITY BRUBAKER.

I WAS much surprised to know that a rummage sale could be carried on at all as was told in a recent number of the INGLENOOK. They are managed quite differently in this city, and in a way that good is accomplished. Since humanity is not all Christian let us be glad for any good the less fortunate receive, though our plan to help is not in this way.

If a church or benevolent society of any kind wants supplies for a rummage sale, they advertise in the city papers and of course the sale is talked about by the friends of the society. Often one or more solicitors go among the merchants who give supplies not sold in season, yet these things are good as ever in real value.

From the wealthier class of people there are accumulated hundreds of pairs of shoes but little worn, and garments laid by for the new style or because these people live a public life that requires their appearance in the neatest of clothing. There are thousands of clerks, stenographers, and those who hold positions where to be at all poorly dressed means loss of position. These people often do not have the acquaintance of needy ones and know of no place to dispose of laid-by clothing, except to such as a rummage sale, and they are glad to clear the things out.

I know of wealthy women who serve on the board of directors or on a committee in a charitable work for the uplifting of a class the churches fail to reach. These women reserve all the dignity and ladylike manners their position in life ever allowed them, yet they do the work belonging to a rummage sale. They often have to pay from ten to twenty-five dollars for the use of a room a few days, and to make sure of this amount they pledge it among themselves. In getting the articles ready to sell, some person is usually busy a day or so cleaning, mending, polishing, or doing what is reasonable to get things ready to put before the people.

Boys and men who work in factories, or are unable to buy good new clothing, are here able to get a hat, shoes, and a suit of clothes, all probably for a couple of dollars, and these things look as well and wear as long as what could be bought new for several times the rummage sale price. I know of moderately well-to-do people who go to these sales and are glad to get such bargains. Women and children's clothing, furniture and many household necessities are found here at very low prices. The poor man's family can here get magazines for a penny or a few cents each and thus enjoy a number of them when if they had to pay the price of new copies they would scarcely ever get to read a magazine.

There are people to whom it is more of a real benefit to help them get needs supplied at a small cost than it would be to give the help. And when the sale is over the real needs of a home for helpless children, or some other worthy cause, is supplied. I have known of these same wealthy women going to the kitchen or laundries of such homes, and, in order to make the most of the sum on hands, have gone right into hard work such as they need not do in their own homes.

Though I have never helped in one or bought anything at a rummage sale I have known the workings of them and have seen some people very grateful for benefits thus received.

Indianapolis, Ind.

HOW MOTHER MANAGED.

"YOU see how it is, my dear," he said, taking her soft hand, which had never done very hard work, and patting it reassuringly. "I'm poor—only a thousand a year, dear, and we shall have a struggle to get along at first—"

"I don't mind that in the least," she interrupted, stoutly.

"And," he continued, "we shall have to come down to strict economy. But if you could only manage as my mother does, we shall pull through nicely."

"And how does your mother manage, dear?" she asked, smiling at the notion of her mother-in-law cropping out already.

"I don't know," replied the lover, "but she always manages to have everything neat and cheerful, and something delicious to eat—and she does it all herself, you know. So that we always get along beautifully, and make both ends meet, and father and I still have plenty of spending money. You see, when a woman is always hiring her laundry work done, and her gowns and bonnets made, and her scrubbing and stove blacking done, and all that sort of thing—why, it just walks into a man's income and takes his breath away."

The young woman looked for a moment as if her breath was taken away; but she wisely concealed her dismay, and, being one of the stout-hearted of the earth, she determined to learn a few things of John's

mother, and so went to her house for a long visit the very next day. Upon the termination of this visit, one morning John received, to his amazement, a little package containing his engagement ring, accompanied by the following letter:

"I have learned how your mother 'manages,' and I am going to explain it to you, since you confessed you didn't know. I find that she is a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a business manager, a hired girl, a laundress, a seamstress, a mender and patcher, a dairy maid, a cook, a nurse, a kitchen gardener, and a general slave for a family of five. She works from five in the morning until ten at night; and I almost wept when I kissed her hand—it was so hard and wrinkled, and corded, and unkissed! When I saw her polishing the stoves, carrying big buckets of water and great armfuls of wood, I asked her why John didn't do such things for her. 'John!' she replied, 'John!'—and she sat down with a perfectly dazed look, as if I had asked her something positively impossible. 'Why—John'—she said, in a trembling, bewildered way, 'he works in the office from nine until five, you know, and when he comes home he is very tired; or else—or else—he goes downtown.'

"Now, I have become strongly imbued with the conviction that I do not care to be so good a 'manager' as your mother. If the wife must do all sorts of drudgery, so must the husband; if she must cook, he must carry the water; if she must make butter, he must milk the cows. You have allowed your mother to do everything, and all that you have to say of her is that she is an excellent 'manager.' I do not care for such a reputation, unless my husband earns the name also; and, judging from your lack of consideration for your mother, I am quite sure you are not the man I thought you were, or one whom I would care to marry. As the son is, the husband is, is a safe and happy rule to follow."

THE EDITOR AND THE DOCTOR.

If an editor makes a mistake he has to apologize for it, but if a doctor makes a mistake he buries it. If the editor makes one there is a lawsuit, swearing and the smell of sulphur, but if the doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and a smell of varnish. A doctor can use a word a mile long without knowing what it means, but if the editor uses it he has to spell it. If a doctor goes to see another man's wife he charges for the visit, but if an editor goes to see another man's wife, he gets a charge of buckshot.

When a doctor gets drunk it's a case of "overcome by the heat," and if he dies it is heart trouble. When the editor gets drunk it's a case of too much booze, and if he dies it's a case of delirium tremens. Any old college can make a doctor. You can't make an editor; he has to be born.—*Electrical Worker.*

A RECEIPT FOR KEEPING YOUNG.

She was as fresh in color as a girl, her hair without a touch of gray, her face without a wrinkle, and she felt, I am sure, as she certainly looked, far younger than I did. So I asked her finally: "How do you keep so fresh and young with all your great family?"

She looked at me a moment and then laughed a merry little laugh: "You see," she said, "I haf my von little naps."

"Your what?" I asked, puzzled to understand her.

"My von little naps," she repeated.

"But tell me; I do not understand," I said.

"Vy so," she said in her pretty broken English, "about 12 o'clock, or maybe 1, or maybe 2, as you like it besser, I takes de baby, vichever is de baby, and I goes to de room and takes my naps."

"But if the baby won't sleep at that time?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, he sleeps all right."

"But there are so many things to do while the baby sleeps," I went on.

"I vill haf my naps," was her smiling answer.

"But," I urged, "supposing something happens to the other children while you and the baby are asleep?"

Then she did stare at me. "There could be no'ting happen to dose children vorse dan I not get my von little naps," she said indignantly.

I gave it up. This closed the argument.—*Christian Uplook.*

THE THREE CORDS OF LOVE.

There are three kinds of love—perhaps, rather, I should say, three instruments on which love plays. It may manifest itself through the heart, through the soul, or through the mind. My love for you may be either practical, admiring, or communing. The love of the heart is practical; it ministers in common things. The love of the soul is admiration; it looks upon a far-off glory and longs to be near it. The love of the mind is communion; it has touched a point of equality with its object; it can listen and respond. A mother's love for her child is that of the heart; it is helpful. A poet's love for nature is that of the soul; it is wondering, admiring. A friend's love for a friend is that of the mind; it is intellectual sympathy—communion. I think our love for God plays successively each of these tunes. We begin with the heart; we say, "Our Father"; we try to work for our Father. By and by the vision of wonder breaks upon us—the love of the soul; we bow with admiration before mysteries of the universe. At last comes the glad morning—the love of the mind; we begin to know God—to commune with him, to speak with him face to face as a man speaketh with his friend; that is the manhood of our love.—*George Matheson, in The Watchman.*

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

A RIGHTEOUS MAN DESCRIBED.—Psalm 1.

For Sunday, Nov. 26, 1905.

I. Negatively Considered.

1. Walks not in Counsel of Ungodly, ...v. 1
2. Stands not in Way of Sinners, ...v. 1
3. Sits not in Seat of Scornful, ...v. 1

II. Positively Described.

1. His Delight in God's Law, ...v. 2
2. Meditates in it Day and Night, ...v. 2

III. His Reward.

1. He shall be Like a Tree, etc., ...v. 3
2. Whatsoever he Doeth shall Prosper, ...v. 3

IV. The Sad Picture of the Ungodly.

1. He shall be Like Chaff, ...v. 4
2. Shall not Stand in the Judgment, ...v. 5
3. Nor in Congregation of Righteous, ...v. 5
4. He shall Perish, ...v. 6

V. Which Condition Do You Like Best?

Text.—For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

References.—Gen. 18: 23; 20: 4; Num. 23: 10; 1 Sam. 24: 17; Job 4: 7; 17: 9; 22: 3; 34: 5; Psa. 11: 3; 34: 17, 19; 37: 16, 21, 25, 29, 30, 39; 55: 22; 58: 11; 92: 12; 112: 6; Isa. 3: 10; 1 Peter 3: 12; Rev. 22: 11.

Rectilineal Ethics.

In that wonderful sermon that Jesus preached to common everyday people, he said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness," because they shall be filled. There is something very satisfying about righteousness; it does not leave us discontented, unhappy and envious. But on the other hand it gives us peace, hope and aspirations; we want to do better than we ever have done.

Nathanael West says, "Do you know what righteousness is? You have seen a carpenter rule a line with pencil and ruler. *Right* means 'straight'—a right line is a straight line without a flare in the edge. If there is a flare it is an iniquitous line." Rectilineal ethics is following straight on in the footsteps of Jesus. Not stepping aside, nor standing still, nor taking an easier route, but just walking straight on. No crooked dealings, no doubtful amusements are permitted. Straight, honest work, and honest pay for value received, is the rule when he leadeth you and me in the paths of righteousness.

The Joy of Doing Right.

A little boy was cautioned against eating a certain delicacy, and he retorted, "Oh, yes; everything nice is bad for you, and everything bad is good for you." And a good many boys and girls agree with him; they feel that if they could always do just as they please, and enjoy everything they fancy they would be happy. It seems irksome, and hard, and narrow, to always do right. Why did not God make it more pleasant to do good and less alluring to do evil? It is foolish to deny that the self-indulgent man has very real delights, and "that the righteous man must make many self-denials. Yet there is a joy in goodness and righteousness which is the highest joy and the keenest delight this world knows. David said, "I delight to do thy will, O my God." God wants to give us the joy of goodness, the pleasures of right-doing.

He Shall Never Suffer the Righteous to be Moved.

"Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not,—fight on! To-morrow comes the song."

We read some of these promises God has made to the righteous and we are apt to think that words like these are the stuff that dreams are made of; sweet, uplifting ideals, but scarcely practical. The righteous man will not likely be kept and provided for when others about him are taken. But how about Paul? Was he not master and king of the situation everywhere? And he bravely faced all difficulties and hindrances. What a set they were! Tribulation with its steady, telling blows making him writhe in anguish. Distress, with its poisoned darts that rankle and hurt. Persecution with its forty stripes less one, and manacles and chains, and the dripping sword of Nero always suspended over him. Yet Paul looked into the face of our Lord and said with a smile of triumph, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." God did keep him in perfect peace.

Righteousness Exalteth a Nation.

An associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States said, "You ministers are making a fatal mistake in not holding forth before men, as prominently as the previous generation did, retributive justice of God. You have fallen into a sentimental style, rhapsodizing over the love of God, and you are not appealing to that fear of future punishment which our Lord and Master made such a prominent element in his preaching. And we are seeing the effects of it in the widespread demoralization of private virtue and corruption of public conscience throughout the land." Righteous living, a sense of

honesty that is more than mere policy, is needed in our public affairs. The Sunday-school lessons of this year brought this truth to our minds. Sin is a reproach to any people, but the law of God is kept and honored by the righteous.

Too Honest.

"George is too honest, that is the trouble," said one man in speaking of another. George had been at the head of his class, and excelled in design and accurate drawings. Yet now as an architect, he was not a great success so far as we could see. "Why, in that city hall job every other man took in his pile, one of the contractors raked in a cool ten thousand. But when they came to George with poor building materials and hinted that they could make it worth his while to accept them and use them, he would refuse with an air of scorn that left no hope of accomplishing their ends. And so they managed to get him dismissed from that job."

George did honest work too. And as time passed he was employed by the largest firm in the United States, where he rose rapidly to a position in which he commanded a good salary, where only honest work is accepted. George has been grandly successful. Simply doing the right thing when at the time it would pay better to do wrong means success in the long run. God has given this promise, "And whatseover he doeth shall prosper."

The Path of Least Resistance.

The path of the least resistance is the path that many young people choose. They avoid hard things, until they will go a long way around in order that some other fellow may do the disagreeable task. They cultivate a love of ease until it is a ruling passion. But the path of least resistance leads down hill. You will never achieve anything worth while without effort. And at last the path of least resistance leads into the way of the ungodly. Never look for an easy time or an easy life, but look to God for strength to do hard things. It would have been easier for righteous Abraham to have remained where he was. But at God's command he started on a weary journey that lasted for years, and to-day we read of him as the father of the faithful.

In the Congregation of the Righteous.

Make your way towards the congregation of the righteous and meet with them. We need never waste our pity on great souls who are in the way of righteousness. They have joys beyond our feeble grasp. A missionary who had been thirty years in Greenland came to this country to attend a meeting. At the close of the meeting he started on his journey back to Greenland. "Will you not remain among us for awhile?" said a brother. "No, I want to return, they need me at home," said he, and with a shining face he said farewell.

Topics for Discussion.

1. God hears the prayers of the righteous. Psa. 34: 17.
2. They are merciful. Psa. 34: 21; 12: 10.
3. They make good rulers. Prov. 29: 2.
4. They are courageous. Prov. 28: 1.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Sister Frances Edith Miller, of Lincoln, Nebr., says: "I do not know whether you remember me, but I am the little girl who sent you some names from Iowa. I received my certificate. I am still interested in the Circle. My parents and I have come to this place to do mission work. We hope to attend the Reading Circle meeting at our coming Annual Meeting in Springfield. We want to start a Circle here if possible."

Sister Bettie Root, of Fredonia, Kans., says: "I enclose one new name. We have a number of books on missions and we want more. We are sure that the reading of such books as 'Dr. Judson,' 'Effective Workers in Needy Fields,' and 'A Lone Woman in Africa' will inspire us with a desire to help those who cannot help themselves. If we cannot *go* we can *give* and thus help to carry out the great commission. We use the Christian Workers' topics in our meetings and find them very inspiring. We expect to arrange for a special program once a month."

Sister Nina G. Wampler, of Timberville, Va.: "I send three new names for the Circle. They seem anxious to begin their reading soon. My husband and I are much interested in our reading. We think the Circle has done much good in many of our churches. May God bless and further the cause."

Bro. Wm. P. Wertz, of Columbiana, Ohio, says: "We hope to get the Circle books into our Sunday-school library at least. We believe the Circle is doing a good work and pray God's blessing on the workers everywhere."

Bro. J. S. Sherfy, of Westphalia, Kans., says: "We would like to start a Reading Circle in our congregation this winter. We do not have many young members, but we hope to study some mission books and do some good in a quiet way."

Received Certificates.

Ida Frantz, Conway Springs, Kans.
Oscar Ulrey, Pyrmont, Ind.
D. W. Crist, Timberville, Va.
Harry Leedy, Cerrogordo, Ill.
J. Hugh Heckman, Cerrogordo, Ill.

What is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to something better.—*Wendell Phillips.*

It will not always be summer.—*Nesiod.*

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LIV.

Damascus, Syria.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

Honestly you would almost laugh yourself sick if you could have seen us girls taking a camel ride just now. We have been out to the stone quarries to see where Solomon, or whoever it was that built this great temple, got the stones for the great building. Camels are compelled to kneel to receive their load, and I assure you that they are high enough for a lady to mount after they have knelt down. When we were all seated in the houdah, our dragoman gave command to the camels to rise, and, of course, like a cow they lift their hind parts first, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Agnes kept from going over the head of her camel; and we all screamed like wild Indians, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the boys and the guide. Almost the same thing occurred when we dismounted with the exception that it required an effort not to go backwards instead of forwards.

At the quarries we saw a rock that had been finished, but not taken away. Oscar measured it and it measured sixty-eight feet and five inches in length and fourteen feet square; remember this was one solid stone without joint or crevice. In the ruins of the temple we saw many larger ones. Don't ask me how they moved these stones, for nobody knows. Professor Alouf is inclined to believe that they were transported by means of an inclined plane. There is a great deal of conjecture about the whole thing. Some authorities seem to think that the original temple here was built here by Solomon about the time that he built the great temples at Jerusalem and Palmyra, which is Tadmor in the wilderness. 2 Chron. 8: 4. This is altogether posssible and some think probable, but it cannot be definitely proven to be so. Others claim that it was built by Baal worshipers between the first and fourth centuries and destroyed by the Arabs in the seventh. Under Constantine some of the idol temples were converted into Christian churches.

The "City of the Sun" is a colossal affair and well worthy of a better description than I can give. It is at least a thousand feet in length and other measurements in proportion. Altogether there are niches for two hundred and fifty gods, with as many exedras, or alcoves. In the great pantheon proper there were of course twelve gods, six male and six female, the same as the great pantheon at Rome, and a great altar thirty feet square and seven feet high, built of huge stone, with an immense laver on each side, where sacrifices were made to the gods of the temple. Around the temple of the sun there were ninety columns seventy feet high and seven feet in diameter; in the temple of Bacchus there were fifty columns sixty feet high and six feet in diameter; the granite columns were supposed to have been brought from Assouan, Egypt, a thousand miles up the Nile. They are certainly magnificent. The pedestals, capitals, cornice and all the rest are very fine work and wonderfully colossal. There is enough stone here in this one structure to build a city of no mean dimensions.

An earthquake in 1759 A. D. has made ruins even of the Arabic fortifications, into which the temple was converted. Thousands of stone cannon balls are being found by the Germans who are excavating now. The principal work was completed about three weeks ago, and they are finishing up to-day. It may seem that the dimensions here are overdrawn, but they are not; and when you read in the 18th chapter of 1 Kings of the number of Baal worshipers that officiated, as many as eight hundred and fifty at one time and place, it will readily be seen that they required some room.

As we turned the corner of the street we saw an old camel which was covered with sores, and some men were painting her with a sort of pink paint. The guide told us that sometimes they paint them red, blue or pink and that it is a sign that the camel is to be killed to-morrow evening at sunset, and that the poor people of the city have the privilege of buying some of the meat; of course they cannot afford the good meat of healthy animals.

Jameel took us upon a housetop, which was constructed of poles, brush, leaves and concrete, and while we were walking across it Roscoe fell through, which made us think of the circumstance of the man being let down through the roof, in Luke 5: 18-26. Down by a little creek we saw an old gristmill, where stone buhrs were grinding by water power, and actually two women had charge of the mill. The words of Jesus came to our memory, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other left." Matt. 24: 41.

Among other curiosities we saw an old-fashioned bake shop, where a man was kneading dough to the proper consistency; occasionally he would hand a lump of dough to his wife, who would catch it up and throw it quickly from one arm to the other until it would draw out very thin and would look like pie dough after mother had rolled it with a rolling pin; then it was thrown over a red hot iron and baked in a few seconds. This kind of bread tastes better than it looks. Around the town are acres and acres of mulberry orchards used in the culture of silk worms for the great silk industry in the vicinity of Beirut.

We were not ready to go when Jameel said it was time to take the train for Damascus, but here we are in the oldest city in the world, which has a continuous history of not less than four thousand years. The people of Damascus are very happy. When a merchant sells enough goods to yield a profit sufficent to keep his family that day he simply locks up his shop, or bazaar, as they call it, and goes home or to a café and amuses himself the rest of the day. They literally heed the injunction, "Provide not to-day for to-morrow." The merchants here have very fine goods and some things are exceedingly cheap. I must post this letter and send it back to Beirut on this train. Yours sincerely,

Marie.

(To be Continued.)

The Q. & A. Department.

Of what is Portland cement composed and by what process is it manufactured?

There are many kinds of cement, but the two which are most commonly spoken of are the Portland cement and the Roman cement; neither of these are named because they are made in Portland or Rome, nor for any other reason than that the Portland cement resembles Portland stone, and the Roman cement resembles the Roman stone. Roman cement is unknown to the Romans; it was originally made from volcanic ashes, but is now made from materials obtained from rock. Portland cement is made from selected materials, such as chalk and river mud which properly should be called alluvial clay.

What are the processes of memory which make the retention of ideas possible?

The first possibly is abstract retention or the storage of images and concepts. The second would be reproduction which constitutes bringing these energies to consciousness again. The third process would be recognition, which is the art of knowing them as former acquaintances or acquisitions. All these are more or less subject to the voluntary action of the mind. Involuntary memory involves the associations of ideas. If we make an effort to recall an image or concept it is called recollection or voluntary memory.

Does physical activity precede or follow its corresponding emotion?

Physical activity usually follows its corresponding emotion, but sometimes it is reversed. We are wise to know duty; we are virtuous if we perform it righteously; we are free if we love the performance of duty. If we hate to do a thing the physical exertion is very tiresome, because we are unaided by the stimulating impulse of emotion, but if we love to do a thing, though not congenial, we still have pleasure and ease in its performance.

What is meant by the Urim and Thummim?

They are the sacred symbols worn upon the breastplate by the high priest by which God gave oracular responses for the guidance of his people. What they were is unknown.

What is the name of the ruler of China and its meaning?

"Kwang-Hsu," which means, in English, "succession of glory."

Does the destruction of the forests cause the marked effect upon our weather in the Mississippi Valley?

The scientists of the weather bureau claim they have demonstrated the fact that the presence or absence of forests makes no marked change on the weather, any more than that they prevent rapid evaporation from the soil.

What was the historical event known as the Gadsden Purchase?

It was a purchase of a disputed territory between the United States and Mexico lying south of the Gila river. The tract contained more than forty-five thousand square miles and cost ten million dollars. The negotiation was made by Senator James Gadsden.

What were the last three States admitted into the Union?

If we are not mistaken the last States admitted were as follows: Washington, Montana, North Dakota and South Dakota were admitted in 1889; and Wyoming and Idaho in 1890, which would make six altogether.

OVERLAND WIRELESS.

A DEVELOPMENT in wireless telegraphy has been the successful transmission of messages on a practical scale between St. Louis and Chicago, a distance of some three hundred miles, and it is hoped that wireless communication can be established between New York and St. Louis, a distance four times as great. The transmission of wireless messages on land involves difficulties not encountered at sea, and consequently the range is much more restricted. Between the St. Louis and Chicago stations both cities intervened, but the country was free from hills and mountains, being practically level. Experiments have been made in sending messages between the Mediterranean and England, where several hundred miles of land intervened, but these were transmitted only in a single direction, and communication has been maintained between Jersey City and Philadelphia, a distance of about one hundred miles. In the St. Louis-Chicago experiments quite an elaborate equipment was required, including masts 200 feet in height, carrying twenty vertical conductors. It is the ambition of one company to establish communication between Seattle and the Philippine Islands, and predictions have been made that this can be accomplished.

MISCELLANEOUS

NEW FANGLED SCHOOLS.

They taught him to hemstitch, and they taught him how
to sing,
And how to make a basket out of variegated string,
And how to fold a paper so he wouldn't hurt his thumb;
They taught a lot to Bertie, but he
couldn't
do a
sum.

They taught him how to mold the head of Hercules in
clay,
And how to tell the difference 'twixt the blue bird and the
jay,
And how to sketch a horsie in a little picture frame,
But, strangely, they forgot to teach him
how to
spell his
name. ?

Now, Bertie's pa was cranky, and he went one day to find
What 'twas they did that made his son so backward in the
mind.
"I don't want Bertie wrecked!" he cried, his temper far
from cool;
"I want him educated!" so he
took him
out of
school.

—Newark News.

THE RIGHT SIGN.

From a bushel of corn the distiller gets four gallons of whiskey which retails at $16.80.

Out of this $16.80

The farmer gets	$0 25
The U. S. Government gets	4 40
The R. R. Co. gets	1 00
The manufacturer gets	4 00
The drayman gets	15
The retailer gets	7 00
The customer gets	Drunk
The children get	Rags
The politician many times gets	Office

The Licensed Saloon. What is It?

1. It is one of the devil's incubators, where he hatches out vice, crime and sin.

2. It is the devil's headquarters where plans are laid for the downfall of good in the community.

3. It is the corrupter of politics, society and business.

4. It undermines manhood, thrift, industry and purity.

5. A man who sells whiskey has no interest in the moral and spiritual conditions of the community in which he lives.

A True Sign for a Saloon.

1. Banks for losing.

2. Nothing taken on deposit but good money.

3. Nothing paid back but disgrace, disease, degradation and death.

In Milwaukee, Wis., you will find the Milwaukee Beer Brewing Company and the North West Life Insurance Company. These two institutions have had an existence in this city for forty years and the managers of the life-insurance company have closely watched the effect of strong drink on the human system, and as a result of their investigation, they have decided not to take a risk, or issue a policy to any one who has employment in this brewing establishment, even down to those who drive a beer wagon.

4. Consumption sold here. That which consumes a man's money, will power, character and time.

5. Delirium tremens sold here. Come and buy, so that you may get into that condition in which you may see snakes all around you.

6. A free pass to perdition guaranteed to all who pay well at the counter.

7. All children of depositors sent without extra charge to the orphan's asylum or almshouse.

All these a well regulated saloon is good for.

Strong drink renders a man a nuisance.

We want to do as we pray and feel.

I want to draw a very pitiful and true picture of modern civilization.

On the Day of Election You See the Following:

The beer brewer and the Catholic priest.

The distiller and the Protestant clergyman.

The saloon-keeper and the Sunday-school superintendent.

The bar-tender and the class leader.

The drunkard and the lay church member.

All practically stand shoulder to shoulder voting twin ballots.—*Extracted from J. F. Koontz, in Brethren Evangelist.*

"Profanity is the vernacular of the vicious, partaking of the gutteral of the gutter, the labials of the lecherous, the mutes of the muddy-minded, couched in the rhetoric of rottenness and dialect of the damned."

Seize time by the forelock.—*Pittacus.*

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THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT.

as farmers in the South Platte Valley have demonstrated during the past five years that it is more profitable to raise sugar beets than any other farm crop, and

THERE ARE SEVEN BEET SUGAR FACTORIES IN THE SOUTH PLATTE VALLEY

out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE ERECTED IN 1906

to be owned by the same parties. Farmers can do most of the labor themselves without hiring any help except during the thinning season, and the sugar factories are always willing and glad to furnish additional laborers during the thinning season, advancing the money to pay their wages, taking it out of the returns from the sugar beet crop.

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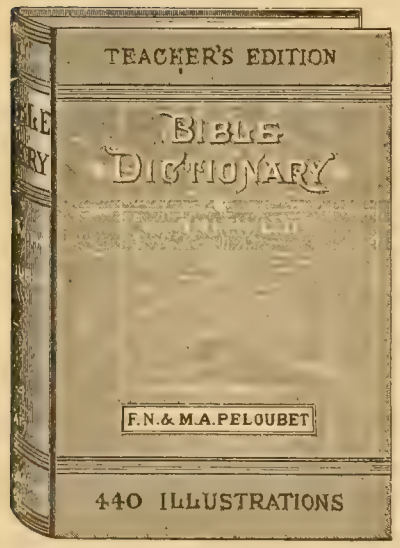
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in the South Platte Valley, Colorado, on land equally as good that you can buy at from $30.00 to $40.00 an acre, for which crop you will receive from $75.00 to $150.00 an acre.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. NOVEMBER 21, 1905. NO. 47.

WRECKS.

O sad it is when Hope's brave bark,
That breasted high the waves,
Is borne by tidal circumstance
To Sorrow's sunless caves!
O strange it is when Love's strong ship,
With golden sails all set,
Is cast by storm-winds of the heart
On dark shores of regret!

O drear it is when Faith's fair fleet,
That wooed the morning light,
Is swept by whirlwinds of the deep
To Doubt's unfathomed night!
O black it is when winds and waves
In banded fury roll,
And shatter on the reefs of Sin,
The white ship of the Soul!

—Wm. Hamilton Hayne.

SNAPSHOTS.

Every habit is either a wing or a chain.

The truly sublime is always easy and natural.—Burke.

Brain and faith forces united prove an irresistible power.

In all our studies of nature we should study human nature.

A starving man finds it difficult to interest himself in tracts.

Respect for older people is a virtue that our children should learn.

All the great work in the world is simply doing the best that is in us.

Jealousy is always looking for something it does not want to find.

The recording angel knows the back alley as well as the front yard.

Suspicion is the fountain of hate, and a many-sided hell is its legitimate harvest.

The devil never stays awake to watch the man who tries to be religious because it pays.

The man who does his whole duty has precious little time to criticise the work others are doing.

In the noblest and best of human characters imperfections may be discovered, except in the man Christ Jesus.

One way to foolishly waste time is to spend to-day planning to do to-morrow what should have been done yesterday.

After you have put yourself in the other man's place for a short time, you may have a reason for changing your place.

When you would pull a sinner out of the ditch do you have a sneaking desire to take him by the hair of the head?

The heroes who die for their country are not entitled to any more credit than the heroes who live for their country.

Things should not be done by halves. If it is right do it boldly, if it is wrong leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

The power we need is within one's reach and he who can will, can conquer. There are unlimited resources in every man. Let him wake up and tap his supply and he becomes almost omnipotent. Men need not be surprised at any result following such an act.



The Old Doyle House

By PROF. G. W. FURREY



Chapter XVIII.

THE day had dawned at last which was to decide whether the old Doyle property was to revert to the original owners or to become the property of the present occupants. The county seat, Delphi, was alert with excitement and expectancy. Coteries of bearded farmers were seen on every corner, discussing the merits of the case. "Well, to-day will tell the tale," suggested a sandy-whiskered son of the soil within whose locks could be seen threads of silver like "leads" in the mountains, only these led to empty "lodes."

"I dunno," answered the person addressed. "They tell me that the prosecution has not put in an appearance. And it is whispered about that his attorneys say that he disappeared at about the same time as our little friend, the miller's daughter."

"So?"

"Yes'n of course folks're beginning to put two and two together. Looks to me uncommon like 'lopement, an' if I'm right the young man won't show up until he has to."

"Here, what'd you say, Haren?" to our old friend who had been a silent listener to the conversation, while a cynical smile added to the characteristic latitude of his countenance.

"I think it won't be an easy thing to 'panel twelve disinterested men to serve on that jury," was his laconical and rather pertinent answer.

But the jury was chosen with little difficulty, for both sides realized that the developments of the hour would be the potent factor in the case and not the subtilities of logic and oratory. The defense were unable to secure competent legal assistance to conduct the case against the mighty Coe & Cobble. So Mr. Girard, the miller, who at one time had taken a college course in law, decided to plead his own cause.

The morning had dawned with a threatening sky and as the trial proceeded the heavens grew black with dark nimbus clouds, while a dull distant roar gave evidence that a storm was approaching.

The plaintiff had given in their evidence which appeared impregnable. There could be no doubt but that Charles Brown was really Francis Doyle. There was not lacking a single link in the well-forged chain of evidence save the nonappearance of the young man himself. Where was he? His attorneys had to confess that they did not know. Their search had been no less thorough than fruitless. "But," concluded the indignant Cobble, pointing his long finger towards the miller, "that man who has been the cause of my client's misfortune, that man who insults these halls of justice by his presence as an advocate, that man can tell you where he is. For it is by his evil machinations through his daughter that my client has been spirited away. Find her and you will find him also." He sat down amidst a storm of hisses, the din of which was heightened by a clap of thunder and the breaking storm without.

The miller was next called; and pale with emotion and haggard from much anxiety he arose just as there was a tumult of confusion at the court room door, followed by the entrance of a young man in neglected attire and breathless almost to exhaustion. He made his way to the witness box and was received by his attorneys. But the consequent commotion did not disconcert the miller. His face only became several shades whiter and his voice colder and stonier.

"My opponent's charge is partly true. I did try to conceal from the youth his real name, but not with the motives imputed to me. Here, your honor, is his birth certificate, with a letter and a photograph of his mother. His father stands before you. Charles Brown is my own son."

There was a loud crash, and the bolt of lightning stunned the vast assemblage. The courthouse had been struck and the flames were already devouring the scene of so great ambition and deep-laid plots. Many had been only momentarily stunned and were soon eagerly giving a hand to the work of rescue of the more unfortunate.

"Come," said the miller, addressing Charles, "God Almighty has adjourned this court. We will be needed at home. But tell me if you know the whereabouts of my daughter."

"Before God, I know nothing. Is she lost? Oh, heaven! Can it be true? Maude, my sister!"

Once on the outside the violence of the storm carried them fairly off their feet. They were thrust against the ungainly form of a man drenched to the skin, his broad-brimmed hat hanging limp about his shoulders, almost concealing his identity.

"Ah, there ye be! An' ye also, Jake. How did ye git aholt uv 'im? Confound 'im, he broke loose from me this morning and I well-nigh busted a shoestring trying to ketch 'im."

"Come on, Martin," said the miller, "we must get to the mill as soon as possible. This rain will take the ice off the river and I am anxious for my wife, who is at home alone. She has not been in her right mind since the disappearance of her daughter. We must reach her as soon as possible."

Together they fought their way through the storm whose fury was unabating. Their road led through the timber and they were constantly menaced by falling trees and broken branches. Darkness had spread her peace-giving mantle over the troubled earth; but she refused to be comforted. Slowly but persistently the trio fought their way in silence. After two hours' battling with the storm and slush they came in sight of the river. The almost incessant flashing of lightning showed them that the ice was indeed going out. The river appeared like a sea of ice and the crushing and grinding noise showed that it had gorged. Looking across to the mill they saw a huge cake rise like a hand out of the sea and break away the underpining of the sawmill as if it had been only a cobweb, which then fell with a crash and splash into the river, forming a sort of protection to the rest of the structure.

"Great guns!" ejaculated the farmer. "The ice has gorged at the Widow's Bend an' the river is rising like a tide."

"We must get across somehow, men. The river is out of her banks and in half an hour my house will be under water. Follow me. It is possible that the ice is not broken up below the gorge."

But they were doomed to disappointment. The ice was broken up and gone. The river was narrow and comparatively free from floating ice.

"I am going to swim across," said the miller, "you men stay here. If the dam of ice breaks of course I will be done for. In that case, Charlie, you will—but it is no time for words. Good-bye."

"No, you don't!" said the farmer. "We have been comrades too long, Jake, for me to desert ye now. I go along."

"Here, Mr. Girard,—father,—this belongs to you," said Charles, extending his hand with a black leather wallet. "It is the $500. I took it from the drawer. Forgive me as I do you. I cannot swim, but I will see if I can cross on the gorge."

They shook hands all around and the two plunged into the water. Half the way across they could reach the bottom. But the second half came near being their finish. The giant suck-hole was right in their path. They were already in its power, maddened as it was by the scarcity of water that was held back by the gorge, when they were lifted out of the water by a huge cake of ice which had freed itself from the bottom of the gorge and had risen with enough momentum to carry them across the mouth of the whirlpool onto the land. They hastened to a place of greater safety and turned to look back at the monster whose fury they had so narrowly escaped and to breathe a prayer of gratitude for their deliverance, when they were knocked to the ground by the force of a mighty explosion. Not more than five rods from where they were standing a mountain of flame rose hundreds of feet and threw masses of stone and dirt and ice, "dealing out hell and destruction with a lavish hand," the farmer later explained. Luckily they escaped with only some slight bruises from the flying missiles. With a common impulse they hastened through the debris, which greatly impeded their progress, toward the mill and away from this scene of horror.

"My God! My God!" they heard coming in the groaning accents of a dying man. They hastened to his side and were horror-stricken at the sight. Old Ruben, the dwarf, his face black and charred by powder, his arms and legs completely gone, was breathing his last, hanging on the broken limb of a tree that had been impaled through his body. He saw them.

"Did I break the gorge? I had no fuse—had to light it with a match," so saying he died before their eyes. They removed the body with a great deal of difficulty and laid it reverently in the sheltering niche of a rock and hastened on. The water was rapidly subsiding. They reached the miller's house by wading through the water which surrounded it, but which had fallen till it was not more than two feet deep. They made a rapid, anxious search for Mrs. Girard, but she was gone.

(To be Continued.)

FOR BOYS TO THINK ABOUT.

It is easier to keep out of jail than to break out, provided you begin in time.

It is easier to avoid forming a bad habit than it is to break away from a bad habit.

It is easier to avoid beginning to tamper with tobacco and strong drink than it is to free yourself from the appetite if it be once acquired.

The dollar you earn and spend is only a dollar; the dollar you earn and save is two dollars. He who makes it a rule always to earn his dollar before he spends it, will never be a beggar or a slave to debt.

Your being a poor boy may make it harder for you to rise than if you were rich, but when well up once it will be all the easier for you to hold your place.

Poverty may keep a boy down for a time, but if he has in him the true mettle, he will rise. Jay Gould was a poverty-stricken surveyor. George W. Childs was a bookseller's errand boy at a salary of four dollars a month. John Wanamaker started business on a salary of a dollar and a quarter a week. Andrew Carnegie began life on a weekly salary of three dollars. Abraham Lincoln was a miserably poor farmer's son. Andrew Johnson was a tailor's apprentice boy, and learned to read after he was married. James A. Garfield was a poor widow's son, and as a barefooted boy drove mules on the towpath of an Ohio canal.—*Selected.*

HOW PEOPLE LIVE IN GREATER NEW YORK.

W. M. HOWE.

We have thought that in any city there are necessarily a great number of very poor people because of its being practically impossible for all to find work. Under normal conditions this is not the case to any great extent.



A Group of Street Waifs When Night Has Overtaken Them.

On the other hand we have heard many remarks to the effect that men would leave this noisy, sleepless city if they but knew where to go to find other profitable employment. They cling to the "bird in hand," believing that it is better to have bread in a crowded city than to seek rest in the country where



Scene of Boys Playing "Craps" in an Empty Wagon. The Only Meeting Place for Boys in the Neighborhood. [Courtesy of the Charity Organization Society, Fourth Ave. and Twenty-Second St., N. Y.]

they fear they may find too little, or nothing, for the children to eat.

Many who have irregular employment yet receive such good wages that those who are properly economical can live and save money and always bridge over the short spells of enforced idleness.

We desire primarily to point out from a mechanical standpoint the kind of homes these four million people have in this big city.

1. There are those who live in fine houses which may have from two to four or more stories, and like the country people occupy the building from the attic to the cellar. They may have yards or they may have none. They may have a score of servants or they may have none. But, all told, there are comparatively few people who live in this royal, private way. It is too expensive.

These homes, depending on the location, size and conveniences, rent for from ten dollars per month to fifteen thousand dollars per year. The cheaper rents are in the minority and are continually becoming more scarce. Of course there are mansions which, considering their cost, should rent for fifty thousand dollars per year, but we know of none such for rent at the present time.



A Jersey City Scene in the Tenement District within Ten Minutes' Ride of New York City Hall. It is the Passage between Two Rows of Houses on One Side and Two more on the Other Side, All Four Rows being between Two Streets and all in the same block. [Courtesy of the Charity Organization Society, Fourth Ave. and Twenty-Second St., N. Y.]

2. Many men who build or buy have the building so arranged that while they live in the basement and on the first floor, they rent to another family the floor above, which contains in this case a complete suite of rooms, with kitchen in the rear, then dining room, bed rooms and parlor in front.

3. This introduces us naturally to the flat system. Philadelphia is a city of homes, but New York is a city of flats. Large buildings are erected and so arranged that a number of families may be housed in each one of them. Each family may have a complete suite of rooms with all the conveniences, though many have not. A suite of rooms is called a flat, and there may be anywhere from one to six or more flats on each floor or story of the house.

These people in the flats may do their own washing but as a rule they have no place to hang the clothes

to dry, save on the flat roofs of the building in which they live. So while the people living next the roof have far to carry their coal when they bring it from the cellar they have but one flight of steps to carry the wet clothes when they take them to the line.

The Brooklyn missionaries live over the store room which is fixed up for a chapel, where all the services are held. Nine families, in as many flats, live on the three floors above the chapel. The cellar is accordingly partitioned off into nine departments, one being assigned to each family. In these are kept the fuel, each door being well secured with lock and key. Of course frequently the whole building is heated by one large furnace.



A Thanksgiving Dinner in a Brooklyn Mission.

Depending again upon the location, the size, and number of rooms, these flats rent for from six dollars per month to ten thousand dollars per year. Some of the aristocracy have paid as much as ten thousand dollars rent just for the season—not including the hot summer months when they are off to some summer resort.

During this time, when vacant these "apartments" (for when they rent at such a figure they are no longer called flats) are renovated and the owner with his gilded bait lays low to catch another ten thousand dollars from some millionaire who wants to live like a king when he returns to winter in New York, and yet does not want to be bothered with the care of a mansion.

4. Others again of this wealthy class, who do not care even to be cumbered with furniture and especially with servants, find quarters in the apartment hotels of the city. Here a suite of rooms all furnished may include besides bed rooms and a sitting room, a library and a parlor, but never a kitchen or a dining room.

In the same building, however, is one big kitchen and one big dining room for all in the house or hotel. These may be on the top floor or on the first floor of a ten or more story building and with first-class elevator service no one objects to either the direction or the distance he must go for his meals, for no one has a step to climb. Instead of one big dining room there may be several that are smaller, one for each family in the building. Here they board as at a hotel. A family of five may pay one hundred dollars, more or less, for their rooms and a like amount, maybe, for their meals. This suits to perfection the man who will spend next winter in New Orleans (if an apartment can be found there in which his tasty, doless wife will stay), and the next season in San Francisco or Paris.

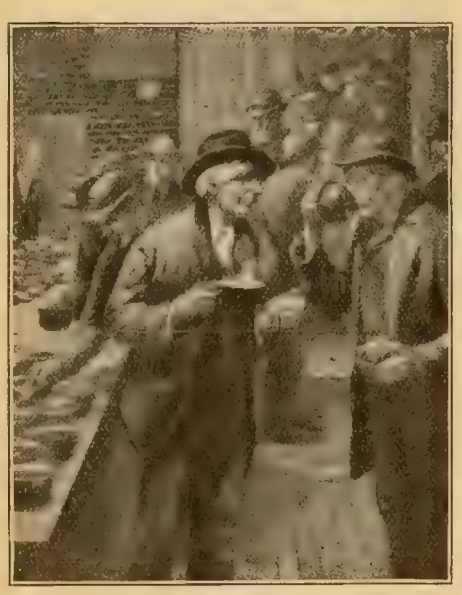
5. Then, too, thousands of men and women and whole families, also, live in the regular hotels and boarding houses. These, for the most part, are the transients who come and go at irregular intervals, but in one continuous stream.

6. So much for the people who are employed with



A Street Scene in an Italian Neighborhood Known as "Little Italy," Upper East Side. [Courtesy of the Charity Organization Society, Fourth Ave. and Twenty-Second St., N. Y.]

brawn or brain or who have an income without the trouble to work for it. But there are many hundreds, as a rule, who do not know at noon where they'll get a bite of supper or where they'll rest at night and sometimes they never know until the night is past. Sin has made some of these hopeless wanderers a great burden to themselves and to others. Hundreds of this class get every midnight of the year, save the nights of Saturday, a large piece of bread handed to them from the door of a charitable baker, who, for years, has been feeding, at this odd hour, the worthy and unworthy alike who present themselves with empty hands. In cold weather a cup of hot coffee with sugar in it is given also to each.



The Bread Line at the Bowery Mission for the Very Poor.

Surely half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, and this is as true of New York as it is of the world.

5901 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



The Side Door Entrance of a Saloon in a Tenement Neighborhood. Photograph Taken on Sunday. [Courtesy of the Charity Organization Society, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Second St., N. Y.]

TED'S WHIPPING.

Ted was not at the breakfast table when his father and mother were discussing his delinquencies. It was Saturday morning and he was upstairs in a wide, sunny room at the back of the house called the store room, though in reality it was given over to Ted as a workshop. He had taken his bread and milk breakfast early that morning, as he had an electrical device in his mind which he was developing from two tin cans and some copper wire, combined with a toy battery.

Ted was Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fuller's only child and in him rested the emphasis of their lives. He never had given them trouble before, and to speak of severe discipline in connection with Ted was a new and unpleasant sensation.

"He came home from school late again yesterday afternoon," his mother related, almost tearfully. "That was the third time it has occurred this week. The time before I told him it must never happen again. He promised me faithfully it should not and the very next afternoon he was late. I don't want to restrict him too much, but after school closes I want

him to report at home and let me know what he intends to do. He promised me he would and then disobeyed me. I never knew Ted to be deliberately disobedient before," she lamented.

Ted's father listened with a frown of perplexity marking his brow. He was astonished to learn that Ted—joyous, sweet-tempered, ten years old Ted—should be turning unruly.

"What do you think we should do?" he asked.

"I told him yesterday we should have to punish him. He would not explain what kept him and—and—" she hesitated, as if dreading to make the revelation. "Oh, Edward, he looked as though he had been fighting!"

She hid her face in her hands and shuddered at the enormity of Ted's offense.

The boy's father with difficulty restrained a smile, remembering like experiences of his own boyhood.

"Oh, well," he said cheerfully, "that is not such a terrible thing. Boys have to cool off with a fight once in a while."

"Edward!" his wife exclaimed in a voice filled with reproach, "that does not excuse his disobedience. For his own sake he must be held in control."

"No, he should not have disobeyed you," Ted's father admitted. "I suppose I shall have to whip him, but I'd rather take a beating myself. I believe that is what my father used to do to me when I kicked clear over the traces," he reflected.

His wife did not answer at once and he took her silence for consent. He got up from the table slowly and walked across the room, lingering on his steps. Mrs. Fuller, dreading the crisis she had precipitated, courted delay.

"Isn't there some other way?" she asked, pleadingly.

Ted's father shook his head. "As I remember," he said, "an interview with a switch was particularly effective. I was never hurt much, but it stung my pride so I was careful to avoid doing the things forbidden. We might as well have it over and, I think, considering Ted's disposition, it is not likely to occur again."

By this time Ted's mother was in tears.

"Oh, Edward," she sobbed, "don't hurt him!"

She heard Ted come bounding down the stairs in a cheery, "All right, I'm coming," in answer to his father's summons.

She did not wait to hear more, but fled to her room, where she shut and locked the door. She flung herself on the couch and buried her head in the pillows in fear of hearing Ted's cries. Knowing her boy as she did, it was foolish of her to think he might cry out, and knowing Ted's father as she did, it was foolish of her to think he would be too severe. After all it would be only a bit of mild discipline which never should be repeated.

"Never!" she exclaimed fiercely, springing to her feet and clenching her hands. "Never!"

It seemed to her but yesterday that Ted was a tiny, soft baby whose silken head fitted so snugly into the curve of her neck. And Ted was such a "cuddly" baby; he never resisted her when she nestled him in her arms. He was such a "cuddle doon" baby. The memory wrung her heart; she could not endure to think of blows falling on that soft body and perhaps marring its satiny smoothness. She would go to Ted's rescue; he must be punished in some other way. She started to carry out her determination. Her hand was on the door and then she remembered it would not be just to interfere with the boy's father and put him wrong in Ted's eyes. She went back to the couch and sat on its edge to wait.

Ted's father, commanding his son to follow him, led the way to the barn. His silence made Ted feel there was something amiss and he obeyed him in wonder. He saw him stop and cut a slender switch from a tree, at first seeing nothing in this connected with him. He thought his father was angry about something and he searched his mind to discover wherein he was the cause. Suddenly he recalled an event of yesterday and his mother's warning that he should be punished. He had forgotten, and now the hour had come.

Ted had no idea of evading the penalty. "Always walk up and take your medicine like a man, Ted," his father told him one day, and he was going to show him he could follow instructions. Mr. Fuller's heart was much weaker than his son's. It seemed a brutal, unfair thing he was about to do. Ted's head scarcely reached his elbow. He was using his own superior size and strength to take advantage of his boy, but, according to his light, it must be done, and it were best to do it quickly.

In the barn he faced his son, feeling like a towering giant.

"Ted," he said, "take off your coat. I'm going to whip you for disobeying your mother yesterday."

"Yes, sir," Ted answered, stripping off his jacket.

Under their linen covering the boy's shoulders looked childishly thin and narrow. The man could not strike that frail body even with so harmless a weapon as a slender switch. The boy waited. The man waited. He would question first.

"Ted," he asked, "why did you disobey your mother yesterday about coming home from school? You had given her your promise, you know."

The boy looked up and met his gaze fearlessly with his honest brown eyes. How clear his skin was and how clean his lips, his father thought.

"I was in a fight," Ted confessed, with flushed cheeks, "and it made me late. The other fellow was bigger'n me, father, 'siderably bigger."

His voice quavered away in a zigzag.

"Let's sit down, Ted, and talk it over," his father suggested.

There were no chairs in the place, so they sat down side by side on the floor and leaned their backs against the wall. The boy was a miniature copy of his father in looks and action, and when the man encircled his knees with his arms and clasped his hands together Ted took the same position with the utmost gravity.

"You see, father," Ted began, "Billy Ruggels, that's the other fellow, held me up Tuesday after school and wouldn't let me come home, so I was late. Thursday he made me late again, and Friday he tried it over, but I'd given mother a cross-my-heart promise, so when he wouldn't let me go I hit him. Then he hit me, and after that we kept a-hitting each other till we had an awful fight. I guess Billy won't hold me up any more. You can ask any of the fellows if I didn't lick him. And he's bigger'n me, father, 'siderably bigger," Ted repeated in self-extenuation.

His father's lips twitched with a smile.

"But why didn't you explain to your mother, Ted?" he questioned.

"Well, you see, father," Ted returned, "mother's just a girl and girls get so nervous about fights. I didn't want to scare her."

"Oh, yes, I see," his father said, gravely.

"Did you get hurt, old man?" he asked.

"A piece of skin is skunned off my arm," Ted owned, turning back his sleeve to display his brand of war.

His father inspected it with interest.

"That's not so bad; no battle worth the name is without its scar," he said, speaking as man to man.

"Yes, sir," responded Ted.

There was a moment's embarrassed silence between them while Mr. Fuller surreptitiously bent and broke the switch and threw it out of the door. He got up from the floor. Ted immediately followed his example and they stood facing each other, the big man and the little man, eyes meeting eyes with love and perfect understanding.

"Shake, Ted," invited his father, holding out his hand.

"Yes, sir," agreed Ted heartily.

In her room, Ted's mother, wondering at the length of time which had elapsed, was at the window waiting and watching. Presently she saw her boy and his father coming across the lawn. They were holding amicable converse together and Ted was stretching his short legs in absurdly long strides to keep pace with his father's steps. Ted saw his mother and called to her to come down. She hastened to join them, and over their son's head the father and mother exchanged glances which asked and answered a question.

"Is it right with Ted?" the woman's eyes said.

"Everything is right with the boy," the man's eyes gave answer.—*Toledo Blade.*

THE JEWISH QUARTER-MILLENNIAL CELEBRATION.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made throughout the United States for the celebration, on Thanksgiving day, of the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the Jews in the United States, and representative Jews in every State and Territory are active on committees appointed to take charge of this commemoration. The approaching Thanksgiving day will thus have a special significance for the million and a quarter of Jews residing in this land, who will then invoke God's blessing on this beloved country, which, first among the nations of modern times, recognized the Jew's title to all the rights of man, and permitted him, in common with all other members of the body politic, to worship the Almighty Father according to the dictates of his own conscience.

In 1655, at a time when the terrors of the Inquisition threatened the Jew who disregarded the Spanish and Portuguese edicts of expulsion, when France and most sections of Germany were closed to him, and when Manasseh ben Israel was about to begin his only partially successful negotiations with Cromwell for a repeal of Edward I's edict of expulsion of the Jews from England, the directors of the Dutch West India Company, which governed New York at the time, instructed Governor Stuyvesant, with respect to a petition submitted by professing Jews who had arrived at New Amsterdam from Brazil the year before, that Jews "shall have permission to sail to and trade in New Netherland, and to live and remain there, provided the poor among them shall not become a burden to the Company or the community, but be supported by their own nation." Contemporary construction of this grant shows that it was not intended to be limited by unexpressed conditions, and hence it may be regarded as the first great charter of civil and political rights made to Jews in modern times. But the American Jews emphasize, in this commemoration, also the further fact that they are not mere recent arrivals and interlopers on this continent, but, without reference even to this very material aid they had afforded to Columbus in furtherance of his discoveries and their very extensive settlements in South America and the West Indies during the period immediately following the discovery, have been among the pioneers in this land, entitled to be counted, in priority of settlement, alongside of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Jamestown settlers.—*From "The Jew in American History," by Max J. Kohler, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for November.*

THE SUCCESSFUL PRIMARY TEACHER.

LULA GOSHORN.

TRUE success lies not in numbers. One soul is worth more than the world. When the primary teacher considers the material she has to work with, the plastic mind of childhood, its retentive power and her golden opportunity for working for Christ, she should be stimulated to put forth her very best efforts to implant a desire to know more of him and create a love for his Word in each tender heart.

The primary teacher holds the most responsible position in the school. Older persons have opinions hard to change and minds filled with other things, but we remember the incidents of childhood to the close of life. How careful and true should be our teaching!

Study the personality of the child. Learn how to interest him. Take advantage of that which appeals to him most directly to press home a golden truth. Encourage him to talk of the lesson. Teach him to never fear mistakes but use them as stepping-stones to something higher. By mistakes older persons learn as well. Encourage him to express an opinion, and if wrong, kindly correct and direct aright. If the teacher tells the lesson story let it be in an easy, simple way and let the questions be clear and pointed. Make the recitations attractive by various forms.

Be careful of personal appearance. Be sympathetic and encourage the timid. Don't make too many points; better one truth firmly established than a hopeless confusion of many.

Sometimes I think the greatest sin we will have to answer for will be our neglected opportunities; and surely the opportunities of the primary teacher are many. The most successful teacher puts her conscience in her work and teaches as if she expected to meet the results of her teaching in the judgment, for she certainly will; and thus feeling the responsibility resting upon her, she will strive each day of the week to become better prepared to implant germs of the Christ-life in the hearts of the little ones under her care.

Ladoga, Ind.

A ROTHSCHILD FUNERAL.

More Than Royal Pomp Attended the Passing of an Unimportant Young Man.

VANCE THOMPSON, in *Everybody's Magazine* for November, describes, in "The Rothschilds of France," the pageantry of Baron Arthur Rothschild's funeral.

"The Baron Arthur," says Mr. Thompson, "was a weakling; he was unregarded in his lifetime; the newspapers said he died by his own hand; but his funeral served to illustrate the family magnificence and social power. All traffic was stopped in the main thoroughfares of the city through which the procession passed. For hours the heart of Paris ceased to beat. Business ceased. Trams and 'buses were arrested. Hour after hour the long funeral crept through the boulevards while Paris looked on in wonder. The same Paris had seen the old poet, Victor Hugo, borne to his grave in a pauper's cart. The dead baron went with medieval pomp, though he was but a nephew of the house. Came first three coaches with the rabbins. Then the hearse, with great plumes, drawn by eight horses in sable cloths. Then the house servants: butlers in white silk stockings; ushers in gilt chains and livery; valets, coachmen, footmen, stable lads; buglers, masters of hounds and horses in pink; guards and beaters of the preserves, and, conspicuous, the huntsmen, leading in leash the baron's favorite hounds—and the hounds leaped in leash and bayed; followed, too, his farmers and the peasants of his fields; and with all went the family, and, in a mile of carriages, the aristocracy of France paid homage; with such pomp the baron was taken to his grave; and the earth was laid upon him and he slept.

"Such anecdotes are really documents of the social life of the epoch.

"The Rothschild foresight has not neglected the political and economic changes that may take place in France. It is noteworthy that the extremely revolutionary newspapers, the socialistic journals especially, are owned or supported by the Rothschilds and their financial associates. International finance has made friends with international revolution. Better than any other money-mighty family the Rothschilds have known how to conciliate the proletariat; and this is a fact of immense political significance. The old baron died May 26; the next day all Paris talked of the Rothschilds; and the men in the blouses, without exception, said: 'They are too rich—yes; but then they are friends of the people.'"

CHESTNUTS AS A FOOD.

CHESTNUTS are a very similar food to potatoes. The chestnut, however, is the more nutritious of the two. The chestnut has only fifty-three per cent water, while the potato has seventy-six per cent of water. In all of the nutritive ingredients the chestnut leads the potato. The chestnut may be cooked exactly as the potato is, boiled, baked or roasted.

The culture of the chestnut in this country has as yet been neglected, and furnishes an inviting field for enterprising agriculture.

IT is a dangerous thing to pray for a blessing unless you want it.—*Missionary Review.*

SAN BLAS INDIANS.

WITHIN one hundred miles of the place where American builders are turning up the soil to open the great Panama waterway, there live, as they have lived for hundreds of generations, a tribe of Indians who compose probably the most remarkable community on this hemisphere.

Very little about them is known to the world, but there are among them men who have visited many nations. In South and Central America they are called the San Blas tribe, and in Panama, their nearest civilized neighbor, they are respected, not to say revered.

Charles Wagner might have studied the lives of this people with profit to his theories of a "simple life." Here among a tribe of some 10,000 people, whom the world might deem savages, the true, simple life exists.

In a tropical country, where cocoanuts, bananas, limes, fish and game abound, the San Blas Indian lives, caring not a fig for the busy world about him so long as that world does not intrude upon his domains or disturb his blissful simplicity. He knows no crime, no hatred, no envy or jealousy, no love of gain or desire of advancement. He is contented, and the pipe of peace is always kindled.

No white man has ever been able to invade the territory of the San Blas Indians far enough to discover their mode of life, and all that is known about them is learned from those who visit the outside world and learn to speak foreign tongues. These are often reluctant to tell anything of their life.

Your correspondent was fortunate in gaining the confidence and interest of a San Blas Indian chief, who consented to tell something of the customs and habits of his people. What he said was found to be unknown to Americans who have lived here for twenty years and have seen these Indians thousands of times.

The chief, Joe Hatton, leader of the Devil River tribe, speaks broken English. As an able seaman, he sailed out and saw the world. He learned the English tongue from shipmates and he has visited all the important cities of America and Europe. It took much coaxing before the man could be induced to talk. Even then he dodged all questions which might reveal secrets which the San Blas Indian holds as sacred.

"Our territory south of Panama is about one hundred miles square," the old chief began. "We are very different from other Indians and we do not like the customs of the whites. All we want is to be allowed to live our lives as we do and as we have for many, many years, how long no one knows. Our land has never been invaded by the white man, and," here he smiled, "it never will be, unless we are all dead. We are friends of all nations, but we must not be disturbed.

"I should say there are 10,000 of our people. We have a big chief. We call him Henry Clay, after your great American. Our chief is a good chief. His people love him. We have our God. He is Dios, and he is a good God. He is in heaven, up there in the clouds. We believe like the Christians, that the body dies, but the spirit goes back to God.

"I am very different from most of my people. I wanted to see the world when I was a younger man. I came to Colon in my kiote and shipped as a seaman aboard a schooner. I went over America and Europe. I learned many strange and wonderful things. I returned and told my people. I shall never go again, for the world is very bad and I want to live with my people. We *have no crime here.* We have no prisons. We have not the taste for strong drink. We do not lock our doors upon each other. We live upon what nature feeds us, and there is happiness among us. No San Blas Indian ever killed or robbed or injured another. *No white man has ever seen one of our women.* What are they like? Oh, I will not tell you. *That is our secret.* To expose our women to the world would mean that some time, perhaps, like in other nations of Indians, there would be marriages with other races. Then would the San Blas blood and country die.

"We have no schools, but our people learn much from the traders who go out to sell our cocoanuts and fruits. Yes, I think our boys should be sent to Spanish or American schools to bring back knowledge.

"Our marriage system is by consent. When a young man has a boat he asks the girl he wants to be his wife for her hand, and if she consents he leads her in the morning down to the beach. He kneels before her and sings the song of love, and then all the people who see know that they are man and wife.

"We have many valuable possessions. Yes, there is gold. We find it and hammer it into earrings. We do not care to sell it or mine it. That would make the white man want to come into our territory. Most of the men go naked except for belts. But we bought our chief a fine uniform. Those of us who trade in town buy and wear clothes like Americans. San Blas Indians do not buy or sell to each other—they only trade with foreigners."

Illustrative of how stringent are the unwritten rules in the San Blas territory to prevent invasion, this story is told in Panama: A white trader who has grown very wealthy by dealing with the tribe and enjoys the confidence of Henry Clay, was once upon the San Blas shore, which is as far as any white man is ever permitted to go, when a storm sprung up at sea. The trader asked Chief Clay to be permitted to remain over night on shore. The chief realized that

it meant death to anyone to put out in a small boat in that storm. A house of logs was built upon the sand and the trader was permitted to sleep there under the guard of one hundred armed Indians, who kept an all-night vigil.

The San Blas Indian has the highest sense of business honor. One who has a cocoanut grove may make an agreement with a trader to sell his product, two nuts for five cents. That, then, will be the price for all time. A second trader may come and offer the Indian five cents apiece for his nuts, on the ground that the market warrants the price, but the Indian will indignantly refuse the offer. A trader once found cheating a San Blas Indian or attempting to do a dishonest thing is blacklisted and can do no more business with any of the tribe.

Some are albinos. They have long, woolly white hair, ghastly white complexions and pink eyes. Hatton said there were some five hundred of these. The average San Blas Indian is from four to five feet tall. He has a wedge-shaped head, broad shoulders, but tapering, weak legs. His skin is almost black. They affect American styles in a primitive way. One may wear an American-made watch, but never wind it. He keeps it to look at, and the chain is prized as an ornament. Some of the Indians in the streets of this city wear American-made hats and clothes, perhaps a pair of tennis shoes, and probably a celluloid collar. But the moment he returns to his native soil, the San Blas will doff all these for his own brown skin and belt.—*Sacramento Star.*

THE WALDENSES.

The Waldenses were more remarkable than any other people on the face of the earth for the large portions of Scripture which they committed to memory. Scripture was their all; and as the Jews treasured the manuscripts of the Old Testament, and carried them everywhere in their wanderings, often, as in the persecutions of Spain, winding them round their bodies, to part with them only with their lives, so these Waldenses laid up rich portions alike from the Old and New Testament in their hearts, so they could not be taken from them. The preparation of their pastors for the ministry consisted in learning by heart the Gospels of Matthew and John, all the epistles, and most of the writings of David, Solomon, and the prophets.

It was reckoned in the eleventh and twelfth centuries that a fair copy of the Bible, from a convent, would have cost more than sixty pounds, or three hundred dollars of our money, for the writing only; and that a skilful scribe could not complete one in less than ten months. Very precious, therefore, was every single portion: and as their enemies seized upon and burnt every copy of which they could hear, societies of young persons were formed in the Vaudois valleys, every member of which was entrusted to preserve in his memory a certain number of chapters, and when they assembled for worship, which they did with all possible precaution, from great distances, in some hidden mountain gorge, these new Levites, standing before the face of the minister, would recite, one after another, chapters of the priceless Book, for which they often paid the price of blood. Upon this Church of the Book came down, for century after century, the heaviest vengeance of the church of Rome.—*Exchange.*

WOMAN'S SUPERIORITY.

Pittsburg *Gazette:* Professor Chamberlain, of Clark University, has figured out that women have a whole lot more ability than men. Following is his list:

"As an actor she has greater ability and more frequently shows it.

"She is noticeably more charitable—in money matters.

"Under reasonable opportunities she is more gifted at diplomacy.

"She has greater genius in politics.

"She more commonly has executive ability.

"Her hearing is more acute.

"Her imagination is greater.

"Her intuitions are greater.

"Her memory is better.

"Her patience is greater.

"Her perceptions are more rapid.

"She has greater religious devotion.

"Her instinct for sacrifice is greater.

"She bears pain more heroically.

"Her sympathy is greater.

"She has greater tact.

"She has more acute taste.

"She has greater vitality.

"She has more fluency in the lower forms of speech."

CAPE, GULF AND MOUNTAIN.

"Jimmy," said the teacher, "what's a cape?"

"A cape is land extending into the water."

"Correct. William, define a gulf."

"A gulf is water extending into the land."

"Good. Christopher," to a small, eager-looking boy, "can you tell us what is a mountain?"

Christopher shot up from his seat so suddenly as to startle the visitor, and promptly responded: "A mountain is land extending into the air."—*Youth's Companion.*

A TRANSFERRED PRIZE.

It was the one great day in college. Commencement had drawn citizens from all the county and from other counties to witness the success of the graduates. It was in the hilly region of the South, settled by the Scotch-Irish, whose descendants maintained the old estimate, both of religion and education. Before the hour of meeting, students from time to time appeared upon the platform to see the crowd pouring in. Among the elegant youth, who represented the chief families, was a manly-looking boy, clothed in homespun, who seemed quite busy. Robert Duncan was the only child of a farmer, who gained a scanty living out of a stony soil on the hillside. By heredity, as well as by training, Robert loved his books. From "Saint's Rest" to "Robinson Crusoe" and the Bible, every volume in the cottage—small and great, had been eagerly conned. When sent to the village academy he did not mind the three-mile walk twice a day, and by his diligence stood first in all the classes. His lessons were studied at night by the blaze of light-wood or pine-knot. But his happy days were closing with the close of the term, and the prospect of giving up study did not seem bright or hopeful.

One night, when Robert had gone to bed in the attic, the mother said, "My heart is sore for Robbie. He is all fitted for college and so longs for an education—such a good boy, too, I long to send him."

"The same has been on my mind, too," said the husband. "I want it for him as much as he wants it."

After a pause, she replied:

"I could do without many a thing at table—sugar and the like are not necessary. We could sell more butter, eggs and nice things from the farm. Then our little savings put by for sickness and old age, I could spare them for sending Robbie to college."

"The best boy in the country around," cried the father. "He'll manage to work and help himself. He is quick at everything."

At first Robert was almost dazed with the idea of going to college. The parents' sacrifice seemed too great; but then he felt a happy assurance that he could return the money later. He did not find college life all luxury. Besides taking a high rank in his classes he spent some time daily in taking care of the college buildings, or as the saying was, he became "professor of dust and ashes." In vacation he helped on the farm, and was again the life of the house. Reports from college were most cheering—as to conduct and scholarship, but he took the old interest in his home-life and his parents' comfort.

After a few years he graduated. He had told the delighted parents of the fine appointment assigned to him, graduation day, and urged them to come and be present, without fail—the occasion was to be splendid. What a longing they had to hear their Robert speak in public! But it could not be. Their clothes were too worn and shabby. "No, it won't do," said the father, shaking his head. "Our appearance in the old clothes would put the boy to shame." "You are right," said the wife. "Robbie might, perhaps, be jeered at." So they sent him a letter of warm congratulation and sympathy, cheerfully adding that they could not be present, because of their very plain, old clothing. They could not appear in public.

The answer came on wings:

"My dear parents, come on! As for the clothes, I will take care about that. You must see your son graduate. Come on!"

This was too much to withstand. The mother cleaned and repaired the old clothes, and they set out on the appointed day with some misgivings. The college was not far away, and the journey was short.

As they entered the large auditorium they chose for themselves a retired corner, where they would be unnoticed, a back seat against the wall, and watched the stream of people in holiday suits, who represented the wealth of the State. At the extreme end of the building, on a platform, they saw Robert, who seemed bent on making arrangements, and their hearts bounded with joy at his merry smile as he greeted his friends.

As the exercises began, the band played, the young orators began to speak, flowers were showered and general gayety prevailed.

It was announced that a prize was to be given by the president to that member of the senior class who in the judgment of the faculty excelled in three important respects—ability, character and attainment.

At a signal from the chief, Robert Duncan came forth to receive the highest honor of his class, and a silver medal was seen flashing in the sunlight. It was presented with a brief Latin speech from the president. The interest of the whole audience had been manifest, but now became intense. The next thing that occurred took every one by surprise. After a modest, dignified reception of the medal, Robert descended the steps of the platform in front and then the central aisle far down to a back seat against the wall, where sat an elderly farmer and his wife clad in homespun. He threw his arms around them both and unfastening the silver medal he pinned it—kissing her cheeks—on the breast of his mother.—*Sarah Gould, in the Presbyterian.*

A PHILANTHROPIST AND A BEGGAR.

Madam—president of a philanthropic society—was walking briskly homeward along a broad thoroughfare. Her shoes were comfortable, her furs warm and cosey around her neck. She was planning busily in her head new methods by which the society could

make the poor happy. The wretched dears, how she loved to help them!

An old woman in a ragged shawl accosted her,—

"Say, would yer gimme five cents—I'm tired of walkin'?"

"Tired of walking?" (How could she be, thought Madam. Why, walking was one of the joys of life—and she wiggled her toes in her comfortable shoes.) "Where do you live, Goody?"

"On C—— Street," replied the tired one.

"But C—— Street is at the extreme end of the city, my good woman, and you are walking in exactly the opposite direction."

"Yes, ma'am, I'm going to church."

"Ah, going to church? What church do you belong to?"

"The Catholic church."

"Which Catholic church?"

"The one t'ree blocks up an' four acrost."

"But why do you come so far to church?"

"Well—I uster live up this a-way oncst."

"But are there no churches near where you now reside?"

"Ah, shure, but I like this one."

"Are you married?"

"Widow, ma'am."

"Any children?"

"Seven, ma'am."

"Do they support you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you, or any of your family, drink? Why is it your children do not support you? If your children do not support you, who does? Do you live in a tenement or——"

Goody's ragged shawl began to twitch, and her chin went up in the air.

"I ax yer pardon, but I'd rather be walkin' than standin' here a-freezin' ter death while youse takes notes on me fambly history. I thinks I've made a mistake. Excuse *me* for axing *youse* fer *five* cents. The Society News youse wants ter know is worth a *dollar!*"

And the tired one hustled off!—*Frances Marion Grant, in March Lippincott's.*

LIFE A CENTURY AGO.

One hundred years ago a man could not take a ride on a steamboat.

He could not go from Washington to New York in a few hours.

He had never seen an electric light or dreamed of an electric car.

He could not send a telegram.

He couldn't talk through a telephone, and he had never heard of the hello girl.

He could not ride a bicycle.

He could not call a stenographer and dictate a letter. He had never received a typewritten communication.

He had never heard of the germ theory, or worked over bacilli and bacteria.

He never looked pleasant before a photographer or had his picture taken.

He never heard a phonograph talk, or saw a kinetoscope turn out a prize fight.

He never saw through a Webster's unabridged dictionary with the aid of a Roentgenary.

He had never taken a ride in an elevator.

He had never imagined such a thing as a typesetting machine or a typewriter.

He had never used anything but a wooden plow.

He had never seen his wife use a sewing machine.

He had never struck a match.

He couldn't take an anesthetic and have his leg cut off without feeling it.

He had never purchased a ten-cent magazine, which would have been regarded as a miracle of art. —*S. S. Times.*

CHEERFULTOWN.

I met a man the other day
Who was going to Cheerfultown to stay.
He said, as he hummed a merry song,
"That's the place where all my folks belong,
So I won't be lonesome there, you see;
If you want to be happy, jump in with me.
The best of husbands and wives are there,
The children are kind and witty and fair,
And even the grandparents, old and gray,
Are cheerful and happy the livelong day,
While mothers are seldom known to frown,
Just over the line in Cheerfultown.
They have their trials, you may be sure,
But a laugh is the quickest sort of cure
For grim old care, with his long, sad face;
He can't stay long in a cheerful place,
But waddles away, with a scowl and frown,
To the dismal shadows of Grumbletown.
Now, if you are a bachelor, kind and true,
I know just the very best girl for you.
She is wise and good and trim and neat
From the crown of her head to her dainty feet.
The children all love her, the mothers, ah, well!
All think there is no one like dear cousin Nell.
Her smile is contagious, she never could frown,
For she always has lived in her own Cheerfultown."

—William Gillen Rodgers.

"For a man with Christ in his heart it is a finer thing to dig coal with enthusiasm than to dream dreams."—*Foster.*

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil; nor temperate, who considers pleasure the highest good.—*Cicero.*

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FAITH.

Possibly you have more faith than you think you have. Possibly other people possess more faith than you are willing to credit. A great deal is being said nowadays about people being faithless, and in fact a great many Christian people are continually wishing and praying for more faith, when, in many instances, they are in possession of a great deal of faith; but their worst difficulty is their faith is not directed in the right way; and that which is directed in the right way is not recognized by themselves. Perhaps some of this difficulty may be attributed to the fact that in the truest sense they have not learned what faith is. In evidence of this you have often heard people say that they do not believe anything they have not seen. This would necessarily mean that they have no faith at all, for it requires no faith to believe what you see. It stands in evidence of itself. But the things which we know to exist, that we have not seen, we are only acquainted with through faith. Personal observation and experience is ever-present testimony of things which we have seen, but to know things we have never seen requires faith. Examples of faith to show that we have more than we are aware of we might profitably consider.

First, faith in self. For instance, who is it that does not have faith in his ability? Every day we see people undertaking things that they have never done before. They do so because they have faith in their ability to accomplish this new duty. Men have a great deal of faith in their visionary organs; they believe their eyes to be so natural that they will not get them into trouble if they trust them. So they take things for granted that they see, and do not even question that it might be an optical illusion.

Men go on the witness stand and testify even to the condemnation of the prisoner what things they have seen. They certainly have faith in their ability to see things right, but do not recognize their amount of faith.

The same thing is true of hearing. More things go by hearsay in this world than possibly any other way. We have a proverb that "we should not believe more than half we hear," and yet in spite of the proverb people go on believing what they hear and have faith in the news of the day.

Another feature of this faith in self is pictured in one's absolute confidence in his judgment. You hear old people, especially, complain of their dull hearing, imperfect eyesight, feeble limbs, etc., but when have you ever heard one complain of his judgment? This is one of the things in which we have absolute faith and confidence.

The second demonstration is faith in others. While some people have lost faith in humanity in general, and while we are constantly growling and grumbling at each other, yet there is an inestimable amount of faith carried by us all as regards each other. When a man promises to meet us at a certain place, be it near or far, we are at the appointed place at the appointed time. When an announcement for a public meeting is made, the people by the hundreds go, having all confidence in the word that the thing will take place. There are thousands of scoundrels in the world, and yet there are perhaps more promissory notes than there are scoundrels. This shows that people still have faith in the honesty of others, or they would not risk their money for a little promissory note.

We have unbounded confidence even in our forefathers whom we never saw. We believe the history about George Washington, Aaron Burr, the Revolution, and things that we never saw, all because we have been taught in simplest forms of faith that these things must be taken for granted. We have faith in the government; we write letters and expect them to be delivered safely, many times carrying money or drafts. We have confidence in the express companies, so much so that we buy money orders and expect our money to be safely delivered. We submit important telegrams to the Western Union and believe that they will be safely delivered. We trust the telephones to convey our messages to our friends without error. Faith abounds in every way we look. Not a day passes but what a thousand forms of faith are manifested by everyone of us.

The third demonstration of this is shown in our faith in nature. We sow a thousand kinds of seeds, and yet in all this profusion of sowing not one of us expects to get other than what he has sown. What man is so foolish as to sow wheat and expect to get corn from it? We have that abiding faith in nature tnat it will not only reproduce in abundance, but that

it will reproduce after its kind. We have faith in the earth and its different characteristics of soil that it will produce certain qualities and quantities that we desire. Sometimes we pin our faith to the most fluctuating thing; for instance, we see a sign in the sky and we are certain, and very certain, that it will rain or not rain, or grow cooler or warmer, as the case may be.

All of these things and many more go to show that we lack a good deal of being a faithless generation in some things. No one would accuse nature of belying itself to them. He who takes up a peanut and cracks the hull between his fingers does not expect nature to bear him a chestnut, or an onion, but he has the fullest faith that a peanut will be found in the hull. And yet the very people who look at nature in the most confiding way, claim sometimes that they have no faith in the God of nature, who is the very Origin of the great system of nature. The truth of the matter probably is, they hope some things that God has said are not true, because, by the character of his words, they are condemned. But their hoping so does not mean that they have no faith in him. The fear that they possess indicates their faith.

The trouble with the world to-day is, in matters of faith, that we have abused our consciences by making ourselves believe what we do not believe, when the fact is we believe by natural instinct, if nothing more. It is worse than folly for one to admit that he believes in nature, and in man, and in self, as we have indicated in the above illustrations, and yet does not believe in the Author of it all, when he has demonstrated in so many ways that his Word is infallibly true. What folly it is not to believe some of it because our finite minds are not able to grasp it!

POINT OF CONTACT.

These days one hears a great deal about bank robberies, bank failures, post-office scandals, strikes, riots, etc., to the alarming extent that the American people are beginning to wonder what are the speediest ways toward reform. Different methods of reform are springing up here and there, which are likely to do more or less good in removing some of the great evils that are lurking about our social centers. It occurs, by an old method that we used to use in school, called factoring, that the individual is largely responsible. For instance, a nation is made up of states, and if each state would relieve itself of these conditions, the nation would be relieved. Then in order that the state might get rid of these evils, we must look to the counties; it thus becomes a local affair, and when these counties, with their individual townships, succeed in locating the trouble and removing it from within their borders, the whole matter finally settles on the individual. If each individual in the township will look after himself and scour his conscience until it shines brightly, this will end the matter with the township, the township with the county and the county with the state, and the state with the nation.

As we said before, the world is holding up its hands in horror at the recent stories of thievery and knavery in the high places, but thievery and knavery in low places are just as bad for the country so far as they go. The man who handles millions of dollars, and who steals one million, is no worse in the sense of stealing than the man who handles a hundred dollars and steals one. The sin of stealing is just the same, whether it be large or small. The same thing is true with grafting and commissions. It may seem terrible to know that the commission a man receives in a certain government job reaches up into the hundreds and thousands, but the same sin has been perpetrated by the man who received a bribe or a tip for something he has done that was his duty to do, for which he has been paid. The point is, we, as individuals, should not take something that we have not earned, and should not keep things that are not ours, simply because we have an opportunity to do so.

If the conductor does not take up your fare it is your duty to give it to him. Otherwise you are stealing five cents from the railway company. If the central girl forgets to ask you to drop your nickel in the telephone slot, drop it in without being asked to do so; to keep it is stealing. That is not the worst; your own ingenuity will suggest several other ways in which to keep ordinarily honest. You may ease your conscience by telling that it is their business to take up the nickel. You can also reprimand your conscience by teaching it that it is your business to deposit your fare. Stealing a million is without question bad for the public morals of the county, but stealing a nickel is just as bad for the morals of the individual who is a component part of the great body politic. The motive that lies behind the many deeds in everyday life is the harp string upon which the conscience plays the tune to which we march. These strings should be drawn to the proper tension by the keenest judgment and discretion, and these two characteristics should be carefully educated by the Word of God.

One way of becoming truly patriotic is to be strictly honest, strictly conscientious, and strictly moral. The more of our Americans who steal, the more the nation becomes a nation of thieves. The more we allow ourselves to keep back part of the truth or prevaricate, the more our nation becomes a nation of liars, and in that sense we are in a small way responsible for the condition of affairs at present. Then the shortest road by which we can eliminate our difficulties is to begin at home, inside, clean up, branch out and start for the nation via the township, county and state.

Current Happenings

A Philadelphia Jew received a cablegram from Russia, stating that his entire family have been murdered by the Russians in Odessa. There were twenty-five in the family, including parents, brothers and sisters and cousins. This case is only one of hundreds, and it is a shame that the powers do not interfere with this needless waste of blood.

The clergy of Chicago censure the mayor for not closing saloons on Sunday. There are other towns and other clergymen who are hunting mayors who have spinal columns.

The Japanese government has decided to immediately issue a new loan of two hundred and fifty million, at four per cent. Of course some of this will be used to cover some six per cent loans already made. France will participate to a considerable amount. The issuing will probably be done through the Rothschilds.

It is supposed that the corn crop of the United States will reach the enormous figures of 2,800,000,000 bushels. The autumn has been exceedingly fine for the ingathering of the immense crop, and a large majority of it has already been cribbed.

Five men were killed in a head-end collision between two freight trains, on the Rock Island.

It seems that the Pullman Car Company have to pack their trunks and walk out of the Kansas territory. They were short fourteen thousand eight hundred dollars on their charter fee, and the Attorney General for the State would like to be in possession of that amount before they do business in his territory.

Minnesota is after the land frauds within her borders. Graft and fraud seem to be the order of the day, and the people are waking up to the fact that the house is on fire and it is soon time to begin to throw water.

The President of the United States has his message ready for congress. It is said by those who profess to know to be the most comprehensive document ever submitted to that body. It is said to contain twenty thousand words, and covers a great variety of subjects, internal and external. Our chief magistrate has more choice about ideas than words when it comes to the discussion of subjects. Railroad rate regulation, insurance, corporations, interior banks, Panama Canal, immigration, Russo-Japanese war, consular service, quarantine law, citizenship, graft, the navy and the Philippines, are some of the principal points that he handles without gloves. Every citizen of the United States ought to read every word of the President's message. This will enable anyone to become enlightened as to the position taken on national topics by our chief magistrate.

Twenty-four thousand Georgians in Transcaucasia, armed with modern rifles, hold their country in spite of three great Russian forces, but the country is practically isolated, except for a few runners.

The regular annual Thanksgiving proclamation has been made by the President, and the time for this annual holiday is set for Thursday, Nov. 30. If any country in the world has the right to be grateful it is America, and it is hoped that every citizen of the United States will demonstrate his gratitude.

Prince Louis, of Battenburg, is visiting in America.

While out pheasant shooting, Rear Admiral Train, commander-in-chief of the American squadron, shot a Chinese woman, injuring her slightly. Hundreds of villagers surrounded the officer and would have taken his life had it not been that some American marines were landed and rescued the Admiral.

Lawson, of "Frenzied Finance" fame, calls the attention of President Roosevelt by wire to the report circulated in Wall Street, that the secretary of the treasury had agreed to help the financiers of the New York stock market out of their present financial embarrassment, and will come to their assistance with about twenty-five million dollars of government funds. Lawson is frank to tell the President that although similar things have been done before, he cannot make himself believe that such conditions exist now. However, he quietly calls the attention of the chief magistrate to the report, that it might not be overlooked. It is to be hoped that, upon investigation, if the President should find even a chance for suspicion of such a method of bolstering up gambling frauds, he will at once exterminate it.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society and Mr. Hyde are both on the anxious seat.

gated by suckers and possibly had no seed when it was first found in its wild state. The banana is a modified berry. Cutting the fruit through the middle you will sometimes see a few little brown spots which are the rudimentary seeds. Occasionally the banana does actually produce a few seeds.

The pineapple is seedless, being propagated likewise from slips. The egg plant, which is a fruit botanically speaking, is occasionally seedless. This plant is able to produce developed fruit whether the blossom is fertilized or not. Horticulturists are endeavoring at the same time to rid fruit plants of thorns. Some oranges and lemons are very thorny, for example, the high-priced King orange, which is the best of mandarins. The first trees were brought to the United States from Cochin China. In Florida its thorniness has been reduced by selecting buds from the branches with the fewest thorns. Thorns are objectionable because they puncture the oranges and lemons when the branches are blown about by the wind. Efforts are being made to get rid of the thorns on raspberry and blackberry plants simply for con-

your friends to subscribe now, they will get the whole story. We do not like to see them miss any of this story, for it is a most excellent one. We received much encouragement concerning the other article of Miss Karn, and we bespeak for her an audience equally as appreciative for the outcoming serial.

REPORTS come from Tiflis, Russia, that five hundred persons are slain and two towns burned, in an outbreak of Nov. 14. News from St. Petersburg says that the whole of Russia is on the brink of another general strike. In some of the Russian towns troops are brought into service to prevent mobs from breaking into the treasury; the scarcity of food seems to be the cause of the outbreak. Several of the universities and colleges were closed till February. The Czar will not come to St. Petersburg this winter.

THE residents of the Isle of Pines issued a declaration of independence from Cuba, Nov. 14, and organized as a new government as a territory of the United States. A delegate to Congress will be sent to Washington, in order to have questions affecting the future of the island discussed before the House of Representatives. They ignore Cuban authority. A mass meeting was held and officers were appointed to fill all positions except those that must be named by the President of the United States under the Constitution. An official notice was sent to the President as follows: "Dear Sir:—The people of this island, having purchased homes under the treaty of Paris, believing it was United States territory, and, having waited over three years for recognition of their rights as American citizens, and fearing a continuation of

China should never have a quick change of temperature. If brought from a cold closet it should stand in a warm place before anything hot touches it.

A bag made of crash, which may be washed, should be hung in a convenient place. It will hold all pieces of twine and be ready for use when needed.

A teaspoonful of ammonia to a teacupful of water, applied with a rag, will clean silver or jewelry. Prepared chalk with ammonia makes the work easier.

Use the wire egg-beater, instead of the spoon, for beating up pancakes, pop-overs, fritters, or any batter thin enough to permit its use, and the results will be better.

After a sauce is creamy and smooth never allow it to boil. Let it cook a few minutes in a double boiler if desired, but do not let it bubble, or its flavor will be ruined.

All closets, after having been thoroughly cleaned, should have a small tray of quick-lime placed where it can not be upset. This will absorb the moisture and keep the air pure.

To keep silver bright without scratches and with little trouble, make a strong solution of sal-soda and boiling water. Drop the silver into this water, remove and wipe thoroughly.

Excellent luncheon sandwiches are made with one cup of pecan meats finely chopped, moistened with mayonnaise and spread generously between thin slices of entire wheat bread.

FITTING THE COLLAR.

THE horse collar is made over a form while wet and suits the taste of the maker. Then why not make the collar fit the form of the neck that is to wear it? To do this, select a collar that will fit as nearly as possible the horse it is intended for. On an evening thoroughly wet cloths enough to wrap it up, leaving the collar in that condition all night. It need not be a new one, an old one may be treated the same way. In the morning, and while wet and soft, put the collar on the horse, adjust it properly; also the hames and hame tugs, and work the horses moderately during the day, when the collar will dry and adjust exactly to the form of the neck of the horse whose collar it must be right along. If by getting fatter or leaner the shape of the neck is changed, a reshaping of the collar is advisable, which can be done as in the first place.

THE faith that is not restful is not deep. And, depend upon it, the faith that is not deep is not high enough for your purpose.

THE easiest way to acquire faults is to look for them in other people.

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

For Sunday, December 3, 1905.

(Missionary Number.)

I. Praying is not Enough.

1. Discussing Plans is Getting Old, ...Acts 13: 1-13
2. Outlining Work is too Slow, ...Acts 16: 1-25
3. Sympathizing Tears Fall Short, ...Acts 18: 1-12
4. Paying Bare Assessments is More of a Duty than a Pleasure, ...1 Cor. 9: 1-8

II. The New Testament Idea of Sacrifice.

1. The Body, ...1 Cor. 6: 19, 20
2. The Soul, ...Mark 8: 36
3. Earthly Possessions.

III. We Have the Power Through Christ to Hasten that "Glorious Day."

1. Do We Love the "Lord's Prayer"? ...Matt. 6: 7-14
2. Do We Understand it? .....James 5: 16

Text.—I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back: bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth.—Isa. 43: 6.

References.—Eph. 3: 15, 21; Isa. 62: 12; 6: 1-4; 35: 10; Luke 3: 18, 19; 8: 1; Matt. 13: 47-50; John 18: 36; Matt. 18: 3; 19: 14; Psa. 46: 4; 51: 18; 69: 35; 126: 1, 2; 132: 13; 114: 2; 125: 1; 1 Peter 4: 13.

We Should Work as Well as Pray.

We have been talking over our plans for getting people interested in missions for a good many years. Sometimes our talk has resulted in some good work being done, sometimes it ends in mere talk. We have seen people wiping the tears from their eyes as they listened to some eloquent description of the woes of the poor and the sinful, but when the time came for them to do something, they had many excuses, and their service was trifling. Now we should have, not only the mind of Christ, but his desire. What he requires us to do we wish to do. His love constraineth us. Christ's longing to redeem should not seem strange to us. We too should have a compassion for sinning, suffering men who are scattered as sheep having no shepherd. We too should be anxious and pray "thy kingdom come," and then work faithfully toward its fulfillment. If the love of Christ is a constraining power in your life and mine it will compel us to give of what we possess to help our brother.

Christ's Kingdom.

Dr. Holland says: "The mightier the Christ of a church is, the mightier the church as an influence for good in the world. Men are weak and need help; they are sinful and need pardon; they are lost and need to be saved." The church is the organized form of the kingdom of God. And while we see that the philosophies of church doctrine may change, and one sect or another may pass away, we have faith to believe the hymn, "But, Lord, thy church is praying yet, a thousand years the same."

"I may not stay
To see the day
When the great Savior shall bear sway,
And earth shall glitter in the ray
That cometh from above.

"But come it fast
Or come it slow
'Twill come at last
I surely know,
And heaven and earth shall feel the glow
And men shall call it Love."

If We Believe in the Coming of Christ's Kingdom.

The churches, even of apostolic foundation, which failed to go abroad and teach men, decayed and died, and only those have continued which have heeded the commands of our risen Lord. It is ever so, for "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." And in the entire Bible you cannot find provision whereby a church can be made healthy, strong or prosperous, when the Savior's last command is neglected.

We believe that the missionary work our church has done and is doing, has benefited our home churches as much as those for whom the help was designed. You feel that this is a duty you dare not shirk, and in your planning, and working and praying and giving, for Brother Stover in India, or Brother Vandyke in Chicago, or Sister Howe in Brooklyn, your own hearts grow warm, some of the chill of indifference is gone, the coldness between some members who have done little but think of their grievances begins to thaw, and you all feel better. Those who attend your services notice the zeal and warmth and energy, and they are drawn closer to the church. And it is a very common thing to have a revival at home, when we begin to work for the salvation of souls at other places. Max Müller says, "Of all religions, only the missionary religions are living." That church is dead which is not anxious to enlarge the boundaries of Christ's kingdom.

"Lo, I am with You Alway."

Pray for this kingdom to come. He who stops to pray will do more work than the one who hurries on without waiting upon God. Prayer means power, because if we pray, "Thy kingdom come," and really mean it, we will work and give. If we are idle, then

we have never really prayed the Lord's Prayer, we have simply said it over. A minister who preached a sermon of great intellectual and spiritual power, had given thirteen hours of prayer to that sermon. David Livingstone, after a night spent in prayer, preached a sermon of such wonderful power that five hundred were converted. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

Love for Souls.

The people who are to help build up the kingdom of God are living in it to-day. Christ asks each of us to do our part. If we loved the souls of men as we should it would be easy to make sacrifices to further this work. If we knew the full meaning of the love of Christ, the love that passeth knowledge, the love which the human heart everywhere craves, we would redouble our efforts. Bishop Thoburn, a missionary to India, said, "You must get Christ's love into your hearts, so that you will love the people. There is not the slightest use of any human being preaching the most correct doctrine ever heard unless he can give it as a message of love."

Sacrifice.

Mrs. Howard Taylor, a missionary in China, said, "Shall I tell you in a word the sweetest moment that we have ever known in our lives? It was on a day in China when we had passed through a terrific riot and surrounded by thousands of Chinese people who were seeking our lives, had been beaten and stoned and half killed and were more dead than alive. After hours of one of the most awful riots that ever happened in China short of actual massacre, in that moment when our lives were saved at last and we stood in the wreck of our home, bruised and bleeding, and more dead than alive, the thought flashed in as we seemed to see his face, Oh, we have been privileged to suffer something for Jesus' sake, to suffer pain and shame and almost death itself for Jesus' sake! I cannot describe the rapture that flooded our souls."

An Offering Without Blemish.

And is our best too much? O friend, let us remember
How once our Lord poured out his soul for us,
And in the prime of his mysterious manhood
Gave up his precious soul upon the cross!
The Lord of lords by whom the worlds were made
Through bitter grief and tears gave us
The best he had.

Topics for Discussion.

1. Does God's kingdom on earth increase? Matt. 13: 31, 32.

2. Are there any unwilling to come into this kingdom? Matt. 22: 2-14.

3. Give some incidents from the life of Mackay in "Effective Workers in Needy Fields."

4. Are those who belong to this kingdom better off than they were before? Isa. 6: 1-3.

5. The king cares for us. Isa. 40: 9-11; 43: 2.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

A SISTER says: "We have Christian Workers' meetings and enjoy them. Yet some of our meetings are poorly attended. We find, too, that we cannot depend on all whom we expect to take part; some will promise, and then for some reason or other they fail to come, and their part is neglected. What is to be done?"

We must look 'way back for the cause of such a state of affairs. You will probably find that the parents of these boys and girls who fail to do their part in these meetings were not very regular in their church attendance. Neither do they consider the Sunday school of sufficient importance to forego visiting, or any other pleasure, in order to be in their place each Sunday morning. If only our people could realize what they miss by not making it the first duty to be in their place at Sunday school and church each Sunday, there would be a change in their methods, and our services would be well attended. Our love for God and his church with its services should be so fervent that poor sermons, poor preachers, bad roads and unsociable congregations should be so many reasons for our prompt attendance at church. Only by our keeping at it can conditions be changed for the better. The brother who whines about things not being as they should be and then stays at home to sulk has not hit upon an effective method to make things better.

Personal Work.

We have always insisted that one of the great advantages of these meetings for our young people is the opportunity for personal work it gives. We find ourselves asking the boys and girls to do something, we discover their talents and encourage their efforts. Such work is not lost.

Then, too, the strong learn to sympathize with and help the weak. Holmes says, "Ofttimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by an invisible towline, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails hung unfilled, her streamers were drooping; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toiling steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was hugging it close and dragging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arms and left the tall ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with refluent tide, no man knows whither." That is what Christian fellowship truly means, just keeping close to each other, saving each other from danger, and keeping each other afloat. We cannot do this unless we live as Jesus did, close to the hearts and lives of the common people.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LV.

Damascus, Syria.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

On the road from Baalbek to Damascus the train runs for several miles along the beautiful river Abana. Near Damascus this river divides into seven branches which flow through different parts of the city and reunite beyond the walls of the city; flows about seven miles to the southeast and empties into a lake which disappears. You remember this is one of the rivers to which Naaman, one of the Syrian captains, referred when he disliked so much to wash in the Jordan river. In 2 Kings 5:12 he speaks of the Abana and Pharpar as being rivers of Damascus and indeed they are beautiful. Miss Gertrude said she did not wonder that he loved these rivers; they are mountain streamlets and are certainly fine. On the way here we saw the supposed tomb of Cain on a high hill marked by a stone. It is not only honored by the Christians but by the Mohammedans and Druses, or Matawleh. These Druses are transmigrationists; they believe that when a person dies the soul is transferred into some animal or unborn person, and for this reason they will not take the life of any animal for fear of killing some of their ancestry. Their belief makes them good soldiers. They approach the mouth of the cannon fearlessly, believing if they are slain they will live continuously.

When the train arrived at Damascus and our party stepped to the ground, it was indeed a revelation to us. There is hardly a nation on earth that is not represented in the population of Damascus. You can hear almost any language spoken, and see almost any costume worn. The city presents a striking appearance; the buildings all bear that peculiar, grotesque appearance. They have the color of mud because they are made of mud bricks dried in the sun; the houses have flat-topped roofs, as spoken of in the Bible so many times. To look at them from the outside one would think that all the people are extremely poor, and while there are many in poverty there are many very wealthy people here. We visited the house of a wealthy Jew to-day whose smoking room cost one hundred eighty thousand dollars. He had rugs on the floor that cost fifteen hundred dollars each. One of the servants told us that his bunch of keys, with which he unlocks the doors of this house, weighs nearly a pound, and they are not large keys either. We saw them.

This city would furnish material for study for a month. You know here is where Abraham bought his slave, Eliezer. Gen. 15:2. And the descendants of Ishmael, Abraham's son by Hagar, are walking the streets of this ancient city to-day in the same costumes as were worn in the days of Abraham. The boys bought some of these costumes this evening in a bazaar which we purpose to bring home and put in the Maynor museum in the Mayville high school building. It is also in this city where Paul was baptized by Ananias, who called for him at the house of Judas, who lived on Straight street. We visited this street and it is anything but straight; but it is strait, so strait that one can hardly drive through it with a carriage without touching the buildings with the hubs of the wheels. It is here also where Paul returned and, after preaching three years in Arabia, went to Jerusalem to see Peter. Gal. 1:17.

Damascus is certainly the filthiest, dirtiest city we have ever seen; it has half a million population and a million "pupulation." O, the dogs, thousands of dogs, everywhere you go, on the sidewalks, in the streets; large dogs, small dogs, old dogs, young dogs, sick dogs, lying veritably everywhere. The dogs have the right-of-way; you are compelled to walk over them or around them, they simply do not move, except at their own sweet will. Imagine a narrow, crooked, filthy street crowded with Arabs, Moslems, Jews, Christians, camels, donkeys, dogs, bread, cakes, sweetmeats, dust, flies,—everything, anything in profusion and confusion,—awful! Dreadful!! To be in a carriage, driving through all this on a trot, with hairbreadth escapes; here missing a street sprinkler, which is a man with a goatskin thrown over his shoulder, filled with water; there missing a camel, bearing a heavy load of lumber, men and boys sitting in the street selling bread, or working at their various trades; the carriage wheels now and then running over a dog,—altogether is a scene which you are compelled to live over again and again as long as you live, after having experienced it once.

We were just now introduced to our muleteer, Moustafeh (Moses), and to our donkey boy, Daoud (David), who have come up from Jerusalem to bring our horses upon which we are to ride for the next two weeks. As soon as he saw our party he selected our horses and assigned them. Mine was a fine, blood-bay Arabian steed, named "Bedouin." Agnes is to have a little black horse named Bashan. Miss Merritt will ride a grey named Damascus. Oscar has a dapple grey which answers to the name of Bashanda, and I do not remember what he said Roscoe should call his; I guess it does not make any difference, for the horses understand Arabic anyway. We laughed like idiots when we tried to ride them, for they don't understand how to stop nor to start. The dragoman told us that when we wanted to stop one of them we should say, "Sh-h-h-" just like you do when you drive the flies off the table or the chickens out of the yard; we tried it and it just worked like a charm.

It was a rare treat to us to see the observance of the Feast of Tabernacles as reported in Lev. 24:23. We were introduced to a wealthy Jew, and upon invitation to his house enjoyed his hospitality, and saw him and his family living in a temporary booth by the side of the house in commemoration of the tent life of the wilderness. The boys bought some more oriental costumes, which we expect to ship direct to America, along with some relics that will be exceedingly interesting. To-morrow we will leave for Jerusalem. Sincerely yours,

Marie.

(To be continued.)

THE truth never apologizes for coming.—*E. P. Brown.*

AVOID extremes.—*Cleobulus.*

The Q. & A. Department.

I succeeded in raising one ton, one thousand eight hundred and fifty pounds with my engine to the height of one hundred and seventy-five feet in exactly forty-nine seconds. How can I determine the horsepower of my engine?

One horse power lifts 33,000 pounds one foot per minute, hence 550 pounds per second. Therefore multiply 3,850 by 175 to obtain the energy required. Next multiply 550 by 49 to obtain ability; then divide the result of the former by the result of the latter, which leaves 25, the horsepower of your engine.

Would a washing fluid made over the following recipe be injurious to clothes? If so, would it be more so than powders which we buy for such purposes? One ounce of salts of tartar, one ounce of carbonate of soda, one ounce of carbonate of ammonia, one ounce of powdered borax, lye and water.

No. The only difference you'll find is that it won't cost so much if you make it yourself.

Would a pure democracy be a good form of government for the United States to adopt?

No. The country is too large and the people intensely too numerous. In a pure democracy the powers of the government are administered directly to the people.

A certain sealed vessel weighs a certain number of ounces; if the air is extracted from it will it weigh less, more, or the same?

If a cubic foot of air would be thus taken from a vessel it would weigh one and one-fourth ounces lighter.

Where can Todd's New Astronomy be had, and is it readable for the common public?

This book may be obtained from the American Book Company, Chicago, and is well worth the money to any ordinary lover of astronomy. There are two editions, one $1.35 and the other $2.00.

Why can't we have more stories like the "Old Doyle House"?

We can, and will; the author of this story will write another next summer and it will appear in next year's INGLENOOK.

Give me the address of the manufacturers of the Trolley Mail box.

We cannot do this. Perhaps if you would write the *R. F. D. News,* Chicago, they could tell you.

What is a Matthew's Bible?

It is a version which differs from others in that "Solomon's Songs" are called "Solomon's Balades."

Which contains more heat, twelve pounds of water at 40° temperature or one pound at 480°?

They would contain the same.

How may a qualified voter forfeit his right to vote?

By capital crime, or by accepting or affirming to accept bribes.

What is alveolar dentistry?

It is that branch of dentistry that pertains to the channel of the jaw in which the teeth are set.

Have Russia and Japan formally ratified the terms of peace?

Yes.

ABOUT JAPAN.

AN island empire, having about four hundred islands in all.

Population, 49,000,000—some three hundred to the square mile.

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Local assemblies established, local self-government effective.

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The law-making body a Diet, with two houses, upper and lower.

Eighty-one and a half per cent children of school age enrolled in its schools.

"DARE vas five vays to vin success. Der fairst vay vas hard work, und der udder four vas ditto."

NOTHING is impossible to industry.—*Periander.*

MISCELLANEOUS

"PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL."

We all have our little vanities, and usually one pet vanity in particular. We either think our hair is a little bit curlier than the rest of the world's, or our eyes a little bit brighter—and so on.

A young girl came sauntering down the street the other day whose figure was divine. Every curve was perfect. And the young lady was quite conscious that the symmetry of The Temple of Her Soul was a thing to be admired. She wore one of those up-to-date sweaters (instead of a coat) which button down the front. It was apparently quite new, and as she swung along she looked very jaunty and chic.

An old colored man was leaning against the sunny side of a wall, warming his rheumatic joints in old Sol's friendly rays. As the girl in the sweater approached he raised his tattered cap from his gray wool.

"Mornin', Miss Evelina," he said very graciously, bowing low.

"Good morning, Henry," replied the girl, acknowledging the salutation.

"Yoh lookin' mighty fine an' dandy this mornin', Miss Evelina."

"Thank you, Henry."

"Thet's a mighty exquis't' jumper yoh has on, Miss Evelina. I has noticed it two or free times lately—yoh certainly am a pixter in thet jumper. It am a good, warm jumper, ain't it, Miss Evelina?"

"Yes, quite warm, Henry," replied the young girl, —"only it isn't a jumper, it's a sweater," she corrected with a touch of pride.

"Yes, yes, yoh cer'ainly am a pixter in thet jumper," the old man went on, gazing at the sweater with appreciative eyes and quite ignoring the correction. "Yoh makes scenery when yoh walks down the street, Miss Evelina. My ole woma nan' me was jes' sayin' the other evenin' thet there wasn't a prettier girl in this yere town than Miss Evelina. Such a stylish walk! Such a lovely—er—er—hair! Such magnif'cent teeth! Such——"

"Oh, Henry, I shall have to be going," said the girl, laughing and blushing. "You are getting to be an awful flatterer——"

Henry started forward.

"Why—er—Miss Evelina, befo' yoh go I'd like ter say thet if yoh doan want thet jumper, why, my ole woman is jes' yoh figger."—*Frances Marion Grant, in August Lippincott's.*

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

It iz no charity to help a man who won't help himself.

Thare iz no bizzness too good to advertize; even if yu hav got a Bible to sell, yu hav got to talk it up.

The man who marrys a woman, or the woman who marrys a man, expekting to elevate them to their level, haz taken a hard job to lift.

To gain wisdum we must studdy hard for fifty years, and then spend the last twenty ov our lives in forgetting a large share ov what we have lernt.

Thare are two chaps in this world who are never safe—one ov them kan see no danger in ennything, and the other kan't see ennything but danger in all things.

When I wuz yung I thought it wuz a good thing to be ritch; but az I have got old, and diskover that most people use their welth simply to make others jealous, I am not sorry that kind Heaven haz kept me poor.

The vanity ov the human harte passeth all understanding. Thare probably never waz a human being so low down in the skale ov life that if he waz offered the highest place, he would insist upon taking most ov hiz attributes with him.

Az long az life holds out, vanity and foolishness will.

When reazon fails to korrekt an abuse, then try ridikule.

We kan't be perfect, but we kan be better than we are.

If you take the rumatism out ov old age, thare isn't much ov ennything else left to brag on.

The only pedigree worth having, the one a man makes for himself and transmits for example.

Adam committed the most sin with the least amount ov temptashun ov enny ov our previous relashuns.

No man kan tell how mutch ov the hero or the koward thare iz in him untill he haz been well tried.

Mankind won't proffit bi experience; the world makes az menny blunders now az it did before the flood.

Obstinacy looks well enuff in a mule or a gate post, but it is neither ornamental nor usephull in a man.

Thare are people who are never unhappy, simply bekauze they hav never known what it iz to be happy.

* * *

Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind.—*Addison.*



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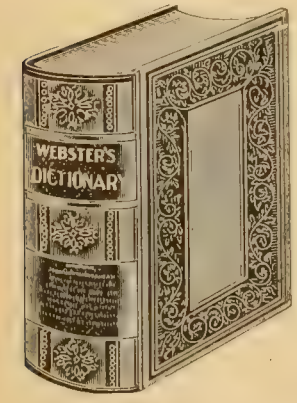
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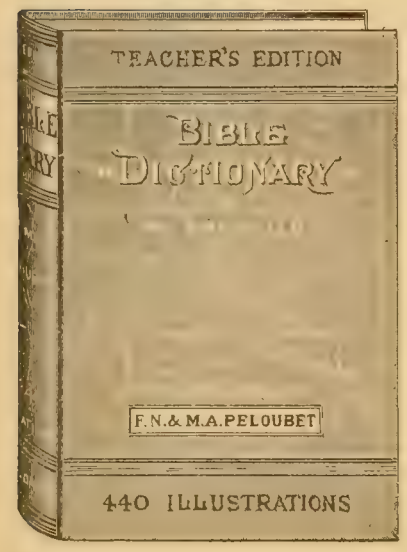
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No. 41	..The Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments
No. 45	.....Soul's Awakening
No. 47	.....Madonna and Child
No. 78	..... Evening
No. 27	..... Defiance
No. 52	.....Theodore Roosevelt
No. 77	..... Nature's Beauties
No. 735	..... Old Church
No. 748	..... Breakfast Time
No. 4002	..... Assorted Fruits
No. 750	.....Flowers and Fruit
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1st—Length over head.
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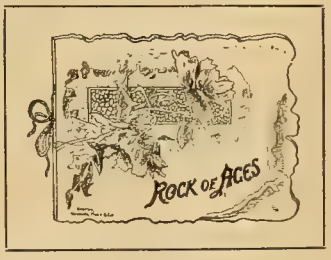
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29—Prince of the House of David, ...Ingraham
30—Professor at the Breakfast Table, ...Holmes
31—Prue and I, ...Curtis
32—Rab and His Friends, ...Brown
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It Was a Calm and Silent Night.
My Faith Looks Up to Thee.
Ring Out Wild Bells.

SEND FOR OUR BULLETIN. IT'S FREE. IT WILL SAVE YOU MONEY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys
Along the

Oregon Short Line Railroad

IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming
is Done by Irrigation.

Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley also yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry.

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Three in Operation ——————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

20 to 40 Tons of Beets Per Acre

The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of $50 to $100 per acre may be realized.

Seize the opportunity now, by going on the *Homeseekers'* round trip rates, and see and investigate these valleys and secure a home while land is cheap. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers and laborers of all kinds will find employment at good wages. *Write at once* for printed matter and full information.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. NOVEMBER 28, 1905. No. 48.

THANKSGIVING.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

We thank thee for thy gifts bestowed:
Dear Lord, thy blessings all,
We thoroughly appreciate
The greatest and the small.
We thank thee for thy constant care,
To guide our souls aright,
And keep us from the ways of sin,
Within thy guiding light.

Thanksgiving Day, and every day
We raise our hearts to thee,
In gratitude for all thy love
And boundless mercy free.
Thou never hast forsaken us,
But many blessings sent;
And may our lives in thankfulness
To thee, henceforth, be spent.

Box 3, Moorestown, Burlington Co., N. J.

SNAPSHOTS.

Never be afraid to talk to strangers on the subject of religion.

Nothing is real success that is not according to God's plan.

Create your customers; your customers will create your success.

Don't be a "shining light" at the expense of some other person's oil.

Unless you obey God because you love him you may simply be a moral formalist.

A money question: Can I afford to take a practical business education? Solution: You can.

Don't bankrupt your moral nature in order to get rich. It isn't necessary in these times, when cultured brains can easily secure you an honest competency.

The reading that has pleased will please when repeated ten times.—Horace.

Tell the truth always, because you can then always tell the same story. You need not remember it.

It is said that there is a time for all things, but the wise man also says there is a time to all things.

No man has ever learned to stick thorns in other people without wounding his own hand in the act.

Every sin has its corresponding suffering, which suffering is heaven's kind correction for the suicide of sin.

Take time to breathe a morning prayer, asking God to keep you from evil and use you to his glory during the day.

The world wants men who are true to their friends through good report and evil report, in adversity as well as prosperity.

Some men never look up toward heaven save when they toss back their heads to make sure of getting the last drop in the glass.

The best man is the one who has no bad habits. The next best is the one who, having them, has the courage to conquer them.

If I were to select a pastor for the church, I would underscore the word "faithful" in 2 Tim. 2: 2, and be guided by that second verse.

If people would tell each other while they are living what is placed upon their tombstones after death we would be more helpful to each other.

Opportunity knocks once at every man's door, but the trouble is that so many men are so busy grumbling at their fate they cannot hear the knock.



The Old Doyle House

By PROF. G. W. FURREY



Chapter XIX.

IMBECILE humanity would long ago have been bankrupt were it not for the vigilant surveillance of that shrewdest of conservators—Mother Nature. We never know our own capacity. We can never measure the reserve fund she preserves to be used only in cases of emergency. We are far stronger, braver, better than we think we are.

Maude's heart was wont to feel a chill at the mere mention of her captor's name—the hideous dwarf—the "bogie of the hills"—whom nobody knew, but whom as a child she had dreaded as long as she could remember. But when she awoke from what seemed a frightful dream to find that she was in a strange dark room with every means of exit barred, and the memory of her experience of the day before came to her, she did not despair, but resolved to meet her fate bravely. She did not have long to wait. She scarcely knew how it happened, but she was looking upon the face of her captor, in woman's attire!

"Please be still and don't be frightened," a harsh though not unkind voice was saying, "until I explain the terms of your captivity. I am of the same sex as yourself. It is only when I leave this house that I assume man's garb and the make-up of a hunchback." Maude noticed that her features, though masculine, were not wholly without feminine traces—even feminine tenderness—though half hidden by the deep furrows of pain and remorse. "I overheard your conversation on the bank of the river. It is to my interest to keep your tongue still until my son comes in possession of his property."

"Your son!" was all the answer her lips could frame.

"Yes, he is indeed," with a hollow chuckle. "But you need have no fears that he will disturb you here. He is as ignorant of that fact as you were, and, doubtless would be no more ready to accept it. You will find everything provided that you need. But it will be fruitless for you to attempt to escape."

That was about the only conversation Maude had had with her captor. Since then five long tedious months had dragged their hideous length across her life. Five months of solitary confinement. She was beginning to hope for her release as the day for the trial was fast approaching.

This was the first morning she had heard the notes of the robin, whose gay song gave her joy. But as she reviewed the sad fate that had befallen her—the grief of her desperate father and mother—the cruel end that had met the noble young man who had given his life for hers—the base perfidy of her old playmate,—despite her efforts to preserve a calm exterior she had to succumb to the most violent paroxysms of grief and self-commiseration.

"Oh, I want to go home!" she cried aloud, "I must go home. I am—sick—I am—" There was a light rustle at the door, a sound she had learned to know told of the catlike approach of her captor.

Maude looked up to see, not the sad features she had learned to know and pity, but the dreadful form and frightful face of the dwarf. Only the sound of his voice reassured her.

"I have come to bid you good-bye perhaps forever. I hope you will learn to forgive me when, if ever, you will learn to know who I really am. I have yet much work to do. This is the last day of the trial and you are at liberty to leave this place, which you may have guessed is the Old Doyle House, whenever you wish. Only don't attempt to go out in this storm. The ice is broken up and has gorged below the mill and in an hour the water will be in the houses of Oakdale unless I can break the gorge. I have a keg of powder that I found in yonder workshop," indicating a half-open door that had always been securely bolted.

So saying she was gone, leaving the door open behind her. Maude had not noticed the storm without as she was confined in the basement of the building. Now the roar of the wind, the crash of breaking trees, and the claps of thunder restrained her from following out her first impulse to fly home regardless of storm.

In the meantime she would take a peep into the workshop whose open door invited her. She peered through the open door. There was a narrow passageway adorned with precious stones and curious works in glass. It ended in darkness. Lighting a lamp that stood on her table she boldly entered, for the five months' residence within the old house and an acquaintance with its strange inhabitant robbed it of most of its former terrors. On through the passageway into the workshop proper, she wondered at the strange machinery and tools she saw—on into what appeared like a large cave, when she thought she had seen enough, and was on the point of turning back when there was a frightful crash and shaking of the floor that threw her to the floor of the cavern.

The light was extinguished! She was in total darkness; not knowing which way was out! She called for help; she wept bitterly, but there was no one to

hear her voice and give her succor. An hour passed, and she was afraid to move for fear that she would only get farther away from light and liberty. To have lost the prize that she had only just gained—lost father, mother, all—just to satisfy a vain curiosity! The thought was driving her mad, she would have to do something. She started to walk. On, on in the darkness with nothing to guide her, nothing to mark her course. What was that! A sound like the stealthy footsteps of the dwarf! She stopped to listen, when a cold, wet hand reached out of the darkness and seized her by the arm! A shriek, and she knew no more!

Chapter XX.

The water was rising with alarming rapidity. Frank hastened to his room to get his valuables—the book, some rare crystals, and a case of tools. With a farewell glance at the familiar objects, which had become his only companions, a hurried visit to the bones of his ancestor, which he had laid away in a tomb made by himself in the solid rock, he hastened with his booty toward the rising waters. He had not far to go. They were almost up to his room. What was to be done? He bethought himself of the ladder he had cut in the wall. None too soon, for he was compelled to wade water waist deep in order to reach it. Once there, he found that he was compelled to abandon his treasures before he could climb the ladder. What, indeed, had been his purpose with the wornout tools? Nothing. Only the sense that he should have something besides himself. Man is naturally altruistic.

So dropping all but some legal documents and a few pages from the book which he thrust into his pocket he clung to the wall by means of the niches he had cut with so great patience and to so little purpose. No man can tell how the deeds of to-day will ripen into the character and opportunities of to-morrow.

He could only climb out of the way of the rapidly rising water which now covered the floor of the cave, and hope and pray for deliverance of some sort.

There was but one hope. The opening in the roof through which his predecessor had fallen, could he but keep above the water till he might reach it! He cast himself upon the mercies of God. He had reached the last niche, and in the narrow top of the cavern the waters were rising with increasing rapidity and confounding alarm. It was as if the very cavern was in the throes of asphyxiation. He soon found that he was not able to keep above the boiling flood. The weight of the "radioscope" was bearing him down. He cast it off with scarcely a regret, only life, life, at any cost!

Now his head was out of the water, but all was darkness, inky black. Was he in the fissure or in the dome? He soon found it was the latter. He would soon exhaust the supply of oxygen. He felt the current of the water as it rose to a higher part of the roof or into the crevasse he had hoped to gain. Diving below the edge of stone that secluded him he was again rising rapidly with the current. Again he came to the surface of still water. He was in a crack so narrow that it almost held him fast. Making an effort to rise, his hold fastened upon the edge of a stony shelf upon which he drew himself without much difficulty. He would try to find out where he was at once and with hands extended he crept slowly and cautiously forward. Keenly did he feel the loss of the "radioscope," but it did not distress him because of his deep sense of gratitude for his miraculous deliverance. He must be in the apartment of the cavern that led to his grandparent's workshop and thence to the Old Doyle House! The thought was distressingly pleasing. He could almost feel that he was in the very presence of human beings. In fact so intense was this feeling that he was on the point of speaking, more than half expecting an answer, when his hands came in contact with, not the cold, hard stone, but the warm, soft body of a——. There was a scream of terror that froze his blood, a dull thud of a falling body and all was still.

"Who—who are you? Where am I?" he gasped in tones so dry and harsh that he could scarcely know his own voice. No response! He crept forward resolving to give what help he could. He soon found the body of a human being—a girl. Judging that through fright at his touch she had fallen in a swoon, he was soon sprinkling water from his soaked garments and long unshorn locks upon her face. Soon she sat up and in tones intoxicatingly sweet, a voice whose accents had rung in his memory through his long captivity, was asking: "Oh, where am I, and who touched me?"

"I am—Frank, and I don't know where we are. Are you my little friend Maude that I could not save from drowning in the race?" and his mind was ready to forget the experiences of a year as a frightful delirium.

"No, no, Frank was drowned while rescuing me. I am lost in this cellar. Oh, please help me out, whoever you are!"

He was still holding her soft, warm hand in his cold, wet palm and thus we will leave them to explain their embarrassing predicament to the best of their ability under the kind mantle of darkness.

(To be continued.)

Comfort derived from the misery of others is slight.—*Cicero.*

Dim with the mist of years, gray, flits the shade of power.—*Byron.*

HOW PEOPLE TRAVEL IN GREATER NEW YORK.

W. M. HOWE.

In this city of over four millions of people there are invalids that stay at home. Some that are sick are confined to the hospital or indoors elsewhere. There are hundreds behind iron bars. Most of the above would be glad to do some traveling were they not prevented. There are, however, literally millions left that do travel in one way or another and hundreds of thousands of them go many miles every day.

All the modes of travel to be seen in the country are not uncommon here. Here is the cart and the gocart, the bus and the omnibus, the wagon with springs and without, the buggy, the cab and the carriage—very often horseless but oftener drawn in the ordinary way. Here is the cycle with four wheels, many with three wheels, more with two wheels and we did see a man get along amazingly well in his efforts to ride one wheel.

Here is the automobile, and like it are run by gasoline or electricity or otherwise many other vehicles, including bicycles and delivery wagons of every kind. Certainly lots of people walk and in this busy city there are some hustlers that run and there are those that have not yet done either. They expect to learn to do both, but in the meanwhile are sometimes carried, though they are frequently seen on the pavement on all fours.



Brooklyn Bridge, Looking Toward Brooklyn.



Nine Engines Fighting a Million-Dollar Fire on One of the Brooklyn Docks.

So far as acreage is concerned, there is an abundance of room for many railroads in this big city, the limits of which stretch over three hundred and twenty square miles of territory. But New York proper being located on the island of Manhattan, which is surrounded by moving ships of all kinds and sizes, is very difficult of access except from the north, from which come many trains over different roads and enter the Grand Central depot on 42nd street. These trains carry thousands daily to the north-



New York Bay Where the Brooklyn Brethren do Some Baptizing.

ern part of the city and to the suburbs of New York.

Then, too, from the east comes the Long Island System, which carries again many thousands of people to and from the heart of Brooklyn, which is now a part of Greater New York.



The Brooklyn Bridge. Courtesy, Christian Herald.

The passengers from the various western roads are conveyed by ferries from the west shore of the Hudson across that river to New York or past the southern end of that island city to Brooklyn.

Besides the many pleasure boats, fishing boats, excursion boats and ocean liners, other ferries go from shore to shore carrying passengers constantly day and night between Jersey City and New York and between those cities and Brooklyn.

Many thousands of business men and clerks from New York live in Brooklyn and demand rapid transportation. For them preëminently was the mammoth Brooklyn bridge constructed a score of years ago. Over it men may walk or drive or go in cars. This bridge has not only done all that it was intended to do, but for a long time has been taxed far beyond



A River Scene. Courtesy, Brooklyn Board of Trade, New York.

its supposed capacity. It is to be relieved and removed in about ten years when the new No. 3 bridge, located near the old, and now in the course of construction, is completed and ready for service. It seems a long time to use a bridge that has already been condemned, but though it has settled from the exact position in which it was placed, at first, yet it is considered to be, in fact, as strong to-day as ever.

Bridge No. 2, called the Williamsburg bridge, is a mile farther up the river. The bridge is quite completed but is not in full service yet. It is larger than the old bridge, having two wide passageways for vehicles, two for pedestrians, four for trolley cars and two for the elevated system. The city elevated roads are not yet connected with the bridge.

A fourth bridge farther up the river is nearing completion. These bridges are all needed and they will not serve the growing demands of this thriving city.

Street cars are everywhere in evidence and their noise never ceases. Thousands of cars hurry along as best they can over the hundreds of miles of track which run in all directions through these frequently overcrowded streets. There are trolley cars, cable cars, third rail cars, and even the old-time horse car may still be seen.

The great bulk of people travel on these surface cars, on the elevated system and on the new subway. The elevated is the way the birds go; the subway is the way the rats go. There are probably sixty miles of tracks of the latter and one hundred and fifty of the former.

A number of years ago it became evident that something must be done to relieve the congested streets and to this end double track roads were built on several streets to run overhead. This continuous bridge of scores of miles is always of steel construction. It is a splendid way to get over the city, for the train stops only about every sixth block on the average, while the surface car may stop at every crossing and between the corners sometimes to give time for a team or a slow pedestrian to clear the tracks.



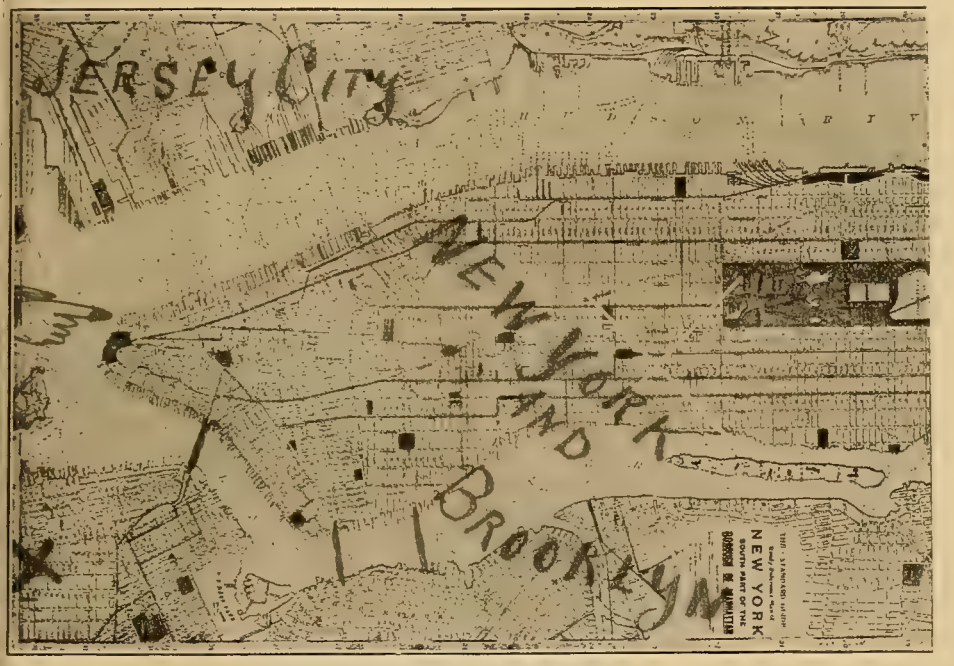
Prospective Subway, Brooklyn, (under construction). Courtesy, Brooklyn Board of Trade New York.

Some lines carry passengers as much as a score of miles in one direction for the usual five-cent fare. But one may travel twice this distance for a nickel by going either for pleasure or profit down one side of the city and up the other, changing cars at the southern (battery) terminus of all the New York elevated lines.

But while this is quite enough for the money it still consumes too much time for thousands of busy people. They must in fewer minutes get to their work in the morning and to their homes in the evening. Because of this the wonderful subway system was planned and several units of it are now completed

and in successful operation. From one end of New York City to the other a passageway beneath the surface of the streets, through miles of solid rock, has been constructed at enormous cost. This hole is wide enough for four tracks abreast—two for local trains and two for express trains. The local trains are good to travel on, for they stop only about every half mile, on the average, but the express trains are the delight of the people who hurry, for they stop only about every two miles. They run also at great speed between stations, having nothing in the way save the innocent vermin that may be crushed while no one is the wiser.

Many ladies who do not like to go so fast in this dark place (though it is well lighted by electricity)



Map Showing Where Ships Leave N. Y. and Where the Brooklyn Church is Located.

always prefer the slower trains. Yet in the hot days they often go by express to hurry through the oppressive atmosphere with which the managers are more than a little perplexed and the patrons much annoyed.

So when the reader of these lines goes to New York he may feel about some of these modern ways of hurrying like a few of the fair and more of the aged residents do. Addressing the reader, therefore, in the second person, we would say:

If you're afraid to tumble in the air,
Or beneath the ground so far,
And if you have the time to spare,
Take the old horse car.

If you'd avoid the electric rail,
And do not care how slow you sail,
You'll loose your fear and miss some jar,
If you'll only take the old horse car.

If you do not like the windy el',
Nor the atmosphere of the new sub cel',
You'll find your joy far above par,
If you'll only take the old horse car.

But this objectionable feature of the subway will be overcome. Immense fans are now being installed to force the bad air out. Other subways are being built, and what is more, several successful attempts are now being made to force a way beneath the beds of the rivers around New York. These subways in time will be opened for traffic and people by hundreds of thousands will be found in fast moving trains far beneath the surface of these deep waters, while above the frolicking fish will glide, as now, and the heavily-burdened ships and transports will also carry freight and passengers from shore to shore.

In connection with the Long Island railroad system the Pennsylvania railroad company is now building a large central passenger station in Brooklyn and the Pennsylvania railroad another, of mammoth proportions, in the center of the business interests of New York City. At the same time the work goes on beneath the two rivers on either side of Manhattan, and beneath the city as well, so that in time this company's fast trains from the south and the west will sink beneath the surface of the ground on the Jersey shore and hurrying on beneath the Hudson will stop immediately under the new grand central depot in New York City. While the train dives again beneath the East river to land more passengers in Brooklyn, the elevators will bring those left in New York to the surface and the sunlight of the city. It is all too wonderful to contemplate.

These are some of the many conveniences to be found in fact or on paper for future materialization in this metropolis. If it were not for the sins of its people it would be a grand place to live.

We are glad to believe that in the New Jerusalem, which is to be, and where we all may live some day, there will be no sin and the conveniences will be so extensive that the light of the sun will not be needed since the Maker of shining bodies and his glory will be there, and the grandeur of it will be in harmony with the beautiful streets of gold.

BUD'S THANKSGIVING.

ADAH BAKER.

I.

"Ma," asked Bud, "what's the reason we are so poor and everybody else has everything they want? When I was down at the grocery ever so many people were in there buying all kinds of good things fur Thanksgivin'. My, but it made my mouth water when Mrs. Brown was buying them frosted cookies. I just looked and looked at her and thought maybe she would give me one, but she didn't. I guess other people don't think about a poor fellow like me. Ma, do you think they will have good things to eat in heaven?"

"Oh, Bud, hush up!" said his mother. "You know I have this big washing on my hands, and I need all the money I can make to pay the rent which is already due, and with the cross baby it is all I want to be bothered with. So shut up about our being poor, because I know it already. People like us can't expect to have any Thanksgiving dinner. It is just for people who have all the money they want to spend."

Bud was ten years old—the oldest of a family of four children. It was another case where the father was worthless and the living depended mainly upon the hard work of the mother and a scanty enough one it sometimes was. So one of Bud's chief enjoyments was eating good things.

He heard Thanksgiving talked about at school. Fay Downing told about the twenty-pound Turkey that they were going to have. She said they were going to invite their cousins and aunts and uncles and have a general good time. Bud could see with all a child's imagination the rows of pumpkin pies and mince pies, the jams and jellies and all the good things put away on the pantry shelves.

Many other children at school had similar things to tell. In fact there seemed to be a general feeling of Thanksgiving which increased as the day became nearer at hand. But the only enjoyment Bud got out of it was hearing others talk about it, which was quite a passive one indeed.

Bud was one of that type of boys who, through a lack of polished refinement and reserve, always had something to say at any and at all times and he always felt himself free to make all kinds of offhand statements to his teacher, Miss May. So there grew up between them that confidence that often comes between the teacher and one of these good-natured, unpolished little castaways that are to be found in almost every school.

"Miss May, what's Thanksgivin' fur?" he remarked to her one day as he was idly leaning over her desk.

As Miss May looked down at this bundle of innocence, and beheld poor, freckled, white-haired, gray-eyed Bud, she felt dashed in a way she had never felt before. Perhaps if she had answered him according to her sentiments just then, she would have told him that she didn't see that he had anything special to be thankful for, unless it was a worthless father and a home bereft of all those little things which make it pleasing to children. But Miss May was more diplomatic than this. So she told him it was a day in which everyone should be glad and thankful that God had been so good to them.

But she couldn't help thinking that Squeer's method of "going and doing" a good dinner would be so much more effectual to Bud than the theoretic one.



"About a year from now and then"—

At this moment there awoke in Miss May a new burst of sympathy for Bud, for had he not always trotted along after her with that doglike servitude which is bound to remain faithful? Had he not remained in evenings after school to help Miss May sweep out in order that he might pay her for his water colors which were so dear to his heart?

True, she sometimes saw him fisting through the air unintentionally, or perhaps he would abruptly break out with a statement that bore no more relation to school work than a cat does to a monkey. But Bud had a true heart in him and he was such an interesting character to Miss May that she resolved that somehow and under some circumstances Bud

would get to try a real Thanksgiving dinner of two full-grown chickens, if they could not secure turkey, instead of the make-believe one that always appeared upon the board this time of year.

But the wherewithal and the *modus operandi* were yet a dim vision to Miss May, only she could look through an eye of faith and behold Bud eating turkey to his heart's content. Here she fully realized the worth of the quotation that "faith without works is dead," so she at once set about to lay her plans for the fast-approaching day.

Miss May was the only daughter of her widowed mother, Mrs. Bennett. They were in comfortable circumstances, but Miss May contributed to their support by her work as teacher in the Greytown school.

Her plans were simple enough. She had resolved —in spite of all the "Ohs" and "Ahs" that the public might give her—to try the unique experiment of setting a boy like Bud down to a table spread with silver and China, and allowing him to roam at will on velvet carpets and amid lovely big pillows.

II.

It was a crisp November morning, just such a morning as would make cold noses and fingertips if one remained out long. But the sun rose bright and clear over the little village of Greytown. The withered foliage that yet remained seemed to be dressed in a million little diamonds as the great sun shed his benevolent rays on its frosted leaves.

Boys dressed in caps and mittens were racing up and down the streets shouting defiance to Old King Cold. The curling smoke issued from every chimney-top and spread higher into the air in all sorts of curious shapes. Could one have visited the homes in Greytown he no doubt would have found in many of them the Thanksgiving turkey sizzling away in the oven, and Bud's two chickens were already over the fire, with all other arrangements in accordance with this.

But none of these Thanksgiving pleasures so dear to the childish heart were to be seen in the desolate home of poor Bud. His father, Mr. Clay, had gone on one of his trips to the city and no one knew when he would return. Bud was teasing the baby by pulling its tangled curls, while his two brothers were taking turns at squeezing the black cat, which already seemed somewhat scant of fur for this time of year.

Mrs. Clay, with all the mother wit that woman possesses, was making some pretensions toward a little Thanksgiving dinner—the very best that they could afford. The luxuries of the day were to consist of a dozen frosted cookies and a half dozen bananas.

"Oh, ma," said Bud, "let me go and see if I can't catch a rabbit: It would make such a good Thanksgivin' dinner, wouldn't it? I don't see why everybody else can have somethin' good to eat to-day and we can't have very much."

"Oh, Bud, go along," she said. "You know the rabbit law ain't in now and you would only freeze your fingers this blusterin' cold day."

Bud's reply was cut short by a knock at the door, and who should enter but Miss May, clad in winter garments. Mrs. Clay was the very picture of confusion because she had not often come in such close touch with a great lady like Miss May, and had it been anyone else in the world a sense of pride would have kept her from accepting an invitation like this. But before she hardly knew what she was doing she answered "Yes."

Miss May purposely left at this time and said she would return later, because she knew the hour following would be a somewhat confusing one to Mrs. Clay.

Miss May had no more than gone when Bud's mother saw mountains of difficulties rising up before her and she began to make excuses to stay at home.

"Of course we'll go," retorted Bud. "I'd foller Miss May right into the president's house if she'd say so."

"But what'll we wear?" said Bud's mother.

The thought of clothes had never yet entered his mind, but he didn't calculate to let such a small matter as that keep him from having a good dinner, so his decision was momentary. "Why, don't you know that blue calico of your'n, trimmed in white braid, and the coat and pants and red neckties the Aid gave us? I'm jus' sure I look all right. If I didn't, Miss May'd a tole me so long ago." And the series of didoes that Bud cut would be poorly described with pen and ink, to say the least.

In a little while Miss May returned. "Shall I go get our frosted cookies and bananas to help fill out?" said Bud. After assuring and reassuring him that she didn't think they would be needed, the little party was ready to start.

It was a strange procession that went down the streets of Greytown that morning, headed by Miss May and followed by the Clay family, clad in old shawls and garments not any too thick for that cold morning. But Miss May had that peculiar spirit of independence about her that says to the world, "You do your duty and I will come as near as I can doing what God would have me do."

In a little while they were ushered into Mrs. Bennett's cozy sitting-room. Glad to be in from the chilling blasts and feeling the warmth and coziness of a most comfortable home, Bud scarcely knew whether he was in fairyland or whether this was a real place. Overcome by the remarkable circumstances of the day, they all dropped down in the rocking-chairs and pillows that were lying around.

But Miss May had that power of making every

one feel at home and in a little while Bud and his brothers, Dick and Ben, were examining all the "purty" things that were to be found in every room.

"Oh, they've got a big, fat turkey in the baker," exclaimed Bud after his first trip to the kitchen.

"Yes, and I saw pumpkin pies and mince pies and little cakes and a great big cake covered with frosting and goodies and a whole lot of other things," said Dick.

"Yes, and I saw some red stuff that jus' shook and shook when you took hold on the dish," said little Ben. It was his only way of saying they had cranberry sauce.

After numerous trips to the kitchen Bud was fully convinced that his cookies and bananas were not needed that day.

And such a feast as they sat down to! There truly was no time for words. They were in gravies and puddings and sauces almost to their ears and elbows.

As Miss May beheld that little group,—with their neckties that were just a little antiquated and with coats that were not more than two sizes too large,—acting out their hearts' sentiments without any knowledge of that attainment which the world calls culture, she at once saw a grand opportunity for character study.

In the afternoon she played games with Bud and his brothers, and she found Bud no "slouch" when it came to learning.

In the evening, as the great shadows began to gather in the western horizon, Miss May seated herself at the piano and played and sang in her most revential manner a Thanksgiving hymn:

> "Father, we thank thee for this hour,
> Protect us always by thy power.
> And when in heav'n we meet above,
> Be with us with thy smiles and love."

The day was almost too full for Bud's heart to contain. He gathered himself closely beside Miss May and said, "Say, Miss May, are you one of them angels that's goin' to be in heaven? If you're goin' to be there I wouldn't min' bein' there too."

She made no reply but simply pressed his white head to her bosom and printed a kiss on his freckled forehead while a few stray tears trickled down her cheeks. One doesn't doubt but that the angels in heaven smiled down in approval of that scene.

A little later, when they slipped into good overcoats which Miss May had gathered up for them, and put on some new red mittens and had a basketful of the left-over dinner hanging on their arms, they started home, feeling there were yet people on God's earth who had love for the poor.

Hollansburg, Ohio.

WHAT IS LIFE?

"Let not your heart be troubled." This is not a treatise on biology which is about to be inflicted on you. It's simply a plain, homely inquiry for plain, homelike readers. "Is not the life more than meat?" To judge by the intense scramble which so many seemingly sane people make to gain much money and never strive for any other acquisition, one might well imagine that there is no life, nothing in life but what money will buy. "Food and raiment," broadly speaking, is absolutely all money can purchase for a man. Is there nothing in life more than these, better than these? John Jacob Astor is on record as saying "food and clothes" was all he got out of his vast possessions. Life for him was all contained in "meat" and "raiment."

"Meat" includes a great deal, so does "raiment." A hard-working, faithful clergyman sat with his young wife over a breakfast table on which had been two rather stale crusts and two cups of very thin coffee. These had been their "meat." There was not a crumb left. The larder was too empty to tempt a mouse. There was not a cent of money. They had no credit. The two just knelt at the table and like two trusting children asked their "Father in Heaven" to send them food. They could not beg from any other. It was a homely prayer. It ended by asking for "just a few potatoes for the meal at eventide." Scarcely had they risen from their knees when a grocer's wagon drove to the door and the driver brought in a whole sack of potatoes. The clergyman was a Protestant. The sender of the sack of potatoes was a big-hearted Irish Roman Catholic. Such little human lines do not separate the Father's children. They had "meat" for many days, and their life was full of many good things not included in the sack of potatoes, their "meat."

The dinner served the Sultan of Turkey, we are told, costs $5,000 a day. He eats his meat from a silver table. But he dare not taste one of the hundred elaborately-cooked dishes until they have been tasted by a great official. The "meat" of the Sultan costs much. His life is not very much more than his "meat," his "raiment" and a few quite as material comforts and pleasures. It is not a very rich life, nor a very highly enjoyed life. The days of the poor preacher with his sackful of potatoes and his heart full of high hopes and noble aspirations, was a much richer life in many ways. Oh! the "life is more than meat."

"And the body than raiment." Yes, that, too. Pierpont Morgan came home from Europe the other day with—was it one hundred pairs of pantaloons? Some such figure. From things being dragged into the light of day in New York it does seem to certain persons, who are sane, and not uncharitable in their

thoughts, as if some of this "raiment" had been paid out of moneys which should have gone to pay for "widow's weeds," or for shoes for the fatherless. Is it worth while to have so many pairs of pantaloons if some of them must be paid for with money not merely "tainted," but utterly corrupted? Jacob Riis is a New Yorker as well as J. P. Morgan. John Hay paid many visits to London. He stood often "before kings" in many capitals of Europe. Neither Riis nor Hay ever was reported as coming across the sea with a hundred pairs of pantaloons. If they had all these nether garments the fact was not the one connected with their landing which seemed best worth reporting. There was something about these men which made their bodies more than the raiment which covered them.

Life is more than meat—much more. The body is more than raiment—much more. Sir Walter Scott's daughter once made a remark about some person being "vulgar." The great, kind heart of the poet story teller said: "Vulgar means common. It is no disgrace to be common. And the best things in life are common." That is what makes "the life more than meat." No wealth, no luxury, no costly dishes, no raiment ever spun can make the dull eye of the materialist flash with inspiration at the gorgeous hues of the setting sun as the clouds gleam like burnished gold. No amount of "purple and fine linen" can make the sordid soul thrill at the sight of an opening rose wet with morning dew and fragrant beyond the productions of all the laboratories of all the chemists. The balmy air we breathe, the sparkling water we quaff, the murmur of the river which comes singing down the vale, the shadows in the woodlands, the lights upon the brow of the mountain peak, the flash of the thousand-hued wave that dashes on the crag, are no more to the rich man than they are to the poor man. These are all as glorious, as beautiful, as inspiring, as enchanting from the window of the cottage on the plain or by the brook, as they are from the windows of a palace.

And these common things are only the mere alphabet of life. There are other things just as common which make life far more enchanting than anything in river, sky, or sea. There are the affections of the family, the ties of friendship, the joys of motherhood, the faith of childhood. There is the life whose abiding place is in the heart. All the elements of this heart-life are as common as the air we breathe, as the water we drink, as the flower we admire, as the mountain scene which lifts our mind above the petty things of "meat" and "raiment." Yes, these most highly exalted joys of life are more common. Many a dim eye which cannot see the most gorgeous sunset, many a deaf ear which never hears the murmur of the stream nor the thunder of the wave upon the rocks, thrills in spirit to its touch of affection or to the glance of love. Heart speaks to heart. Soul holds communion with soul as intensely in the cottage as in the palace, as glowing by a table where the fare is not only lacking in luxury, but in abundance, as deeply felt under "raiment" made by the hand of the weaver out of a piece of ten-cent calico, as under a gown from Worth, made of the most costly fabric of the loom. It is reported that Mrs. Roosevelt dresses on $300 a year. Whose life is the most, hers or the social butterfly whose head is empty and her heart cold?

CANADA'S TWO NEW PROVINCES.

Meanwhile, the prosperous development of Canada goes on at a rapid rate. This year has brought good crops and a great development of the grain and cattle interests of the Canadian Northwest. What has hitherto been unorganized territory lying between the provinces of Manitoba and British Columbia has now been given a changed status, and there have emerged from the temporary districts known as the Northwest Territories the two new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan. Each is of colossal dimensions, and will become an important and notable self-governing commonwealth of English-speaking men. Already Manitoba, with its thriving capital of Winnipeg, has reached the stage where it has become one of the well-favored portions of the earth. Alberta and Saskatchewan are of much greater area than Manitoba, and will probably in the near future outstrip the older province in population and wealth. Winnipeg has become a city of colleges and universities as well as of large financial and commercial interests. The thriving towns of the new provinces will have a like development, and with Vancouver and Victoria on the Pacific coast the Dominion will in due time have a series of flourishing cities in its western half that will equal Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec, Halifax, and the cities of the older provinces. The Grand Trunk Pacific has broken ground, and will help greatly to develop the wheat lands of these new provinces, while the Canadian Pacific is pushing its system of branch lines, and other railway interests are penetrating what is within a few years to be by far the greatest wheat country in the world. It is to our own people, pressing into this new country with their skill, energy, and capital, that a great part of this development will be due. The real prosperity of our own Northwest requires such freedom of relationship with the Canadian Northwest that traffic may follow its natural lines. At present our Northwest is doing well, but its future is to be greatly affected by these questions of policy and international relationship.—*From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for October.*

THANKSGIVING.

GRACE LONGANECKER.

THANKSGIVING is the act of rendering thanks, or expressing gratitude for favors, mercies or kindness bestowed.

If we wish to render thanks to any person, we must first have a deep sense of benefit received. If we do not receive a benefit, we certainly cannot be thankful for it; also, if we receive some good thing, and do not know who gives it, we cannot fully express our thanks.

Some may think, I labor for that which I receive and am not obliged to be thankful for it, in fact, I do not feel thankful. But remember, all goodness comes from God and it is to him we should be thankful for health, possessions, friends and all. It is through him we are prospered and many fail to realize it, till there is an intervention of his providence.

Second, we must have an intense love for, and comfort in, the benefactor. How the world admires the philanthropist! It is human nature to love those who do us good and this part of the work we will not find difficult, if we once know who it is that bestows upon us.

Children love their parents and express their thanks for the benefits and love bestowed upon them. So we all, as children, learn to love God our Father, the greatest of all philanthropists, for his favors, mercies and kindness bestowed upon us.

Third, we should desire to make all possible returns to the giver, either in repaying or expressing our love and appreciation.

If one bestows kindness upon us we are apt to return that kindness. If one bestows upon us of this world's goods we feel indebted. And in all these kindly human deeds, if we cannot return their equivalent, how thankful we feel for them.

No one loves us more, grants us more mercies, or favors us more than God and we feel indebted to him greatly, nor can we repay him, only by our service. By our highest service we can do but little and the large remainder we are obliged to pay in love and gratefulness.

Is it hard to do, seeing he gave his Son to die for us and gives us all we enjoy in time and hope to enjoy in eternity?

Hartville, Ohio.

MOST DEGRADED CAN RISE.

THE desire to rise upon the wreck of the past and live a life of purity and happiness can, no doubt, be found in the hearts of almost any prisoner, as well as in the hearts of those in the outside world; but the will to declare for right, and the energy necessary to carry this noble desire through are too often wanting. Those men who know they should be better than they are, sometimes offer very flimsy excuses for permitting themselves to drift down the current of life, instead of struggling for the vantage ground of honor and respectability. Some think or rather try to make themselves believe they are too old to begin to do right; others, that they have gone too far on the road to hell to turn back now. These are very poor excuses, indeed, and show but a lack of will and energy. One is never so old that he cannot begin to do right, can never get so far on the wrong road that he cannot turn back. Those who are in the mire, however, will stay there forever, if they do not try of their own accord to get out; and if they do not try to make an effort to improve themselves, they will never advance. It is utterly useless for them to think that some one will finally come along and release them from their unpleasant situation, for no one will do such a thing, and no one can do it, no matter how much he may desire to help them. But when those who are down have made an effort to gain a better position, then others can and will aid them.

Then, too, those who have, for years, been drifting toward the bad, need not imagine that they can reach the throne of perfection in a single night or day.

Because they cannot do this, many who try for a day or two to advance, and, seeing no result, drop back into the pit with a sigh of despair. The knowledge that it is possible for one to draw a little nearer to perfection should be sufficient inducement for him to strain every muscle in an effort to rise. To improve oneself morally and intellectually, then, it requires time and patience, as it is slow, natural growth.

With patience sour grapes become sweet and the mulberry satin, and it is possible only after weeks, or even months, of diligent labor for one to discern the headway he is making. As we perceive the shadow to have moved along the dial, but did not see it moving; and as it appears that grass has grown, though nobody ever saw it grow, so the advance we make in character building, as they consist of such minute steps, are perceivable only by the distance.

It is even claimed by some prisoners that it is useless for them to try to rise above their present position, as their past character is always there to prevent them from doing so. This tenuous cobweb quality of reasoning is not sufficient, however, to satisfy the mind of thinking men and women. To be sure, if a man continues in a criminal career his past is certain to be against him, helping not only to prevent him from rising, but to push him farther into the slough of misery. But if he succeeds in turning to a righteous way of living—and he can if he will—his past record of immorality and wrongdoing, though for a time it may press hard upon him, will, in the end, enhance the grandeur of his achievement.—*Ohio Penitentiary News.*

THE LUXURY OF DOING GOOD.

INGRATITUDE is the meanest of the vices, and its existence is often discouraging to the man who wants to help his kind, but thank heaven, there are people who rise above this feeling of depression, and labor earnestly to succor even the mentally obtuse who do not realize when they are being benefited, and like the beasts, accept a favor without even an impulse of gratefulness. Aye, these ingrates are even worse than the brute creation, for the dog recognizes and loves the hand that feeds him, though there are human beings who sneer at those who afford them eleemosynary comfort and malign those who have tried to relieve them in spite of their laziness and folly.

Those who have labored in philanthropic directions have often been astonished at the deception and double dealing with which they have been met. They have found persons appealing to them for assistance who have snug little bank accounts which they will not touch under any consideration, and when they have refused assistance to petitions coming from such source have been overwhelmed with loud-mouthed abuse in which blasphemy was seldom absent.

Nevertheless, the good work of our charitable organizations goes on. It never ceases. Its angels of mercy always bear in mind that it is better to be a thousand times deceived than to once only wound the breast of truth.

And there are private philanthropists who are constantly doing good in spite of all temptations to regard all applications for aid as impostors. The fact is that those most deserving shrink from the task of asking help and often suffer in silence, while people more brazen beg and beg and beg again with a persistency that shows they are devoid of shame, or even common decency. The latter are the professional beggars, who are too indolent to attempt to earn an honest living.

The philanthropists to whom we refer are often laughed at by the more hard-hearted neighbors who never bestow charity at all, because they pretend to be afraid that they will be cheated, but they are, according to the *New York Mail*, easily taken in where all kinds of fraudulent schemes which promise quick returns from the investment of a small amount of money are presented. They are, indeed, more often overreached than the man or woman who enjoys the luxury of doing good.—*Newport Mercury.*

RESULT OF AUTOMOBILES.

It is Now Claimed That They Tend to Do Away With City Homes.

THERE are 60,000 motor vehicles in the United States. American cars have crossed the Rockies and the Andes. An American car has been driven into the ocean from the extremity of the southern island of New Zealand. The automobile has made its way into China and Africa. It will yet be known in the Solomon Islands, and the last remaining cannibals will fly from it in terror. It has passed the Arctic circle. It will yet be skating around the ultimate pole. Everybody goes touring. Inns and restaurants spring up along the path of the horn.

Many results, good, bad, and indifferent, have been attributed to the automobile. Certainly one of the most curious of them is their effect upon the great "family hotels" or apartment houses in New York, or at least upon several or many of them. The builder of the first great "family hotel" in New York explains that the class of hotels in question was built for wealthy men. Of course, the rent was even higher than the building. But now comes the "devil wagon," as its detractors call it, the "bubble," as the frivolous college youth names it, and away whizzes the rich man to his home in the country. He may do business in the city, and yet have a country home forty or fifty miles away. He can go home in an hour or so. He finds it pleasanter to live in the country. Besides, it is fashionable to live in the country. Let us not attribute too much to automobiles.—"*With the Procession," Everybody's Magazine for September.*

THE DRUGGING DEFENSE.

THE following clipping illustrates so well that trait in human nature which prompts us to blame persons severely until the one who commits the misdemeanor is proven to be of our own household and then how readily we shift blame and find excuses:

District Attorney Jerome was discussing the absurd defenses that criminal lawyers sometimes induce their clients to set up. "To-day the favorite defense is drugging," he said. "A woman elopes—well, she was drugged. A clerk robs his employer—some one had drugged the poor fellow.

"An elderly woman was walking along the street the other evening with her son, a boy of 21. Suddenly she halted, enraged.

"'Look at the intoxicated brute across the way,' she exclaimed. 'That drunken beast ought to be locked up for a year.'

"The boy, who had been looking intently at the reeling man, now said in a low voice:

"'Why, mother, that's Brother Bill.'

"At this the woman threw up her hands with a gesture of horror and despair.

"'Oh,' she cried, 'the saloonkeepers have been druggin' that poor child again.'"—*Chicago Chronicle.*

THE countenance is the portrait of the soul, and the eyes mark its intentions.—*Cicero.*

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THE MONUMENT OF SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS.

That men should be remembered for the good they have done in this world is beyond cavil. Somehow there is, within the bosom of man, an inclination to give credit to men who have made themselves conspicuous in the eyes of the public. It is also true that many people in this world have done a vast amount of good for which they have scarcely received any credit. But for the most part those who have arisen to any prominence have gained the hearts of their countrymen.

Governments have gone so far in many instances as to appropriate money for the erection of a monument in honor of the hero in question. Sometimes, of course, mistakes are made along this line as well as other lines; mistakes will always be made, so long as humanity runs things. But as a rule the men who receive these tokens of remembrance have endeared themselves to their countrymen to such a degree that the monument of marble is really an outward demonstration of what really abides in the heart. George Washington's monument cost a great deal of money and will probably stand for ages, but so long as there is an America, his name will be known as the "Father of His Country." The monument at Washington may crumble, but the one that has been erected in the heart of every patriotic American will be handed down from one generation to another until our nation ceases to be.

No great monument of granite has ever been erected to the Lord Jesus Christ, and yet every Christian church is built in sacred memory of the great sacrifice he made for the human family; and so long as Christianity remains, there is, in the hearts of his followers, a far greater monument than could be built of stone.

Whether there will ever be built a monument to the honor of Sir George Williams remains for the future to solve; but, throughout the known world to-day, there are thousands of Y. M. C. A. organizations, and people who are friends to the association, who will think and speak of the founder of this great institution as long as they live, as being the humble instrument in the hands of God for the uplifting of a class of men who would hardly be reached by any church.

The mustard seed, from which has grown this gigantic tree, was on this wise: A youth, born at Dulverton, educated at Glynns schools, was working as an apprentice in the Holmes Drapery Establishment at Bridgewater. He was fifteen years old, for he was born in 1821; this was in 1836. George felt that their arduous labors in the factory deprived them of the spiritual training which they so much needed; so, with the assistance of some other young men whom he had invited, they organized a little band which soon reached twenty-seven in enrollment. There was no thought of an organization outside of the building, but their earnestness was so great and the leadership of George Williams so ample that this little nucleus was soon unable to hold their influence for good within the walls of the great factory. Villages adjacent received visits from Williams and his band, which was known as "Society for Improving the Spiritual Condition of Young Men Engaged in the Drapery and other Trades." Of course this name was soon changed to the Young Men's Christian Association. The possibility of a permanent organization did not occur to the president until 1841. During this year Williams left Bridgewater for London, where he had secured employment in the firm of Geo. Hitchcock & Company. Hitchcock was a senior partner of the firm; he granted young Williams permission to organize an association among the employés, and also to have one of the rooms of the building for a meeting place.

The work at Bridgewater had been left in charge of other men. George now had a little field of labor in his religious work. There were probably one hundred and fifty thousand men in London at that time; a majority of these had no place of residence except in some compartment of the business places where they were employed. They began their work early and continued until late at night. Several slept in the same rooms in many instances. Their ventilation was bad; their physical exercise was not looked after; in fact, every opportunity in the world was given for sin to enter their lives without any counteracting influence. The great field was white unto the harvest, and George Williams was the harvester. He found an enthusiastic companion in Christopher Smith.

Wherever the association has a building or a meeting to-day, the names of these two men will be revered as long as the association stands; and the thousands

Y. M. C. A., go to make up the great monument of of buildings that dot the earth, bearing the initials of George Williams.

This man organized Bible classes, literary societies, and night schools, all of which had their special functions in the development of character of the young men who joined themselves to this band.

In 1844, on the sixth day of June, twelve men, headed by George Williams, laid the cornerstone of what is now one of the greatest organizations in the world; it was formally founded; its methods became aggressive; a plan for extension work was executed; public meetings were held semi-monthly; the respective associations soon outgrew their quarters; the movement soon demanded the attention and services of officers. It was impossible for men, employed otherwise, to carry on the great movement successfully, so the association was at once officered, and business began in dead earnest. The social advantages were used as missionary forces to attract young men of good character. The reading rooms and library necessitated a gradation of membership, and plans were soon adopted whereby fees might be paid, admitting members to the privileges of the association. At the end of the first five years in London the membership reached fifteen hundred, while in the United Kingdom it probably had reached eighty-five hundred.

Had the good Lord seen proper to call George Williams from labor to reward at that time he would be remembered as a great man; but he lived, and so did the association, and to-day in North America alone we have more than fifteen hundred associations, which own four hundred buildings valued at twenty-two million dollars.

In 1851 the first American association was planted in Boston, and among the fifteen hundred associations mentioned above we have to-day about fifty Indian associations and nearly one hundred associations of colored men. There are more than one hundred and fifty associations especially designed to care for the young men in the employ of different railroads. It cannot be gainsaid that this work has been one influence toward the movement of the railroad men in employing men of good character instead of the rougher sort that had been formerly used.

To trace the spread and development of the American associations would be a great task, to say nothing of the valuable work that has been begun and is being carried on at present. The facilities the association affords for the physical culture of young men, who are cooped up in the cities, can never be estimated so far as value goes; on the other hand the facilities for intellectual development, in the way of reading rooms and libraries for the working class of men, who cannot otherwise afford it, are also of incalculable value. The lecture courses that are furnished by the association are worth more to the community than can be estimated in dollars and cents.

In 1894, which was the fiftieth year of the organization, called the Jubilee year, Queen Victoria knighted George Williams in honor of the great work he had done, and since that time he has borne the title of Sir George Williams.

He never dreamed of all this when saying his evening prayers alone, in his bedroom in the factory; but this is what has come of the faithful, constant service of one man. The association work was the greatest thing of his life until the very last. Now that he has gone, his work must be taken up by the thousands of young men who have enlisted in this great army.

A LAND OF TIPS.

A TRAVELER who has been all over Europe believes that the villagers of the Alps outdo all other people in the unhappy business of tips and fees. Relating his experiences in the *Detroit Free Press,* he says that when he was leaving Chamouni he gave fees to the chambermaid, the waiter, the porter, the bootblack, the cook, the omnibus drivers, the mail carrier, and all the bell boys. Then the landlord approached and suggested that he had been left out.

"But I was your guest."

"True; but if you will remember, I received you with three distinct bows, where only one is required by custom. It is two bows extra, monsieur."

The traveler had just paid ten cents apiece for the bows, when the coroner appeared.

"But where do you come in?"

"Had monsieur met with a fatal fall on the mountains, I should have held the inquest."

The coroner got a franc. Then his clerk came forward and said:

"And had there been an inquest, I should have had the pleasure of writing to monsieur's relatives that unfortunately he was dead."

The traveler handed him a coin, and then, to be done with the business, asked if there was anybody else in Chamouni who had a claim.

"The police have not arrested you," said the landlord.

"All right, here's a tip for them. Anyone else?"

"My night watchman did not let the hotel take fire."

The traveler left a tip for the faithful watchman, went down to his train, tipped all the railroad officials, and considered himself fortunate in having money enough left to get out of the country.

THE greatest public benefactor is the man who sells books.—*Gladstone.*

THERE will ever be a place for virtue.—*Seneca.*

Current Happenings

WHOLESALE CONSUMPTION OF TANGLEFOOT.

At Connellsville, Pa., it is reported that fire destroyed eight hundred and ten thousand gallons of eight-year-old whiskey, and that about five million gallons of water were used in extinguishing the fire. The damage is estimated, conservatively, at $4,000,000. Counting seventy drinks to the gallon, which is considered a safe estimate, fifty-six million seven hundred thousand drinks were disposed of at once. If these were considered separately, nearly fifty-eight million people were relieved of temporary suffering, besides the public example of degradation and public nuisance that it would have required to deal out the stuff over the bars.

Besides this the blue-tinged flames from the burning alcohol, that shot up into the air more than a hundred feet, made a spectacle never to be forgotten by lookers-on. It gave an idea of the united strength of the fifty-seven million individual fires, that each man possessed and shows an aggregate of the misery and woe of what would have been dealt out piecemeal in the community, had it not been for the fire. Barrel after barrel of whiskey added its contents to the conflagration. Special trains, bearing fire departments, reached the scene as soon as possible. Hope was lost of saving the goods, but it was the effort of the department to save the city. If the same effort is made to save the city hereafter that was made in this instance, the probabilities are that not another barrel would be allowed inside the corporation. It is a sad sight to see the loss of buildings and to disfigure in any way the beauty of any municipality, but it certainly would be a good thing for the nation if the fire fiends would visit the rest of the grog-shops in our country and raze them to the ground. The enormity of the liquor traffic is only shown to the casual observer in such instances as this. Little do the people know how many millions of dollars and lives are lost through this wonderful curse.

It is now time that every Inglenook agent should see that his subscription list is promptly renewed because we are nearing the end of the year, and the subscribers will not want to miss any numbers at the beginning of the year, for they will lose a chapter out of some of the stories. Speak to them about this and it will save a great deal of correspondence and trouble.

The Jewish Relief Fund, of Chicago, has forwarded a total amount of $72,805 for the alleviation of the suffering of the Russian Jews.

President Roosevelt, in a recent conversation with Dr. White, professor of surgery at the University of Pennsylvania, suggested to him somewhat emphatically a "gentleman's agreement" among college and university authorities to stamp out brutality and foul play in football. While he is not in favor of doing away with the game entirely, yet it is his purpose to so frame the agreement that the principles contained therein, if enforced, will drive not only the individual players, who engage in such brutality, but whole teams, off the field. He further demands that college presidents should hold to the sharpest accountability the umpire who permits foul or brutal playing of football in any game.

Reports have it that the Cudahys, of Chicago and Kansas City, who are operating large oil fields in the Indian Territory, have united with the Cherokee Oil and Gas Company, with a capital of six millions, with the purpose of entering the oil field in opposition to the Standard Oil Company, which, heretofore, has been the only purchaser of crude oil in that territory. Perhaps a little opposition may reduce the price of oil; perhaps not.

The London county council has decided to introduce a bill in Parliament, authorizing the construction of a forty-million-dollar electrical plant for the municipality of London and suburbs.

The cruiser *Minneapolis* has been ordered for a cruise in the Baltic Sea, to be of service as a rescue ship for Americans and even other foreigners, who are in St. Petersburg, in case the strike situation should necessitate flight.

The yellow fever, at Havana, seems to be making more business for the hospitals. All the gulf and South Atlantic ports are again quarantined.

It is said that Marshall Field, of Chicago, pays taxes on real estate valued at $30,000,000, and on a personal property valuation of $10,000,000. This amount, it is claimed, he pays without a murmur. A conservative estimate places his entire fortune in the neighborhood of $150,000,000.

Prospectors in the placer gold regions, at the Magellans, in Chile, report that the output from there will soon surpass the rest of the world's total production of gold.

ANOTHER North Pole expedition is to be undertaken by Marcillac, similar to that of the unfortunate Andree. As a safeguard against such accidents as befell the latter, Marcillac intends to carry with him a wireless telegraph apparatus, by means of which the balloon will be kept in permanent connection with the starting station. Spitzbergen is to be chosen as the starting-point, as in the case of the Andree expedition, and the cost of the trip is estimated at only about half that of the former expedition.

NEWS from the icebound whaling fleet off Point Barrow, in the Arctic Ocean, says that seven out of twenty vessels were saved, and twelve hundred people rescued.

A PORTION of Mont Blanc has been sold for $3,000 and is to be broken into large squares of granite for building purposes. The rock in question is the world-famous stone which, broken off from Mont Blanc in the glacial period, was deposited in the Rhone valley at Monthey.

IN London there are thousands of unemployed laborers, whose destitute wives recently organized themselves into a body, called upon the Governor, Premier Balfour, and presented a written demand for work for their husbands.

WIRELESS telegraph stations have recently been introduced into Switzerland, the purpose of which is to furnish distress signals for Alpine climbers who have been too venturesome.

A NEW and strange discovery has lately been made by Professor Martini, of the University of Rome. By the use of an ophthalmoscope, an instrument used especially in examining the retina of the eye, he claims to have photographed in the eye of a murderer the profile of his victim. Upon seeing this, the murderer confessed, saying that ever since he had committed the deed, he had seen constantly the face of his victim as a phantom. The face on the retina is said to have continued to be visible for fifty-two hours, after which it faded away.

A LARGE hotel in Glasgow, Scotland, was destroyed by fire recently. More than two hundred people were lodged in the hotel at the time of the burning. Thirty-nine people were killed outright and thirty-two very badly injured. The rest escaped with little or no clothing, and the loss of all their effects. The fire fighters had more difficulty to fight their way through the frantic crowd of people than they did in fighting the fire itself. All of the inmates were men and most of them workingmen.

FOREST fires have been raging along the Illinois river lately. Scores of families have been obliged to leave their homes and flee from the conflagration. Thousands of dollars of property have been destroyed and it seems that the local authorities are powerless to check the destruction. It is said that the fire was started by careless hunters. As there had not been any rains, of course the woods were dry as tinder and the fire spread rapidly.

DR. BURSTEIN, of New York City, has a plan by which he expects to raise five hundred million dollars, to buy lands for the persecuted Jews of the world, and especially of Russia. He expects to issue a circular which is to be scattered throughout the world among the Jews, asking every son of Abraham to give up ten per cent of his possessions, not of his earnings; and by this means they will raise the required amount to secure the land. Then he requires ten per cent of their earnings for ten years. The plan is to buy land in the State of Texas or some of the territories, pay for it and populate it, gather the Hebrew people who will come to the selected spot. By unifying them, they will be able to protect themselves from such persecutions as they have undergone.

GOVERNOR HANLY, of Indiana, has decidedly taken the stand that no Hoosier shall beg, buy, steal, or borrow a drink from midnight on Saturday till midnight on Sunday. The large cities of the State are very closely watched. The test has exposed many of the constant violators of the law. It is to be hoped that the governor and all others in favor of civic righteousness will employ every means of putting an end to the nuisance.

AT Henderson, Texas, a mob took five negroes from a jail, who had been suspected of murdering a white man. They were taken to the public square, where three of them were lynched and the other two released for having testified that they witnessed the crime. There are still some people too hasty to allow the law to have its course.

CHINA demands twenty million dollars of Russia and Japan for the damages done in Manchuria during the late war. It is estimated that, during the conflict of eighteen months, more than twenty thousand Chinese lost their lives. Besides the troops passed through Chinese territory, leaving behind them damage and devastation. Practically two whole crops were lost, and thousands of Chinese who escaped with their lives, have lost their homes. The two governments in question are considering the requisition, but a settlement is yet in the future.

HOME DEPARTMENT

EDNA CAMPBELL'S PROBATION.

"So you are longing to be a settlement worker?" said Mrs. Thorne, looking at her niece's eager face.

"Indeed I am," answered Edna, with enthusiasm. "In a little town like this there are no opportunities for doing good such as you find in cities. If papa and mamma would only consent, I'd start to-morrow."

"Your parents are just beginning to have a chance to enjoy you, dear, after your school days, and should not like to have you go to the city, where they could seldom see you," said Mrs. Thorne, gravely.

"Yes, that is what they always say," said the girl, a trifle impatiently; "but they cannot possibly need me as those poor people in the slums do. They are young yet, and have plenty of interests in life. Why, Aunt Helen, I really don't do enough actual work in a week to pay for my board. Mary does the housework, and mamma the little things, so I am not needed at all."

"Do you keep up your music and studies?"

"A little. Papa prefers old-fashioned songs, so I have neglected the difficult things. I am so anxious to win you to my side, Auntie, for you have more influence with papa and mamma than any one else."

"Would you be willing to spend six months or a year getting ready for such a place—a sort of probationary period to fit yourself for the work and reconcile your parents to the idea?" asked Mrs. Thorne, suddenly.

"I'll do anything you say, if you'll only win their consent," said Edna, throwing her arms around her aunt's neck. "Please, please try, Auntie! I am just thirsting to do some good in the world. Don't you think everyone should labor in the Lord's vineyard?"

"Certainly, my dear; but the question is, shall we choose the place to work, or strive just where God has placed us? How do you know that there are no fields white already to harvest nearer than the city you long for?"

"That is impossible," said Edna, with the confidence of youth. "The people around here are all respectable, and none of them are in deep poverty; there are no jails and hospitals to be visited, no sick folks who lack care, and no working-girls to be looked after. We are just enough alive to be counted by the census-taker, and that is all. You will help me, won't you?" she added, anxiously.

Mrs. Thorne had a long talk with the anxious parents that night, and suggested a plan that relieved them very much. "It is not that we object to her going after awhile, but she is too young now," said Mr. Campbell. "A girl of eighteen has not the experience to fit her for missionary work, especially among the city poor. I lived in the city long enough to know that the wisest and most skilled workers are necessary among the degraded tenement people, and Edna would soon learn that it takes more than boundless enthusiasm to be successful."

Early next morning Edna was awakened by her aunt's kiss and a hearty, "I congratulate you, Edna. After suitable preparation your father and mother say you may try a year in the city."

The young girl's prayer that morning was more like a song of thanksgiving than anything else. Her long-cherished dream was about to come true, and she poured out her soul in passionate rejoicing that was entirely unlike her usual plea for a wider field of usefulness. Her parents did not seem less cheerful than usual when she thanked them for granting her heart's desire, and her cup of joy was filled to overflowing.

She followed Mrs. Thorne into the sitting-room, where that busy woman was filling vases with flowers and dusting the furniture, to ask what course of study she should take up, for she was eager to begin at once. It had once been Edna's work to relieve her mother of these numerous little tasks, but lately her mind had been too much occupied with great things to think of the small ones.

"I don't think study is as necessary as practical work," said Mrs. Thorne, vigorously polishing the old mahogany table. "A settlement worker is more likely to be called upon to scrub dirty floors and look after untidy children than to read Shakespeare or render classical music. Can you sew?"

"I make plain clothes pretty well and embroider. Mamma does my mending and darns my stockings. Somehow, I always forget the clothes until I find them folded and ready to put on."

"Well, the first thing to do is to organize a sewing-class among the village children. That will give you a chance to see what sort of instructor you will make, and, in the meantime, you can take lessons yourself in more difficult things."

"I don't believe I can find half a dozen who will be willing to come," said Edna, who could not keep the disappointment from her face and voice.

"All the better if they must be coaxed. The hardest thing workers in the cities have to overcome is the aversion to cleaning up, and it will be good practice if you have hard work to start your class. A great many people have the mistaken idea that people in

the slums are longing to be reformed, when it really takes patience and almost infinite tact to start them toward a better mode of living."

So the little class was started, and, in spite of the teacher's doleful predictions, proved a decided success. Mrs. Thorne was always present when the children worked on the shady back porch and served such delicious things to eat that not one of the small girls ever wanted to stay away. They gave such glowing accounts of their good times that one by one the older girls joined the group, till Edna had her hands full. Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Thorne had to come to the rescue more than once to encourage the tearful owners of puckery patchwork, or look after sticky needles, held tightly in moist little hands.

"Clara is getting far ahead of me," declared Edna, smoothing out a piece of beautiful drawn work her pupil had just finished. "I intend to resign in her favor."

"Your work is exquisite, my dear," said Mrs. Thorne, kindly. "If you want to sell it, I can easily find a buyer when I go home.

"Oh, could you?" cried Clara, with tears in her eyes. "I have always wanted to go to the city to work, but mother is an invalid, and I cannot leave her. If I could make a little money here at home, it would help us so much. I can never thank you and Edna enough, for this has been the happiest summer of my life."

"Aunt Helen, why didn't you say plainly that I needed to open my eyes before I could ever make a settlement worker?" demanded Edna, coming into the sitting-room with her arms filled with magazines. "I have noticed for some time that the girls always carry home their work in their aprons to save the papers I give them to wrap it up in; but to-day was the first time that I thought of that closet under the stairs filled with magazines. They might have been enjoying them all these years. My probation is likely to last indefinitely."

"Because I was sure you would discover your opportunities in time, and that does you more good than to have them pointed out. You are learning rapidly, but when your year is up you will be surprised at the number you missed, I think."

"Tell me just a few," begged Edna, eagerly. "No, I don't want you to, either. By the way, Auntie, will it be too much trouble when you go home to see about entering our work in a good exchange? I have found out that most of the girls are looking eagerly forward to the time when they will be able to go to the city to work; but if they could earn a fair living at home perhaps they might be persuaded to stay here. It seems to me that even a little money at home would go much farther than the scanty wages girls in the cities receive."

"I will be delighted to do anything I can do for you, Edna. By all means keep the girls safe at home, if possible. There are enough underpaid young women starving soul and body in large cities without increasing the number.

"Papa says we may use that cottage he owns on Walnut street for a meeting-place as soon as it is too cold to sew on the porch. Old Mrs. Tracy is to move in to keep things clean, and I think we will do good work there. The little girls will come after school, and the older ones will help teach them. Do you think I am a little bit successful, Aunt Helen?"

"Not a little bit, but a great deal," said Mrs. Thorne, with a smile. "You are learning many important things in the management of people, as well as how to teach sewing and embroidery."

From time to time Mrs. Thorne received brief letters from her busy niece, after she went back to her city home, but from her sister she heard of the work done in the cottage on Walnut street. Mrs. Campbell wrote that books, pictures and flowers were rapidly finding their way to the transformed house, and that it was now the social center of the entire village. Twice each month the fathers and mothers were entertained there, but it was understood that visitors were welcome at all times.

"I will read Aunt Helen's letter, if you will all put your work down for a few minutes," said Edna one beautiful winter day. "Nellie and Dora are going to serve the lunch, so we will enjoy both together. She sends our monthly check, in which most of us have a share, but Clara has done the best."

So the letter was exclaimed over, and the girls rejoiced over the liberal prices their work brought till Edna declared they were growing mercenary. One sheet of paper she did not read aloud, but slipped it back into the envelope with glowing cheeks. It told of a vacant place waiting for her in the city; but the news that a year ago would have filled her with unspeakable joy, now only brought regret that she had neglected so many opportunities at home. "If I had a dozen pairs of hands, I could use them all," she thought, as she helped little Katy Wells with her tear-sprinkled towel. "I believe Aunt Helen knew this would be the result when she set me this task."

"Of course I shall write to thank Auntie for finding me the place in the settlement," she said, laying the letter in her mother's lap that evening; "but when you visit her next week, mamma, tell her I cannot accept it. Tell her I was blind and foolish to say I had no chance to work here, but I am awake to the tremendous possibilities at last."

"My dear child, we have all been praying that you might come to know that none of God's fields are barren and unfruitful," said Mrs. Campbell, wiping away her happy tears, "and I rejoice with exceeding great joy that our prayers are answered."—*Hilda Richmond, in The Watchword.*

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

MARRIAGE.

For Sunday, December 10, 1905.

I. Matrimony is a Holy Institution.

1. It is Authorized by God, ...Gen. 2: 18
2. Sanctioned by the Savior, ...John 2: 2
3. Recognized by the Apostles, ...Eph. 5: 31
4. "Holy" Only to Christians, ...1 Cor. 7: 39

II. Happy Marriages. Why?

1. Abraham and Sarah, ...Gen. 12: 2, 3
2. Isaac and Rebecca, ...Gen. 24: 37-41
3. Jacob and Rachel, ...Gen. 29: 15-21

III. Unfortunate Marriages. Why?

1. Samson and Delilah, ...Judges 16: 4-22
2. Ahasuerus and Vashti, ...Esther 1
3. Ahab and Jezebel, ...1 Kings 16: 31

IV. Dissolvable Only By Death.

Text.—Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.—Prov. 31: 28.

A Divine Institution.

When Jesus attended the marriage feast at Cana of Galilee, he mingled with the guests, and neither by word nor deed gave utterance to any disapproval of the institution of marriage. "Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of thy life." Eccl. 9: 9. How may this happiness be secured? Many are unsuccessful in their quest, because they do not use the same common sense and practical wisdom which they bring to bear on other subjects. They sort of think that happiness comes of its own accord or by accident. They have a vague notion that it *ought* to come of itself. And they are grieved and surprised when they find it has flown away, and in its place are bitterness, disappointment and sometimes anger and tears. Marriage has more care than the single life; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys.

"Each Man's Chimney is His Golden Milestone."

And so far as possible the chimney should shadow the little home in which the young people begin housekeeping. So much depends upon the first few years in married life. Courtship casts a false glamour, and in the light of everyday trials, disillusionment is bound to come; the two who thought they were perfectly adapted to each other, find out that they did not fully understand each other, and wonder what is to be done next. The best thing to do is to talk it over frankly, and honestly, as two true friends would, and then exercise that forbearance which love gives. Let no third person come in between to share your misunderstandings; let not even your dearest earthly friend know about anything that has marred your peace. But with renewed confidence, pledge yourselves anew to forbearance and tender regard for each other.

Homely Virtues.

Most of us have read Josiah Allan's views on a woman's duty in the home. He was inclined to take highflown views of things and one day he announced to Samantha that "woman's duty was to charm and allure." Samantha, whose good housekeeping and practical common sense had left but little to be desired in their home, pondered over her duty, and decided to show him how little there was in his notion. So she neglected all her work, and simply smiled upon him when he came home hungry and tired. Needless to say that Josiah changed his mind; he saw that it was better to leave Samantha regulate her ways and her home as she had been accustomed to doing. The wife who is willing to keep house, and to keep within her husband's means, is also the keeper of his love in most cases. Romantic people may talk as much as they please about this matter, yet the fact remains that no attractions or charms in the wife are more available in keeping the husband's affection and respect than the despised virtues of economy, thrift, and industry.

Before Marriage.

Young people jest and laugh about this matter, they talk of falling in love and rarely discuss the subject in a sensible way. But it should receive their serious attention. Falling in love should be discouraged, because too often they fall in love with the wrong man or the wrong woman, and the outcome is a life of unhappiness and misery. Why not at least make an attempt to set your affections upon the right man, or the right woman. We honestly believe that where this is done you find the happiest homes. To marry a man who has bad habits because you have fallen in love with him is sheer folly. Look for the staunch virtues and sterling honesty that make a man respected by his fellows, when you set your affections upon the one who shall share your entire life with you.

Ahab and Jezebel.

Marriage offers great opportunities for spoiling the life of another. Nobody can debase and ruin a woman so fatally as her own husband, and, believe me,

no one can do one-tenth as much to chill a man's enthusiasm, level his aspirations and paralyze his energies as his wife. Ahab was irretrievably ruined after he married Jezebel. He turned his face to the wall and pouted when he could not get Naboth's vineyard; but Jezebel, seeing his disappointment, at once planned the murder of Naboth, and so procured by fraud and crime the property he coveted. Ahab feared Elijah, but it was Jezebel who threatened to take his life, and it was through fear that Elijah fled into the wilderness—fear of Jezebel, not of Ahab.

A Happy Marriage.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other!"

The Shunammite woman was happy in her home life, so happy that the allurements of society at the king's court did not tempt her; she was content to dwell among her own people.

Out in the world as a man is, harassed by anxieties of which the wife knows nothing, home should be his place of rest and refuge, where he may be himself without fear of offending his wife, where he may relax and gain strength for another day of work. And some women, and these not the least affectionate, wisely understand the need of rest in the man's hard life, and accept the quiet of security with the undemonstrative love that is no less loyal because but little is said. Other women, less wise, fret over it, and make themselves and their husbands wretched because they cannot believe in that which is not forever paraded before their eyes. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her," is the highest praise that can be given a woman.

Divorce.

This old story contains truths that should be remembered: A gentleman called upon the governor of Connecticut, requesting a private interview. He said: "My wife and I do not live happily together and I am thinking of getting a divorce; what do you advise?" The governor thought a few moments, then he said, "How did you treat her before you married her?" The husband answered, "I treated her as kindly as I could for I loved her then." "Well, sir," said the governor, "go home and court her now, just as you did then, and love her as when you married her. Do this in the fear of God for one year and then tell me the result." When a year had gone, the man called again and told the governor that they were as happy as when they were first married.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

A SISTER says: "We have a Circle of fifteen and are willing to do some studying; now what books do you advise?"

There are two books in our present course that are especially adapted to Circles just beginning to study. They are "Effective Workers in Needy Fields" and "The Burden of the City"; both are alike interesting, although the first deals with foreign missions, while the second takes up the problems that confront our workers in the cities. Our sister will find that these two books will attract, and make others anxious to join the class; they foster an interest in missions.

We are glad that in so many of our churches libraries on missions are being placed in our Sunday schools. The Christian Endeavor Society have a very good library of fifteen volumes that should be on our shelves. But in most of our churches the problem has been, not so much what books to choose, as how to get books at all because books on missions were not found in our homes. By giving the book, "Do Not Say," to each member, this difficulty was overcome, and it was easy to make a start. And after studying "Do Not Say" it was an easy matter to get another book and study it, because the appetite for mission study grows keener. After reading a few books on missions most of us take up the subject for regular reading, and books and periodicals on missions regularly find their way into our homes.

A brother says: "We would like to study the missions systematically, much as we study any other subject. How shall we proceed?"

For a class of this kind our Circle has prepared a course made up principally of books published by the Student Volunteer Movement. To begin with Lawrence's "Introduction to the Study of Foreign Missions," is instructive and paves the way for a thorough course of mission study. Then "The Knights of the Laburnum" and "Effective Workers in Needy Fields" are both very good biographical books with which to break ground. These books lead up to others that afford a broader view of the subject.

While the present state of information on missions tempts us to cover as much ground as possible in the effort to fill in the yawning gaps of ignorance, more permanent impressions and a greater degree of interest would in most cases be secured by concentrating on a limited field. India or China in eight lessons each is all very well for an outline sketch, but not much is apt to remain in the mind unless we go over it again.

We plan what we should like, but in this work we end by taking what we can get. In most cases the Circle study class has been a decided benefit to all concerned. Yet we hope to see a vast improvement in the future, in plans and methods and results.

Sister Bessie Rider, of Elizabethtown, Pa., writes thus: "It may appear to you somewhat that during such a long period of silence our Circle hasn't been doing very much, but nevertheless the meetings have

(Continued on page 1152.)

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LVI.

Cæsarea Philippi.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:

Mr. Shamaas and Mr. Assafar would not allow our party to leave Damascus without a carriage ride; accordingly they drove us around the city and in this way we were privileged to see many things that otherwise we would have missed. As we crossed the Abana river we saw some of the women washing, and they were not using any of these new-fangled washing machines that get the men into trouble, as Oscar says. They waded into the river to where it was knee-deep or more, found a flat-topped stone rising a little above the water, upon which they beat their garments which had been saturated in the water. Soap is a thing practically unknown; they dip their filthy rags into the river until fairly saturated, then thresh them upon the rock with an overhanded stroke, similar to using a flail, until they are supposed to be cleansed. The wash water and rinse water are one and the same thing; they wring them by hand; the clothes line is usually a stone wall. Their worst difficulty is getting possession of the washing machine first. When we saw their washings, and Miss Merritt remarked that it was not a very clean wash, Oscar suggested that the wash was all right, but it was a dirty hang-out.

We saw some men making rope; one man had an old-fashioned spinning wheel, the other had a sack of hemp. The man with the sack walked backwards, carefully pulling the wisps consecutively while the other turned the wheel at a speed which would twist the rope; a very crude way indeed, but sufficiently progressive for the oriental people.

There is a wall around the city of Damascus; the majority of it does not date farther back than the twelfth century, but there is one section that seems to be the original wall built at or before the beginning of the Christian era. Here we were shown the traditional spot where Paul was let down over the wall in a basket when he went to Jerusalem. Acts 9: 25.

We visited one of the seventy Mohammedan mosques of Damascus. Of course we had to remove our shoes or slip moccasins over them before we could enter, because they do not allow Christian dogs to defile the holy place. Near the entrance is a laver where the devotés wash their hands and feet before prayer. The great stone floor is literally covered with prayer rugs, ranging in price from five dollars to fifteen hundred dollars. The Mohammedan prays five times a day. Rising far above the mosque is the minaret, upon which the muezzin goes five times a day to call out the hour of prayer; his words are "Allah el Allah, Mohammed ah rah sou," which means, God is God and Mohammed is his prophet. When we were on the top of the minaret we asked the muezzin how many mosques there were in Damascus and he said they were innumerable. I think he was right, for I do not believe he could count seventy. We counted them, and in the evening Miss Merritt was reading Bayard Taylor and she found he says there are seventy of them.

As soon as we returned we wrote a letter home and then began our journey towards Jerusalem. Jameel, our dragoman, had everything in readiness and we mounted our horses and left the capital of Syria. Old Bedouin was a gay as a colt. None of us had ridden on horseback for several years, and it was real fun; all the forenoon we kept an easy gallop across the Damascus plains, and a beautiful plain it is. At noon we took lunch at the little mud village of Artoos, under an old olive tree; here we saw the people making bricks out of mud and straw, similar to the ones the Israelites were compelled to make by the Egyptians. The bricks were about three inches thick and ten inches square; they dry them in the sun. While were resting by the roadside, in a field adjacent, we saw some men plowing with oxen and the old one-handled plow. Luke 9: 62. As I said before it was dinner time; the oxen knew it; they wanted to turn out, one of them rebelled, balked and began to kick. The driver held the ox-goad so that he would kick against it. Almost involuntarily Miss Gertrude quoted, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Acts 9: 5. To our surprise the dragoman explained that this was the very place where Paul was converted on his road to Damascus. So here was monumental evidence that old customs still continue and that the conditions in the land harmonize beautifully with the statements made in the Book.

That night we staid at Kefr Havr with a Jew by the name of Isaac Alfandry. It was Saturday night, which was, of course, the Jewish Sabbath. I wanted a light with which to write in my diary; he would not make a light for us, but pointed us to the scripture in Ex. 35: 3, which does not allow them to make fire on the Sabbath day. So Jameel had to make a light for us. Well, we slept on the soft side of the cement floor; no chairs; no beds; no bedding, nothing but a blanket between us and the cement. A little girl took a sherd (Isa. 30: 14) of pottery and went to the city baker to get coals with which to start the evening fire for supper, after six o'clock, so that the Sabbath would not be broken. She blew the fire with a little hand bellows to make it burn briskly. We retired early and in the morning when we arose we all felt like martyrs pressed with business. We traveled for miles and miles to-day, over the rough, barren Anti-Lebanon Mountains toward Mt. Hermon. It was almost impossible for the horses to put their feet upon the ground. The rocks simply covered the ground, not a vestige of herbs or grass was seen.

We took dinner at Marsh Hadda, a little oasis in the desert. A spring on the side of the mountain made it possible for them to grow some fine vineyards. Bushels and bushels of grapes were brought to the winepress, on the backs of camels and dumped into the winepress. The old Druses, who were in charge of the winepress, rolled their pantaloons to their knees and tramped the juice out of the grapes, with their bare feet. Oscar asked permission to take their photograph; this pleased them. He took it, then they took after him to see the photograph. He tried to explain, but it was all in vain. They surrounded him and had it not been for Jameel, who per-

(Continued on page 1152.)

The Q. & A. Department.

[In Inglenook No. 44, bearing date of Oct. 31, on this page we answered a question concerning proof of the rotation of the earth by a ball being dropped from a tower. On Nov. 6 we received the following from Ota E. Gibson, of Chatham, Ill.—Ed.]

I write to you concerning your answer to the first question in the issue of Oct. 31. I think that the ball would drop to the east of the tower for the reason that a point at the top of the tower would be going faster than a point at the foot of the tower because of the difference in their distances from the earth's axis. Now Newton's first two laws are: First, every body tends to persevere in its state of rest or uniform motion in a straight line, unless it is acted upon by an impressed force.

Second, change of motion is proportional to the impressed force, and takes place in the direction of the straight line in which the force acts.

Considering that there is a calm when the ball leaves the tower it is subject to only one force besides its momentum (if that may be called a force), and that is the force of gravity. And as these forces act at right angles to each other the ball will not lose any of its momentum according to the above laws. That is, it will continue to move eastward with the same rate of speed besides what downward speed gravity gives it. Then since the ball is moving faster than the surface of the earth it will fall to the east of the tower. If this argument is not sound, please tell me wherein it lacks. Enclosed find a clipping from the St. Paul *Dispatch,* which gives an account of an experiment with a ball subject to the same forces.

A Strange Phenomenon.

It is an interesting scientific fact, and one not generally known, that nothing that falls from the mouth of the deepest mining shaft in the world ever reaches the bottom.

This has been demonstrated at the famous Red Jacket shaft of the Big Calumet and Hecla copper mine at Calumet. The article, no matter what shape or size is may be, is invariably found clinging to the east side of the shaft. One day a monkey wrench was dropped, but it did not get to the bottom. It was found lodged against the east side of the shaft several hundred feet down. This incident coming to the attention of the Michigan College of Mines, it was decided to make a careful test of the apparent phenomenon. It was decided best to use a small but heavy spherical body, and a marble, tied to a thread, was suspended about twelve feet below the mouth of the shaft. When the marble was absolutely still, assuring that it would drop straight, the thread was burned through by the flame of a candle. The marble fell, but at a point five hundred feet from the surface brought up against the east wall of the shaft. The same would be the case were a man to fall into the shaft. While it would mean sure death, the body, badly torn, would be found lodged in the timbering on the east side.

Members of the faculty of the College of Mines are now engaged in experiments with a view of developing data as to the thickness of the earth's crust. It is not hoped to solve the perplexing problem of the distribution of the earth's matter, but it is hoped to add to the information collected concerning it. To this end the Red Jacket shaft presents advantages possessed by no other place in the universe. The deep shafts in other parts of the country and in foreign lands generally begin at an altitude and end above or very little below the sea level, whereas at the Calumet mine the Red Jacket shaft starts in a comparatively low altitude and pierces the the earth's crust deeper and further below the ocean level than any other in existence. It is hoped within a year to be able to give some intelligent information regarding the investigation.

Now the readers of the INGLENOOK will have a chance to study this question fair and square, and decide whether the experiment of the ball in the mines would be the same as a ball from the top of a tower or not, or whether magnetic influences might play an important part. If any of the rest of the readers have something to say on this line we will be as glad to hear from you as from Mr. Gibson.

LEARN your business thoroughly. Keep at one thing; in nowise change. Always be in haste, but never in a hurry. Observe system in all you do and undertake. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. One to-day is worth two to-morrows. Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend on yourself. Never fail to keep your appointments, nor to be punctual to the minute. Never be idle, but keep your hands or mind usefully employed, except when sleeping. Use charity with all; be ever generous in thought and deed; help others along life's thorny paths. Make no haste to be rich; remember that small and steady gains give competency and tranquillity of mind. He that ascends a ladder must take the lowest round. All who are above were once below.—*Glenwood Boy.*

THE foundations of knowledge must be laid by reading.—*Ben. Johnson.*

WHEN Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.—*Lee.*

MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage breast.—*Congreve.*

MISCELLANEOUS

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.

(Continued from page 1150.)

suaded them to let him go, they would have literally torn the camera to pieces to get the picture out. He explained to them that it must be developed and printed before they could see it; of course they got their feet dirty in the dust, but they got right back into the vat and resumed their work. Of course this wine is put in wine skins, sent to France, bottled, labeled, sent to America, and our topers drink it. We arrived here at sunset, and I close this letter. Sincerely,

Marie.

(To be continued.)

READING CIRCLE AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS' TOPICS.

(Continued from page 1149.)

been continued with good interest in the church. At the time of our organization I advised you that our Circle would be in two divisions, one at the college and the other at the church for convenience sake, but owing to the lateness of the term at that time, there was no organization effected at the college, and the members simply attended the meetings at the church. However, Oct. 22 we held a special meeting at the college chapel for the purpose of organizing at that place, which resulted in the election of the following officers: President, Charles Bower; Vice-President, C. S. Livengood; Secretary, Mrs. B. F. Wampler; Treasurer, Jacob Z. Herr. Sister Elizabeth Myer was elected as a third member of the committee which shall have oversight of both classes, the other two members being from the other class. We have made it our special object to have the work at both places connected as closely as possible, and have thus joined them by one committee and one local secretary. The time for holding the meeting at the college has been so arranged that all who wish may have the privilege of attending both classes."

MY CREED.

Better a smile than a tear or a sigh,
Better a laugh than a frown,
Better an upward look to the sky
Than always a sad look down.

The joys we find in each little day
Perhaps may seem few and small,
But better these little joys, I say,
Than to have no joys at all.

Keep faith in the love that blesses men
As the sunshine does the sod.
Let us do our best and trust the rest
To the father heart of God.

—Advance.

THANKSGIVING, A SONNET.

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

For food and for raiment, the blessings of life,
Let us give thanks to-day to our Father above.
O'er us he has watched with his infinite love,
Reaching out to protect from danger and strife.
Each day as it passes a blessing will bring,
Nor passes an hour that brings us not good.
Could we only see it we also would know
Each day we are shielded from sorrow and woe.
Now let us give thanks for the merciful love
Our Father in heaven has shown from above.
We know that he watches the sparrows with care.
Let malice be banished—forgive and forget—
And praise our dear Father, who watches us yet,
Nor turns a deaf ear to the penitent's prayer.

Illinois.

FAMOUS YOUNG MEN.

CHATTERTON was not 20 when he died.

Landseer began his studies of dogs at 6.

Livy began his "History of the Roman State" at 24.

Weber had planned a grand opera at the time he was 12.

Lord Burleigh was a minister in Parliament before he was 22.

Beethoven was known as a skillful composer before he was 19.

Peter the Great exhibited wonderful military genius before he was 16.

Martial, the Latin satirist, wrote epigrams when he was only 12 years old.

Hooke's first works were published when their author was barely 15 years of age.

Voltaire wrote his first poems at the age of 12, and was the first poet of the age at 26.

Kant began his philosophical and metaphysical speculations before the age of 18.

Charles XII of Sweden, when he was a very young man, entered upon his career of glory.

Farquhar finished "The Recruiting Officer," considered to be his best, just before his death at 27.

Franklin was widely known as a writer on economy and political subjects before he had reached 25.

Congreve produced "The Old Bachelor" at 21, and "Love for Love" at 23. Each is esteemed a masterpiece of its kind.

Napoleon was 24 when he distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon, and laid the foundation of his future fortune.

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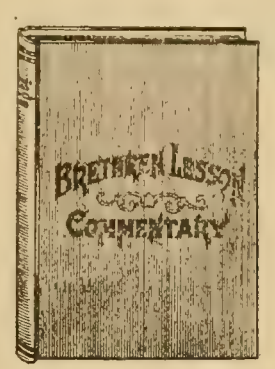
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REGARDED AS HOPELESS.

Minden, Nebr., Aug. 9, 1905.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Four miles south of Minden, there lives a man named A. Thomsen. About a year ago the doctors gave up all hope of saving his life. I called on him and asked him if he did not feel like trying the **Blood Vitalizer.** He said he had heard it was a good medicine and would try it. He used one bottle and declared he was better. By the continued use of the medicine his strength returned, he got an appetite and was soon a well man. He can now work right along. He used altogether four bottles. Yours truly,

Lucas L. Molholm.

SENDS THANKS.

Edmondton, Alta., Canada, Aug. 14, 1905.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I have requested your agent here to forward you this letter of thanks for what your medicine has done for me. I have had a sore on my limb for over four years and the use of one bottle of your medicine has cured it. I am Russian by nationality. Yours truly,

Varvara Saakatske.

EDITOR DEFIANCE HERALD WRITES.

Defiance, Ohio, June 15, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago Ill.

Gentlemen:—Some time ago, I happened to be in one of our local stores when a pale, weak and sickly looking man slowly entered. He was greeted by Mr. Frank Clark, the salesman in the store, to whom he confided his troubles. Mr. Clark advised him to go at once to your agent here, Mrs. Elizabeth Poetzinger and get a bottle of your **Blood Vitalizer,** then Mr. Clark related for us his own experience with your remedy. He told how he had returned from the Spanish-American War with his health and strength completely shattered, his skin a sickly yellow and how he was troubled with spells of dizziness so that he feared he had heart disease. While in this condition and unable to work, he was advised by a friend to use your **Blood Vitalizer.** To-day he is the picture of robust health.

My reason for calling your attention to this little incident is that it gave me personally a great deal of satisfaction to know that your **Blood Vitalizer** which is advertised in my paper is possessed of recognized merit and is appreciated by the people. Everybody here, however, knows that I would not, as a matter of principle, assist in advertising any humbug. Yours truly,

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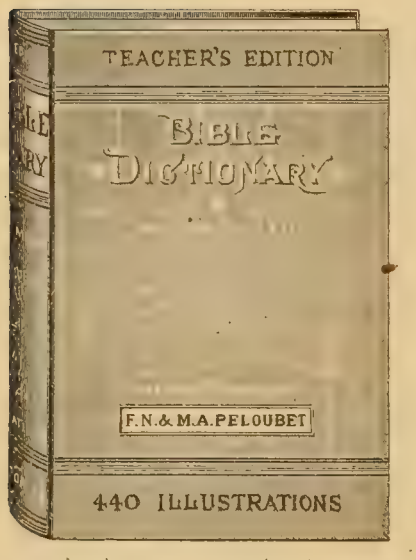
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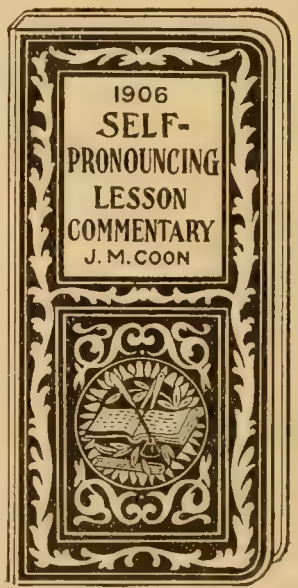
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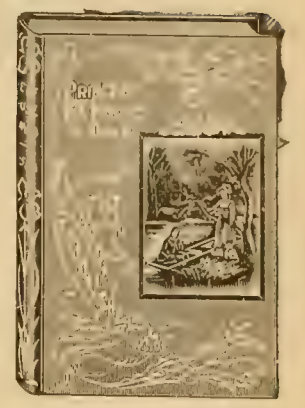
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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. DECEMBER 5, 1905. NO. 49.

THE HARBINGERS OF DECEMBER.

F. E. HATHAWAY.

The fields and still remaining blades are sere,
The Maple trees in gorgeous dress appear,
The Hard-woods, standing near, as best they can,
Have tried to follow close their yearly plan,
And Pine and Hemlock, unsusceptible,
Still wear their coats of green unchangeable.

Where August stubble covered many a field,
The new, green blades of wheat prepare to yield;
And in the farmyards and the fields around,
The sturdy turkey gobbler's notes resound.
On Christmas day with all its joys, I ween,
We'll find him anything but tough and lean.

The corn cribs, too, are laden once again
With gold that tempts the cattle from the land.
The fruit trees without crutches move again,—
Their limbs have been relieved of every pain.
For months they rest and sleep—to wake in spring
With youth's fresh blood coursing in every vein.

Look! up above the hill some snowflakes ride,
Then others soon appear, then quickly hide—
The "advance" of a mighty hurrying host,
That camps about on every sill and post.
Afraid, they seem, yet bravely hide their fears,
For they are bold December's Harbingers.

SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

Self-control—manhood in power.

Respect is the hold of Influence.

Obstacles—lamented steps to desired goals.

Patience is the reserve force of Perseverance.

Readiness meets Opportunity on every avenue.

Reason clings to vision's immediate object,—Faith grasps its Creator.

Respect must be won ere example will be followed.

Man is more often waiting, than ready, for opportunity.

You may help sinners in their sin, but they will not help you out of it; you may bring back your wages and confess that you have betrayed an innocent Savior, they can only say to you as they did to Judas, "See thou to that." Allies may help one another in sin, but not in judgment.

Good eyes are good recommendations. They may be counterfeited—so may gold; but as a rule, a good eye is a proof of honesty—a test of friendship; and if we cannot meet even an enemy with an open eye, we give room for belief that ours is part of the blame. Let us keep our eyes in the care of the great Physician.

Some persons hold those in avoidance toward whom they have a grudge; doing this, there is a poor chance of an understanding being reached. Is it not very childish to do so? Our worst enemy may justly demand of us—if I am right, see me right, if I am not, set me right; and much more is this due to a friend at whom we are offended.

Our accounts may take us by surprise, when the hindrance that we have proved, shall be balanced against the good we have done. Are we "ready unto every good work"? Do we ever hinder others from accomplishing what they might by speaking against them? Are we sometimes stumbling-blocks rather than examples? God pity and help us!

Were I the artist, I would paint a beautiful picture —a youth at "the parting of the ways," giving a life to Christ, leaving memory's background unclouded—facing the sun of hope in the east, angels rejoicing above,—the Spirit resting upon a pure soul,—Christians extending glad hands of fellowship—the seed falling for a golden harvest into good soil—parents shedding tears of joy! Alas! I may not paint this picture, but thank God our young friends may!



The Old Doyle House

By PROF. G. W. FURREY



Chapter XXI.

"COME with me," said the miller in a more preemptory tone than his companion had ever before heard him use. "I have a duty to perform, and with the least publicity possible. I can trust you."

They walked on in silence, the miller leading the way back to where they had placed the body of "Old Ruben."

"Martin, this is the body of a woman!" said the miller, after kneeling down and gazing long and tenderly at the white face. The features were composed and there was a look of complete satisfaction. She had died happy. "Martin, she was once my wife. We were both young and hasty. We met, loved, and married without knowledge of each other's antecedents, and in spite of her parents' veto. She returned to the parent roof to await the convenience of her lover, and to assuage the fury of the paternal storm which she knew would break forth when what she had done would be known,—then came the crisis, her father's mysterious disappearance and the consequent death of her mother. She was left alone with her infant brother. In her distraction, she fled to me to help her bear her sorrow. We lived then on Deer Creek. When she reached the mill I happened to be away on business and the man in charge of the mill did not like the idea of a young girl with a woebegone expression, carrying a young infant in her arms, to be inquiring for his employer's son. So he told her that I had 'skipped the country.' It was the last straw to the burden that broke her down. Her look of plaintive entreaty turned to the glassy glare of a maniac! 'Gone!' she cried, 'gone! ha! ha!!' and the tones so full of despair together with the mien of a mad woman, as she truly was, so frightened the cowardly miller that he slammed the door in her face and went about his work. I tried to trace her, but with little success. She reached Cincinnati and there was apprehended and confined in a lunatic asylum. The child was lost. While in the asylum the boy that you know as Charles Brown was born. There is no mistake. The fact is duly attested by the superintendent and attending physician, which papers I now have in my possession. This event appeared to effect her cure, for she was granted release with full charge of her infant son. Shortly thereafter the child whom I named Charles Brown, concealing his true name, so as to guard my wife's peace of mind, was brought to me. This was about the time that the mysterious 'dwarf' made his appearance. But not until her dying look of recognition rested upon my face did I suspect that 'Old Ruben' was my one-time 'Ruby,' whom I have lamented as dead!"

"Who'd a thot it!" ejaculated the farmer, whose long silence he afterwards explained by saying that he was "teetotally dumfounded" at the strange tale.

"Now, it is my purpose, old friend, that what I am certain was her last wish be granted—that her death as her life might not mar the happiness of my wife. The duty we owe to the dead must not make us forgetful of the relation we have to the living." So procuring a spade and a strong box from the near-by store, they silently and reverently laid her to rest in the cavity in the river bank that had been wrought by her own hands.

"I am of the opinion that she carried my wife up to the Old Doyle House to save her from the flood!" said the miller. "Let us hasten to her, she may need our aid."

The fury of the storm had spent itself, but the rain still fell in intermittent gushes, while the road was lit up by the lurid light of almost ceaseless flashes of lightning.

Climbing the slippery hill was a toilsome process, but they soon reached their destination. There was a dim light at one of the windows, and the miller could distinctly hear the chattering of the farmer's teeth as they stealthily approached and looked in. They were not disappointed. On a bed lay the form of a woman. They hastened to her side. It was indeed she, but her husband's earnest inquiry was answered by a stony stare of unrecognition. Just then the air was rent by a piercing shriek that seemed to come from the earth beneath them—a shriek that caused a shudder to pass over the two men. But the woman's eyes lighted up with intelligence: "It is Maude! It is her voice! Go and help her! Oh, be quick!" she said in appealing tones.

Seizing a lighted lantern, Martin ran to the door that led to the basement with the words: "Blame me, I'll face the Old Boy himself to help the gal!" Mr. Girard remained at the side of his wife to offer assistance in case of need.

Martin soon found the room in which we have seen poor Maude had passed so many lonely days. On through the open door leading to the cave; on through the passageway into the large room. He stopped to listen. There were voices in conversation. What could it mean?

"In heaven's name, who are ye, and what do you

want?" shouted he, feeling his hair raise his wet hat off his head.

"Oh, thank goodness, it is Mr. Martin. Come on! I am Maude! Take us out of here. Is my mamma well? This is Mr. Frank—" "Doyle," supplied he.

"I just found him in this cave, but take us out of here and we will explain all."

"Well, this do beat all tarnation!" exclaimed the farmer, leading the way back to the friends that were anxiously awaiting his return.

Maude was soon in her mother's embrace, and her cheerful presence soon won her back to health.

Frank could not be induced to press his claims as the heir of the Doyle estate, but contented himself with the hidden treasure that he had no difficulty in finding by following the directions he had preserved in the leaves he had torn from the book—together with the treasure his hands had found while he was groping in the darkness of the cave.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE IRISH TENANTRY ARE HOUSED.

The people live generally in one-story stone or mud houses, scattered over the long mountain-sides, or clustered in the little one-street villages peculiar to Ireland. Around these houses one generally finds a small garden patch, in which are raised potatoes and other hardy vegetables. In front of the doors are small inclosures, or yards, walled in with stone, where the family goat, the pigs, the geese, and the chickens are wont to gather, seeking frequent entrance into the dwelling.

The interiors of the houses are too often comfortless and bare. It is seldom that more than one room of a possible two or three has a wooden floor. The others are paved with roughly-fitting flat stones, and are generally damp. There are no stoves or ranges, and cooking is done over the open fire in large fireplaces. Peat is uniformly used for fuel. The use of coal and wood is generally unknown. There are no verandas or porches to the Irish farmhouses; the windows are small square holes cut through the thick walls and stopped with from four to eight panes of glass. Ventilation is unprovided for. Frequently a pigsty or a stable for the cow is inclosed under the same roof of thatch, which is a coating of straw from six inches to a foot in thickness and fastened down by ropes.

Dwellings such as the above are common all through the farming sections of Ireland. It is rather remarkable how little variation there is from the type. They are termed "third class" by the government. The last census shows that there were 251,606 of such in Ireland. The dwellings called "fourth class" are built entirely of mud, and are of one room with one door and one or two very small windows. There are to-day in remote rural sections of Ireland 9,873 such huts, inhabited by probably thirty or forty thousand people.

The "second-class" houses are found in such cities as Limerick, Cork, Dublin, and Belfast, as well as in Ulster section and portions of Clare, Tipperary, Kilkenny, and other good farming districts of the south. They are of the general type described in the "third class," when in the country, though they are larger and better kept; and when in the cities are the comfortable two and three-story houses which one sees along the residential streets. Most of the second-class houses are covered with slate or tile, though in the country thatch is still used. There are 500,000 houses of the second class in Ireland.—*From "Rural Ireland as It Is To-day," by Plummer F. Jones, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for November.*

THE EAGLE'S EYE.

All birds of prey have a peculiarity of eye structure that enables them to see near or distant objects equally well. An eagle will ascend more than a mile in height and from that great elevation can perceive its prey, small though it may be, and pounce on it with certainty. Yet it can examine an object close at hand just as well, thus possessing a power of accommodating its sight to distance that is impossible to the human eye.

In looking at this page you find that there is some particular distance, probably about ten inches, at which you can see each letter distinctly and read the words; but if you move the page off to a distance of forty inches, or bring it up to within five inches of your eyes, you cannot read it at all.

But the eagle has the power of altering what is called the focus of its eye as it pleases. It has only to look at an object from a distance of two miles or a few inches to see it equally well.

The ball of its eye is surrounded by fifteen little plates, called sclerotic bones. They form a complete ring, and their edges slightly overlap each other. When it looks at a distant object this circle of bones expands, and the ball of the eye, being relieved from the pressure, becomes flatter; when it looks at a near object the circle contracts and the ball of the eye is squeezed into a rounder form.

All this is done involuntarily; it is simply a provision of nature. In human beings a very round eye is nearsighted, and a flat eye is far-sighted; and the eagle has first one and then the other, as it may suit his purpose.—*The Onward.*

Know thyself.—*Solon.*

Consider the end.—*Chilo.*

A picture is a poem without words.—*Horace.*

THE THREE CALLS.

OMA KARN.

When Margaret Andrews was eighteen years old the Spirit of Truth came and knocked loudly at her heart. A celebrated minister had been holding a series of meetings in her home church, and Margaret's heart was touched. A number of her associates were converted at the time, and pleaded with her to go with them. She longed to go, yet hesitated and cast longing looks out at the world she so longed to see.

The minister, who had spent many years in the service of the Master, talked kindly to her. "Remember your Savior is your best friend, Margaret. He has a work he means you to do, a work no one else can do. Make good use of the time he has given you. You must either honor or dishonor him in your life work. You cannot help doing one or the other. Besides, 'what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' We must give an account of everything he has committed to our care. You are gifted above the ordinary, with brilliant opportunities before you, and a mind that can be 'thoroughly furnished unto all good works.' Be careful how you heed these calls, Margaret."

But Margaret shook her head again. "I have not seen anything at all in my life but school. Don't ask me to bind myself yet. There is plenty of time. The world and the church walk apart, you know. When I come I will not be a half-way Christian. I must see something of this great, wide, wonderful, beautiful world. Then there will still be time."

Again when she was twenty came the same gentle knocking, only this time it sounded more faintly than it had before, and the importunate knocker did not tarry so long by the door. There was a call for a city missionary, a work for which Margaret was by nature well fitted. She felt the longing to make the good choice and take up the work—yet hesitated, and again shook her head. Again the minister talked kindly to her.

"It is the Lord's call to you, Margaret. Don't put it off too long, lest he cease warning you and you be left to wander alone where there is no way."

"But my work," she replied. "To do that I would be obliged to give up my work. I cannot do that yet. Besides, there is plenty of time. I am so young yet."

The years flew by. Margaret was engrossed in her work and flitted like a butterfly from one pleasure to another. To a casual observer she seemed surrounded with everything this world can give to make one happy. She was the darling and only child of devoted parents. She had an ample fortune. She was strong and healthy. She was beautiful and intelligent, and fondly loved and admired by a host of friends.

But down deep in her heart Margaret was not quite happy. There was a strange unrest—a lack of something—a link missing out of her life. She had not learned that submission to God's will, putting our lives into his care, learning the same lessons of humility, love and obedience that he learned, is where the only true happiness lies. We are happy only when we have done what God intended we should do, filled the niche he intended us to occupy. When we have been patient, brave and helpful, have borne the cross of life bravely, that we may give strength and courage to those who must take it up and bear it after us.

At twenty-five there came another call, a loud one this time. Margaret was returning home for the midwinter holidays. When almost within sight of her parents' home the train was wrecked, and her form, still and white, was taken from beneath the wreckage.

For many days she lay unconscious. Then one morning she opened her eyes with the light of reason in them. The doctor who had known her from childhood bent tenderly over her and gravely shook his head as her eyes asked the question her lips could not utter.

"How long, doctor?" she asked.

"Only a few hours, Margaret. Not more than ten at the longest."

Margaret turned her face away and lay very still.

"It is not too late yet, Margaret," said the doctor, as his tears fell upon the hand he was holding. "He who is ever pleading for us will hear your cry even at this late hour. Call upon him for help while there is yet time."

"I know, I know," moaned Margaret. "But my wasted life! The neglected opportunities! What of those? I have built crumbling structures upon foundations of sand, when I might have reared on the solid rock monuments more lasting than gold. I have shirked my life work. The work the Master meant for me to do must forever remain undone. I must approach him with empty hands, an unworthy servant, when I might have heard the glad welcome, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

A few more hours and Margaret's work in this life was ended. But not until she had obeyed the Lord's command and found peace in her Savior's mercy. But almost her last words were, "Take warning of me. Don't wait. Don't put it off too long."

Covington, Ohio.

John Pearce, who now employs 1,500 persons in his eighty-one London restaurants, all labeled "Peace and Plenty," began life on a capital of sixty-two cents, and started his first restaurant with a push cart, a tin urn and a little crockery.

Italy makes $8,000,000 a year out of foreign visitors.

APPLICATION OF SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

MARY BAER MARTIN.

TEACHING has been defined as "causing others to know or understand." It includes, not merely helping your scholars to acquire knowledge of the lesson, but helping them to understand it. Besides, it should be remembered that the Sunday-school teacher is more than a mere instructor in spiritual things, she herself is studied by the class, and much depends upon the effect the lesson has had upon her and how she shows this. It calls for lesson preparation on your part, also skilful handling of the lesson in the class.

The Sunday-school teacher may prepare and explain each lesson perfectly and yet not be all that she should to her class. She should give herself to her class, and do so naturally, not in a forced way. It is one thing to prepare a lesson well, and quite another thing to teach it well. Some people are more gifted than others. If you have this gift, you may make it very helpful. If you have not, you can acquire such command of language by the aid of helps as will suit your needs. In preparing a lesson look for food and avoid poisons. (You may turn foods into poisons if not careful.) Also see that you properly season the food, so it will be relished.

In order to make the best application of the lesson provide yourself with the best helps for study. Some of the best are a reference Bible, teachers' lesson helps, a concordance and Bible dictionary.

Have a definite time for study, and in this way you need never come before the class unprepared, and consequently be able to make a better application of the lesson. A time for study should be chosen when the mind will be free from other thoughts, and when you are not likely to be interrupted. The early morning is said to be an especially desirable hour. Study a little each day; study in companionship with God, as well as in faith; study with your class in mind, selecting material best suited to your class. For illustration, if you are teaching a class that is converted you must make an application of the lesson suited to their needs, for they will need food to strengthen them. And on the other hand the unconverted class should be fed with food which would convict them of their wrong doings, which will lead them into a better life.

You will, perhaps, find it difficult to simplify the lesson or make practical to your class the truths which to you seem most helpful. It is well to bring out the practical as you bring out the facts of the lesson.

Seek to so teach that each one will understand more and more clearly the principles which underlie the teachings of the Scripture. Whatever be the plan of teaching the lesson, it is always well to provide a few questions of a practical nature such as may lead to a helpful discussion. For illustration, take the lesson of the last quarter for Sept. 10, found in Ezekiel 47: 1-12, "The Life-Giving Stream," having for our golden text, Rev. 22: 17, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely," and use the figure of a flowing river to picture the abundance of God's grace. On beginning the lesson first secure attention by these questions, Why is it the great American desert is strewn with skeletons of people and horses? Why are there no gardens, trees or flowers there? What one thing is lacking to make them safe and pleasant to travel across? The class should answer, It is the lack of water. Then, wherever water is found in the desert, what do we find? Class, An oasis, trees, grass, flowers and people,—the whole scene is changed, everything is transformed, just through the magic of water.

The wonderful river spoken of here, a great river of love, means much to us, and we find that water is a good symbol of the Spirit of God. Isa. 44: 3. Some other practical points in this lesson may be found, Psa. 72: 16. From small beginnings the kingdom of God grows mightily in the world. Another in Isa. 51: 3. No heart, no place is so barren that the grace of God can not transform it.

Prayer brings the water to our inner lives and makes them grow strong and beautiful.

"Like a river glorious,
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase.
Perfect yet it groweth
Deeper all the way."

Robins, Iowa.

THE CAVES OF KENTUCKY.

KENTUCKY possesses, in the Mammoth Cave, one of the natural wonders of the world, but, while this is the largest of its caverns, and, so far as known, the largest in the world, there are hundreds of others of inferior, but still of great, size. In Edmonson county alone there are said to be more than five hundred caves, and, in addition, 4,000 sink holes of various sizes and depth. In Colossal Cavern, discovered in 1895, what is believed to be the largest stalagmite in the world has been named "Henry Clay Monument." It is ninety feet high and thirty feet thick at the base. The cavern is only about a mile and a half from the great Mammoth Cave, and is said to be in some respects even more wonderful than the latter, though not so large.

KNOWLEDGE without justice ought to be called cunning rather than wisdom.—*Plato.*

SUBJUGATION OF NEVADA'S DESERT.

GUY ELLIOTT MITCHELL.

Not very many years ago, as geologists count—thirty or forty thousand perhaps—Nevada and Utah were largely covered by two great inland seas and the presence of these great bodies of water indicates that in that age the far west was much less arid and desert than it is now. At the present time, however, the aridity of the country is beyond question and the 350,000 acres of the old lake bed which the government is preparing to irrigate will almost double the State's thoroughly irrigated area as well as its agricultural population. The great government ditches in Nevada are ready to carry the water to 50,000 acres of land, the first completed section of any project under the national irrigation act. On the 17th of June next, this law will see its third birthday and the occasion is to be one of public interest and ceremony, in the opening of the great headgates in the presence of an official party consisting of the members of the irrigation committees of the United States Senate and House of Representatives, and starting the flow of 1,100 cubic feet of water (about 8,000 gallons) per second through the main government canal.



Cement-lined Canal, Government Irrigation Works. Truckee-Carson Project, Nevada.

Nevada's ancient inland sea, which once covered the site of these human transactions, is known as Lake La Hontan; it was one of several great prehistoric lakes distributed over the Great Basin of the arid region, among them Lake Bonneville of which the Great Salt Lake was the deepest portion. Its area was nine times greater than the Great Salt, or almost as large as Lake Michigan and much deeper. The contracted remains of Lake La Hontan in Nevada are found in Pyramid Lake and a number of other small enclosed lakes which were the deepest portions of the ancient lake. Since these large prehistoric lakes were land-locked and did not overflow, it follows that the rainfall which fed them was much heavier than it is to-day.

The Mormon Temple Deeply Submerged.

Should conditions revert, many of the important points situated in the Great Basin would be hopelessly flooded, such, for instance, as the Mormon Temple, which would stand in 850 feet of water, while seven hundred miles of railroad would be submerged.

These prehistoric lakes are said to be of very recent geologic origin. Fossils have been found showing the presence of primitive man along their ancient shores and embankments, which in many instances are as perfect in contour and as distinct as if the waters had receded only a few years since. These lakes include such arid and fear-inspiring localities of to-day as the Black Rock Desert, Skull Valley, Death Valley, and a score of other places where the bleached bones of man and animal attest to an awful lack of water.

Great Government Irrigation Work.

This first irrigation work of the national government which was celebrated by the turning of water into the gigantic ditches on Bunker Hill day—June 17—is the largest project which has been definitely outlined and approved under the irrigation act—known as the Truckee-Carson project. It involves the expenditure of approximately nine million dollars and reclaims 350,000 acres of desert land. That portion of the system now completed consists of a canal

thirty-one miles long to take water from the Truckee River and convey it to the Carson River, where a large storage reservoir is projected. Just below this reservoir site, the waters of the two streams will be led out upon the plains by two canals, with a combined capacity of 1,900 cubic feet per second. Some 50,000 acres are to be irrigated this season, for which two hundred miles of small distributing ditches have been dug.

Secretary Hitchcock an Ardent Irrigator.

The Secretary of the Interior has set aside $2,740,000 of the "Reclamation Fund" for the initial work, and by the time this has been expended about 100,000 acres will be under canals, and the settlers will be returning in annual payments the original investment. The money thus received will be used as a revolving fund for the completion of this project. The land has been divided into farm units of eighty acres, and the cost of reclamation will be $26 per acre. Work is being commenced this season on regulation gates at the outlet of Lake Tahoe, located in California, but whose waters will be used to reclaim the fertile Nevada soil. Future plans involve the draining of Carson Sink, 25,000 acres in extent, which overflows in years of heavy rainfall, and the reclamation of lands in the upper Truckee and Carson valleys. As these large areas are gradually brought under irrigation a greater water supply will be required and nine additional reservoirs will be constructed with a combined storage capacity of over a million and a quarter acre feet (an acre foot equals one acre, one foot deep).

Secretary Hitchcock has evinced the most active and careful interest in the carrying out of the national irrigation law and recently stated that he believed government irrigation to be one of the greatest questions of internal improvement before the American people to-day and one in which the entire country is and should be deeply interested.

Fruits, Vegetables and Grains Yield Abundantly.

The soil under this project is very fertile, and deciduous fruits, such as apples, pears, peaches, grapes, all the berries and vegetables produce luxuriantly. Wheat, oats, potatoes, and alfalfa are the staple crops. The lands are tributary to the Southern Pacific; the Nevada, California and Oregon; and the Virginia and Truckee railroads and the recent enormous activity in gold and silver mining in Nevada insures a near-by and profitable market. At the same time the supply of food products will greatly reduce the cost of living and further stimulate mining development.

The climate is quite similar to that of the Salt Lake Valley in Utah and there is no reason why the comparatively dense and prosperous agricultural population of the latter State should not be duplicated in Nevada through the prosecution of this government reclamation.

The fact that a very large portion of the land included in this great project still belongs to the government and has been withdrawn by Secretary Hitchcock from speculative entry under the desert and other land laws, is a matter for congratulation. Nevada's past history has been one of land monopoly, in fact it has been said that the State was long since stolen by land grabbers. In area Nevada is three times the size of Indiana, but her population is scarcely sufficient for a single small county. The popular vote of last year was but little over 12,000. The bulk of the inhabitable lands is in the hands of a few great landowners, while the opportunity for settlement and increased population has never been extensive. Nevada's land history is one which can be studied with profit by those who are searching for light on the



Scene in the Truckee Canyon.

question of proper administration of the public domain. With exception of the influx of immigration due to mining excitement, the population is at a standstill and must continue to remain so until farm lands are thrown open to settlement in small tracts through government irrigation.

How Nevada Was Stolen.

When the State was admitted to the Union, in place of receiving the usual donation of alternate school sections—16 and 32 in each township—she secured a flat grant from the government of two million acres of public land to be located wherever her lawmakers saw fit. The state legislature passed as much as desired of this great and valuable resource into private ownership of stockmen, at as low a figure as twenty-five cents an acre. These lands have been located up and down the sides of every river and stream and around every spring and water hole in

the State, so that while Nevada has to-day some sixty million acres of public land, there is not a quarter section of it upon which a homesteader could make a living. The land granted to the State for school purposes—disposed of by the State for a mess of pottage—controls the lands of the State.

The government's irrigation, when worked out, will immediately double Nevada's population; it will provide a new lifeblood of settlement and citizenship for a region of unsurpassed agriculture.

The great reclamation scheme for the rebuilding of Nevada is being carried into operation by Engineer L. H. Taylor, under the personal supervision of Frederick H. Newell, Chief Engineer of the Reclamation Service. It will afford the first practical example of the operations of the new national irrigation law.

Washington, D. C.

FRIENDSHIP.

A GREAT deal has been written about friendship—much of which is fine and true, but some of it is very poor and inadequate. In reality this is one of the most vital questions of life—this matter of friendship that we often treat so lightly and superficially. We speak of, as our friend, almost any one who is not actually antagonistic to us. But after all, how comparatively few know or live the true meaning of friendship! How few of us have any realization of what constitutes the friendship that will last—that in its very nature cannot die—the friendship that knows no change, that is the same in storm as in sunshine, that *knows,* and therefore gives no heed to what others say or do, to others' opinions and criticisms or recriminations. It is easy enough sometimes to be a friend; when everyone else is friendly too; when one gains as much or more than one gives. But such times are not the test of friendship. At such times it is difficult perhaps to distinguish between the true and the counterfeit friendship. For there is a counterfeit friendship that passes muster in many of the relations of life until some keen-edged circumstance pierces the shell, the superficial, and reveals the seed of truth or of falsity within. There is what might be characterized as a "give and take" friendship, genuine enough after its kind, but of so low an order that there is really nothing of a lasting element in it. True friendship can only give, give continuously, freely, unquestioningly, with no thought of self or gain or return of any kind—an unconscious giving—an outflowing from the heart as natural as breathing. There are probably as many motives for giving as there are gifts, but the truest motive is because there is a need. To give in answer to a genuine need is to give as God gives, as nature gives, as friendship must give to be worthy of the name.

Many people think that friendship can not exist where there are differences of thought and action—"My friend must believe and do as I do," they say, "or there can never be companionship." Now, as a matter of fact, the true friend never exacts anything, never questions, never doubts. A friendship that depends only or chiefly on similarity in superficials has a very insecure foundation. Nor does true friendship require that motives shall be laid bare. Indeed, what spoken word can fully reveal the deepest, strongest motives? All true judgment is from the heart. If the heart of one friend touches another in love and faith, then the anathemas of all the world will count as nothing. It is the motive back of every action that counts, that is the starting-point of all, from which everything works outward to the surface, immaturely, and mistakenly at first, perhaps, but by degrees more clearly and truly. The trouble is, we mistake results for causes, effects for the effort, the motive behind them, and so our judgment, being superficial, is unjust and hurtful. Each of us is given judgment to reason out life's problems, but how few of us reach the same conclusions! It would not be unsafe for us to say that no two of us arrive at exactly the same. We are fortunate if at last we come to understand ourselves; we can never wholly understand another—the source of his impulses, the mainspring of his motives. Therefore, we can never judge. And therefore faith is a necessary element of true friendship. As we have faith in others they will grow to worthiness of it.

It is easier to see in others what we have in ourselves. A man who is seeing only evil in others, who is always suspicious and mistrusting, proves in this that he has less of loyalty, of good, in himself than the man whose simple faith and genuineness calls out whatever there is of these qualities in others. And so when we are disappointed in our friends it can never be that they are wholly to blame. No matter what our starting-point may be, whatever comes to us, whatever we discover, comes because it finds fellowship in some degree, be it ever so little, in ourselves. So there can never be any real friendship that does not possess the quality of faith. No matter how much we may "like" another person—likes and dislikes are dependent upon moods, upon the state of our physical organism, upon any one of a dozen things that come and go and have no bearing on the real life—we can never hope for any depth or richness of companionship unless there be also a deep, generous and abiding faith. It is not necessary that we approve of or wholly understand what our friend does—no one of us acts invariably from only the highest motive—but there is nevertheless something in the life of each of us that is worthy of trust, that is steadfast and deserving of loyalty, and even when we do not understand we can yet believe in and build on. The circumference of life may be disturbed but the

heart of life with each of us is absolutely good and true and steadfast. Each of us has God at the center and in friendship this center is what we deal with—else it is no true friendship. It is only from this center that we touch the same center in others—we can help our friend only by being our best, by living from the center, "speaking the truth in love," "walking hand in hand with our ideal," so, and only so, do we help our friend to live true to his own ideal. When any cloud of seeming misunderstanding appears above our horizon we should hold firmly in mind the unshakable belief that the motive was good, however mistaken the method, and that there is an adequate explanation for everything—when the right time arrives. This side of life—the side on which understandings and misunderstandings lie—is the side where changes and development are going on—we must look for fluctuations and, anticipating them, rise superior to them.

It is easy to play the part of a friend when the majority are on our side and antagonism would be unpopular. But it is when we, only, are left by the side of our friend that our loyalty really counts and that it may show its own character. Symbols pass—the usages and opportunities of friendship—but the spirit of it endures throughout all lifetime, for the spirit that is beneath it is eternal. The true friend is he who most generously proves his friendship when it is most needed—when the way is dark and rough and the soul of his friend is beset in its struggle toward the realization of its ideal. It does not materially matter how much we may differ on the surface of things. We must learn to discriminate between people and things. It may be that we have a different religion, as we call it; he may be a pessimist and I an optimist. We may be the truest friends, nevertheless. For these are both the same at bottom—as are all convictions honestly held, for all religions at last resolve themselves simply into love and service.

I think I do not speak too strongly when I say that friendship is one of the most precious, if not the very most precious thing in life. It is the true comradeship where the soul of one touches the soul of the other. Of course, the more points of outer agreement, the better, in a way. But these are not essential. The two things needful are the eternal giving—of one's abilities, one's life, one's self—and the impregnable faith that knows though it can neither see nor understand and that trusts despite all outward appearances or circumstances.—*Charles Brodie Patterson, Editorial in Mind.*

A KINDERGARTEN in New York now occupies a building worth $30,000. Years ago a woman with a capital of $14 started this now fully-equipped institution.

THE YOUNG MAN IN THE WORLD.

THIS is the subject of an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* by Senator Albert J. Beveridge. We copy a part of it and present it to our readers with the hope that all who read it may be benefited.

"All who do their best and in doing their best do a good piece of work deserve equal credit, whether they be little or big. The architect who builds a house has wrought for humanity as truly as the statesman who builds a government. One man can make bricks well and another leads armies to victory; yet each has fulfilled his destiny if his achievement was what he was fitted for and if he has done his best.

From one point of view, all occupations that help one's fellow-men are important. Who shall say that the hod-carrier has not done as much for humanity as the orator or poet? The cook is as necessary as the philosopher. Compare the blacksmith and the sculptor. The point is that all useful labor is equally noble. Each of the workers of the world is required in the human cosmos.

"It may not be that the worker himself sees that he is essential. It may not be that he understands the outcome of the striving. For that matter we are all toiling as blindly as the coral insect and yet our labor is as much a part of a symmetrical structure as is the life and perishing of a polyp.

"We are all pouring out our energies day by day without understanding what effect our spent lives will have in the general result of human effort. And some of us get heartsick, no doubt, and weary; and discouragement whispers, 'What's the use?' and many another wily phrase of Satan.

"Very well; let every man, however humble or inconspicuous his place among men, understand that his work does count and will become a part of a harmonious whole. 'All things work together for good.' It matters not that we do not know what we are here for. We may not understand how our lives are to be woven into the great design of the world any more than a single thread of some wonderful and beautiful rug understands the design of which it is a part. No matter, I say. The Master-Weaver understands what we are here for and what we are doing, and that is enough. He has uses for every sound thread, and, doubtless, one is as important as another. Vaunt not yourself, O thread of purple, over your fellow-thread of white!"—*Industrial School Journal.*

WAGES in Russian factories are two cents an hour and upward. There are thousands who work for a cent an hour, and tens of thousands who do not receive thirty cents a day for ten, eleven and more hours' work.

O SOLITUDE! where are thy charms?—*Cowper.*

A FEW BOOKS THAT YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD READ.

MARTHA B. LAHMAN.

THERE are so many books that contain profitable reading that it would seem there is no excuse for young people inclining to light or trashy literature. But the term light literature is a misnomer; for reading matter that is not instructive should not be called literature.

The wee boys and girls always like Miss Alcott's books, and indeed they are pure and wholesome. Her characters are sketched from life.

"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," by Maclaren, is read with much interest and profit; and it is free from the rubbish found in so many books.

J. G. Holland's works appeal to the young, as do Longfellow and Whittier. Browning is called the preachers' poet, while James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field are designated the children's poets.

"Stepping Heavenward," by Mrs. Prentiss, is written in journal form, and who does not like to get hold of some one's diary, though it is a mean thing? To be sure this book is too honest to be real, but I will give just one entry to show the trend of the author's thoughts. Speaking of her own shortcomings she said in substance: "Poorer material was never gathered together for the construction of a building in which to house the Holy Ghost."

Who has not read from the pen of Alice Hegan Rice with pleasure bordering strongly on amusement, or as some would say, who has not read her books without getting sideache? Surely they are beneficial to faultfinders and the despondent. Mrs. Wiggs' philosophy can not help but cure "the blues" in the worst stages. She is the one woman who "puts all of her troubles in the bottom of her heart and sits on the lid and smiles."

Then there are books of travel; those who like the humorous, Mark Twain will satisfy. And so well known is this writer in the Orient that it is alleged that a guide enquired of some American tourists how many sheep he had.

"The Swiss Family Robinson" is nearly sure to interest and fascinate both young and old. "Black Beauty" appeals to most boys, and it is destined to do its part in character moulding.

"Adam Bede" is not a detriment to any library, and is useful to boys and girls alike. Such helpful books as "Pilgrim's Progress," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Bible stories have not been mentioned, because it is presumed all are thoroughly acquainted with them.

Franklin Grove, Ill.

THERE have been 319 statues of the Kaiser erected in Germany to date.

A GOOD NAME.

THERE is nothing a young man should cherish so much as a good name. If he possesses this he has a great battle of life at his command. He will never want for anything.

There was never a time when it was more essential for a young man of the country to bear the names of honesty, industry, integrity and skill. The men who furnish employment are ever on the lookout for the boy of this kind and it will be no trouble for you to command the best positions sooner or later. You cannot expect to get positions of trust if you are intemperate in any particular. Business men may be guilty of intemperance themselves, but they will never trust you to handle their funds if you indulge in intemperance. They know the evil effects of it; that an over indulgence renders a man unfit for service, that in a great number of cases it leads to dishonesty, and that in all cases a man becomes careless and negligent.

If you expect to hold a position now you must be an industrious and skilled worker. Industry is one of the most commanding attributes of a man's character. You scarcely ever see an industrious man that is not honest and skilled in his profession. It takes industry to make skill and the man who is ready and willing to work is too high minded to be dishonest.

You may start out in life ever so poor as far as things of this world are concerned, but if you conduct yourself in the proper way it will not be long until you command a position of honor and profit. Success does not come to those who are blessed with the things of this world alone. You will always find that the efforts of those whose names stand above reproach are the ones who are the most successful.

You can command this one essential to success very easily by doing right. This is an easy matter and the reward is so great that it behooves every boy and girl to grasp opportunity early. You cannot expect people to place any confidence in you if you have a bad name.

In every vocation in life your name will be sought after to see whether it is good or bad. There is no position open to those whose record is bad; he cannot expect it, for he will not trust a person whom he knows bears a bad name. In view of this point we can see how necessary it is for a person to keep his, or her, name up to the highest standard that their efforts may be crowned with success in the end.—*Exchange.*

FROM 250,000,000 to 275,000,000 bushels of potatoes are raised in this country every year, and yet there are annually imported from other countries no less than 150,000,000 bushels.

GOD tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—*Sterne.*

MISSIONS IN JAPAN—PRESENT AND FUTURE.

CLAUDE H. MURRAY.

In the study of the future of a nation we look into the past for an explanation of present conditions, and for data to forecast what may be expected to follow. So I have briefly studied the past of Japan that its light may shine on the present and illuminate the future of the "Sunrise Kingdom."

The beginnings of Japanese history (as of most nations), are shrouded in the mists of uncertainty and fable. For the purposes of this article, it will be accurate enough to say that when Jesus Christ was a babe in the manger of Bethlehem, the Japanese were living in relative barbarism, secluded in their island home. Their religion was called Shintoism, and consisted primarily in worship of their ancestors. This condition of affairs continued until about 552 A. D., when after the Japanese armies had effected the conquest of Corea, the tide of immigration which set in from that land brought with it a band of Buddhist missionaries, who introduced into Japan the arts, literature and the religion of Buddha. This event marks the beginning of a series of epoch-making occurrences in the history of the island empire. And though at first the new religion was bitterly opposed, the government finally granted full toleration.

The next epoch-making religious invasion that is recorded took place about fifty years after the discovery of America by Columbus, this time by the Jesuits, the mission branch of the Roman Catholic church. The Jesuit leader, St. Francis Xavier, known as the "Apostle of the Indies," while engaged in mission work at Malacca, met and converted a Japanese trader named Anjiro, and shortly after these two succeeded in establishing a church among the Japanese, and so successful was this movement that in only a little more than fifty years from this event, there were nearly a million converts among the natives; this still remains the high-water mark of Christianity in Japan.

One reason for the remarkable success of the Jesuit movement is in the fact that the Japanese prime minister was a bitter opponent of Buddhism, and so encouraged the new sect for the sake of counteracting the older one. But the hopes of the Jesuits were suddenly blasted by the death of their royal friend, and the coming of another to power who was not in sympathy with Romanism, and who saw in this movement a menace to the liberties of Japan, for the Jesuits had begun to take sides in political questions and were secretly attempting to secure control of the government with a view to enlarging the scope of the Catholic power which at that time was suffering some severe reverses in European politics. This interference with problems entirely outside of their field as missionaries brought a fearful retribution upon the Jesuits. In 1606, Iyeyasu, the Japanese ruler, issued an edict forbidding Christianity. Through Dutch and English traders he had heard somewhat of the terrors of the "Holy Inquisition," and had learned of papal methods with other nations, and in the light of this new knowledge he determined to rid the country of Romanism; so all the missionaries were deported into China, their churches were torn down, and pagodas erected in their places. For once the Catholics were made the victims of their own "Holy Inquisition"; and as a final result the hated "Christian Way" was almost entirely obliterated, and, except for the island of Deshiam near the city of Nagasaki, which was left open to a few Hollanders, the nation shut itself off from the rest of the world. And in this secluded state it remained until the advent of Commodore Perry in 1853-54.

This great event, accomplished without the shedding of blood, marks the beginning of the life of the "New Japan." From this date the Japanese people began to take on Western ways and customs, and Western civilization. And her national growth since then has been the marvel of all, as it has lately been the despair of one of the Western nations. The Japan of to-day emerges from a great war, flushed with victory, the acknowledged peer of the leading nation of the West, and second to none in military skill, educational attainments, and patriotic devotion to her emperor. For her almost fanatical patriotism we must look back to Shintoism—the ancestor worship; here is the secret of the Japanese soldier's carelessness of life. For he believes that the mikado is a direct descendant of the great sun-goddess, whose lineage has furnished Japan's rulers for time immemorial! And to die for their mikado—that is the most glorious death a soldier of Japan can secure. And the shrine of the Shinto deity Ise is to loyal Japanese just as Jerusalem is to the Jews, and Mecca to the Mohammedans.

At the present time nearly all the Christian denominations are represented in Japan; the Roman Catholic, the Greek church, Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Church of Christ, the Society of Friends, Seventh Day Advents, the Salvation Army, the Young Men's Christian Association, and numerous auxiliary bodies, as the Epworth League, etc. The total number of Protestant converts now does not fall far short of 60,000; schools have been established, medical hospitals are a marked success, and Christian printing houses are great factors in promoting the spread of Christianity.

What of the future? The field is white for the harvest. The Japanese ambassador at Washington is authority for the statement that religious liberty is as pronounced to-day in Japan as it is in our own land; perfect freedom of conscience being secured by

law. And a leading Japanese paper lately printed the following: "No one can deny the great good accomplished by the believers of that religion (Christianity) in establishing many charitable institutions, in assisting the progress of the nation, and in promoting the happiness of the poor and helpless. As for the charitable institutions, except those established by the public, it is not too much to say that all are the result of Christian enterprise."

After such an acknowledgment as this, it is for us to "go up and possess the land"; the harvest is waiting; who will glean? Credentials needed to secure entrance into the field are, trust in God, loyalty to his Word, and harmony between what is taught and the life of the teacher; for in Japan, if anywhere, will hypocrisy and insincerity be exposed. "You are not like your Christ; if you were we would believe you;" it seems to me these are the saddest words that could be said of a professing Christian; they ought to stir us up until we cannot fail to see that *teaching* Christ must be backed up by *living* Christ, for in no other way will we be able to effect a lasting entrance into any un-Christian land, and least of all into Japan. By seeking to cloak selfish political ambitions under a religious garb the Jesuits failed miserably; and he who now thinks of carrying the "Jesus Way" into Japan, must first of all rid his heart of all selfish motives, and he must conform his life to the Gospel he would teach. With such equipment as this, and a pushing forward to occupy the field, there cannot help but be a spiritual conquest of the Orient, as there has already been an educational one.

In closing this paper I wish especially to recommend to any one who may care to pursue the subject farther a little book entitled "Dux Christus," a brief study of Japan by Dr. Wm. E. Griffis. This is *the best* brief work I have found relating to Japan, and the cost is no obstacle in the way of those whose income is small; the price is fifty cents, and it may be ordered through the Brethren Publishing House.

56 Edison Ave., Elgin, Ill.

PSYCHOLOGY OF CRIME.

Solomon never gave utterance to a truer aphorism than "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." It is not only a potent maxim, but a scientific truism. Men become what they mentally dwell upon.

Thought projected in one direction will, in time, form a thought channel of the same kind, and the channel becomes deeper as thought vibrations run in it, and it becomes more difficult to change such a channel. Crimes are preceded by a flood of thought of similar nature.

A mental picture of the crime is produced over and over again before the external act of crime comes in evidence. Even crimes committed, as they say, "in the sudden heat of passion," come from a rich mental soil for that criminal product. In a positive, pure mind criminal thoughts can find no lodgment.

The quality of thinking determines consciousness, and consciousness forms character. The habitual quality of consciousness of man is manifested in his character. Thoughts are preceded by suggestions from some source. There you see the regular sequence of cause and effect. Suggestion, thought, consciousness, character.

Criminals feed their minds on the suggestions presented in police gazettes, yellow journals and sensational novels, and also by the talk of their criminal associates. We are all modified by every picture thrown on the mental canvas. Even if we do detest a crime, we cannot immerse our consciousness in its turbid waves without taking on some of its slime and filth; that we do when we read, talk and think of crime in its details.

Reforms will only come when mental pictures of higher ideals are appreciated. The real world we dwell in is our thought world, and it is of supreme importance that we have wholesome suggestions as the prime promoters of thoughts. The human body may be likened unto a chemical laboratory. Generally its compounding is performed ignorantly, but the final product is ever the natural output of past and present thoughts, in quality and degree.

There are forces at work in nearly all communities that directly germinate crime and disorder; the worst probably in the order named are gambling places, bawdyhouses and saloons. They are promoters of greed, lechery and stimulated passion; and when their patrons' minds are largely fed with vicious thoughts, then the eruption of crime becomes a strong possibility. Evil thoughts necessarily spring from a soil made of debasing suggestions. The world is full of suggestions, good, bad, and neutral, but the good largely predominates, and it slowly increases from the growth of better ideals.—*L. W. Billingsley, in Medical Talk.*

The proper material to make a man out of is a child. This is as true to-day as it was before science had given to the world those modern appliances known as "heredity" and "environment." A great man may not be the son of a great father, but he is likely to be the offspring of a great child. Yet we think of childhood as something that is to be shuffled off or grown out of as quickly as possible, and our children are taught how to hide it until they can get rid of it. But it has its revenge. He that tries to escape childhood in order to become a man, leaves behind the best part of the child nature, while the worst part fastens itself to his vitals. He ceases to be childlike, but remains childish.—*Push.*

Look before you ere you leap.—*Butler.*

THE STORY OF THE MOUSE.

W. REESE.

A True Story.

SUCH a tiny little mouse. Such bright eyes and what a long tail! He lived under my desk and at first would only peep out shyly, then scurry away, at the least sound. But one day, finding crumbs in the wastebasket, he grew bolder, coming out and rummaging in the papers he found there, running round and round the wire at the top of the basket and up and down the green cord to the telephone. He seemed to thoroughly enjoy life, in his quiet little home, undisturbed by other mice or rats.

But the spirit of unrest seized the mouse. Several trips he made alone, across the great shining office floor, only to turn and flee wildly back, to the safety of his home. Finding that evil did not overtake him, he went farther; venturing each day a little more, exploring tiny holes and great corners of which he had never dreamed. Far back was the great noisy shipping room, calling, calling: big rats and full-grown mice scampered and played in bales of excelsior and empty cases, holding high carnival. How tempting to the little mouse who had never had any playmates! How bright and beautiful it all looked! But the way was long and his heart timid, and though he made several attempts, fear overcame him and he returned home.

But his longing grew apace and one day casting fear aside he ran wildly across the great floor, miles it seemed to him, and at last found himself amid his comrades. I saw him several times after, scampering about with the others, apparently happy, but he never came back to eat the cheese I left for him. Missing my little pet, I made inquiry for him and a few days after he was brought to me on a blotter; poor little pet, he had been so badly crushed that it was necessary to kill him. How much better had he been only content to stay in the quietude of his home unmolested and unhurt!

Many of us are like the mouse. Not content with the shelter of God's home, we wander abroad, where temptation calls, and unless we find our way back, evil overtakes us. We wander farther and farther, where sin spreads its snares, and like the mouse we perish. Let us strive to learn a lesson from the story of the mouse.

2216 Central Ave., Kansas City, Kans.

BY the way, would you employ a teacher in a day school who had done as little to prepare himself for his work as some Sunday-school teachers you know have done to prepare themselves for their work? If not, why not?

IT is an ill wind that turns none to good.—*Tusser.*

THE WORK OF THE FREE CHURCH FEDERATION IN ENGLAND.

THE Free Church countils are responsible for a vast array of social and religious undertakings; there is not a department in the life of the churches which the councils do not touch. All over the country the councils organize united open-air work; the liquor traffic is fought at Brewster Sessions and by creating public opinion; action is taken on behalf of the imperiled British Sabbath; strong, united effort is put forth against the gambling evil; a definite effort is made on behalf of social purity,—the Council of South London has been the means of shutting up more than five hundred brothels. The way in which a movement like the Free Church Council will develop is shown by its own offshoot,—for instance, some years ago the national council started the Girls' Guild, an organization to band together and help Free Church girls; this now has about four hundred branches in all parts of the country, and within the last two or three years no less than fifteen permanent homes for girls have been opened in different centers. Quite recently a Young Free Churchmen's Auxiliary has been started, and although this is quite in its infancy, the idea contains vast possibilities. Then there is a prosperous publication department attached to the national council, which not only spreads abroad the principles of the Free Churches and supplies theological and church literature of a high order, but contributes a respectable sum toward the expenses of the federation.—*From "Church Federation in England," by the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D. D., in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for November.*

UNPLEASANT WOMEN TO MEET.

WOMEN who wear diamonds with calico dresses.

Sneering women, who snap at your clothes, your family and your friends.

Women who talk baby talk to each other and kiss each other on all occasions.

Women who gossip, and who never fail to tell you disagreeable things said of you.

Simpering, babyish women, who haven't brains enough to know when they're hungry.

Women who wear rainbow gowns on the street and a whole millinery store on their heads.

Women with voices as sweet as a turtle dove's coo in society and like a buzz saw in the family.

Hysterical women, who burst into floods of tears if you cross them in the slightest particular.

Beautiful women, who think their beauty entitles them to all of the earth and a good share of the planets.

Women who lug dogs around in their arms when there are millions of motherless, homeless children in the world.

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given. Club rates for Sunday schools and other religious organizations. Address as above.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

THE FAULTS OF THE INGLENOOK.

It is said that all people have their faults, and people are made of flesh and blood. Now the Inglenook is made of paper, and paper is the queerest stuff in the business. One peculiar thing about it is that it will lie still on the table unless the wind blows it off, and you can write anything on it you know. They say that some people can write more than they know, and then it is claimed that others can't write half that they know; but as a rule it nearly indicates the limit. Of course that is not saying that some cannot write it better than others, that is not a debatable question, but the fact remains that you may write what you please.

It will not blot, tear or wrinkle any worse if you write bad things than if good things are written. Beautiful flights of eloquence, sarcasm, wit, pathos, and the driest statistical report are all alike to the paper. One of the chief weaknesses of the magazine under consideration is

The Editor.

He learned his A B C's in an old stone schoolhouse on the Iowa side of the Mississippi, and was spanked over the corner of a Hoosier schoolmarm's apron on the Indiana side of the Ohio river. His parents were mortal, his education unfinished, and his experience limited. He never had the quality of always speaking on the same subject, preaching from the same text or writing on the same theme. In writing editorials he sometimes suits one class of people and sometimes another class, and, strange to say, sometimes the article doesn't suit anybody very well. Yet he recalls that the same dishes do not always suit all at the table, neither does the same sermon always suit all in the audience. He cannot write on themes that are so high that the readers cannot go with him, neither can he go so low that he does not have a following. However, the poor fellow has done the best he could and still earnestly craves to do much better. He couldn't be some great editor if he wanted to, and really they might not want him to be either.

That is not all that is the matter with the Inglenook. Another weakness is

The Contributors.

In some respects they are like the editor. They try to do the best they can, and yet sometimes they write things at which people turn up their noses. It seems that you just can't always say things that will suit everybody—Jesus couldn't. The Inglenook has a lot of good, honest-hearted men and women, and they are the best kind in the world, but they are not all mind readers and therefore they miss the mark once in a while. When the editor gets hold of the article he thinks it is so good that he can hardly wait for it to get to the people, and when it does it bounces back like a rubber ball. A Dutchman once said, "Beeples is gweer volks somedimes, uh?" If the contributors could look into the future they might write differently; but it might be that they ought not to.

Now we have come to the thirdly, in this sermon. This consummate weakness is in

The Readers.

Do you know there are nearly nine thousand of them? Just imagine a family of that size and then you try to spread bread and butter for the whole mess of them and see if you don't get it too thick for some of them and not thick enough for some of the rest; and not a few will want sugar on it, while the remainder will feel squeamish at the very idea. Even if you had fish to feed them, some fellow right in the middle of the meal would stop eating fish and pick up a bone and begin to prod the rest with it. A very large majority of our readers, however, are the kind that go for the meat and leave the bones for the other fellow. If you should live close to one who you think is spending his time on the bone pile, will you kindly direct his attention to better things? Tell him that we poor mortals are human and that as long as we are this side of heaven he may expect to make, hear and see mistakes. Finally, let us talk it over occasionally. If you see a chance to improve our little paper, speak right out loud. Our readers are improving in both quantity and quality and soon will be a united family of many thousands. Don't forget to show your paper to a friend.

THE VIRTUES OF THE INGLENOOK.

It is a common saying that there are two sides to every question. As we have shown you some of the faults in the Inglenook, it would only be fair and just to look at some of its virtues as well.

In the first place, the growth of the magazine is not spontaneous, but a continual, steady development, which indicates that its growth is almost altogether from within, that is, some reader speaks to someone who is not a reader about its qualities; this is evidently the way most people hear of its good qualities, and this is the very best sign that can be obtained. Another point of merit, which rightfully belongs to the magazine, is the mechanical make-up. It is printed on good paper with good ink, and its departments are well arranged so that its readers know just where to find the material they want. The contributions as well as the selections are clean and free from trash; and as scores of people have already said, it retains a high moral tone not possessed by the ordinary magazine.

But about the best indication of merit we have yet discovered is the fact that the subscribers very largely read it. Now some papers are taken as a matter of beauty, or, because they seem to fill a place in the routine of the mails, then there are other papers that cause a little trouble in the family as soon as they arrive, because all the members of the family want to get at it at once. We know of one place, at least, where the INGLENOOK goes, at which it arrives on Monday noon. A mother and four sons live there; whichever son happens to get his hand on the INGLENOOK first says, "Mother, is dinner ready?" "Yes, my son," is the answer. "Well, mother, do you want to eat dinner now, or read the INGLENOOK?" "Well, son, while I should very much like to read it, I have done the week's washing this morning and am very tired and hungry." "All right then, I was only giving you your choice. I shall be glad to read while you and the other boys eat."

This is not an exceptional case with them, but a very common occurrence with them. There may be other homes of the same kind, but we have not been in all of them. It is all right for the farmer to have his farm papers and his dailies, where he can get his stock markets, and it is essentially necessary that he have his church paper that he may keep posted as to the workings of his church; but by all means he should have the INGLENOOK in his home for the benefit of the children and the family at large as a family magazine. It is true to its name and fills the bill exactly according to what the people say who read it.

PA.

IN thousands of American homes may be found among other mottoes, "What is Home without a Mother?" and, "God Bless our Home." These are good, and very good; in fact among the best, and if we were to add another it would be "Home, Sweet Home." But with all the love for home and with all the sentiment that these mottoes carry with them, one member of the family who goes to make home and without whom home would be quite a different place, is the one that is called "Dad" or "Pa." We want to enlist ourselves again on the side that ascribes honor to the queenly work of a good mother in the home, but not to the omission of her side companion, who gets up early in the morning, lights the fire, boils an egg, grabs his dinner pail, wipes the night sweats from the lawn on his way to his work, while mother is sleeping. He is the factor in the home that makes the weekly hand-out to the butcher, the grocer, the milk man, and the baker; he makes the monthly hand-out to the landlord, the gas man, the city water works; and, by the time all these demands are met, the little pile that "Dad" has earned by the sweat of his brow has diminished until it is almost invisible.

If there is a noise about the house during the night, Pa is nudged in the back and told to go down stairs and drive the burglar away. Of course mother darns the socks, but then Pa buys the socks in the first place and the yarn and needles too. Mother cans the fruit in the fall, but Pa stands for the jars, sugar and fruit. Pa buys the Sunday chicken and the Thanksgiving turkey and pulls the neck from the ruins after everyone else is served. "What is Home without a Mother?" is all right, but what is home without a father? Ten chances to one it is a boarding-house, with father under a slab and the landlady a widow. Some other Pa in the country arises during the early hours in the morning, wades clover knee-deep for the cows and milks a few of them while mother is getting breakfast; he curries the horses in the morning by the aid of a lantern, and does the evening chores when the day's work is done; he digs the winter's wood out from under the snow, and tries to recapture the stock every time it rains; he pays the interest on the mortgage which holds the farm down, lays up the fallen rails and chops the broken ones into firewood; he pays for the school books, the clothes and the playthings; he hitches up, unhitches, and does the driving; he is expected not to hit a stone or run in a rut; to keep the harness greased; in fact, to make everything go smooth. Dear old "Dad," you may bear the burdens of life ungrudgingly and go to the grave unhonored, but you will be missed nevertheless, when you can no longer answer to the call for your services.

"This world is a difficult world indeed,
And people are hard to suit,
And the man who plays on the violin
Is a bore to the man with a flute."

BERLIOZ prepared a symphony before he attained the age of 16, and ten years later it was produced almost unchanged, giving great satisfaction.

Current Happenings

THE *London Mail* describes a new bread making machine by which wheat is turned directly into bread in one operation. The plant will produce three hundred thousand loaves of bread, and is doing it now every day. The cost of production has been reduced from ten cents to six for a two-pound loaf. The whole process is automatic, requiring practically fewer hands than the milling of the flour now does. It will, of course, enrich the capitalists, and at the same time produce bread at a better rate for the poor people, but it will put the small baker out of business.

YOU certainly can find something that suits you in next week's PREMIUM LIST.

IT is reported that President Roosevelt has declared himself in favor of joint statehood for the territories of Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

THE Liverpool street cars have reduced the rates nearly one-half. They have decreased the hours of service, and have raised the wages of the employés. The traffic has increased under the reduced rates until the system pays better than before. The city, of course, owns the system. It is becoming more evident every day that municipal ownership is the thing for a municipality, the same as it is proper and right for a man to own his own home.

A STENOGRAPHER, employed in the Armour Packing company, of Chicago, was arrested a few days ago, charged with an attempt to blackmail the officers of the company. He took some letters from the files and threatened to deliver them to the federal authorities unless paid the sum of $40,000. No doubt he wanted to raise his salary.

A LONDON physician has had a successful experiment in dressing a wound with a piece of window glass, the edges of which were ground smooth. He first smeared the glass with carbolic acid and applied it to the wound, which healed quickly without leaving a scar. Should physicians be able to use this method of caring for wounds, it will prove to be an immense saving in the cost of hospital practice, as the wound can easily be examined without the removal of the dressing, which will allow the wound to heal almost twice as fast.

THE American Consul at Freiburg, Germany, reports that he has seen a new churn that produces butter in sixty seconds.

SEVENTY-FIVE carloads of fine oranges were shipped last week from the Butte Valley country, California, near Mt. Shasta. These are in time for the Christmas trade, which is the best trade for the orange men.

MRS. LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR., who was supposed to have been lost with her husband in the barren wastes of Labrador, has returned safely to New York. She has revealed the secret of her husband's failure and has completed the work which he began. She has located the head waters of two of the most important rivers of Labrador, namely, the Nascapee, and the George, which have never before been placed on the map. She successfully ascended the Nascapee river, found the head waters of the George, and descended it to Ungava Bay, where she remained at the Hudson Bay fort until the company's steamer came for furs. She traveled more than five hundred miles by canoe and portage in that wild, almost uninhabited country.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad company has been experimenting with laying its telegraph wires under the ground, to avoid trouble with the wind and snow in the winter time. They find it to be a success. The postal telegraph will probably coöperate with them in making further experiments.

IT will pay you to read the PREMIUM LIST in next week's NOOK.

THE wireless telegraph system is fast extending over Europe. The German postal department is erecting stations rapidly, and ere long the whole of Europe will be under the magic control of this wonderful system.

PRINCE CHARLES of Denmark has accepted the offer of the Norway throne.

POSTMASTER GENERAL, Cortelyou, will ask Congress for $29,000,000 to maintain and extend the Rural Free Delivery Service. This is an increase of $3,600,000 over the appropriation for the current year. The estimate for the entire postal service is $193,000,000.

DON'T fail to read the entire PREMIUM LIST next week.

TENS of thousands of workingmen in Vienna have enlisted in the outbreak for universal suffrage. Disloyalty of the army is growing.

MRS. EDWARD L. GAYLORD, of Chicago, has donated 160 acres of land near Blue Island, and the funds necessary to equip and maintain there the most complete tuberculosis camp in the country for the benefit of the poor.

THE American National Fund for the relief of the victims of the Jewish massacre in Russia has passed $750,000 and will evidently reach a million in a few days.

THE Sultan of Turkey has taken a positive stand against conceding the right of the European powers to dictate certain administrative reforms in Macedonia. The International fleet, composed of English, Russian, French, Italian, American and Austrian ships, assembled at the harbor of Pireus, was ordered to proceed and carry out the injunction of the powers.

STERLING, COLO., enjoyed a harvest festival last week that was no ordinary celebration. The occasion was the opening of a sugar factory in that city, which has a capacity of six hundred tons of sugar daily. A big barbecue was planned by the citizens of Sterling. The Logan county farmers' association desired to show to the world a display of products that have been raised in that section without irrigation. Evidently some of the Colorado gold lies near the surface, and is awaiting the planter who goes after it.

BERTAUX, the French minister of war, has demonstrated in a recent experiment that a target twenty-five yards square can be reached with a deadly accuracy from his dirigible airship at the height of four hundred feet. He proved that he could travel at from thirty-five to forty kilometers an hour, and could remain in the air six hours. He rose easily to the height of fifteen hundred yards. Several photographs were taken of the machine. His motor is a forty-horse power, and is able to keep his ship out of reach of the artillery below, which was transported on motor cars. It is thought that this will be valuable addition to the war department. It certainly would be useful in reducing the forts of an enemy.

KEEP your eye open for our PREMIUM LIST next week.

THE Sultan believes that the powers could more properly organize to prevent massacres in Russia, rather than to encourage the present action of Russia to prevent outrages in Macedonia.

THROUGH the earnest pleadings of the President, Secretary Shaw has agreed to remain with the Cabinet as head of the Treasury, at least until the close of the coming session of Congress, instead of retiring Feb. 1, as was formerly announced. He is in close touch with the questions of revenue, deficit, currency, banking legislation and Panama bonds, which are very likely to come up during the session. Others of the Cabinet have also agreed to remain until after the coming session.

WATCH for our PREMIUM LIST next week.

THE week's record shows that five lives have been laid on the football altar. At the increasing rate this game will soon be a rival of the railroads as a destroyer of lives.

THOMAS OCHILTREE was arrested at Indianapolis terminal station for being intoxicated and spitting on the floor, whereupon he died from disgrace. At least that was the verdict. What a pity that those addicted to intoxicants do not think about the disgrace before it comes.

A TERRIBLE storm swept over the upper part of the Great Lakes, leaving behind a wide train of destruction. A seventy-two-mile wind from the northeast accompanied by a blinding snow drove huge, powerful steel steamers as if they were the weakest kind of crafts. Much damage was done to several harbors. So far as is known only ten lives were lost. Property was damaged to the extent of almost two million dollars. Seventeen vessels were wrecked beyond usefulness, while eight are missing. Besides the mighty force of the wind the snow fell in some places to the depth of six feet. The mercury reached eight degrees below zero. This is quite a rough introduction to winter after such a pleasant fall as we have experienced.

AN army of about ten thousand unemployed men and women marched through London last week, to Hyde Park, where they listened to speeches and adopted resolutions, asking Parliament to initiate some works of national utility, where they might be employed. This is an outgrowth of the organization which we mentioned in last week's news. In their march they carried banners with the inscription, "Curse your charity; it is work we want." London evidently will have to do something to provide labor for the congested population, for they will not be put off with a temporary charitable organization as a substitute for daily labor.

THE Sultan is now aware that Mytilene has been seized and it is thought by men in diplomatic circles that he will again promise to be good.

HOME DEPARTMENT

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Two chairs drawn by the table,
Where books and papers lay,
There father and the mother
Will watch the children play.
Sometimes they will be reading,
To gain important news,
Or oft in tender moments
Enjoy the poet's muse.

Life seems to them one poem
Of blissful, sweet content,
With hearts fore'er rejoicing
In all their blessings sent.
Love is the star so constant
Illumining their home;
They from its sacred precincts
Have no desire to roam.

Earth's paradise to them seems
The little home they've made,
Where through all care and trials
Love's voice is e'er obeyed.
Oh! what in life is sweeter
Than such a home as this,
Where all seem to be striving
For love's eternal bliss?

Where fond hearts beat responsive
To every call of love,
And all the family feeling
Seems gentle as the dove;
Where hearts are all united
In doing others good,
While each is ever striving
To comfort as love should.

—Martha Shepard Lippincott, in Young People's Paper.

THE GIRL AND THE HOME.

VOLUMES have been written, and other volumes will be written, containing good advice for girls. In our brief remarks we do not intend to write a thesis on this subject, but must content ourselves with two or three hints which we consider of the greatest importance.

First, the girl in the home should always bear in mind that she is preparing herself to become a woman, a housekeeper, a mother, a wife. Not that every girl will actually become all these things, but she should prepare herself to properly fulfill these functions. This is her first business, to learn how to keep house, to learn how to attend to the wants of small children, to learn how to manage hired help, to learn everything that her mother knows.

Even when quite young she can begin this very necessary education. A girl ought to be able to dress herself and take care of her own room before she is ten years old. Instead of being a burden on the household she should be a help.

In helping the housewife she is also laying the foundation for an education that will make her really a woman. No matter what career is before her, she will always be the better for knowing how to do ordinary housework, and for having the physical ability to do it.

The girls of a generation or two ago were generally brought up in this way. No higher ambition was held up before them than to become like their mothers, good, practical housekeepers.

This bringing up was all right as far as it went. But it did not go far enough, and will not at all meet the necessities of a girl's education to-day. Besides learning to be a housekeeper, a mother and wife, the girl should prepare herself for some vocation that will enable her to live an independent life.

A girl that is brought up with no other idea before her than to get married and settle down is indeed in a pitiful condition. If the right man happens to come along at the right time and makes an offer of marriage, all is well. But this is the very thing that may not happen, and it is a pathetic sight to witness the long-drawn-out disappointment that awaits a girl who has not prepared herself for independent life, waiting year after year for some one to come along and marry her, but he never comes.

Therefore, a girl should have before her the ambition, first, to be the mistress of a home, if such a lot should befall her; or, on the other hand, to be able to maintain a single life with dignity and self-reliance. With this ambition before her the girl will find plenty to do, but with the proper attitude toward her work it will not be irksome at all.

The girl should say to herself: "Should a man I really love want to marry me I must be able to keep house as good or even better than my mother does. I must learn everything that my mother knows about housekeeping, and, if possible, learn a great deal that she does not know. But in case no worthy man asks me to marry him, I shall not become a burden on anyone else. I can do a good work in this world without getting married. I can make myself happy and useful in some one of the many vocations that are now open to women."

The girl does not wait until some providential circumstance throws her out upon the world for herself, but she begins to fit herself for such a possibility while she is safe at home, surrounded by friends and

advisers. Art, music, stenography, bookkeeping, school teaching and many other excellent vocations are before her. In acquiring her rudimentary education she should begin to think of the possibility of being left alone some day and obliged to earn her own living, and make an early choice as to what she had rather do.

With this thought before her, at the age of eighteen she should not only be able to keep a house, but she should also be able to earn a good living in some professional or business way. If she elects for herself a college career, fitting herself for some higher profession, she should be able to enter upon that college course at the age of eighteen. She will be, if she has employed her time properly.

Then, instead of sitting down to wait for some man to come along and ask her to become his wife, she goes to work with a will. This brings her out into the world, among men. She is brought in contact with a thousand times as many men as if she were waiting at home. She sees the world as it is. She learns to know men as they really are.

That home girl, whose acquaintance with men is very limited, is a great deal less liable to become happily married than that girl who has come in contact with the world in a business way, and learned somewhat the workings of society before entering the domestic life.

Not that we would elect for every girl a business career before she settles down to home life. Not by any means. But in fitting herself for a business or professional career, even though she never fills it, she has not only saved herself from the humiliation of waiting for a lover that never comes, but has incidentally fitted herself for a domestic life much more thoroughly than if she had contented herself with a home education.

A girl ought to be taught to look the possibilities of her career squarely in the face. She is liable to live a single life; or, in case she marries, is liable to be left a widow and thrown upon her own resources. She is liable to have an invalid husband and the support of the whole family thrown upon her. All these liabilities are before her, and it is somewhat risky to stake her whole career on the one expectation of being supported by a husband.

A girl who has this thought before her mind cannot fail to be a good girl in the home. The housework, which seems to some girls as drudgery, will seem to her an education. The home becomes her college. Every detail of work that is going on around her is of interest to her, because she is looking forward to the time when these duties will become her duties. Attendance upon school will take the same interest. She is preparing herself for the possibility of living a single life. She is determined that she will not be a beggar nor a disappointed old maid. Whatever happens to her, she is going to be a woman, a useful woman, and this converts her home duties and school lessons into opportunities in which she is eagerly interested.

It used to be a little short of a calamity for a girl to grow old without getting married and becoming mistress of a house. This is no longer true. A thousand and one beautiful vocations are open to girls in these days that save her from such humiliation.

It is almost a shame for a girl to grow up without at least making an effort to prepare herself for some one of the vocations within her reach. We do not mean that a girl should live a strenuous life, full of forebodings as to her future. Nothing of the sort. Fitting herself for a housewife, and for some good and useful employment outside of the home, will only sweeten her hours of play and her times of recreation.

It is that girl who has nothing to do who finds herself miserable. It is the girl that has no purpose before her that is wearied with the world and despondent for no cause. It is the girl that is not fitting herself, either for the home or for business, that becomes perfectly tired of life and sees nothing in the world worth living for. It is the girl who sits listlessly waiting for some romantic lover to appear, or for some dramatic situation to happen to her that will furnish some zest in life and break up the monotony of her existence that is dying of ennui.

The girl who is seriously and earnestly preparing herself for a good and useful woman is happier and enjoys a thousandfold more pleasures as she goes along than the thoughtless and idle girl.

There is a pleasure, that exceeds all other pleasures, in providing ahead against calamity, laying up a little store, day by day, of information that will some day be worth far more than a bank account. Learning to sew nicely. Learning to read aloud in excellent form. Learning to write an article for the magazines or papers. Learning to conduct the young people's meeting. Learning to bake bread. Learning to dress babies. Anything and everything that will make her better able to be a real woman.—*Medical Talk.*

AN ARAB PROVERB.

The man who knows not that he knows not aught—
He is a fool; no light shall ever reach him.
Who knows he knows not, and would fain be taught—
He is but simple; take thou him and teach him.

But whoso, knowing, knows not that he knows—
He is asleep; go thou to him and wake him.
The truly wise both knows, and knows he knows—
Cleave thou to him, and nevermore forsake him.

ADMIRATION is the daughter of ignorance.—*Franklin.*

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

GOSPEL CONVERSION.—Acts 3:19.

For Sunday, December 17, 1905.

I. It Implies a Change of Mind.

1. A Different Belief, ...1 Thess. 1:9
2. An Open Confession, ...Luke 18:13
3. A True Repentance, ...Psa. 38:18
4. A Firm Resolution, ...Luke 15:21

II. It Means a Turning Around.

1. An Honest Inquiry, ...Acts 16:30
2. Readiness to Obey, ...Acts 8:36
3. Self-denial, ...Luke 18:28
4. Taking Up the Cross, ...Matt. 16:24
5. Following Jesus, ...1 Peter 2:21

III. A Complete Reformation.

1. A New Birth, ...John 3:5
2. In a New Kingdom, ...John 15:16-19
3. Obedience to Christ's Commands, ...Rev. 22:14

Text.—Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.—Acts 3:19.

References.—Ezek. 36:26; 11:19, 20; Matt. 13:23; Luke 18:17; 1:16; Mark 4:26-29; John 1:4; 3:3; 5:24; 6:44; 8:12; Acts 26:14; Rom. 8:2-16; 12:2; 15:16.

If You Are Not Saved.

"If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" Is it true that you are living without God and without hope in the world? What excuse will you give to God if death claims you before you are converted? If you really want to become a child of God, it will comfort you to know that no man ever sought Christ with a heart to find him who did not find him. It may be that when your mother died you promised to meet her in heaven. You intended then to seek the kingdom of God first. But after she was carried to her last resting-place, you hesitated for a little while, and then these solemn impressions became less, in fact you hardened your heart against them, and you commenced to feel more comfortable, more like you used to; you really were fighting against God. Sermons that would have moved you five years ago—do they touch you now?

Neglect.

Perhaps you say, "I am not wicked, I am as good as your church members, and better than some." But you must remember that Christians base their hope of salvation on Jesus, not on their good works. You have not thought of this text lately, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?" A man may be boating on a river. Ten miles below is a cataract; if his boat should go over he will perish. Now he need not row the boat down to the falls. Moody says he has only to pull in the oars and fold his arms and neglect to row. So all that a man has to do is to fold his arms in the current of life, and he will drift onwards and be lost.

A Gloomy Way.

We trust that you will not neglect this salvation. Because if you neglect it after while when Christ says, "I come to the door and knock," you will listen to his gentle pleadings, but they do not move you, you deliberately close the door of your heart against him and refuse to follow him. And some there are who go still further. After having refused Christ they begin to hate religion and the church. They hate the Bible and the Christian, their chief joy is the picking of flaws in Christian people. To such Jesus says, "I set before you life and death, choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

Zaccheus.

He had climbed a tree to see Jesus. What must have been his surprise when Jesus told him that he was going to dine with him. He hastened down from the tree and received his royal guest with joy. Sin, gloom and darkness have fled. We believe that Zaccheus was truly converted. It would have been hard to convince his creditors that he was not converted. Why, one of them would say, "He defrauded me of five dollars some years ago and I never knew it, and now he has explained the matter and made restitution; he has given me twenty dollars. Is not that remarkable?" No, he did not doubt the conversion of Zaccheus. Moody says that would give confidence in Zaccheus' conversion. Let some of you rich men be converted and give half your goods to feed the poor, and people will believe pretty quickly that it is a genuine work.

A New Creature in Christ Jesus.

That is the beautiful part of conversion. Our old ugly selves disappear and we forget our ugly habits; we learn first to hate the sins that estranged us from God, then we take a firm stand against them, and last of all, we lose sight of them, they are gone, forgotten. The religion of Jesus is not a mere theory, it is proved abundantly by facts. We would convince men of its truth by what it has done, the lives that it has made better, the fact that it does change for good all those who receive it into their hearts, that wherever it enters an individual, a community, or a na-

tion, it elevates them. "When some one said to Wendell Phillips that the religion of India is as good as Christianity, he replied, 'The map of India is the answer.'"

The conversion of Cornelius was a great event. He was a man of considerable influence, but his position was not a favorable one for the development of a religious life. His early training, his surroundings, his business, his opportunities for unjust gains, his associates, his chances of preferment, were all against him. And yet he rose superior to all his difficulties, and came to Jesus Christ. The change wrought by Jesus in Cornelius, though he was a good, devout man before, was very great. He had a new revelation of God's will through Peter. He had assurance, where before he had only longings. He had new life, a new master, a new power.

Life's Great Question.

The great question of life is, What must I do to be saved? It determines not only our happiness, but our character; not only our usefulness in this world, but also our eternal destiny. There have been many books written about the new birth, and our conversion; but it is a matter of faith, not of wordy explanations. The apostle said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. We are saved from sin and its punishment. Faith in Christ saves men because it is accepting him as teacher and guide. It is a consecration of themselves to Christ; it fills their souls with heavenly love. The Holy Spirit gives new and eternal life through Jesus.

Topics for Discussion.

1. Who are the wayside converts? Matt. 13: 4.
2. What special work did Christ ask Peter to do? John?
3. Who are the stony-ground converts? Matt. 13: 5, 20, 21.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Sister Katie Neher, of Mt. Morris, Ill., says: "I send you eight new names for Our Missionary Reading Circle. Please send me more circulars, as there are others who wish to join. We have a very interesting Circle here."

Sister Ida Frantz, of Conway Springs, Kans., says: "I have read eight of the Circle books and enjoyed them so much that I continued the reading, and have read a number more. I will be glad for my certificate and it is my purpose to continue reading books on missions."

"Our young people are becoming more deeply interested in mission work and we are seeing results in our midst. Our Circle is supporting a mission point in a township where there had been no preaching for a number of years and no church in the township. We are also supporting two orphans in India ever since March, 1903. God bless you in your labors for him. Your sister in Christ. Martha E. Lear, Cerrogordo, Ill."

Mission Stories.

Have you read "Agatha's Unknown Way," by Pansy? If not, there is a treat in store for you, girls. Agatha is the daughter of a missionary, and she has come back to America on account of ill health. She expected us to be as much in earnest about the salvation of the heathen as her father and mother were in India. But she was sadly disappointed at first. She almost concluded that we were not interested in the least, for which you do not blame her as you read of the missionary meeting she first attended. How she was led to take up his cross and serve him in a way that she had always thought impossible has its lesson for us. The price of the book is thirty cents.

"I Joined the Circle Because the Leader Asked Me."

Very many of our members could give the above as their reason for joining. The leader urged them and they thought they might as well join. And how many of these have been surprised at the real enjoyment derived from their mission study? They never dreamed that it could be so interesting, and they find themselves looking forward with eager interest to the next meeting. One important result coming directly from the Circle work has been the decision reached by many members to do some church work, whatever they can do best. They see their responsibility toward the unenlightened, they learn of so many noble men and women forsaking all for Jesus' sake that they cannot rest without doing something for him. There is a more complete consecration, more real praying for missions where the Circle books are read. The study of missions enriches life both mentally and spiritually as does no other study except the Bible.

That Secretary.

We are truly sorry for him because, as a rule, he is a willing worker, and really has more to do than he can accomplish. So the Circle work often lags because he has failed to do the little things that he must do in order to keep up the interest. There may have been three or four young people who came to the meeting several times, but for some reason he failed to talk with them and urge them to join the Circle. He also failed to ask somebody else to invite them to join; and none of the other members were thoughtful enough to ask them, and now they have quit coming. They say they don't care about it. A leader of any class or organization must be sure to strike when the iron is hot, and watch for opportunities to say the word in season.

"Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not."

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LVII.

Tiberias, Sea of Galilee.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

Our short stay at Banias, or Cæsarea Philippi, was exceedingly interesting. The Jordan river has three sources, one at Laish, or Dan, one at Hasbeiya, and the other at this place. The Jordan here flows from under the very foot of Mt. Hermon. The water is pure and clear as crystal. We took a drink of its refreshing waters just where it is born of the rock. This old Mt. Hermon is where Jesus was transfigured before Peter, James and John. Matt. 17 and Mark 9. The mountain is ten thousand feet high. This city, in the time of our Lord, must have been a great city, for the ruins of it lie strewn over the ground in a radius of a half mile. We passed through the ruins of an old gateway, through which, no doubt, our Savior passed at the time Peter confessed him to be the real Christ. Matt. 16. Here also is where the disciples tried to cast the evil spirits from a boy and failed for lack of faith.

Soon after we left the little village, from a brow of the mountain overlooking the Jordan valley, we could see a little triangular sheet of water to the south; it looked to be a mile or two away, but we traveled toward it all day and did not reach it until nightfall. It was the beautiful little lake of Merom, mentioned but once in the Bible (Joshua 11), in account of the battle between Joshua and Jabin. It will pay any one to read the account of that battle. The boys are simply delighted with the story as Miss Merritt read it to us while we were on the ground.

I might have told you that the site of the city of Dan brings to memory the incident where the Philistines drove the tribe of Dan from their own territory (Judges 18: 22) and Dan's own brother, Naphtali, gave him sufficient ground to build a city within his territory.

We staid all night at a little town of Jaouny, a little Jewish colony far up the side of the mountain over against Safed. When we awoke Jameel was calling us to the veranda of the hotel, and, pointing to the southwest, he showed us the most beautiful little sheet of water we ever saw. The morning sun was just peeping over the mountains and kissing the wavelets on the bosom of Galilee. While we were admiring this he took from his pocket a little song book, and turning to his most favorite hymn, asked us all to sing with him. Here is the song:

"Each cooing dove and sighing bough,
That makes the eve so blest to me,
As something far diviner now
It bears me back to Galilee.

"O Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so much to be
O Galilee, blue Galilee,
Come sing thy song again to me.

"Each flowery glen and mossy dell,
Where happy birds in song agree,
Through sunny morn their praises tell,
Of sights and sounds in Galilee.

"And when I read the thrilling lore,
Of him who walked upon the sea,
I long, O how I long once more
To follow him in Galilee."

To us this is one of the most sacred places in Palestine. Here is where Jesus stilled the tempest, walked upon the sea, cast out devils, fed the five thousand, fed the four thousand, healed the deaf man, healed the man born blind, performed the miraculous draught of fishes, and called four of his disciples. Upon its banks are to be found the ruins of the ten cities of Decapolis, such as Tiberias, Magdala, Bethsaida, Chorazin, Gadara, Gergesa, Dalmanutha, Capernaum, etc. It is next to Jerusalem in richness from the life of our Lord. We sailed entirely around the lake. The Arabs did not want to take us on the east side; they said the tribes were wild over there and they did not want us to be killed, but we went across by paying them about six dollars extra to wind up their courage. No sooner had we landed than one of their shieks approached and demanded whether we came in peace or war. Roscoe handed him his hat to show that we were his guests in peace, whereupon we all sat down upon the rocks and he told us of the tombs of several of the prophets over the mountains from us; showed us the steep place where the hogs ran down into the sea and were choked, when Jesus allowed the demon to go from the maniac in the graveyard into the swine.

Coming on around to the city of Capernaum we realized the truth of the prophecy of Jesus when he said, "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee Bethsaida! . . . and thou Capernaum which art exhalted unto heaven shalt be brought down to hell." There are the ruins, acres of them, and not one stone left upon another. What once was the great center of commerce is now a monument of disobedience. God's people are driven away and the "stranger inhabits the land." We were very forcibly impressed by the ruggedness of the road in the upper valley of the Jordan. Never in all our lives have we ever seen anything equal to it. The horses have traveled on the rocks for miles without ever touching the ground. The mountains have literally been torn down, valleys filled up, cities destroyed and the Jews scattered to every quarter of the earth. We are learning more about Bible history than we ever dreamed of.

Sincerely yours,

Marie.

(To be continued.)

THE mother who sends her boys to Sunday school just to get them out of the way usually succeeds beyond her most sanguine expectations. It is a slow boy that does not succeed in getting out of the way after such a start.

IN a blinding snowstorm in the English Channel, almost a hundred lives were lost by the wrecking of the ferryboat *St. Hilda*. There were more than one hundred and twenty on board and the French report claims that one hundred and twenty-three were lost. But the English report gives only ninety-four.

IN the midst of life we are in death.—*Prayerbook.*

The Q. & A. Department.

With whom did the name "Hibernia," used as designating "Ireland," originate and why?

"Hibernia" (derived from the Gaelic "Eri," Irish "Erin," meaning "westland") is the Latin name for Ireland, of which a better form is "Ierne." Other forms mentioned in the classics are "Ibernia" and "Ivernia."

What is the meaning of the phrase "Mardi Gras"?

Mardi Gras is the name for Shrove Tuesday, the last day of Carnival, celebrated in some places as a holiday and with great merrymaking and revelry. Literally it means "Fat Tuesday" or "Greedy Tuesday," and is the day before Ash Wednesday, which marks the beginning of Lent. In the year 1906 it will come on February 27. It is the last day on which feasting is permitted before the solemn observance of and period of fasting prescribed for Lent.

For what do the letters C. I. F. stand in commercial transactions, and why are they used?

The letters C. I. F. are abbreviations of "cost, insurance, and freight," and are used to designate that besides paying the cost of the goods the purchaser must also pay for their insurance and transportation.

Is there such a word as "transmogrification"?

Yes, but it is a colloquialism for the word "transformation." It is generally used in a humorous sense.

Does the symbol in the center of the flag of Korea have any specific significance?

The T'aikhi, or symbol in question, consists of two large commas in a circle. In Chinese cosmogony and philosophy these commas are black and white; in the Korean flag they are blue and red. The symbol represents the Absolute or First Cause of the universe and of all that exists therein.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY said of the Bible: "The more profoundly we study this wonderful book, and the more closely we observe its divine precepts, the better citizens we will become and the higher will be our destiny as a nation."

What is a centimo, and in what country is it used?

It is the Spanish name for "centime," a French coin which circulates in the towns on the Spanish border. It is about one-fifth of a United States penny.

THE WOES OF PARTY LINES.

Neighborhood not far from here,
Put in telephone last year;
Farmers built a rural line,
Instruments all "talked up" fine.
All you had to do was ring;
Every bell went ting-a-ling,
One for Swanson, two for Boggs,
Long and short for old man Scroggs.
Every neighbor had his call;
Twist the crank and that was all.
Mighty nice when work was through,
To gossip for an hour or two
With your neighbors, one by one;
Mighty nice, but lots more fun
To overhear some other two
Telling what was not for you.
Every time the signal rang
To the 'phone each farmer sprang,
Slyly grinned and softly took
The receiver from the hook;
Other people's secrets dear
Poured into his large red ear;
Slapped his leg and said: "I swunn!
Telephone's lots of fun———"
Somehow in a week or two
Troubles dark began to brew.
Farmer Jones got fighting hot,
Heard Scroggs calling him a sot.
Farmer Scroggs seemed angry, too,
Heard Smith telling what he knew.
Paid him off with two black eyes.
Johnson heard young Ezra Boggs
Underbid him on his hogs.
Boggs o'erheard a sneaking churl
Making love to his best girl.
Women, too, were in the muss,
Raised a most tremendous fuss.
Every one from Scroggs to Jones
In glass houses throwing stones.
Now the line has silent grown,
Wires are rusted, poles o'erthrown,
Twenty friends are deadly foes,
Each one full of griefs and woes.
Each too mad to speak a word,
'Cause of things they've overheard.

OF late years it is said that the olive industry of Spain is increasing rapidly, as a result of the improved processes in use, causing the consumption of the output of Spain to compete with that of Italy. The leading branch of the olive trade is that of the preparation of green olives, which is carried out on a large scale. The annual exports now reach 7,000 tons.

"DON'T worry; we can't waste our powder on small stuff."

MISCELLANEOUS

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world but 'twill be very slow
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do—
And people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed,
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool;
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress and old-fashioned your hat,
Someone will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited, whatever they say—
For people will talk.

If your dress is in fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticise then in a different shape—
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid;
But mind your own business, there's naught to be made—
For people will talk.

Now, the best way to do is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease,
Of course, you will meet with all sorts of abuse;
But don't think to stop them—it's not any use—
For people will talk.

BABIES FOR SALE CHEAP AT FOOCHOW.

A PICTURE of the Foochow Baby Tower was printed in *World-Wide Missions* some months ago. This is a closed tower, in which bodies of dead infants and sometimes the bodies of unacceptable living ones, especially girls, are thrown. There is a stated fee paid for putting bodies out of the way in this manner. Some time ago a man who makes his living by disposing of girl babies that are not wanted by their parents brought a little unfortunate to a woman of the missionary community at Foochow, asking her if she would not buy it, adding that he would drown it if she did not. With her sympathy thus wrought upon, she made the man happy by paying him twenty cents for the little one. A few days later the man appeared again with two babies to sell. Not knowing where such purchases would lead to, and not prepared to open an orphanage, she ordered the man to leave. Thus discouraged he offered the two for sale for less than twenty cents each. One of the Chinese Christian women, now trained for aggressive work, laughs over the fact that when an infant she was thus sold for a roll of cotton and a rooster.—*World-Wide Missions.*

THE VICTIMS.

When Man is so that every nerve
The slightest jangle jars,
He's suffering from Overwork—
It cannot be Cigars.

When Woman has an aching head
'Tis very plain that she
Must slower go in Church and Home—
But not Society.

When Débutante contracts a cold
'Tis patent, at a glance,
It came from sleeping in a draft—
And not from breezy Dance.

When little Susie grumpy feels,
And tells a tale of woe,
Too much she'd had of Buttered Bread—
But not of Candy? No!

For this is human nature, son,
You'll find it to be true:
We're very loth to lay the blame
On things we like to do.

—Edwin L. Sabin.

WHEN PAPA COMES HOME AT NIGHT.

How the children's faces brighten,
How they drop their toys and books,
How the mother's burdens lighten,
How expectant each one looks,
How the youngsters run to meet him,
How they shout in their delight,
How they throng to kiss and greet him—
When papa comes home at night!

How all troubles seem to vanish,
How all little quarrels cease,
How he seems all gloom to banish,
How he brings in joy and peace;
How his smile smooths every wrinkle,
How he sets all wrong aright,
How he unkinks every crinkle—
When papa comes home at night!

Blest, ah, blest beyond all speaking
Is that happy family,
With a loving father seeking
To preserve it trouble-free.
Let no harm, we pray, come near him—
Sudden death—untimely blight;
But long may his children cheer him—
When papa comes home at night!

—Percy F. Bicknell.

A HEAVY BURDEN

One of the greatest burdens of the poor and those of limited means is the never-failing doctor bill. It has brought discouragement into many a household. To such the knowledge of a reliable household remedy is worth much. Then, again, there are thousands of families located at such a distance from physicians and drugstores that to obtain prompt medical assistance is almost out of the question. How many are there not so situated who are mourning the loss of some dear one whose life and usefulness might have been saved had prompt medical aid been procured. These possibilities are always sad and harrowing thoughts for those who are left behind. And it surely gives food for reflection, but, "What is to be done?" thinking people will ask.

Watch the general health. If you feel dull, drowsy and listless when you arise in the morning, if you have a nasty, bitter taste in your mouth, if your tongue is coated, do not ignore these signals. Something is the matter. You are not well. You are on the straight road to sickness. Take heed! Your system needs looking after. If your children are peevish, cross and fretful, if their appetite is gone, the luster of their eyes has vanished and a feverish glow is on their little faces, act at once! They are getting sick.

If your husband feels tired, weak and discouraged, if he fails to enjoy his meals, if his temples throb, and he complains of aches here and there, do not delay, but commence treatment with DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. A bottle costs much less than a doctor's visit, and the probabilities are that a dose of it in time will save you much expense, worry and anxiety.

SAVED HIS LIFE.

Troy, Idaho, March 27, 1905.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Many thanks for your world-famous **Blood Vitalizer.** In May, 1904, I was taken down sick and confined to my bed. During the entire summer I was under the constant care of two physicians. They said I had consumption and finally declared that I was incurable and that I could live but a short time. A friend called my attention to the **Blood Vitalizer.** I commenced to take it and remarkably enough, three bottles restored my health. This last winter I have been out in the woods cutting timber. I am inclined to think that my ailment was a form of stomach trouble.

Yours truly,
Halvor Nelson,

A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE.

Pepin, Wis., June 28, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—We have now used your **Blood Vitalizer** in our family, whenever occasion required it, for a period of eight years and have always found it to be a most excellent remedy. Before I commenced to use the **Blood Vitalizer,** I had been troubled with pains in the side accompanied by palpitation of the heart. At times, I could hardly move around as the pains were so severe. I used three bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer** and I was completely cured. The **Blood Vitalizer** is just as good as a doctor in the house. Yours truly,

O. W. Hedlund.

R. F. D. No. 1.

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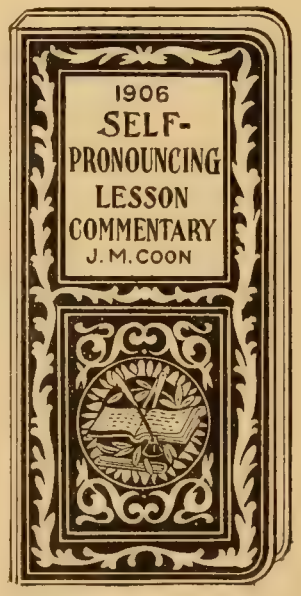
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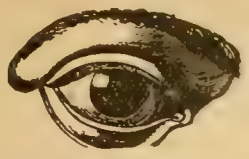
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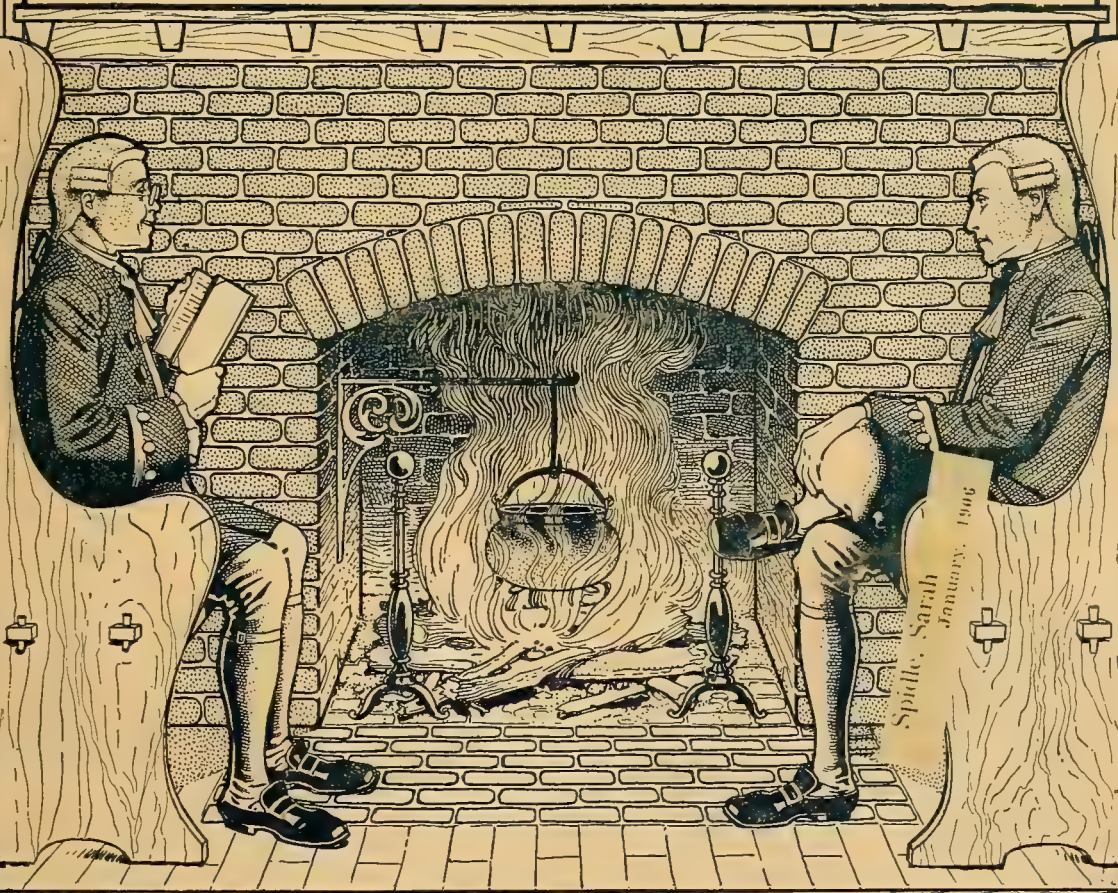
THE INGLENOOK

Stacy E. Baker.

The Inglenook for me! I know
No pleasures like the grates aglow,
When blushing Fall becomes a bride,
And Winter stalks, with stately stride,
A groom, through pallid drifts of snow.
The Inglenook.

Upon my pane, the frost-buds grow;
The restless flakes drift to and fro,
Beyond—like vagabonds, denied
The warmth of cheerful fireside,
They envy, when my dim lights show,
The Inglenook.

Though chill the wild north breezes blow,
And drear their songs, I like them so—
I like to hear their whistle shrill,
When labors of the day are still.
I like them, as I dream beside
The Inglenook.



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A Great Italian Boy

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History shows how the world has thus been surprised from time to time by the advent of some genius, who by some hidden power has managed to wrest a secret from nature's bosom. It was so when in the latter part of the eighteenth century old Dr. Peter Fahrney, down in the mountains of Pennsylvania, by study and experiment with nature's healing herbs, succeeded in producing a remedy which has been such a boon to suffering people. This remedy, known as

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has been known and in use for over one hundred years, but has been but little advertised, the proprietors preferring to sell it on its own merits. The demand for it has reached large proportions. It is deservedly popular, as it saves doctor bills in every home. It has been handed down as a heritage from father to son for four successive generations and is prepared to-day by Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., 112-118 So. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CANNOT PRAISE IT ENOUGH.

Antigo, Wis., Aug. 19, 1905.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I have desired for some time to write to you regarding your medicine. I cannot praise your **Blood Vitalizer** enough, it has done me so much good. I suffered for eighteen years with sick headaches which nothing had been able to cure. When I sent for the **Blood Vitalizer,** I took it and it helped me immediately. That was four years ago. I have had your medicines in the house ever since and would not be without them. I also keep your **Stomach Vigor** and **Oleum** on hand. Our boy was taken down with inflammatory rheumatism. I cured him with the **Blood Vitalizer** and **Oleum.** Those who have used your medicines praise them highly.

Yours respectfully,

Mrs. James Borg

A FRIEND OF THE BLOOD VITALIZER.

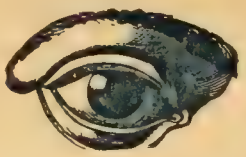
Bois D'Arc, Mo., June 23, 1905.

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Gentlemen:—As I have not written you for some time, I thought I would write and let you know that I am still a warm friend of the **Blood Vitalizer.** Your medicine is gaining new friends right along. Mr. Prior Squibb, of Elwood, Mo., was suffering with a severe case of stomach trouble, our merchant, Mr. Likens, who knows of the merits of the medicine, persuaded him to try the **Blood Vitalizer,** and he declares it to be the best medicine he ever used. My mother-in-law, now seventy-seven years old, takes the **Blood Vitalizer** occasionally as she declares it keeps the rheumatism off and gives her a good appetite. Everyone who has used the **Blood Vitalizer** is highly pleased with results.

Yours respectfully,

Mrs. Daisy Rose.



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We furnish all three for	$1.75

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The Prairie Farmer contains from 16 to 24 big pages each issue, and has departments for every branch of farm life, each one conducted by experts who have a world-wide fame because of their knowledge of agricultural conditions, and their ability to give THE PRAIRIE FARMER readers practicable and profitable advice. Because it is a weekly its subscribers get timely and up-to-date advice—and not a month too early or too late. Queries can be answered right away by well-informed farmers, dairymen, stockmen, horticulturists, poultrymen and general scientific farmers listed as contributors.

To find out about the INGLENOOK read the journal you hold in your hand. Ask for sample copies of any of these. Address all communications to

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

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INGLENOOK

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to continue to be a member of the INGLENOOK family for the good that we can do you.

The following are only some of the things planned which we are sure you will appreciate.

ARTICLES from South Africa by ELDER D. L. MILLER.

A STORY "The Rending of the Chain," by OMA KARN, the author of "The Little White Meetin'house."

SEED-THOUGHTS by JOSEPHINE HANNA, the modern proverb writer.

POEMS by MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT, the Friend poetess.

SECOND—We Must Have You

to continue with us through the next year for the good you can do us. Every member of the family has his place. You are one. You can tell us what you like and what you don't like, thus helping us to make the paper better.

BUT MORE THAN THIS--

The INGLENOOK is published weekly at $1.00 per year. Anyone may have the paper and this FINE FOUNTAIN PEN for **$1.47**



It is fitted with a heavy gold pen and the barrel is perfectly turned. Although narrower than most other holders, it will hold a large quantity of ink, the capacity being obtained from the length rather than from the breadth. The taper cap gives it a pleasing, slender effect. This is a good pen, sells for $1.25 and is *fully warranted.*

Any pen proving to be imperfect will be exchanged free of charge.

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The Inglenook, 1 year,	$1.00
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No. 41 ..The Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments
No. 45 .....Soul's Awakening
No. 47 .....Madonna and Child
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No. 750 .....Flowers and Fruit
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Grace Gnagey.

Dysart, Iowa, July 22, 1905.

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CATALOG FREE.



Patterns 10c each



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Style B. Style C.

Style B.—The forepart of this bonnet is made of chenille and the crown and frill are of taffeta silk. It is made over a rice net foundation. Average cost of a **made-to-order** bonnet like this one $2.30. **For making only,** 75 cents.

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For One Bonnet we use 1 yd. Strawcloth, 1 yd. Rice Net, 2¼ yds. Wire, 1½ to 2½ yds. Ribbon, ½ yd. Chiffon Lining, 1¼ yd. Braid for Trimming. Cost of material 98 cents to $2.25, depending on quality.



1st—Length over head.
2d—Width across back of neck.
3d—Width of forepart from where crown is set on, to the front edge.

Send us your measure and we will make you a Bonnet or Cap. We **guarantee satisfaction.**

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Cures all Sick and Nervous Headaches, Neuralgia, Brain-Fag, Sea and Train Sickness. Eleven cures 10 cents. Mailed on receipt of price. . . . .

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IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming
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Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley also yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry.

The climate is healthy; winters short and mild.

BEET SUGAR FACTORIES

Three in Operation ——————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

20 to 40 Tons of Beets Per Acre

The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of $50 to $100 per acre may be realized.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII. DECEMBER 12, 1905. NO. 50.

SONGS OF THE LONG AGO.

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

A quaint old song with a cadence sweet,
Of a half-forgotten time,
That floats afar on the dreamy air,
In passionate, plaintive rhyme;

And wondrous sweet is the singer's voice,
As free from a trace of pain
As the careless note of a wildwood bird,
Thrilling its summer strain.

But an old man paused in his feeble walk,
And his head drooped low on his breast,
While his thoughts went back to his happy youth,
With its golden days, and blest;

And he stole to the side of his dear old wife,
With his heart too full to speak,
Though her eyes smiled answer, the while a tear
Crept down o'er her wrinkled cheek.

So back through the Past's enchanted halls
The two walked once again,
And their loving hearts beat light and free
In time with the sweet refrain.

O angel fair, of the mystic shore,
Where the peaceful rivers flow,
In your heavenly songs may we hear a strain
Like the songs of the Long Ago!

Elgin, Ill.

SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

Ability and integrity make a splendid outfit.

Success lies at the far end of perseverance.

Respect for others wins respect from others.

Contempt for others plants contempt in others.

If God does not receive of our fullness, it is good proof that we have not received of his. We may receive, however, for the asking,—may he?

Why send your son to a school where Higher Criticism whittles God's revealed Word down to man's size, and then ask him to reverence the Bible?

Do we ask our Savior to verify his promise to Faith, and bear our burdens, and then allow Doubt to replace them upon our own weak shoulders?

Why not send your children to colleges where the Christian atmosphere is warm, if you do not wish them to grow cold toward Christ, their Savior?

There is, generally speaking, a couple dollars difference between a dollar contribution taken from a bank note, and one added to a note which the bank holds.

The parent, having expericnced the need of an education, should hold himself responsible for that of the child, to whom the difficulty of acquiring it but yet appears.

Imposition so often wears the garb of Necessity, that he who boasts that he will not be deceived by the former, proves himself sometimes impervious to the appeals of the latter.

Good eye-glasses are both faith and reason, when rightly used; faith to look afar, reason, within easy range of vision,—faith to behold the works of God, reason to superintend our own.

All honor to anyone, who, wrecked upon the shores of earthly endeavor, launches bravely out for a better goal, keeping his eye upon the compass needle that points to the Eternal Haven.

The time we use for paltry things,
If used aright, would furnish wings
And lift our hearts to things sublime,
Till years, when multiplied by time,
Would not upon us weigh like lead,
But 'neath us prove a throne instead.

Flora, Ind.

With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

Life in Durban

No. 11

AFTER spending forty days and forty nights on board ship, be that ship ever so good and seaworthy, one is glad to escape from the routine of sea life and rest again on the lap of old mother earth. There is a sameness about ship life that becomes indescribably monotonous if kept up for a lengthened period. This is especially true of the food provided. There is an abundance of it, too much in fact, but then it is the same thing over again and again; it becomes like the manna and the quails in the wilderness, a thing not so much to be desired after the long using of it. But all things have

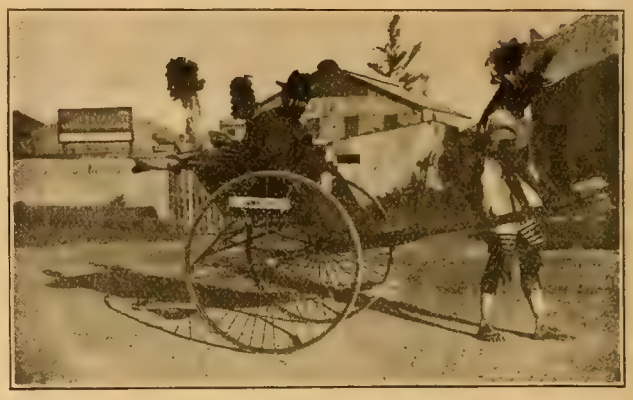


The Beautiful Harbor of Durban, South Africa, by Moonlight.

an end and so our voyage to the Southland ended and we landed at Durban, the finest harbor on the southern coast of Africa.

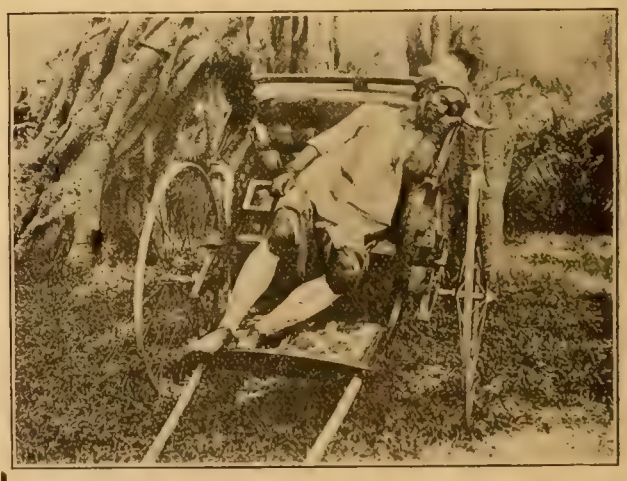
If one lands at Durban with the notion in his head that he is now in a pagan country it will soon be dissipated. Durban is the principal city of Natal, with a population of some sixty thousand. It was a surprise to me to find in South Africa a good deal of the push and enterprise so common at home. Durban has fine public buildings, a large library and well-furnished reading room, a splendid system of electric tramways, fare four cents, electric lights, well paved streets, kept scrupulously clean, a splendid supply of pure water, fine mercantile buildings, beautiful residences, and in fact all the modern, up-to-date improvements found in European or American cities of the first class. It reminds one of a southern city at home, the presence of the blacks adding to the similarity. These make some pretense of dressing in European costume, except that they are rarely to be seen wearing boots or shoes. Were it not for the occasional group of native Kaffirs, men and women, in scanty attire, from the interior, one would never realize from his surroundings that he was in a heathen land.

Durban is the chief city of Natal and one of the



W. B. Stover, Riding in Jinricksha in Durban.

most beautiful towns in South Africa. It enjoys a semi-tropical climate, the heat and cold both being moderated by the waters of the great southern sea. Natal and Zululand, inclusive, have an area of 29,200



Tired out after a hard run. The Jinricksha man at rest. The lace stockings are imitations painted with lime.

square miles with a white population of a hundred thousand and a million blacks. These are Zulus and Kaffirs and are rapidly becoming less savage and more civilized. The capital, Pietermaritzburg, is located fifty-four miles inland from Durban and has a population of thirty-one thousand. It contains the government buildings and is a flourishing place.



Fruit and Vegetable Market, Durban.

Natal is a fruitful land and it is not to be wondered at that the Boers left this beautiful and fruitful territory with many regrets for the barren belt beyond the Vaal river. Many of the tropical fruits grow in the greatest profusion and are of the very finest quality and flavor. The pineapples are by far the best as to sweetness and juiciness I ever tasted. Heretofore the pineapples of Ceylon stood first, but these must in the future give place to the luscious fruit of Natal.

The fruit and vegetable market at Durban well repays one for a visit. The city is surrounded with



Government Buildings at Maritzburg, Transvaal, S. A.

orchards and vegetable gardens and in season fruit is very cheap. The finest pineapples may be bought for twenty-five cents a dozen. The fruit trade is in the hands of the Indians. It is a very rare thing indeed to see a native of Africa engaged in trading. I found two in all the city of Durban who were engaged in the sale of South African relics. These were the isolated cases met with on our visit to the Dark Continent.

Durban is noted for her Jinriksha men with their picturesque costumes, their swiftness of foot and their strength and endurance. The jinriksha, as found at Durban, with rubber tire and ball-bearing spindles, is a most comfortable, convenient and cheap mode of transportation. Fares are estimated by distance and in the city are from six to twenty-five cents, depending upon the length of the journey. The rate will average about ten cents a mile. The men are great athletic fellows and it is surprising how rapidly and with how little fatigue they get over the ground. Their costumes are a striking feature of their make-up, this is especially true of the headdress. A pair of large, finely-polished horns form the principal part of the decoration. To this is added plumes, made of pampas grass or ostrich feathers. The coat is usually one of many colors and comes half way between hips and knees. The rest of the lower limbs are bare except for a coat of whitewash applied in a very good imitation of tight-fitting white lace stockings with black feet. There are a large number of these men in Durban. They are all Zulus and Kaffirs and are attentive to business, respectful and honest. If you engage one to call for you at a certain time and place you may depend on his being there on time.

It is not the purpose in these hurriedly typewritten sketches, for my Hammond was my constant companion, to give a consecutive account of our travels in South Africa. It will suffice if notes and sketches are presented giving some of the most interesting phases of life in the parts of the country visited. The illustrations presented are all photographs and will assist materially in arriving at a fair understanding of conditions. What a wonderful assistance photography is in the acquirement of knowledge! Then,



The Fruitful Pawpaw Tree.

too, one may always depend on the camera. It makes no mistakes and tells no untruths.

IS THERE ANY LUCK IN BUSINESS?

SUCCESSFUL business men commonly say that there is no such thing as luck. In the sense in which they mean it this is not correct, for everyone of them may be matched by a dozen unsuccessful men of equal ability and industry. To a large degree, business success depends upon the same element of mathematical chance in a single instance as is noted in lotteries, drafts, etc., except that for the simple machinery of the latter, which allows the estimation of the chances in advance, we have a complicated human structure which does not permit a definite statement of the chances of success or failure. Many conservative business men owe their first opportunity to a speculation which involved the same element of chance as the falling of a die, but have been shrewd enough not to incur a similar risk after securing a sufficient capital for business on ordinary lines.

It would be too broad an assertion to say that business success is entirely speculative or based on chance. Indeed, when the successful man says that there is no such thing as luck, and means that his success is the logical reward of industry and good judgment, not to forget self-denial and economic living, he is often right. Still, it is apparent that chance and opportunity have much to do with the outcome. To a very large degree, business and social success depend upon physical endowments which are inherited or are, at least, congenial. Even agreeable manners, tact, pleasant ways of uttering trivial thoughts, facial expression, grace of movement, temperament, and the like, are essentially due to anatomic endowment at birth. One man charms you with his voice, another repels you; there is a trifling difference in the musculature of the respective larynxes, in the smoothness of the vocal cords, in the shape and size of the resonant air-chambers of the skull. These minor differences represent the difference between success and mediocrity or failure in the ministry, the law, and politics. Even in vocations in which oratory has no place, they play a considerable part. In many businesses, including politics, one man makes friends right and left simply because he can remember names and faces. Another, with ten times as much human sympathy, ignores old acquaintances on the street because his eyes are a millimeter longer than the former's, or he can not readily remember faces and names because of the lack of certain groups of brain-cells.

The Immutability of Chance.

In general, we find that the element of luck exists only from the narrow viewpoint of the individual. Even when we are utterly unable to solve the problems of chance mathematically, we can usually do so by empiric observations. We can not tell when a man's house will burn but we can calculate within a small variation how much each one of a hundred thousand will have to pay to insure himself; similarly we can not only place life insurance on a definite business basis but we can prophesy how many of the average thousand will die in a year, and, excluding epidemics and great disasters, we can state quite definitely how many will drown, how many will take their own lives, and how many will die of this or that disease. Few laws are so definite or irrevocable as the law of chance. It is only when we turn to the individual that we lose sight of the indissoluble connection between cause and effect. The individual is, so to speak, crushed by the weight of the aggregate. It is small wonder that, without such information as comes from the careful study of the aggregate, the individual loses his reasoning power, cowers before a force which he does not comprehend and personifies it as a fate or mastering supernatural being, or creates an impersonal force which he calls luck.—*A. L. Benedict, in the Cosmopolitan.*

THE king of England possesses china estimated to be worth two million dollars.

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.—*Wordsworth.*

THE RENDING OF THE CHAIN

By OMA KARN, Covington, Ohio.

Part 1.—Tripped by the Snare.

"WHAT a manly looking little fellow! One of your boys, I suppose," said Professor Moore to Professor Wilder, as they stood on the steps of the latter's residence enjoying the fresh morning air and the bright summer sunshine.

Professor Wilder smiled fondly as he gazed after the trim, gentlemanly-looking figure that had just saluted them so courteously.

"One of my brightest and best," he said, answering the question of his friend. "I have some unusually intelligent boys, but Ernest excels them all. It is very plain that he is going to make more than an ordinary man. By and by you will hear from him."

It was Professor Moore's turn to smile at the enthusiasm of his friend.

"I have great faith in your sagacity, my friend," he said, "but experience has taught me that it is the better part of wisdom not to set too high a stake on some of this promising material. We are apt to be the losers sometimes."

Professor Wilder shook his head.

"Ah, but I have no fears in this case. The most careless observer cannot help seeing in Ernest the elements of a more than ordinary character. 'The child is father to the man.' Just wait awhile. The world will hear from him later."

And it seemed it ought to be so. Surrounded by the very best of influence, ambitious and persevering, encouraged and stimulated by the interest of loving friends, hemmed in by all the refinements of life, aided by the impetus that devoted parents with ample means could give, all united, seemed to point forward to a very brilliant and useful future for our young friend.

Many were the earnest consultations, the often-changed plans of the devoted parents as to what profession would be best for their darling boy.

Meanwhile Ernest was taking rapid strides. His bright, manly ways and intense devotion to his studies won all hearts as he went along. He had far outstripped the boys of his age, and at sixteen he found himself in the junior class with college looming up just ahead of him.

"Ernest shall have the best education this land can afford," said his father. "And after that we may even see fit to send him across to one of those famous old universities."

* * * *

"What ails you, George? Are you sick? I don't believe you slept two hours last night, and you don't scarcely eat anything at all. Tell me what troubles you anyway. You muttered something in your sleep about Ernest. What one of your troop has got out of line? Come, sir. 'An open confession is good for the soul.' So out with it. Is it the boy or the cook?"

Professor Wilder's troubled look gave way to a smile at his wife's raillery.

"I can assure you my lack of appetite is no fault of yours, Clara," he said, as he glanced over the dainty breakfast table. "I was not aware that matters were weighing upon me to the extent of troubling my dreams. The fact is, I am considerably troubled about my favorite, Ernest Windum. He has got to going occasionally with a class of boys whose morals are not of the best. While they are not particularly bad themselves, yet they are often seen with those who are. I have frequently seen them, here lately, lounging around the open doors of Fitch's saloon, and several times Ernest has been with them. It troubles me, Clara. These associations are the first step toward the road that leads downward to destruction. If Ernest ever gets started on that road it will take a strong hand to draw him back. What can the parents be thinking of to permit such associations? Don't they know that it is one of Satan's strongest snares?"

"I thing, George, you could perhaps have a more restraining influence over him than the parents. The fact is, they are too much puffed up about him. They think he is invulnerable to wrong-doing, a piece of perfection, and therefore faultless. There is where the danger comes in. Haven't you talked to him?"

"Yes, on several occasions. At first he listened very soberly and I believe tried to break away from his fast companions. But the gay life they lead has already caught him in its meshes. I talked to him again last night, warning him of the danger of such associations and holding before him the bright prospect of his own brilliant future if he but kept on the right road. But he is growing indifferent and almost defiant to my counsel. The result of his conduct already begins to show in his studies. It is plain his mind is elsewhere. He is falling behind almost as rapidly as he has gained. I wish the parents could get their eyes open to the danger he is in. Together we might pull him through."

"Perhaps they will when it is too late. I think it's a pity some friendly whirlwind cannot blow Fitch's establishment out of existence. I stood there on the

corner the other morning for ten minutes, waiting for the car, and in that time I counted four boys, none of them over sixteen, come out of its doorway. I had to wonder where the responsibility for allowing these traps that catch and ruin the souls of men and women would be. I thought of it all the way over to the city. It looked to me as if we were not active enough towards trying to stamp this evil out. But I wouldn't worry myself sick over it, George. You are not responsible for what Ernest is out of school."

"Ah, but, Clara, I am. Besides, what grander work could I do for the Master than to try to form these tender young lives into 'fit vessels for his use'? I had thought to present Ernest to him without spot or blemish. But it looks doubtful. However, with God nothing is impossible. I will try as long as there is hope."

At nineteen Ernest graduated. For the last year he had apparently broken away somewhat from his evil companions. And the now fully-awakened parents and friends began to entertain hopes of yet seeing their fondest dreams realized. In the interval before going to college, and in the hope that putting him immediately to work would help him to overcome his evil tendency, his father sent him on an important business mission to a city in an adjoining State.

How little we know sometimes what is best for those we love! Could we but draw back for an instant the curtain that veils the future, how differently we would do sometimes. Had these fond parents known it, this was the most imprudent thing they could have done. But he who can see from the beginning to the ending even in this blow remembered mercy. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us," and his angel guards are set round about us.

It so happened that business called Professor Wilder at the same time to the same place.

"'Tis a trim, thriving little place, busy and prosperous," thought the Professor, as, after supper, he was taking a stroll through the pretty little city. "But Satan's strongest workshop is here too. This is the fifth saloon I have seen since I started out. Why must this curse be allowed to grow and flourish in our land? There comes a staggering form now from yonder green-baized doorway—some poor, heartbroken mother's boy—merciful heavens! Can it be possible!"

The Professor was a man of nerve and action, and for the first time in his life he stood in helpless horror and amazement. Could it be? Was it possible? Yes, it surely was. His bright, intelligent Ernest, the petted only son of a Christian home, the brand he had fondly hoped he had plucked from the burning, reduced to the level of the lowest beast, groveling on the ground at his feet, intoxicated with rum.

For a full moment Professor Wilder was so horrified at this unexpected event that he could not regain the use of his senses. Then recovering himself by a great effort, he called a hack and had the now unconscious boy taken to his room at the hotel.

With all a parent's tender care he watched over the erring boy until he came out of his drunken stupor. And then there was a scene the like of which only those who have passed through the fire and so fondly love those erring ones can realize.

The Professor pictured in all its horrors the life to which he must inevitably drift if he kept on the road he had started on. He pointed out to him each downward step as slowly but surely he descended to destruction. With heartbreaking pleadings he begged him to desist.

"Break away from this slavery, my boy," he cried. "Rend this chain that is slowly coiling itself about you. Do not let this trap of Satan imprison you in its deadly clutch, dragging you down so low, so low!"

"I know it, Professor Wilder," groaned Ernest, who seemed thoroughly ashamed of himself. "I know just how low I have fallen. I know and realize fully that the dishonor does not end with me. I am making life a torture to those who love me." And then there burst from his lips the bitter cry we so often hear from these self-immolated victims of habit, "I know I am not doing right, but I can't help myself."

"But there is a Power that can, Ernest," replied the almost heartbroken teacher. "He has strength to reach down and save the most degraded sinner that ever slipped and fell. Oh, Ernest, fond hearts are praying for you with tears and bitter anguish. Lay hold of that all-powerful arm that is able to draw you even out of these depths. Ask and it shall not be denied you. You who have been reared in a Christian home, under the most refining influences, you, with your magnificent mind, your strong will power, possessor of the ten talents, of whom much will be expected, do not let this tool of Satan lure you on to degradation. For it will only end there, my boy, if you do not stop. You will be dragged down to companionship and fellowship with the very lowest of humanity."

Ernest listened attentively. For a while he sat perfectly silent, his head bowed upon his hands. Then shaking it sorrowfully, came the same old cry, "I can't help myself."

But his friends did not give up hope. The fact of this last bitter downfall was kept from all but a few of his wisest and best friends. Ah, how they prayed for him! Ah, how the hearts of those devoted parents bled at every pore, in fear and anxiety for their only boy during the four years he was away from them!

Ernest was making a brave effort. He had entered college, and to all appearances had given up entirely

his bad habits and associates. He graduated with honor. Soon afterwards he accepted a position of great trust and responsibility, and a business in which his fine mind was brought into active play.

And then Mildred Harris came home from college. Of the purest and fairest, Mildred was fit to mate with the noblest of the land. She had known Ernest from their infancy. They had shared the joys and sorrows of childhood together. Together they had gone to school as boy and girl, and together they had passed through high school. Ernest's former weakness was not unknown to Mildred. But she loved him. Surely he would never take to his old habits again. Against the advice and entreaties of friends and parents who were not so sure, Mildred listened to the dictates of her own heart and married him.

They prospered from the first. Both of more than ordinary ability, highly educated, and popular, together with the high social standing of both families, gave them free admittance to the most exclusive circles, and every door was opened to receive them. About this time Mr. Windom, Ernest's father, died, and Ernest came into possession of considerable wealth. Mrs. Windom, his widowed mother, came to live with them. At the end of five years, two bright little boys had been added to the family—Roy, aged three, and Ralph, one. Mildred's cup of happiness seemed filled to overflowing, and life seemed to spread out before these two like a fair picture.

(To be continued.)

THE WYOMING CATTLE WAR.

Arthur Chapman, in the *Outing Magazine,* gives an interesting review of the Wyoming cattle war of 1892. This war is commonly known as the "rustler war," because of the widespread impression at the time that the fight was between the honest owners of cattle on one side and an organized community of cattle thieves or "rustlers" on the other. But never was anything more misnamed, declares Mr. Chapman. To be sure, there were cattle "rustlers" in Wyoming, and there is no doubt that they had become exceptionally bold. But it is doubtful if there has ever been a more lawless business than the old-time cattle business since the world began. When the great cattle trails were opened some cattle owners started with a small herd at one end of a trail and arrived at the other with thousands of strange beeves that had been "picked up" on the way. Some of these men became cattle kings, and built grand houses, in which they were always uncomfortable, and even went to the legislature or to congress. Beside them the rustler, who stole a few paltry head of cattle, must always remain a rather pitiable figure.

Considering the Wyoming cattle war from an unprejudiced viewpoint, it appears the rustler merely figured as an excuse. The main object of the cattle owners who invaded northern Wyoming with a half hundred professional man-killers seems to have been to drive out the small ranchers. Some of the men who had taken up homesteads in the heart of the cattle country were to be killed, and life was to be made so miserable for the others that they would take down their fences and decamp, and the threatened disintegration of the great cattle herds would be postponed indefinitely. Had this plan been successfully carried out in Johnson county, no doubt it would have been made effective in other parts of the West where the settler was getting too strong a foothold. The cowboy would have been living his picturesque life on the open range to-day, but the growth of the agricultural West would have been set back a generation.

FACTS ABOUT SPONGES.

Sponges were at one time living animals. Although they have no nerves, no heart, no lungs, no mouth and no stomach, yet they are placed by naturalists among the animal kingdom.

Living sponges consist of a jelly-like mass supported by a framework of horny fibers called spicules. This jelly body covers all the framework, and decays immediately after the death of the sponge. It is this framework or skeleton with which we are so familiar.

During the life of the sponge, the flesh is said to present a beautiful appearance, almost all the colors of the rainbow dazzling the eyes with their brilliancy.

During life the sponge is constantly drawing water through its pores, and countless streams are continually flowing through the sponge, bringing little particles of food and all the gases needed to support it. There is another element in this wonderful circulation that should not be overlooked. Located in different parts of these pores are small, cup-shaped hollows filled with fine, thread-like particles, or cilia, which are constantly in motion and assist in keeping the water in circulation.

The circulation of the water through the pores supplies oxygen and at the same time brings little particles of food into contact with the different portions of the sponge. When the food touches any part of the body, the soft, jelly-like flesh sinks in, so as to form a cup, while the surrounding parts creep over the morsel of food until it is entirely covered. Here it is held until the digestible portions are absorbed, when the flesh assumes its original position, and any shell or other refuse that remains from the meal is carried away by the current of water.—*Selected.*

What though the field be lost, all is not lost.—*Milton.*



The Old Doyle House

By PROF. G. W. FURREY



Chapter XXXIII.

(CONCLUSION.)



TWENTY years have passed. Twenty years for old "Father Time" to swing his keen-edged scythe. Twenty years of such close cutting make many changes.

When Frank's story became known, it was first received with blank incredulity. But when the lawyers, Coe and Cobble, claimed him as their client and proceeded to establish, beyond the least possibility of cavil or doubt, that he was the only living representative of the Doyle family and legal heir to the Doyle estate, those directly concerned were filled with despair. But when, to the chagrin of the lawyers and the surprise of all, he insisted upon executing a release of all claims upon the property with the exception of the "old homestead and the subterraneous apartments and passages connected therewith," he became the hero, and his story the sensation of the hour.

He was interviewed by newspaper correspondents, his presence was deemed essential to the success of social functions, the scientific features of his experiences attracted the attention of specialists; so that he was sought out by psychologists, physicists, geologists and inventors, which last were afraid that the "radioscope," without their attention, was destined to become one of the "lost arts."

Frank endured these annoyances for about a year, during which time his darkness-inured body was slowly readjusting itself to normal conditions. As soon as he could feel that he was completely well, he departed to seek greater solitude and truer freedom in the opening west.

Again the Old Doyle House was closed. And shortly thereafter the Girards disposed of their interests and moved away.

The onward march of progress had long ago marked the doom of Oakdale Mills. For a number of years the old dam was repaired and the race relieved of the deposits of the Ruen each spring. The old system fought fiercely to hold her own against the new. It was of no avail. The corn burr was the last to give up the fight, but finally it ceased to hum. The doors were closed. The creaking of the old wheel was stilled forever. Slowly and almost imperceptibly the once noble structure settled over on the long piles upon which it stood, as an old man totters on his staff. One Sunday morning the customary quietness of the day was broken by a tremendous crash that was heard for miles around. All eyes were turned toward the old mill. It was gone. Over its site hung a tall, grey column of dust. Specter like it seemed to hesitate, then slowly arose. "It is the old mill's ghost," said the neighbors, whose eyes were dimmed with tears as they thought how it had colored their lives.

This event too was years ago, almost forgotten. One day a stranger appeared in the vicinity. His beard and hair were long. His hat and clothes were of a style unknown. He sought the acquaintance of no one, indeed he plainly avoided human kind. Whence came he? Where did he stay? What was his business? He was seen to linger long and pensively in the immediate vicinity of the old mill. The two big stones that once marked the southeast corner of the mill, and which may be seen even to-day, he was seen to kiss reverently. He climbed into the pigsty, to which base use the site of the old mill had been converted, to chip off a piece from the old burr that had not yet sunk by its own weight completely under the ground. He went half across the river, jumping from stone to stone, which raised their heads above the water, marking the location of the old dam. He lay down to drink from the clear, cold water of the Ruen. He sprang to his feet with a startled cry, then gave a hearty, though rather disconsolate, laugh. "Had forgotten my beard. Ha, ha! You are not quite the same either, old fellow," he exclaimed.

Finally he disappeared and it was discovered that a large hole had been dug into the river bank near the "bend." A half-rotten box was found floating on the river below. But, strangest of all, there was a new grave and a new monument of granite in the private cemetery behind the Old Doyle House which towered above any of its neighbors. It contained the single word "Mother" and the date,—1873.

The local dealer pronounced it genuine Gunnison granite, but as to how it got there he knew nothing.

"I can't quite make out," said our old friend, "Squire" Haren, to his old chum Martin, as they sat whittling on one of the benches in the new Oakdale Park, "I can't quite make out who it was. But it must 'a been Frank. And it must be his mother that lies under the big toomstun."

"Now, thar's yer fault, ye're too reddy to jedge 'thout havin' the whole circumstance. Thet was none other than Charles Brown. How d'I know? Excoose me, ol' frien', but I dassent tell yer—question uv 'onor. But I'm certain sure."

"I've just been thinkin'," he added, in a reminiscent

mood, "how them boys' lives have crossed and criss-crossed each other, till it's hard to tell 'tother from which and vice verser; and bein' so different too. Ef a man's part of everything he teches 'nd 'blood's thicker'n water,' or ef heredifyin' and 'vironment make a man what he is, them two boys orter hev' their names changed."

"Thet's so. But everybody knows that 'you can't make a silk purse outen a sow's ear' either," answered the other with a chuckle.

Dear reader, you will doubtless feel that the story is not finished. You will readily see that the mystery of the Old Doyle House is no less a mystery than at the opening of the story. So it is. Nor could it be otherwise and be a true tale. A "chain of events" has neither beginning nor end. No one's life history begins or ends at any certain date. "Lift a thing or an event out of its relation to other things and events and it ceases to be." Lay your ear close to the lips of Nature. She answers your questions. But each answer brings another question. The explanation of every mystery is itself a mystery.

(THE END.)

POLO.

We have recently read an account of a polo match at Peterhoff, Russia, resulting in the death of one of the players. From the account we take the following touching description:

Horse and rider lay still motionless. Was it possible that the shock could have killed them both? The man lay just as he had been sitting, turned to one side in readiness to strike the ball; so that, while his feet were still in the stirrups, his head and shoulders had fallen back on the ground.

At this death-like stillness a shudder passed through all that vast assembly; and in the carriage next to us a lady fell suddenly back against the cushions, fainting. Then two or three officers spring forward to see what had happened, while the players leaped from their horses to assist their fallen comrade. Never have I seen a sign of higher intelligence in a brute than was then exhibited by that little Cossack pony.

As two or three of the officers, stooping, took him by the head to raise him, he looked up at them with pleading, pathetic eyes, as though entreating them to be very careful. Then slowly, cautiously, he allowed himself to be drawn away from that prostrate figure, raising himself as much as possible, that he might not crush or injure his beloved master.

No sooner was this weight removed than the officer's body turned with a quick, convulsive movement, and the next moment stiffened as though suddenly changed to stone. It made everyone shiver to see that ominous ghastly motion. The horse was no sooner on his feet than, shaking his head free from the hand that held his bridle, and stepping, oh, so carefully, he passed around to where his master's head lay. The great fur cap had fallen backwards, leaving the bronzed forehead bared. Then—the bystanders all the while looking on in pitying silence—the poor beast came close up, and putting out his tongue, touched the officer's face lovingly, licking the temples and brow and running his nose carefully under his chin, as though he would force his master to raise his head and speak to him. Finding this to be of no avail, he lifted his own head sorrowfully, and, looking around at the mute observers of this touching scene, gave a low, pitiful whinny, which said as plainly as any words could have done:

"Can no one here help him?"

A choking sensation came into my throat, and in the carriages close around there were scarcely any eyes without tears. But there was no help. He had injured his spinal column, and snapped some ligament connecting with the brain, so that—although he was taken to the hospital and did not cease to breathe for several days—he was virtually a dead man.—*Wide Awake.*

RURAL DELIVERY A GREAT BENEFIT.

The rural mail delivery system is still growing, and the popularity of the service is attested by the many letters that daily reach the post-office department in commendation of the effects of the establishment of routes all over the country, as well as by the thousands of petitions received for the establishment of new routes. On July first there were 32,058 rural routes in operation, an increase of 7,492 over the corresponding period of last year. Plans are being made to number the boxes on the routes somewhat like the boxes in a post office.

Many are the benefits of the rural free delivery. Small rural towns have been converted into cities and property values have enhanced by reason of the increased convenience to all dwellers along the routes. The highest compliment paid the service, however, is that which it is receiving as a factor in the education of the people throughout the land. It is certainly keeping the rural resident abreast of the times, no matter how distant he may be from the city.

Among the modern advantages and improvements devised for human comfort and convenience that of rural free mail delivery is a great factor in making country life more attractive to both young and old, thus having a tendency to keep the people on the farms and also to turn urban residents "back to the land."—*Maxwell's Talisman.*

Riches certainly make themselves wings.—*Solomon.*

SCHOOL TEACHING.

J. G. FIGLEY.



TEACHING is no sinecure. As one teacher puts it, "A teacher's life is a dog's life." By explanation of the wherefore of this assertion, he said that a teacher was often expected to pander to the whims and squabbles of factions in the neighborhood, and if he sided with either, by opinions expressed, the opposite side promptly gave him "Hail Columbia," and if he held away entirely from such squabbles, both sides would give him "H. C."

If a young and inexperienced teacher should begin his labors in his profession in a school that never had any system, or a poor one, if any, or if the school was composed of pupils who loved dearly to do as they pleased at home, and who came to school for that express purpose also and were restricted in their idea of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," by sundry sharp words occasionally punctuated with a rubber hose or a nice limber switch on the part of the teacher, then the parent of the child, constituting himself a self-ordained school board and law court, might often get the idea into his cranium that the teacher had been guilty of a heinous crime, and forthwith peddle all manner of lies about the neighborhood derogatory to the teacher's character—that the teacher is lazy; that he sits in the chair and throws clubs at the scholars; that if a scholar winks crooked the teacher jams him into the ash pail or dusts the blackboard with him; that if a scholar slings a paper ball or a bean across the room when it is absolutely impossible for a teacher to know anything about it, the teacher is asleep half the time, and too shiftless the other half, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

If a teacher requires a class to take a lesson over a time or two to get it decently, then the teacher is too particular, for the scholars won't go through the books that term. If he gives long lessons, and expects them to be gotten, then he is hurting the scholars' brains by making them to be exerted too much. If the scholar thinks he knows as much as the teacher and tries to give everybody that impression, probably the impression will float around in the intimation that the teacher is being "helped out" by some of his pupils and ought to "divide up." If the teacher makes visible impressions on a pupil's anatomy with a switch, then he is a brute who ought to be training animals, and is sometimes "called down" by the indignant parent in a manner not always fit for publication; or if the parent goes to the schoolroom to quarrel with the teacher, the school gets the benefit of the violent language and grins maliciously at the teacher's injured dignity and feelings. In all cases where a person goes to the schoolroom to quarrel with the teacher, my advice is to tell him quietly to go away and come in a proper manner outside of school hours and make his complaints known, and if the teacher is in any wise to blame he will avoid all mistakes in the future.

If a teacher enters into the sports of the pupils he "makes himself too familiar with them, and causes them to have less regard for his counsel"; if he takes no part in their play he is an "old stick." If he belongs to a church some ungodly person will be hunting for all manner of occasions for calling him a hypocrite or crank; and so on "to the end of the chapter."

If somebody is angry or at variance with some of the teacher's family, then he must bear the brunt of other people's misdoings. If the teacher considers himself the best judge of what form of discipline he should enforce, then somebody of the cast-iron school of life says he is too easy, and if he is a trifle puritanical in his government then he is too cross. If he talks much in public or at gatherings, then he is trying to show how smart he is; if he is quiet and reserved, he is proud, stuck-up, and thinks himself better than other people. If he even complains of feeling tired and restless, then he is looked upon as a sort of liar, for what under the sun is there in a school-teacher's duties that should make him tired? And people who do not know any better wonder why teachers don't go out and dig ditches and cut cord wood for pastime, after lying around a good part of the year in a schoolroom doing nothing but hearing a few children read, working a few problems for them, and incidentally holding a few examinations, examining probably 1,800 papers or more, requiring many hours of extra time, besides the time the teacher consumes in preparing for each day's work. Oh, no, of course not, teachers never get tired or weary—except once in a while in carrying the load of abuse, and fault-finding, and intimation, and bulldozing, and ku-kluxing that is heaped upon him. So it does not matter what a teacher does, or does not do, somebody is sure to find fault with him, and make all manner of complaint about him—sort of "blacklist" him, and "boycott" him, and do all the other things except to inflict the "water cure" upon him. Quite often it is ages before he hears about complaints. Teachers know that some people don't always come to them and make their complaints to headquarters; they dearly love to go elsewhere first, last and always.

What has been said here in regard to the male teacher applies equally as well to the lady teacher in her sphere, only more unkind things are often said of her than of the male teacher. The only real thing for a teacher to do is to do what he considers his duty, and to do it as he knows it; he is the best judge of what he should or should not do. And he must school himself to bear up under all trials and tribulations, even as Jesus of Nazareth, the world's greatest Teacher, bore up under the jeers and scoffs and revil-

ings heaped upon him, till he was crucified with the guilt of the world weighted upon his shoulders, and his infinite patience even in the hour of death prompted him to say, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Let us remember that, fellow-teachers, in our darkest hours.

Bryan, Ohio.

A MEXICAN BULLFIGHT.

On Sunday last two thousand people went to Tia Juana, just across the Mexican border, to witness a carnival of murder, misnamed a bullfight. Five hundred, or one-fourth of this crowd, were women. Six hundred men and women went from Los Angeles. Hundreds went from San Diego, among them a representation from the fashionable Coronado resort, and one San Diegan asserts that his city spent $10,000 on this savage exhibition.

From the published reports it appears that every rule of the Spanish and Mexican bull-ring which could give any color of fairness or honor to this degrading and brutalizing sport was ignored or violated.

The matador was a Frenchman. Three bulls, magnificent animals from the range, were butchered, not to make a Roman holiday but to make a holiday for a thousand and more Los Angeles and San Diego people. The first bull was a splendid specimen of animal beauty, courage and strength. But alas, the splendid fellow was unarmed and the fight was unequal and unfair. Six times the matador buried his long sword in the body of the maddened and magnificent beast battling for his life, and six times the bloody banderillos drew out the blade dripping and smoking with the red blood of the harassed, wounded and tortured bull. In Mexico City the bullfighter who strikes more than twice is jailed and therefore the Mexicans present at Tia Juana hissed the French matador.

With the third bull, the carnival of butchery, assassination and cowardly murder reached its climax and men and women left the grounds sick and disgusted. Two horses, blindfolded and ridden by wretches armed with long pikes, were urged within reach of the baited and frenzied bull. The beast charged one of the helpless horses and with a mad thrust of a sharp horn tore out its entrails, disembowelled the noble animal in full sight of hundreds of Los Angeles and San Diego ladies. The wounded horse was ridden slowly out of the ring, as if to prolong the agony and give the crowd the full worth of the admission fee, dragging its entrails on the ground. One witness of this devil-show says that he saw the horse a few hours after, still alive. The savages did not have the mercy to shoot the betrayed and outraged animal. The other horse was taken from the ring with a broken leg.

There is, so far as *The News* has learned, but one ray of human and Christian light coming from this hell-pit across the border. Most of the Americans condemn the barbaric and savage devil-show and some say that they will never see another one.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has done and is doing noble and angelic work in and about Los Angeles. They have, in the main, suppressed coursing, cock-fighting, and similar so-called or mis-called "sports." What can they do to suppress this chief of savage pastimes, this relic of barbarism from the cruelest of nations, which lurks along and infests the border, seeking to gain entrance to and a foothold upon Christian territory?

We answer the above question by saying: Form Bands of Mercy as soon and as many as you can.—*Geo. T. Angell, in Dumb Animals.*

THE TROUBLE WITH OUR COLLEGES.

The old doctor, standing with his guest among the crowd of villagers, watched the black pine coffin as it was lowered into the grave. A large portly man, handsomely dressed, was the only mourner. He gave a cold, decent attention to the simple ceremonies, and walked briskly back to the hotel for his dinner when they were over.

"There is the end of a story which might, I fear, be duplicated in many a village or city," said the doctor. "Sarah Gibbs, whom we happen to see buried there, was left *an orphan at fifteen years* of age with a *brother of three. That big fellow* yonder, hurrying for something to eat, was *the child.*

"Sarah had great ambitions for her *baby brother,* as she called him. She worked as a servant to feed and clothe him and send him to school. When he was older, she went into the mills in New London, did extra work, lived on tea and dry bread, would not buy a gown in years, to save every cent that she might help him through a college course in Harvard.

"He was always well fed and well clothed, and a noted athlete. His digestion, heart and lungs were watched under the eye of the professional gymnast of the college.

"He was *a superb animal* when he quitted college. *His brain* had been trained too. He was keen and quick-witted, and went into business, and has, I hear, been very successful.

"And yet, when I remember that he has *left this old sister here alone in comparative and lonely poverty* all of these years, I suspect that his heart education was *forgotten.*"—*Youth's Companion.*

The Supreme Court of Indiana has decided that telegraph companies shall not be compelled to furnish market quotations to bucket shops. They might have made the decision better yet, if they woul dhave denied the privilege of furnishing them.

THE LAW OF SUCCESS.

B. E. EBEL.

We look about us and notice the passing of events. We make an attempt to explain them and ascribe them either to chance or to some law governing their coming, depending largely on the nature of the event or phenomena and the intellectual attainments of the observer.

But while we are becoming acquainted with laws governing events in nature and account for them with great accuracy, and even confidently presage the course and nature of events, we are either densely ignorant of the laws governing the mind's activities or we fail to apply our knowledge to events or happenings occasioned by the mind acting upon nature and its forces. Because of this state of failing to relegate the manifestations and workings of the mind to the domain of law, we are led to ask, Is there such a possibility as a law of success?

Yes, there certainly is. But it is not a thing that can be reduced to the convenience of an axiom, or a predigested achievement, a thing that can be bought and sold.

The "law of success" is, in my opinion, the same law that governs all genuine growth and is an unfoldment from inner to outer. A confident assurance keeps pace with all true unfoldment. Distrust of oneself really means a consciousness of wrong. And we must pay for all we get. We must pay a just equivalent for all the world gives us. Material power and possessions can never in themselves be wrong. It depends upon what they symbolize to us. Their good or ill is entirely dependent upon the manner of acquirement. The desire for them is both natural and good.

The making of money has its proper place in the world and affairs of men. Every legitimate effort toward improving circumstances will not only enrich the individual but all with whom he comes in contact. There is no virtue in being poor. Poverty is not a blessing to the race. It is the effort to get rich quick, regardless of what the results may be on one's fellowmen, that is suicidal and brings misery and degradation into human life.

Self-preservation is, indeed, the first law of nature, but it is not the last. We should render to Cæsar only the things that are Cæsar's and realize that true success can never be attained but in one way—the way of true development. There is but one royal road to success, and that one leads the individual to the "control of every faculty of mind and consequently of every organ and activity of the body."

A man may be measured by his idea of success. Jesus had not where to lay his head, had no standing with the orthodoxy and respectable of his day, was accounted of no repute, and yet—no one could draw forth so much true love, pure devotion, and holy reverence, as he did from the souls and hearts of them that walked in his footsteps.

Each of us, however insignificant in our own eyes, has his share in the current of time. Each of us who believes in true success should hold to that belief and work for its fulfillment. A single honest worker, a man who works as he professes and believes, who scorns an apparent success that is not the symbol of inward strength and achievement, a man whose faith is tested in the alchemy of action—such a man is truly successful and leaves his impress on time.

To be an honest and effective worker one must have faith in himself, in his fellow-men, and the Power that brought him into being. That a man must work, must give expression to all his abilities with which he has been endowed, is the first law of success, the law written deeply in his every fiber and pervading his entire being. This world of ours is no place for an idler.

McPherson, Kans.

THE STUDY OF PHRENOLOGY AS A HELP TO TEACHERS.

This is an era of specialization in learning, but we should still remember that the common study of all mankind should be man. He is monarch of all terrestrial things, and merits first consideration. While he has been making rapid progress in many ways, he is yet capable of accomplishing far greater things, and by ascertaining and developing his latent powers of mind and body, he will be sure to reach a much higher plane of existence; and all this is implied in the word education, a term which suggests a great deal, when we pause to think of its meaning.

There are more than seventy-five trades and professions, each requiring a special education; but the one that I desire to emphasize is the practice of phrenology, which will help in educating for all professions, and be of great assistance to teachers.

If the shape of the head and features of the face manifest certain shades of character, it is plainly to the interest of the teacher to understand any eccentricity shown, in order to deal properly with each individual pupil.

If quality of organization can be studied independent of the size of the head, the actual capacity of the scholar can be better judged.

It is also very important to be able to analyze temperaments, and appreciate the influence they exert over the brain, for this will greatly assist in understanding the exact nature of children in the schools.

To know the signs of a healthy organization, and to be efficient in reading the indications of disease, will prevent the teacher from calling some stupid

that might naturally be bright under more favorable conditions of training and diet.

Peculiar inclinations for certain habits of life are much easier discovered if the teacher knows how to read human nature, and she cannot truly do this without being a student of phrenology.

The discovery of special talents is of vital importance, for many real geniuses but for phrenology might never be found out and encouraged to do some noble life work. In short, whatever serves to give the observer a keen estimate of humanity is invaluable to all teachers and professors.

All the information that can be gained through the study of phrenology and physiognomy should be at the command of those who are to mold the young minds; and they would then carry into the schoolroom newer and sounder methods of teaching than generally prevail to-day, simply because each scholar's peculiarities would then be properly estimated at a glance, and these would be treated in such a manner as to produce the best results.

From little acorns come forth great oaks, but if the acorn never gets sufficient moisture and sunshine, it will not even burst its shell; and so children who do not receive the proper encouragement at home and in the schoolroom, cannot hope to reach high attainments in life without great difficulty.

Many children have large perceptive faculties, and they should first be taught in a practical way by having them study and examine the things they see; for they easily remember facts, places, form, size, etc., and by this method the teacher will soon be able to call into action their reasoning powers, which trace cause to effect.

In others, you will find the upper portion of the forehead very full and prominent, where the organs of causality and comparison are located; and it will be necessary for you to give them good reasons for every idea advanced, and also have these children cultivate their perceptive faculties.

There are generally certain brain organs that predominate in each pupil. Suppose the organs of benevolence and veneration are very large, with deficient self-esteem; then you should be kind and considerate in dealing with this scholar. But if firmness, self-esteem, combativeness, and destructiveness are large, with small benevolence and veneration, it will be necessary for the teacher to use different means, along with tact, in order to obtain the best results. So we find many combinations of the faculties in the study of character, and when we thoroughly understand them we will be in possession of the key that will unlock the door to every mind.

I remember very distinctly, while at school, of several instances where the instructor tried to compel dull students to prepare their lessons and recite them the same as brighter members of the class, but this method generally proved disastrous. As a rule, these students had wide heads, with the motive vital temperament in the ascendency; and yet the professor would try to force these brave students into submission, without a single good result. If he had been posted on character-reading, he would have appealed to their intellectual and moral faculties instead of irritating their selfish propensities; thus the atmosphere of the schoolroom would have been characterized by peace and harmony.

When our teachers come to realize the benefit conferred by a knowledge of phrenology, their task of teaching and governing all children will be much easier, and they will receive higher salaries for their efficient work.—*J. C. Maugans, in The Phrenological Journal.*

GOOD BOYS COST $160 PER YEAR.

Estimate Given by an Ohio Institution for the Prevention of Crime.

THE cost of a school for the development of good boys is thus stated by Eugene Wood in his article, "A School for Boys," in the October *Everybody's:*

"It costs the State of Ohio about $160 a year for each boy. A useful, capable man is worth to society, on the average, $10,000. These 11,000 boys cost the State of Ohio then, say $2,000,000. Say 7,000 of them were rescued. That is $70,000,000 recovered to society on the investment of $2,000,000. It has been figured that every criminal does about $2,000 damage a year, leaving entirely out of the estimate what it costs to maintain our plant for the detection, prevention, and punishment for crime. Each man will be a criminal not less than twenty years. That's $40,000 damages multiplied by 7,000 boys, or $280,000,000 damages saved, not counting the cost of the anti-criminal plant. Has it paid to run this Boys' Industrial School at Lancaster?

"And even if it hadn't paid financially, isn't it worth while?"

IT IS A BAD THING—

To let your boys and girls grow up without suitable books and papers.

To keep two dogs and not do anything to help support a preacher.

To take a drink whenever you feel like it, just to show people that you can let it alone if you want to.

To never do anything that you ought to do without bragging about it.

To not think it worth while to do anything because you don't have a chance to do some great thing.

To know your duty and not have the backbone to do it.

To profess in public what you are not willing to practice in private.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

THE NEW COVER.

How do you like it? What was the first thing you said when you saw it? It would be nice if you would take a postal card and write on it the very first thing you said when you saw the new cover; that would give us an idea of what kind of an impression it made upon you. We thought that since the INGLENOOK family was larger now than it ever was and getting larger all the time, and that we had been doing with a very modest, plain cover so long that we deserved a real nice magazine cover. We submitted the matter to a practical designer, in Chicago, and after he had read two or three copies of the INGLENOOK, he submitted this cover design for our approval.

These colonial figures, seated by the old fireplace, remind us of the real INGLENOOK. If you are not old enough to remember the time when hot-air furnaces, hot-water systems and anthracite stoves were not in fashion, and when the heat was supplied by a gigantic fireplace, just ask grandpa or grandma to tell you about it. Evidently they will recall with pleasure the time when the men chopped logs and corded them up in long ricks in the barnyard, and then in the eveningtime, grandpa would make a place with the shovel in the back part of the fireplace and carry in a back log as large as he could carry, which would last over night and well into the next day. After the forestick had been laid on the andirons well to the front, the middlings would go between this and the back log. Next grandmother would take the broom and sweep up all the trash and ashes from the hearth, which would not only make it very clean, but the movement of the broom would cause a nice little draft which would start the blaze and soon a bright, sparkling, crackling fire illuminated the room and made it so cozy. Oftentimes the children would pop some corn above the coals and the family circle would surround the fire, eat popcorn and listen to one of the members of the family read, while old Rover lay stretched out near the grate, and puss warmed her coat of fur on the opposite side.

The beautiful little poem over the mantlepiece describes exactly the spirit of the INGLENOOK family and will make a good motto for us for 1906. We hope that the family will appreciate our efforts in getting out the new cover and that its dignified look may please our advertisers and the family at large. We are well aware that clothes do not make the man, neither will the cover make the INGLENOOK, but we are making a strong effort to improve the character of the magazine from time to time as much as within us lies. The rest of it remains with you. Speak a good word for it whenever you can, to whom you can, so that it may do the most possible good to the greatest number of people.

TO OUR TRIAL SUBSCRIBERS.

LAST fall we made an announcement that the INGLENOOK could be had till the end of the year for TEN CENTS. Of course this is an extremely low price, and it hardly pays the postage, saying nothing about the cost of the production of the magazine. We did it for the purpose of advertising our magazine. Several hundred people have taken advantage of this splendid offer and not a few of them have become regular subscribers. Now what we want to say to you is this: On account of this low price we have made we will be compelled to stop your paper at the end of the year unless we get your renewal before the year expires. And we thought we would notify you so that you would not need to miss a number of the paper and lose the connection.

You have now seen what our goods are like, both in the quality of the paper and the quality of the articles. We print the INGLENOOK fifty-two times a year, but we only charge a dollar for it, postage and all. So you see that it is not costing the subscriber two cents per copy. Now when you stop to think that there are a thousand words on each page and twenty-four pages each week, and fifty-two weeks in a year, it aggregates one million two hundred forty-eight thousand words for ONE DOLLAR. This does not include any of the advertising matter, for these twenty-four pages compose the magazine itself, and the advertising is thrown outside and costs you nothing; you don't even have to pay the postage on it. Occasionally our readers are greatly benefited by finding among the advertisements just the thing they want; it is not our purpose to advertise anything that is not as it is represented. We are thankful to our readers when they know things to be otherwise. Within the last year two of our advertisers were cut

out on account of their character, and we shall do it again next year if necessity demands it.

Now look over the long list of premiums, in another part of this paper, and see whether you can decide which one of them you want to earn by sending us subscribers. We tried to select all useful premiums and those that are well worth the money, and have been very particular to avoid worthless premiums, as are often given, and yet give you the INGLENOOK, which is well worth the money. We are certainly doing a good part by you and hope you will appreciate it sufficiently that you will become a member of the family at once and remain with us permanently.

SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO WILL CONTRIBUTE TO THE INGLENOOK IN 1906.

Arnold, Rilla, Milford, Ind.
Angle, D. Z., R. F. D. No. 7, Mt. Vernon, Ill.
Barwick, H. M., McPherson, Kans.
Brubaker, Charity, Zionsville, Ind.
Baker, Adah, Hollansburg, Ohio.
Burkholder, Wealthy A., Newberg, Pa.
Bixler, Marguerite, East Akron, Ohio.
Bollinger, Mrs. M. M., Vestaburg, Mich.
Ericsen, Robert E., Illinois.
Evans, Etha A., Buford, N. Dak.
Figley, J. G., Bryan, Ohio.
Furrey, Prof. G. W., Mt. Morris, Ill.
Howe, W. M., 5901 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hanna, Josephine, Flora, Ind.
Hathaway, T. E., Chicago, Ill., care Albaugh Bros.
Hawkins, Maud, Towanda, Pa.
Hoke, Georgiana, 188 Hastings St., Chicago, Ill.
Holler, Ettie, Hagerstown, Ind.
Karn, Miss Oma, Covington, Ohio.
Koons, Adelaide McKee, 502 E. High St., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.
Lippincott, Martha Shepard, Box 3, Moorestown, N. J.
Longanecker, Grace, Hartville, Ohio.
Murray, Ma Belle, 2522 Stevens Ave., Parsons, Kans.
Murray, M. Roy, Gen. Del., St. Joseph, Mo.
Miller, Dr. S. B., 1060 3rd Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Myers, M. R., 26 Carlisle Place, Chicago, Ill.
Mohler, Jesse D., Warrensburg, Mo.
Miller, W. R., 466 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Miller, J. Kurtz, 5901 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mohler, H. B., Dillsburg, Pa.
Neff, Agnes, Milford, Ind.
Puterbaugh, Roy, North Manchester, Ind.
Rider, Hattie Preston, 418 Algona Ave., Elgin, Ill.
Shick, Martha B., Waterloo, Iowa.
Stauffer, Hettie, Arcanum, Ohio.
Senseman, Mary I., Covington, Ohio.
Sharp, S. Z., Fruita, Colo.
Stoner, Mary C., Ladoga, Ind.
Thomas, D. D., Harrod, Ohio.
Underhill, Nancy D., Collbran, Colo.
Vaniman, A. W., Denver, Colo.
Winesburg, Maggie, Glen Easton, W. Va.

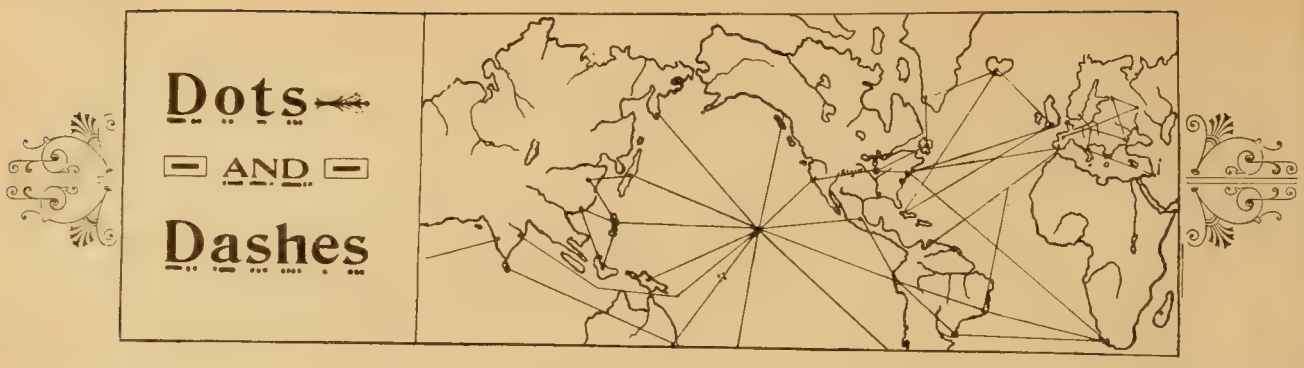
These are not all who will write for the magazine next year. They are only the ones with whom we have made special arrangements. Oftentimes inspiration moves others to write of whom we know nothing. We oftentimes get splendid articles from a new source altogether, and of course we cannot tell how many articles of this kind we may receive during the season.

Three or four of these names you will recognize as those who have been writing poetry for us the past season, and they are to continue in that department. Five or six of the above-named are booked for serial stories. Of course everybody will depend on illustrated articles from Bro. D. L. Miller on "South Africa" and "The Boers." We have arranged for one or two symposiums during the year. So, all things considered, we expect to have a very profitable year, and we shall regret it if any reader should miss a single number. The way to avoid that is to hand your subscription to the agent, if you have one, and if not, send it direct to the Brethren Publishing House.

THE INGLENOOK SPEAKS.

It has been a long time since you saw me. Perhaps some of you never saw me before. Nearly nine thousand of you see me every week, but I more especially want to become acquainted with those who have not seen me before, and those who have not seen me for a long while. I have been trying to grow and develop since you last saw me, and I hope that you may readily notice some radical changes since we met before. I have tried to improve my spiritual condition and adjust myself to the field I occupy so that I may be more useful to the people whom I meet each week. It is possible to meet people and actually come in touch with them and yet not derive very much benefit from having met them; but my desire is to possess such a character that a constant coming in touch with me will benefit those who read my pages. I have the same number of pages I have had for years and expect to keep the same number for awhile. Experience has taught me that it would be wisdom to make some little changes in the departments. I am gaining friends rapidly and they have flocked to my assistance and are writing many splendid things for my pages, which I appreciate very much, because it makes my life possible. Were it not for this my existence would be short.

Now after you have looked me over from the first to the twenty-fourth page inclusive, and see of what material I am made, you have a fair idea of what I shall mean to you each week for fifty-two weeks in the year. It would be a very good investment for you to pay the subscription price in order that I may visit you weekly the coming year. I have some good things ahead for your family that they cannot afford to miss. Just try me one year and let us get better acquainted.



A CERTAIN N. O. Nelson, at LeClaire, Ill., has set the world an example as a matter of business. In his large plant he has made all of his employés co-operators with him in the promotion of the business, even down to the customers. The profits are divided in proportion of one per cent on capital, one and one-half per cent on salaries, and two per cent on customers' purchases. This method evidently does away with strikes and grafts, which are two of the greatest evils of our country.

LATEST intelligence says that the Kaiser has been asked to send warships to rescue the Russian monarch and imperial family from the approaching avalanche that seems to be inevitable. Moscow is burning; the people of the south are talking in favor of a republican form of government, and Nicholas thinks it is high time for him to take a vacation.

THE present session of Congress will either be a long one or an unprecedented one as to the expedition of business, for an unusual amount of important questions are at the disposal of our legislators. This session will be watched with more than ordinary interest by the public.

DR. GOULD, of Philadelphia, who is an eye specialist, says that the growing tendency of the people of this country to wear spectacles is perfectly justifiable. He claims to have measured about ten thousand pairs of eyes, and not a single one of these pairs was without some imperfection of shape, size or curvature. He says that there are really very few, if any, perfect eyes. The whole thing is due to the immense amount of reading, writing, sewing, and other handicrafts, requiring a focusing of the eyes. Skin affections and many organic diseases are traceable indirectly to the same cause. Other physicians are supporting this theory very zealously.

THE Illinois Steel Company, of Chicago, sustained a million dollar loss, in the way of wooden patterns destroyed in a recent fire. The building was constructed in 1881.

THE premium list in this issue occupies six full pages, and contains almost anything you need, from a top buggy to a jackknife; and one of these is just as free as the other, only some of them take a little more work than the others. These goods are all genuine and are guaranteed to be as represented. We expect to coöperate with you in this way to increase the already growing INGLENOOK list of next year.

THE assistant United States Treasurer, William S. Leib, of Philadelphia, has been dismissed by President Roosevelt. The President has found him to be guilty of violation of the Civil Service law while in office, and, since the Chief Magistrate is cleaning house in general, he is no respecter of persons.

A SOCIETY, known as the Louisiana Audubon Society, has leased for ten years seventeen islands off the coast of Louisiana, to be used as wild preserves for the nesting and breeding of birds under the care and guardianship of wardens.

THE premium list we spoke about last week is to be found in this issue. Look it over carefully and determine which article you most need, then get the proper number of subscribers and your prize will be forthcoming. Of course the better way to do is to get all the subscribers you can and then select the prize to which you are entitled, according to your number of subscriptions.

A COMMITTEE, composed of the governors of forty-five States and fifteen citizens of the District of Columbia, adopted resolutions at Washington, recently, urging Congress to change the date of the presidential inauguration from March 4 to the last Thursday in April. The arguments in favor of the change were based on the records of inclement weather experienced in the last twenty-five years on the fourth of March.

A ONE-MILLION-DOLLAR paper mill has been erected at Sunset Falls, Wash., where the river furnishes twenty thousand horse-power. The project will give employment to at least four hundred men.

KING HAAKON VII and Queen Maud made their formal entry into Christiana, the capital of Norway, amid many demonstrations of good will. The Prime Minister, in making the address of welcome, said that the Norwegians had been without a king of their own for more than six hundred years, and they had chosen this one in the hope that he would find it honor and joy to defend and protect the freedom and independence of such people. The King and Queen are spending some time going through the country, addressing immense crowds and becoming acquainted with their subjects. It is really difficult to say whether Norway is to be praised for an unprejudiced ballot in calling to their throne one of another nation, or whether she is to be criticised for the action because it was done to avoid jealousies.

THE President has appointed Herbert G. Hagerman, of Roswell, New Mexico, to be governor of that territory. The new official takes his seat Jan. 22, 1906.

TOWARD the end of the year 1654 the first Jewish settlers landed at New Amsterdam, and in commemoration of the first settlement of the Hebrews in the United States the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of that event was celebrated by the Jews of America on Thanksgiving day. There are approximately a thousand synagogues in the United States, of which at least nine hundred are of the orthodox style.

"THE OLD DOYLE HOUSE" ends with this issue. It has been read with intense interest by most of the readers of the INGLENOOK. The way we know this is because of the letters we have received. Many good lessons have been drawn from the story and especially by those who live in the vicinity where the places mentioned are well known. Among the good things to be drawn from the serial is a strong teaching against going to law; a sharp contrast between the model life of Frank Doyle and the low character of Charles Brown; against stealing and lying; against neighbors peddling gossip; against people poking their noses into other people's business.

IT is said that a consignment of five hundred and twenty-four thoroughbred horses was shipped from California by a special express train, reaching New York at a continuous rate of thirty-four miles per hour. The shipment has been estimated to be worth one million dollars.

THE city of Cleveland, Ohio, wins the final victory in the Supreme Court of that State for a three-cent street car service.

AUTHORITIES on the Isle of Pines deny the report that a state of anarchy prevails there.

A NEW era has dawned in Austrian history. The cities and towns all over the country were the scenes of monster demonstration when the populace were clamoring for universal suffrage. An effort is being made to suppress the uprising, but sooner or later the movement must come. It follows as a natural conclusion that unless these countries, one by one, expect to submit to the will of the people they must not educate. Education ultimately means freedom of thought, speech and press.

DETROIT, at present, leads the world in statuary. One of the prominent stone cutters of that city has erected a statue to the devil. At first the authorities undertook to dispossess him of his notion and local popular prejudice ran high. The press has had its turn, but yet Hermann Mentz is in possession of his ideal, which bears the inscription in Latin, "Man is not a creation, but an evolution; God did not make man, but man has made the gods." Sentiment runs high apparently against Mr. Mentz for his queer taste in his religious matters; and yet perhaps he has as much right to have this statue in his yard as other people do to have it in their hearts.

A NEW story begins in this issue, entitled "Rending of the Chain," by Oma Karn. Read the first chapter now, while you have the paper before you.

IN the penitentiary at Jefferson City, Mo., four convicts organized for an escape. Armed with pistols they killed two of the guards, wounded the deputy warden, and blew down the outer gates with nitroglycerine. After a running fight through the streets of Jefferson City, the four convicts were retaken, two of them being shot by officers.

FROM Zürich, Switzerland, has been exported to this country the first one hundred and fifty pound case of minute flies of a certain kind in the embryonic stage. The purpose in shipping them, our agricultural department explains, is to declare war on the brown tail moths, which have heretofore made such havoc in the New England States on all sorts of vegetation there. If this experiment proves a success, of course other shipments will follow. In case the experiment proves a curse, the department will have to send to some South Sea Island and get another bug that is an enemy to the one above mentioned.

SEVENTEEN persons were recently very seriously injured in a street car collision in St. Louis.

HOME DEPARTMENT

A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

"When I was jus' a little boy," pa often says to me,
"I had more fun a goin' t' school than anybody roun';
An' if there was some mischief up I'd purty shore t' be
Mixed up in it worse than th' rest uv all th' boys in town.
I recollect onct on a time—" An' then he tells a tale
Uv how him an' some other boys jus' played a orfle trick,
But now, if I jus' bat a eye in school he says he'll wallop
Th' very stuffin' out o' me—Say, that jus' makes me sick.

A few days jus' 'fore Hollere'en pa lays his paper down
An' says: "Ma, recollect th' time we young kids in Blue Hill
Jus' tore up sidewalks, fences, gates, an' purt' nigh wrecked th' town?"
Then up an' told 'bout how 'twas done, an' laughed nigh fit t' kill.
So Hollere'en I done th' same, an' gee, 'twas lots o' fun.
But pa caught on an' he wuz mad—I saw that at a glance.
He says to me, says he: "Look here; that's gotter stop, my son,"
Then took me t' th' woodshed where he dusted off my pants.

One night last watermelon time pa brung a buster out,
An' while we wuz a eatin' it he says: "Ma, recollect
Th' time me an' th' other kids snaked some from ol' Bill Stout?"
Then told th' tale 'tween lushus bites that his shirt bosom flecked.
An' pa he laughed just fit t' kill about that melon raid,
So on that night some boys an' me went out an' swiped some, too.
But pa found out an' larruped me—Gee, how that hick'ry played!

Now I don't think it's hardly fair t' act that. Do you?
Tain't fair f'r pas t' talk about th' fun they had, an' then
Turn roun' when they've boys up their own an' say we oughter be
Ashamed t' act so orfle bad, an' tell us t' be men
An' quit such wicked things like that. It don't look square t' me.
Pa's had his good time, but if I jus' undertake a trick
He tells us havin' played when he was jus' about my size,
He scowls an' says: "Will-yum, you go an' git that hick'ry stick—"
An' when pa whips you bet th' fur jus' fairly flies.

It ain't no fun to' be a boy now-days, cause parents say
The things they done when they wuz young ain't right t' do no more;
An' they expect their kids to be Lord Fauntelroys each day—
An' then they talk uv their good times, an' that's what makes me sore.
No melon raids, no Hollere'en; jus' sit aroun'. O, pshaw!
Ain't we boys gotter right to kick th' way they're treatin' us?
When I grow up to be a man an' git t' be a pa
You bet my boy can have his fun an' I won't raise no fuss.

—The Commoner.

AN INCIDENT.

N. D. UNDERHILL.

GRANDPA BLAIN is a well-known character in Grand Junction, Colo., having lived there ever since the town came into existence, and having sold vegetables and fruit from a peddle wagon every summer.

One day, as he was delivering some vegetables to a certain lady, her little girl, sitting on the porch, and noticing the white hair and beard and kindly face of Grandpa Blain (as everyone calls him), chirped in her sweet, childish innocence, "Are you Santa Claus' brother?" Grandpa Blain replied that he was some relation to Santa Claus, which was true, for many a soul was made happy year by year and day by day through the kindness of this old man, but his ministry was not a one-day-in-the-year habit.

Collbran, Colo.

A DOG WHICH SAVES LIVES.

RAGS is a four-year-old dog, unkempt and ill-looking, but a heroic heart beats in his shaggy breast. Rags has saved more than forty lives. His field of service is the Klondike, where he and his master have wintered for several years. The Philadelphia *North American* tells of two of the dog's exploits.

In the winter of 1901 a number of men belonging to the Pittsburg mining company were prospecting in Alaska. They lived in a little wooden hut, from which they went out in pairs to explore. They were away beyond any sign of civilization, and the weather was so severe that they endured a good deal of suffering.

One day two of the men, out on an expedition, were caught in a sudden and terrific storm. They started back for camp, but the trail was rapidly covered by the drifting snow. On and on the men plodded, each falling now and again, only to be roused from the death-dealing sleep and hustled on by his companion. At last both sank, and the snow drifted over them.

The men at the camp, alarmed by the nonappearance of their comrades, started out to rescue them. Rags went along too. Straight as an arrow he followed the trail, and before long a sharp yell told the party that their friends had been found. The two men were completely buried in the snow, and help had not come one moment too soon. This was Rags' first exploit.

At another time he went out as the leader of sixteen dogs which were dragging a rescue team to relieve a party of snow-bound miners. As the team was plodding steadily along, Rags suddenly gave a cry, broke from the traces, and bounded away. Thinking he might have found the trail, the party followed, and by the time they had reached him, Rags had dug away enough snow to allow an entombed miner to crawl out.

Rags has saved forty-six lives and made several record-breaking rescue trips. His badge of honor is a gold collar on which is inscribed a list of his deeds. —*Our Dumb Animals.*

ON THE TIN ROOF.

Doctor Barnardo, the rescuer and friend of London street waifs, was thus called to his work:

As he was closing the rooms of a city mission one night after the children had gone he saw a ragged urchin standing by the stove, without shoes, stockings or hat. "Boy, it is time for you to go home," he said. The boy did not move. Barnardo went on closing things up, and by and by said again: "My boy, why don't you go home?"

"Ain't got no home."

Barnardo did not believe it, but asked the boy to come to his house, and, after giving him something to eat, heard his story. He was an outcast, without father or mother, without place to sleep.

"Are there more like you?" asked Barnardo.

"Lots of 'em," said the boy.

"Will you show me some of them?"

"Yes."

So at midnight Barnardo went. They threaded their way through the streets and into a "close." The boy pointed to a kind of coal-bin in this area, and said, "There's lots of 'em in there."

The doctor stooped down and lit a match. He saw no one. But the boy was not at all abashed. "Cops have been after 'em," he said, "they're on the roof."

So saying, the boy went up a brick wall to a tin-covered roof, and pulled the doctor after him. And there on that winter night were thirteen boys cuddled together, nothing under them but a tin roof, nothing over them but the starlit sky!

"Shall I wake 'em?" the boy asked.

It occurred to the doctor that he had one more boy than he knew what to do with, so he said, "No." But that night, as the stars shone on the thirteen waifs huddled together on a tin roof, he promised God that he would devote his life to the outcast boys and girls of London. As a result of that vow there now sleep every night in or near London, under friendly Christian roofs, nearly five thousand boys and girls, gathered by Barnardo and in course of training by him for lives of purity and usefulness.—*Deaconess Advocate.*

TOBACCO AND GROCERIES.

Should tobacco, pipes and cigars be sold from the grocery and bakery?

No. Every time, all the time, every day in the week, no! If there is any place on earth that should be free from tobacco smoke, smell and tobacco spit, it is where the food which is to be eaten by the people of the community is kept and sold.

Just think of you folks who are so dainty and neat in your homes, and so careful about flies and dust. You all have to eat food more or less seasoned with tobacco smoke, because your grocer wants to make a little more money by adding tobacco to his wares.

Why, yes! You have to endure it. You can go into every grocery in any town and you will find on the counters exposed, tobacco, fish, cigars, oranges, sugar, butter, lard, coffee, tea, breakfast food, cigarette trimmings, flour, etc., mixed up generally. You simply look at it, buy your groceries and take them home to eat; you have gotten used to it.

The sweet tobacco perfume, how good it tastes in butter and lard! How nice the crackers and cookies are flavored with it!

The fruit also takes its share. Oh! don't turn up your nose, it will do no good. Just keep still, will you? Perhaps your husband is a grocer or baker; you know he gets a large tobacco trade, so grin and bear it, sister. You can have a finer hat and more dresses through the tobacco sales. What matters it if your food does taste of it? Well, Mr. Grocer, what do you think? What are you going to do about it? I suppose you must sell cigars and tobacco. You had better quit the grocery trade and keep right on selling the death-dealing, foul-smelling, filthy, dirty stuff.

Let some sensible person who prefers clean food take the grocery and bakery business. He will get the largest patronage in town. Why? Because there are more people who prefer their food separate from tobacco filth than those who wish it mixed. Make the great change in your groceries. Let the tobacconist sell tobacco, and the grocer his wares. You will find your customers will appreciate your good sense. —*Mrs. A. M. Joiner, Hillsdale, Mich., in Medical Talk.*

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

BACK TO BETHLEHEM.

For Sunday, December 24, 1905.

C-an we think on Christmas mornin-**G**
H-ow the Shepherds watched the Sta-**R**
R-eal angels in their presenc-**E**
I-ntroduce the "Prince of Peac-**E**"
S-tar of Hope to every hear-**T**
T-aking treasures from the Mag-**I**
M-anger, stranger, cross and crow-**N**
A-lways near the living, dyin-**G**
S-avior take, at last, our soul-**S**

Text.—Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.—Luke 2:10.

Scripture References.—Luke 2:10; Matt. 2:2; Luke 2:13, 14; Luke 2:11; Luke 2:32; Matt. 2:11; Luke 2:7; Isa. 53:3; John 11:36; Jer. 30:9; Isa. 32:1; 11:1; 32:2; Dan. 7:13; Micah 5:23; Psa. 138:4; 102:13-16; 2:8; 22:27-31; 86:9; John 12:31, 32; Rev. 6:2; 12:10.

The Angel's Message.

We do not yet understand it. He brought the best tidings the world ever heard, the glad tidings of a Savior bringing light and love and forgiveness of sins. This message came to all nations, all classes, all colors, the joy is more intense for each one because it is for all. How shall we translate the angel's message this Christmas? We can make the season a time of joy for ourselves and others, if we will it so. Joy is a thing that grows. If you know your Savior better to-day than you did a year ago, you will have more joy. Joy comes in forgetting self, and looking to Jesus. It is useless to start out on a quest for joy, seeking it where you think it may be found, because you cannot obtain it that way. But when you have the Holy Spirit within, you have joy. The apostle tells us about it in Gal. 5:22. Ask and receive that your joy may be full.

The Song of the Angels.

"Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its babel sounds
The blessed angels sing."

—Sears.

Light of the World.

It was said, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light," and now if men will not come to the light it is because they love darkness better. The religion of Christ found the heathen world without a single charitable institution; the coming of Jesus brought mercy, charity and love for human hearts. And how many millions have been relieved, and helped, when in trouble, by those who do it for Jesus' sake. Over two hundred thousand pupils are in the various mission schools to-day; they will carry the light to many dark homes. One Christian in a home will make it brighter; let your light so shine that people will know you are reflecting the Light of the world.

Finding Our King.

The three wise men followed the star, thinking that it would lead them to the king of the Jews. Every one of us needs a king, we need him in our own souls to love and to look up to. Let us seek him this Christmas. We must put our whole hearts into the search, and not consider the cost. Very likely we shall find him in some humble place, while doing some common duties, because we are anxious to do his will. The wise men opened their treasures, and gave him gifts, such as they would have presented to a young prince. We should give our king our heart's love, deep, strong and true, and our personal service for his kingdom.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountains and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

—Heber.

"The White Feast."

In the *Sunday School Times* we have an account of one Sunday school which made of Christmas a white feast. "They told the story of a ruler in Cathay whose birthday the people observed by a white feast. They came into a great white room and offered to their king white gifts to show that their love and loyalty were without stain. The rich brought pearls and ivory, the poor presented white pigeons and handfuls of rice. The king did not appreciate one gift more than another, he admired them all, and all were white. Right here lies the secret of a happy Christmas—what motive prompts your gifts? If your friends realize that every gift you give is unstained by any selfish thoughts or doubts they will be doubly appreciated. Be sincere in your giving of gifts, give only what your heart prompts you to give. Most of us are compelled to learn the blessedness of giving small, meager gifts, when we impulsively long to give much more. We must learn to give our heartfelt love along with the white pigeons or the white rice which is poverty's token.

"And on Earth, Peace."

"Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say 'Peace.'"
—Longfellow.

Suggestions for a Christmas Program.

The leader of this meeting has much to do if he would have the Christmas spirit pervade the entire program. Sing Christmas songs. No. 121 in our Hymnal should not be overlooked. "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," in our older book, has always been a favorite, and there are many others; it is easy to find songs suitable for your little children as well as the older ones.

In Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "The Legend Beautiful" shows how the choicest blessings come to us when at our daily duties; it is suitable for a reading or recitation. Some little child should recite Phillips Brooks' carol, "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem." Several of your older boys and girls might give extracts from "The Story of the Other Wise Man." In "Ben-Hur" an interesting reading may be found in the first chapters of the book, describing the first Christmas. We might refer to many others, but you doubtless will find them for yourselves, and these are merely given as suggestions; it remains for you to improve upon them. As a closing hymn, all should join in singing "Joy to the World, the Lord has Come."

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Before the Meeting.

Pray.

WHAT preparation have you made for the meeting? You heard the subject announced at Sunday school, besides you have your program at home to which you can refer, so you know what the topic will be. Have you asked our Father to bless the meeting? Do not wait until you come to church for this, pray at home for God's blessing on the unsaved, on the members; ask for the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Study the Scriptures.

The Christian Workers' topics are designed to lead you to love the Bible and study its truths. Study the topic of the meeting, read the entire scripture lesson and look up the references. When reading other books you may find some illustrations for the lesson; remember them and use them in your talk. Very often a topic that may seem rather dull and dry at the first reading grows mightily in interest when studied during the week preceding the meeting.

We go to Church to Meet God.

When Solomon dedicated the temple on Mount Moriah, the glory of the Lord almost overwhelmed the people. We are all too apt to forget that the Lord has promised to meet us in the house of prayer. And we should get ready for this meeting by reading his Word and meditating upon it, by loving service so that we may render unto God the reverence, honor and adoration due him. We wish our boys and girls would think more about this, and so learn to worship God in spirit and in truth.

Hindrances.

You can take care of the hindrances, if you begin in time. Then when the hour for service arrives, the hindrances will have vanished. If you wait until the last moment before disposing of them, it is very likely they will keep you at home. You cannot afford to miss these Christian Workers' meetings; they will help you to grow in grace.

Push.

All through the week, keep the good of the meeting in view. Encourage any of the members who are growing tired of it. Help them to see some new phase of the program that they have not considered. Remind the careless ones of the work you expect them to do. Pray for all these. Indeed, when a meeting lags, and loses its force, it is because there was not enough done beforehand. Do what you can for the meeting, and its power will be very perceptibly increased in all spiritual directions.

WANTED AT ONCE.

PREACHERS who will help the church out of debt.

Preachers who will preach a real Christ.

Preachers who are afire for the salvation of the world.

Preachers who will draw and hold young men to the church.

Preachers who will have revivals under their own ministry.

Preachers who will crowd the church morning and evening.

Preachers who will make the time to visit their people in their homes.

Preachers who will not apologize for taking the collections.

Preachers who will raise their apportionments for the benevolences at any cost.

Preachers who will make their apportionments better than they found them.

Preachers who believe in the Gospel and will advocate its claims.

Preachers who will preach red-hot Holy Ghost gospel sermons, thirty-five minutes in length.

Preachers who will take time to circulate our church papers.

Preachers who read, study, pray, and work to bring their church to the most advanced stage of usefulness to the world and Christ.—*Robert Stephens.*

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LVIII.

Nazareth, Palestine.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

Our guide said he would not take one hundred dollars for the experience he had that day on the Sea of Galilee. He has been a guide fifteen years and never enjoyed such a privilege before, although he had been on the Sea of Galilee scores of times. It was like this: we made a practice of reading what the Bible says about every city, town, river and mountain that we visited, and when we were leaving the plain of Gennesaret, where the five thousand were fed, we started for Capernaum, and of course we wanted to read what the Bible said about it. Miss Gertrude had turned to the sixth chapter of John, and began at the sixteenth verse and read to the end of the twenty-first, about how Jesus stilled the tempest, and how the storm drove them to the very place where they wanted to go.

Strange as it may seem to you, nevertheless it is a fact, that just as she finished reading the scripture the six Arabs that were rowing our boat, arose with one accord and became frantic with excitement. Of course we demanded an explanation of our interpreter. He said that they said there was going to be a storm. We looked in vain for the storm clouds, but in the twinkling of an eye Jameel pointed over the mountains toward the west to a little cloud that "seemed no larger than a man's hand," and in less time than you have been reading this the tornado had dipped down upon peaceful Galilee and it seemed as if all the pent-up fury of heaven had been directed toward the little lake. The storm raged; the billows rose higher and higher; the whitecaps raged in fury, and the waves tossed our little boat about like a cork on a washtub. Now you know as well as I that ordinarily Roscoe has no nerves and cannot be excited; but this was once in his life when he lost control of himself, and he was about to do as Peter did, get out and walk, when we persuaded him to sit down. This he finally did, and with the utmost skill on the part of the Arab boatmen and obedience on our part to the command of the guide, we landed safely at "the land whither we went." If I live to be a hundred years old I shall never forget one thing Jameel said. It was this: "Jesus controlled the tempest at this place once, and I think he can do it again." We were drawn to shore in a downpour of rain. We were as wet as drowned rats. A monk at the monastery welcomed us; we took off our clothes, wrung the water out of them, put them back on and stood around in the sun to allow them to dry. The storm was over. Galilee was as pacific as ever, and our lives were richer for the experience.

We ate our fried chicken and visited the synagogue where Christ used to preach, saw the spot where the house used to stand where the man was let down through the roof, the place where Matthew sat at the seat of custom, where Jesus used a boat for a pulpit, and, oh, so many other things, and it was with the greatest degree of reluctance that we left Capernaum for Tiberias.

"Humph! I smell fish," said Agnes. "We must be going to have fish for supper." And sure enough we did. Fish from the Sea of Galilee! We were again reminded of the time when the disciples caught one hundred and fifty-three at one haul. The boys had a good time bathing in the Sea of Galilee, but we girls did not risk it.

The next morning we left for this place via Tabor and Cana. We started early. The ascent was very steep. The mountainside was living green. The morning sun shone beautifully upon it. We could see countless numbers of white dots all over the mountainside. We asked the guide what they were; he said they were whited sepulchers. It is easy for you to guess what we thought of then. The Pharisees must have had a very forcible lesson when Christ compared them to these whitewashed tombstones.

We soon came to the Horns of Hattin. This is the Mount of Beatitudes. Here is where Christ preached the Sermon on the Mount. Oscar has a good photograph of it. We tied our horses to some rocks, for there are no trees, and climbed to the very summit. It seems to be the crater of an extinct volcano. Miss Merritt asked each of us to find the place where Jesus stood when he preached the sermon, and after we canvassed it thoroughly, what will you think if I tell you we all decided on the same spot? There is a natural bench a little higher than the rest from which he could command a multitude of people. Miss Merritt read Matthew 5, 6 and 7, and it made us think of the schoolroom in Mayville in our morning exercises. Afterwards she led in prayer and asked God to take us safely back to our own native land.

As she was reading she read about the lilies of the field (Matt. 6:2). We could cast our eyes to the foot of the mountain and see not only hundreds and thousands of them, but acres of them. Then she read about a city that was set on a hill (Matt. 5:14), and as she did it she raised her finger, as methinks Jesus did and pointed to Safed which is there to-day, was there in the time of Christ, and even two hundred and fifty years before Christ. Jesus must have been a wonderful teacher, he used such simple object lessons to illustrate his points. We were loth to leave the place. From the top of this mountain we could see old Mt. Hermon that we had left a few days before,—old majestic mountain, still monitor of his kingdom, looking down upon the sacred footsteps of the King of kings who has trodden these hills and valleys. We take a farewell glance at blue Galilee beneath our feet and pass on to Cana. I will have to close this letter, as it is getting late and I can post it in the morning. I wish I could tell you about Mt. Tabor and Cana, but I will do that in my next.

Sincerely yours,

Marie.

* * *

It is easy to mistake mental sluggishness for the spiritual calm which belongs to the heights. The peace of God is not the silence of a mill-pond, but the stillness of a great river where it is deepest.

The Q. & A. Department.

Do rabbits run?

Are raindrops always round?

Why are not snowflakes all alike?

Where is the oyster's mouth?

Why do horses turn their ears?

Why put shoes on horses and not cows?

Why does a cat have whiskers?

How many legs has a house fly?

Why does a rabbit wabble its nose?

Does a robin and a chicken walk alike?

How can a fly walk on the ceiling?

Why can't you walk as straight backward as you can forward?

With which end does the wasp sting?

How many legs has a garden spider?

Why don't a bee make his cell round?

How does an elephant dig in the ground?

Why does a dog turn around three times before he lies down?

Does the cow get up like the horse?

In what order does a fly move its legs in walking?

What difference is there between the manner in which an elephant moves his limbs and the way in which a horse moves his?

Why is the tiger striped and the leopard spotted?

Why should a fish be dark in color above and light underneath?

Do pigs grunt because of pain or pleasure?

How many times does a crow fold its wings after alighting?

When a sheep is lying down, do they rise with their fore legs or their hind legs first?

Does a cow, as a rule, wink both eyes at once?

Why don't a chicken move his head at the same time he does his feet, instead of walking with his head first and catching up with his feet?

What is the reason you can set a teakettle of boiling water on your hand without burning you until the water stops boiling?

What becomes of a star when it shoots?

In relation to a cow's ears where are her horns?

Where is the wind when it isn't blowing?

Guess how far it is across a silver dollar, then measure it and see how badly you were fooled.

Secure three silver dollars, place two of them on a table just far enough apart that the third one will lie between them and just touch them both; now take the third one from your pocket and try it.

When did the words "In God We Trust" appear on our coins?

The phrase "In God We Trust" was first used on the half-eagle or five-dollar gold piece in 1866. In 1878 it appeared on the silver trade dollar piece. In 1876 it appeared on the silver half-dollar, and on the silver quarter-dollar and the nickel five-cent pieces of 1876. The two-cent bronze piece of 1864 had it. It appeared on the coinage by authority of Congress.

NOTICE!

We would like to know what Nooker can write the best essay upon the subject, "How to Tie a Shoestring." Any Nooker is eligible. Write on one side of the paper only. Begin at the beginning and don't stop until you have finished, not leaving out a single point. It may be that you think it is easy. Try it. We will probably publish one or two of the very best ones. If you want to see yours in type, write the best one.

What is the origin of the phrase "Uncle Sam"?

The title "Uncle Sam" is now universally accepted for the United States Government and yet, we are told, it did not originate until the year of the war of 1812. At that time Samuel Wilson held the office of Inspector of Provisions for the American army at Troy, and all casks containing these provisions were marked "U. S." for United States. Some of the men employed in handling the casks were ignorant and unlearned. One of the workmen, a bright and intelligent fellow, well knowing that some of his companions did not understand the significance of the letters, jokingly said that they stood for Uncle Sam Wilson. The joke took root, and later, when the Inspector's man entered the army, it was repeated by one and another to the great enjoyment of all, and thus soon became known throughout the entire army. In a very short time all government supplies marked "U. S." were known as Uncle Sam's, and gradually the title Uncle Sam came to stand for the United States Government.

PEOPLE WE ALL KNOW.

The man who talks too long in prayer meeting.

The woman who never has anything good to say about her neighbors.

People who will not have anything to do with anything, unless they can "boss" the whole business.

The man who gets on stilts every time he prays in public.

The preacher who is always sure the Lord wants him to go to the church that offers the largest salary.

The Sunday-school teacher who never thinks it worth while to study the lesson.

The people who always come into an audience late, to attract attention and show themselves.

The people who would do great things for the Lord, if they could only do them without costing them something.

MISCELLANEOUS

A PRIMER OF LITERATURE.

What is the Literature of to-day?
Fiction.

How is Fiction divided?
Into Historical Novels and Nature Books.

What is a Historical Novel?
One that shows no trace of History or of Novelty.

What is a Nature Book?
A volume of misinformation about animals.

Why are Nature Books popular just now?
Because they are the fashion.

Mention some recent Nature Books.
"The Lions of the Lord," "Pigs in Clover," "The Octopus," "The Blue Goose," and "The Sea Wolf."

What are the best-selling books?
Those which sell the best people.

What is a Magazine?
A small body of literature entirely surrounded by advertisements.

Why is a comic paper so called?
Because it's so funny that anybody buys it.

What is a Critic?
A Critic is a man who writes about the books he doesn't like.

What is Poetry?
Lines of words ending with the same sound.

What is a Minor Poet?
A poet not yet twenty-one years of age.

What is a Major Poet?
There aren't any.

What is a Publisher?
A man who is blamed if a book doesn't sell, and ignored if it does.

What does a publisher mean by Problem Novels?
All, except Kipling's and Mrs. Humphry Ward's.

What makes a book a phenomenal success?
Much bad, much pad, and much ad.—*Carolyn Wells, in The Metropolitan Magazine.*

THEY'RE DOING THINGS IN WYOMING.

THEY'RE building the Shoshone irrigation system in northern Wyoming.

They're extending the Burlington in northern Wyoming.

They're building the Pathfinder irrigation system in central Wyoming.

They're extending the North-Western in central Wyoming.

They're going to open the Wind River reservation for settlement next year.

They're building homes and making improvements in every nook and corner of Wyoming.

They're going to extend the Burlington entirely through Wyoming.

They're building the Saratoga & Encampment railroad into the Encampment mining district in southern Wyoming.

They're building the North Platte and Encampment canal in southern Wyoming.

THE SALOON BAR.

THE bar of a saloon is certainly a bar to that which is good. An exchange prints the following characterization:

"A bar to heaven, a door to hell—
Whoever named it named it well.
A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health;
A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to sin and grief and shame;
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair;
A bar to honored, useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife;
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave;
A bar to joy that home imparts,
A door to tears and aching hearts,
A bar to heaven, a door to hell—
Whoever named it named it well."

—Scientific Co-Operator.

SPEED OF THE OSTRICH.

THE ostrich is the swiftest runner on the face of the earth. The pace at which a strong ostrich can run is estimated to exceed sixty miles per hour, but this rate of progress is seldom kept up for more than a mile or two. When an ostrich is running at full speed, its legs move so rapidly that they do not appear to touch the ground, and according to Dr. Livingstone, the eye can no more follow them than it can follow the spokes of a carriage wheel in rapid motion. No race-horse can overtake the ostrich, and it would be impossible to catch it but for the habit of running in a circle. The hare is another very swift runner, going at the rate of nearly a mile per minute. The fleetness of the antelope tribe is proverbial. The swiftest dogs and horses are left far behind in the pursuit of these animals, and it is only by stratagem that they can be hunted with success.—*Selected.*

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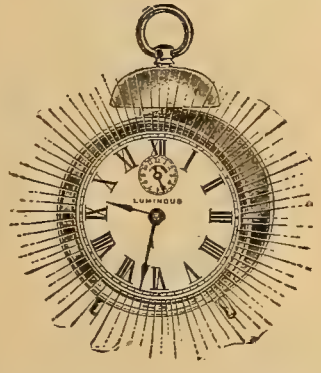
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This is a well-known make of Clock, nickel case, dial is 4 inches in diameter. It will give satisfaction.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions. Value, **$1.20.**



Wake-up Nickel Alarm Clock with luminous dial. You can read this dial in the dark; height, 6¼ inches; width, 4¼ inches, 4-inch dial.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions and 20 cents extra. Value, **$1.50.**



This Mantle or Kitchen Clock is made in oak or walnut artistically carved. It is a good timekeeper. Eight day movement and strikes the hours and half hours on a gong. 24 inches high and has 6-inch dial with gilt morocco border.

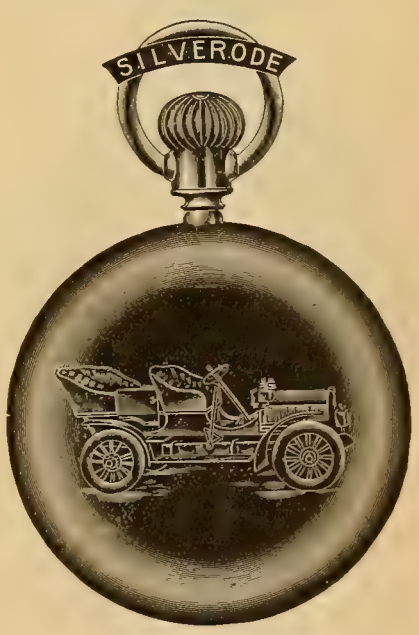
Given for **7 new** subscriptions and 34 cents extra. Value, **$4.00.**

Open-face Watch, silveroid case, screw back and bezel, dust proof, 7 jewel, stem wind, nickel damaskeened, cut expansion balance, safety pinions, screw bankings, hardened and tempered Breguet hairspring, handsome white enamel dial, with depressed second hand, lever setting. This is a good watch and will keep good time.

Given for **9 new** subscriptions and 30 cents extra, postage prepaid. Value, **$5.00.**

Keratol Suit Case. Imitation leather covered, brown shade, grain finish, wide lid, extra deep case, leather corners, anchor handle, brassed bolts and lock straps in body, cloth lined. Length, 22 inches; weight, 5 lbs.

Given for **5 new** subscriptions and 20 cents extra. Value, **$3.00.**



Open-faced style, screw back and bezel, made of solid silveroid, harder than silver and wears just as bright. Back engraved with automobile, locomotive or landscape as desired. **15 jewels.** This is an Elgin movement with the value practically all inside the case and is fully guaranteed. Here is a chance to earn a good watch that will last for 20 years.

Given for **16 new** subscriptions, with $1.00 extra.

Suit Case. Real Keratol cover, grain finish, brown color, looks like leather, 6 inches deep, wide English top, sole leather corners with large head rivets, round swing handle, steel frame, brassed bolts and lock, cloth lined, straps in body. 24 inches long. Weight, 5½ lbs.

Given for **7 new** subscriptions and 34 cents extra. Value, **$3.50.**



This watch is made by a reliable manufacturer. It is a good watch. The illustration is the exact size of the watch. It is stem wind and stem set. Open face case, plain polished, snap back and front. Guaranteed to keep good time.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions and 31 cents extra. **Value, $1.60.**



This is an American nickel movement, solid 3 oz. nickel case, open face, screw back and bezel, either plain polished or engraved with stag and locomotive designs; will hold its color and wear a lifetime, seven jewel, stem wind and set, train bearings in metal settings damaskeened, hard enamel dial. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Given for **6 new** subscriptions and 20 cents extra. Value, **$5.00.**



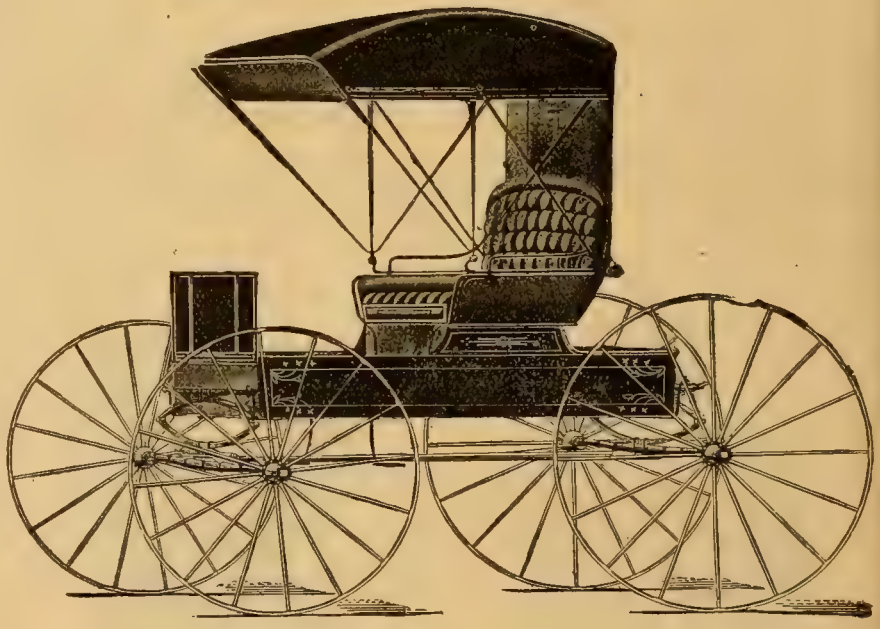
Our Amateur Shaving Outfit consists of a fair grade, medium hollow ground razor, a double swing strop, a China shaving mug, a cake of shaving soap and a bristle shaving brush, bristles well set in cement.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions. Value, **$1.25.**



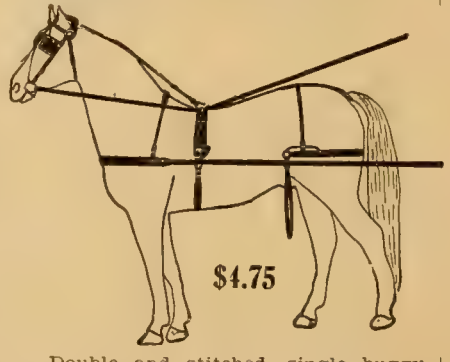
Drop head Sewing Machine, either walnut or oak. Neatly designed, easy running. A complete set of accessories and attachments accompanies this machine. They are made of steel, nickel plated. The machine is guaranteed for ten years.

Given for **40 new** subscriptions and 75cts. extra. Value, **$25.00.**



We put this buggy in our premium list because we are assured it is a good buggy and worth working for. It is just as represented, leather trimmings with good hickory shafts. Upholstering imitation leather, plain black or striped, storm apron, whip socket, wrench and anti-rattlers.

It will be given for **100 new** Inglenook subscriptions.



Double and stitched, single buggy harness, complete, bridle, ⅝ inch. Saddle, 2½ inch; iron jockey. Lines three-quarter inch to loop in bit. Breast collar folded. Traces, 1 inch, double and stitched.

Given for **8 new** subscriptions.



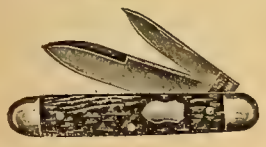
This ladies' nickel case watch is guaranteed for one year. It will wear for years. Stem wind and set, quick train lever escapement, well finished throughout, will keep good time.

Given for **4 new** subscriptions and 30 cents extra, postage prepaid. Value, **$2.75.**

This is a plain straight gun that can be depended upon for safety and accuracy in shooting. We feel sure this gun will give good service, and for that reason we place it among our premiums. The barrel is made from blue welded steel, choke bored, 12-gauge, with 30-in. barrel and weighs about seven lbs. Has top lever action and case-hardened frame, with center-rebounding hammer.

Given for **18 new** subscriptions and 40 cents extra. Value, **$5.50.**





Heavy Jack Knife. Two blades, Ebony or cocobolo handle. German silver shield, cap and bolster. Length, 3¾ inches.

Given for **1 new** subscription. Value, **45 cents.**



Cattle Knife. Two blades. Stag, ebony, or cocobolo handle. Length, 3-½ inches. Brass lined. German silver tips and shield. Highly polished.

Given for **1 new** subscription. Value, **50 cents.**



Pearl handle pen knife. Two blades. Brass lined. Highly polished blades. Length, 3½ inches.

Given for **1 new** subscription and 10 cents extra. Value, **75 cents.**



Pen Knife. Two blades. Brass lined. German silver shield. Stag or buff handle. Length, 2½ inches.

Given for **1 new** subscription. Value, **40 cents.**



Our High Grade Four Blade Congress Knife. German silver shield and bolster. Brass lined. Two spear and two sheep foot blades highly polished. Length, 4 inches.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions. Value, **$1.10.**

MRS. POTTS' SAD IRONS

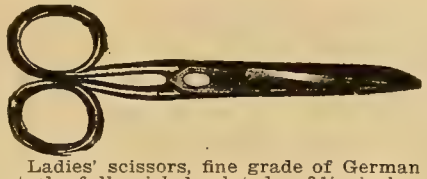


A full set of three Irons, one stand and one detachable walnut handle, nickel plated.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions and 10 cents extra. Value, **$1.25.**

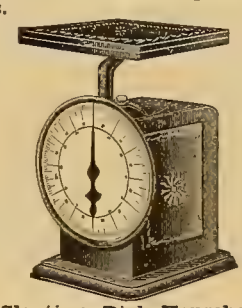
Straight trimmer. This pattern of shear is a universal favorite and is adapted to all kinds of work. It is made from the very best of stock, is finely finished. Every pair warranted. Finished in full nickel plate. 7½ inches long.

Given for **1 new** subscription. Value, **75 cents.**



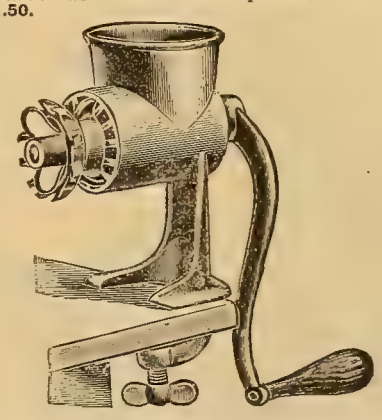
Ladies' scissors, fine grade of German steel, full nickel plated. 3½ inches long.

Given for **1 new** subscription. Value, **50 cents.**



This **Slanting Dial Household Scale** is handsomely enameled, always accurate and weighs 24 pounds. Shipping weight, 4 lbs.

Given for **3 new** subscriptions. Value, **$1.50.**



Universal Meat Chopper is a machine that will chop all kinds of meats, raw or cooked and all kinds of vegetables, nuts, horseradish, fish, clams, bread, crackers, etc. In fact everything ordinarily chopped in a chopping bowl. Easily operated. Cuts coarse, fine or medium. Can be taken apart easily. Diameter of hopper, 2½x2¾ inches; diameter of barrel, 1½ inches. Weight, 3 lbs.

Given for **3 new** subscriptions. Value, **$1.50.**

THREE POPULAR RAZORS.

Medium hollow ground Razor, ⅞-inch blade, square or hollow point, black rubber handle.

This razor given for **1 new** subscription and 5 cents extra. Worth, **75 cents.**



Medium hollow ground Razor, ⅝-inch blade, square point, file tang, single heel, black rubber handle.

This razor given for **1 new** subscription and 25 cents extra. Worth, **$1.00.**



Our Leader Razor. Full hollow ground, ⅝-inch blade, square point, double heel, fancy black rubber handle. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

This one given for **2 new** subscriptions and 20 cents extra. Worth, **$1.75.**



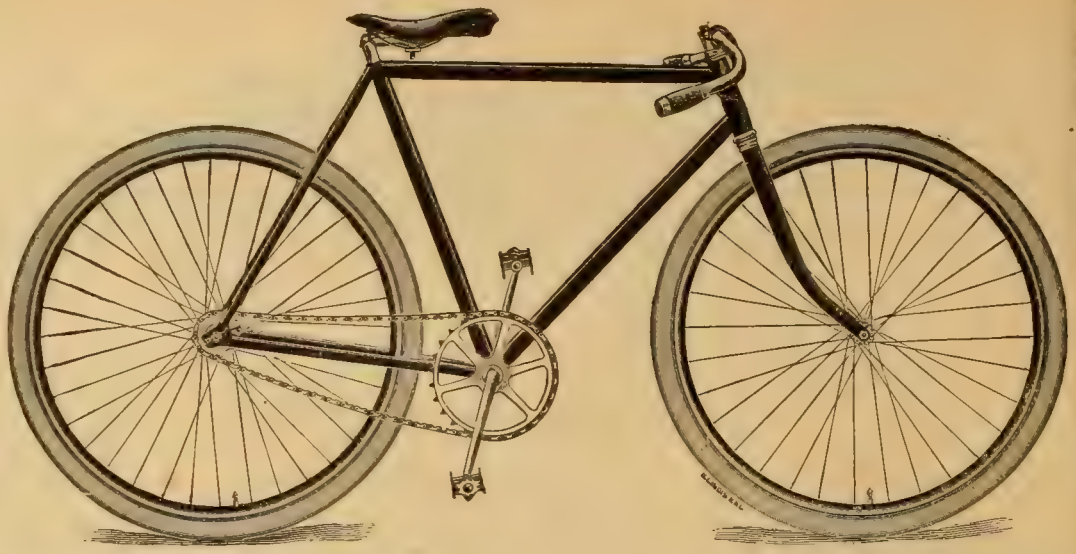
Gem Safety Razor Outfits contain one Gem Safety Razor, Strop and Stropping Machine, together with one blade. A very desirable outfit expressly designed in compact form for traveling.

Given for **8 new** subscriptions and 29 cents extra. Value, **$4.50.**

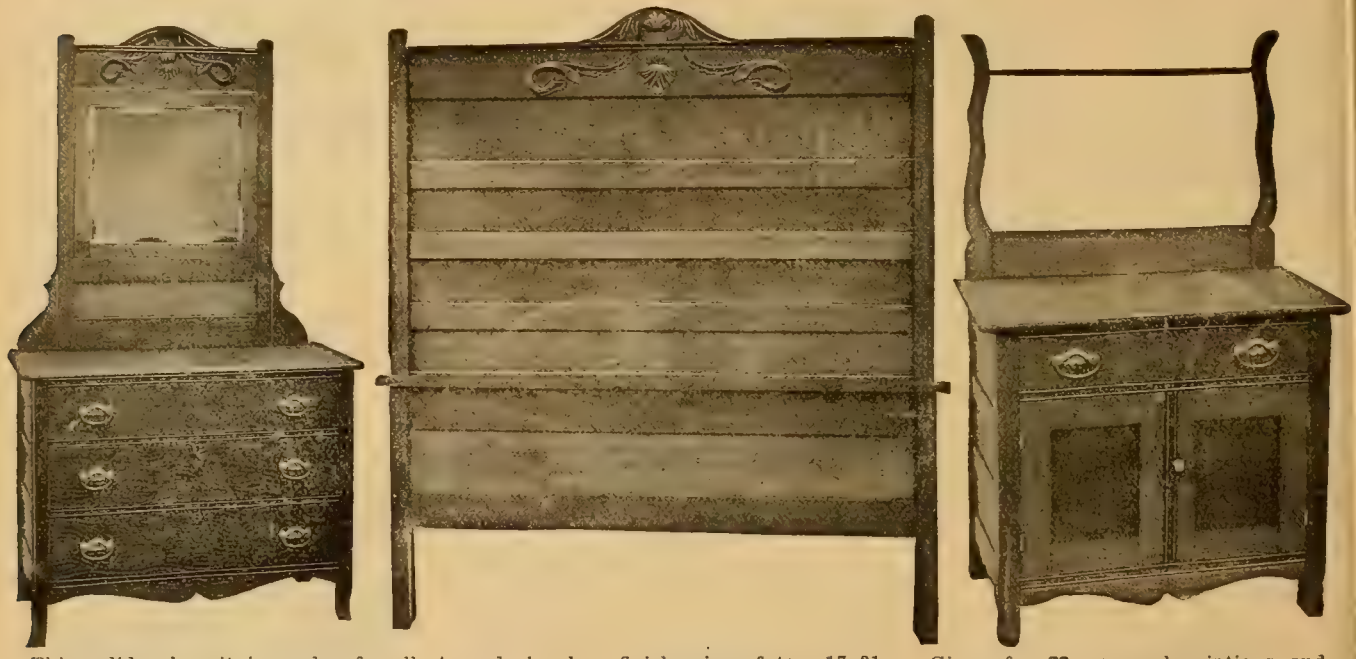


High grade three blade. One pen, one file and one spear blade. Brass lined stag handle with German silver shield and bolsters Length, 3¾ inches.

Given for **one new** subscription and 20 cents extra. Value, **$1.00.**



This bicycle has all the improvements. It is one of the finest bicycles ever constructed for the money. Of the best material and finest workmanship. We guarantee this bicycle for one year; we give you a written guarantee with every one of these wheels. Here are a few special features of Sidder's No. 2, Model 1905: it has a square, nickel plated crown, one-piece hanger with oval cranks and new pattern six straight arm sprockets, improved turned hubs, adjustable handle bars with wound leather grips, padded Garford saddle and many other new features. Sidder's No. 2, Model 1905, is in every way, shape and manner first class. Frame is 22 and 24 inches, 22 inches being regular; 28-inch wheel. Swaged spokes, 15-17 gauge, 32 in front wheel and 36 in hind. Ball bearings, black, tool bag, wrench, oiler and pump. Weight about 23 lbs. This wheel can be earned in a very short time by the persevering youth. Given for **50 new** subscriptions and 50 cents extra. Value, **$30.00.**



This solid oak suit is made of well-seasoned wood composed of bed, dresser and commode.. Bed is 5 ft. 8 inches high and 4 ft. 6 inches wide. The commode is gloss finish; size of top, 17x21 inches. Dresser is finely finished, size of top, 19-21 inches. American plate mirror 18x20 inches, mounted on casters.

Given for **32 new** subscriptions and $1.00 extra. Value, **$18.00.**



The Marsh Motor Cycle, fitted with three horsepower motor. Has a guaranteed speed of forty miles an hour. Handsome in design, perfect in every detail. Easy to operate and control.

Given for **300 new** subscriptions and $15.00 extra. Value, **$175.00.**



Women's black walrus leather Hand Bag, gun metal frame, spring catch, black sateen lining, coin purse to match, length, 9½ inches. This is a very pretty shaped bag.

Given for **1 new** subscription and 10 cents extra. Value, **85 cents.**

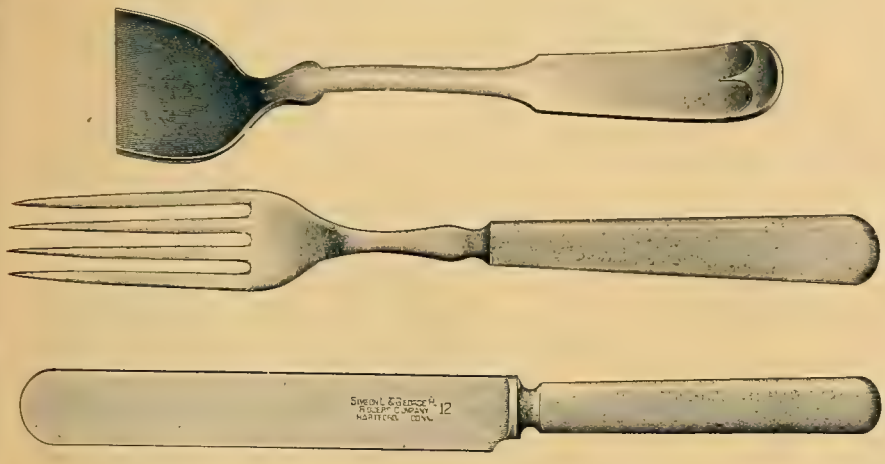
Women's new style Hand Bag, with leather handle, made from walrus leather, in black or brown, fancy gilt frame, ball fastener, moirene lining, fitted with coin purse to match, length, 9¾ inches.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions. Value, **$1.25.**



Is the "Hohners" New Style Up-to-Date Harmonica. It is well made, with strong new style nickel plated cover, has 10 single holes, 20 reeds and extra strong nickel plated cover, the tone is very strong, easy to blow.

Given for **1 new** subscription. Value, **$.35.**



Medium size knives and forks, satin finished, round end handles, 12 dwt., silver plate on crucible steel. Made by Simon L. and Geo. H. Rogers. These are thoroughly reliable, or we should not have placed them in premium list.

Six knives and six forks given for **8 new** subscriptions and 38 cents extra.

Our Tea Spoons extra plated, full size, tipped, plated on 18 per cent solid nickel silver, guaranteed.

Set of six spoons given with **2 new** subscriptions and 14 cents extra. Value, **$1.25.**

Table Spoon **extra plate** same quality as tea spoons.

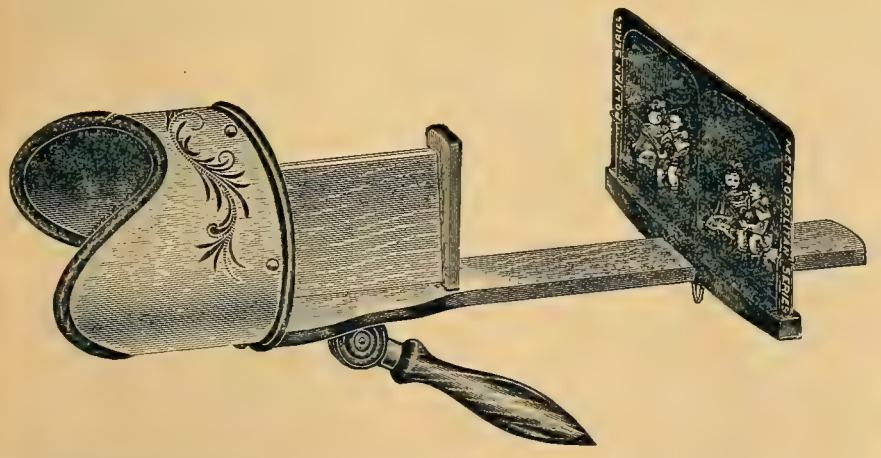
Six spoons given for **5 new** subscriptions and 3 cents extra. Value, **$2.50.**

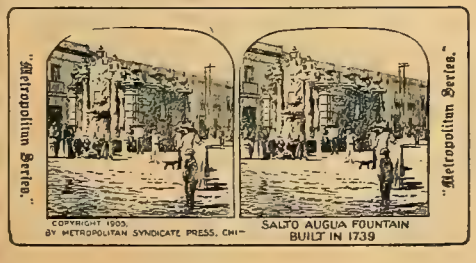
The same spoon only triple plated, value, **$2.00,** set of six spoons.

Given for **3 new** subscriptions and 21 cents extra.

Table Spoon, triple plated, same quality as tea spoons.

Six spoons given for **6 new** subscriptions and 32 cents extra. Value, **$3.50.**





This stereoscope is made of selected hardwood with adjustable slide to focus for any range of eyesight, hood of pressboard finished in imitation of mahogany, 1 inch lens. A good serviceable instrument, with 100 views finished in colors, artistic in finish and appearance. The subjects are all interesting and up-to-date including views from all over the world.

This Stereoscope and 100 views given for **5 new** subscriptions and 19 cents extra. Value, $5.00.



Extra Strong Morgan Saddle. We fully guarantee every saddle. Made on a 13½ or 14-inch hide covered tree, heavy stirrup straps and 3-inch wood stirrups. Long latigoe straps, 1 inch wide; 2-inch soft hair cinches. Made of extra fine russet skirting leather.

Given for **18 new** subscriptions and 65 cents extra. Value, **$10.00.**



This Student Lamp is nickel plated, has center draft burner, with removable fount and perfect wick attachments, Junior Rochester wick and chimney, 7-in. dome and shade. It will burn 9 hours with one filling. Height to top of rod 21 inches. Is perfectly safe and reliable. Packed complete in a box for shipment. Weight, 16 lbs. with white shade.

Given for **8 new** subscriptions and 40 cents extra, receiver paying carriage. Value, **$4.75.**



Rugby Foot Ball, made from Handsomely Grained Cowhide of excellent quality; a very substantial practice ball in every way, regulation size.

Given for **4 new** subscriptions and 21 cents extra. Value, **$2.50.**



Association Foot Ball, made from best Pebble Grained Leather case. Packed complete with pure Para Rubber guaranteed Bladder.

Given for **4 new** subscriptions and 9 cents extra. Value, **$2.25.**



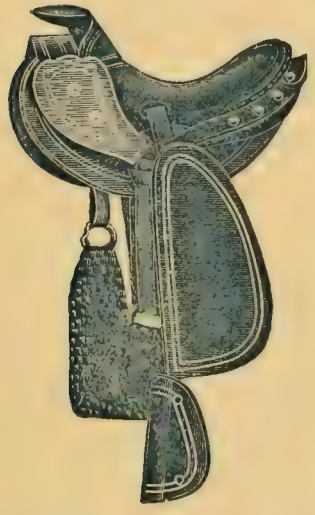
Runners of best cold rolled steel. Entire skate bright finish. Each pair paper wrapped. Sizes, 8 to 12 inches.

Given for **1 new** subscription and 10 cents extra. Value, **90 cents.**



English Style. Easy Riding. Tree, 15-inch, Somerset. **Skirts,** Imitation hogskin. **Seat,** Skirting leather. **Stirrup Straps,** ⅞-inch. **Stirrups,** 3-inch, 2 rivets, wood. **Billets,** 1-inch. **Pad,** Drill. **Girth,** Corded cotton.

Given for **7 new** subscriptions and 30 cents extra. Worth, **$4.00.**



Boys' Saddle, Russet. Note the graceful shape. **Tree,** Morgan, 11-inch. **Seat,** All over covered. **Stirrup Leathers,** 1-inch to buckle. **Tie Strap** one inch. **Cinch,** 4-inch, soft woven hair.

Given for **16 new** subscriptions and 90 cents extra. Worth, **$9.50.**



Hair Clippers, good quality, made of fine steel, finely tempered, finished and nickel plated, spring between handles.

Given for **1 new** subscription and 12 cents extra. Value, **85 cents.**

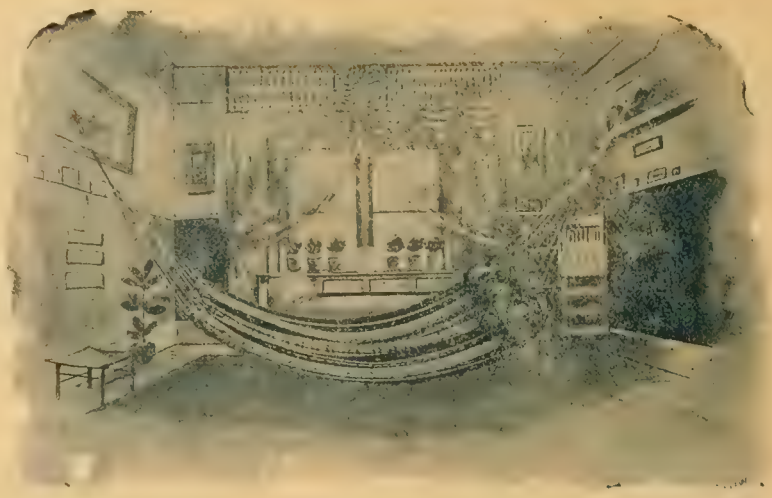
Same as above only better quality, well made of fine steel finely tempered, finished and nickel plated, concealed spring.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions and 5 cents extra. Value, **$1.25.**



SHAVING MUG AND BRUSH. Carlsbad China Shaving Mug with floral decorations and Brush enameled handle, bristles well set in cement.

Both for **1 new** subscription. Value, **50 cents.**



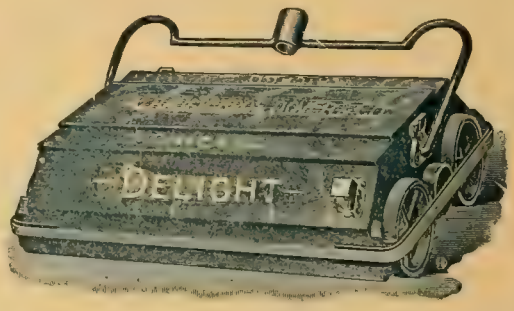
Open weave hammock, three-quarter color, concealed spreader, wood bar at foot. Size, 36x78 inches. All pure dyes are used in these hammocks, they are full size and full weight.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions and 10 cents extra.



This Parlor Stand has a 24x24-inch top, made of highly figured quartered oak, golden finish, highly polished. Has neat beaded edge around the top. Has turned legs with brass feet and glass balls. Has a shaped shelf all firmly framed into the legs.

Given for **6 new** subscriptions. Value, **$3.00.**



This Carpet Sweeper is nickel plated, and has perfect friction. The dust pans are easily opened and cleaned. The band around the sweeper will keep it from marring furniture or walls. Light running and guaranteed.

Given for **6 new** subscriptions and 4 cents extra. Value, **$2.75.**

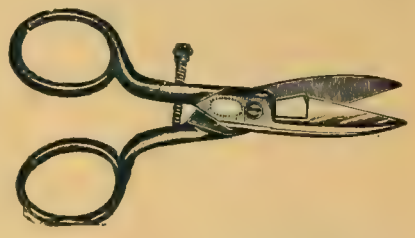
INGLENOOK LADIES' WRITING DESK, furnished either in quarter-sawed golden oak or mahogany. It is 46 inches high, including mirror; 26 in. wide and 14 in. deep. Has swell front drawer; trimmings are cast brass, polished; lids and drawers have mortise locks, two jack-knife or portable supports. Pigeonholes are nicely arranged and finished. This desk has half French legs and the front, top and sides are rubbed and finished to a piano polish. Fitted with a nice artistic 6x20-inch genuine French bevel plate mirror.

Given for **20 new** subscriptions and 50 cents extra. Value, **$8.00;** receiver pays carriage.



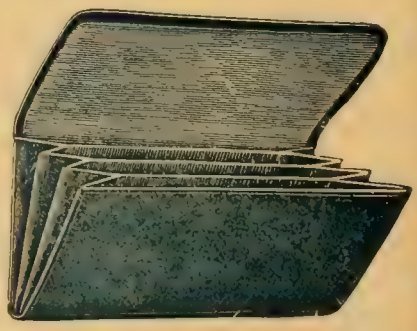
Combination Bookcase and Writing Desk. A very artistic design and high grade construction throughout. Made of solid oak, carved and highly polished. Height, 5 ft. 10 in.; width, 3 ft. Has a large door with shaped bent glass, and adjustable shelves. The desk is partitioned with drawer and pigeonholes and has drop leaf with lock and key, and 10x12 French mirror. Also has a cupboard below for books, magazines, etc. Case is carved and is very ornamental.

Given for **35 new** subscriptions and $1.45 extra. Value, **$20.00.** Receiver pays carriage.



Button hole scissors, will cut any size button hole uniformly; nickel plated; These are good scissors.

Given for **1 new** subscription. Value, **40 cents.**



Large Bill Book in red calf finished leather, canvas faced, has four full sized gusseted pockets. Size, 4½x9¾ inches. A very convenient book for notes, receipts and papers.

Given for **1 new** subscription and 20 cents extra. Worth, **75 cents.**

THE LAST WEST

You are familiar with the saying of Horace Greeley: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." The land now available in the Western States at a reasonable price is not worth while. We come to you with something that is worth while. "Save the best for the last" is an old saying, but we are proving it to you to-day, when we talk about the last "West."



A Harvest Scene in Canada.

For three years we have called to your attention Western Canada, where there are broad acres of fertile land ready for the plow. Many of the Brethren have heard our call, and are now enjoying the harvests.

We own and offer for sale thousands of acres of land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our prices range from $5.00 to $20.00 per acre on easy terms. In some of our districts homesteads of 160 acres each can be obtained for $10.00 and three years' residence.

Is this worth while to you? If so, write to-day for particulars.

PIONEER REALTY COMPANY,

R. R. STONER, President.

231 Boston Block. **Minneapolis, Minn.**

People in Ohio and Eastern Indiana will address

DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio,

for Particulars.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS



Hall Hat Racks. Made of quartered golden oak, polished; has 4 large double hat hooks; is fitted with an 8x8-in. French bevel plate mirror. Price, ...**$2.35**



Ladies' Chatelaine Watch, 13 ligne, solid silver jointed hunting case with solid silver cap, antique bow, engraved in handsome assorted patterns, fitted with a jeweled nickel movement, stem wind and set. Each,..**$3.50**

Same size as above. Sterling silver case 925-1000 fine, jointed Sterling silver inside cap, fancy engraved, extra jeweled movement, fancy decorated dial and gilt hands, stem wind and set. This fine watch only, ...**$5**

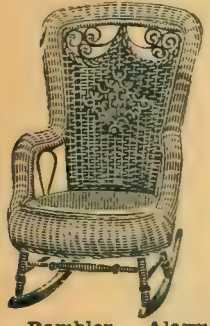


Manicure Set. Ebenoid; contains cuticle, corn knife, file, polisher and pomade; put up in a white satin-lined, leatherette, hinged box; size, 5x8x2 in. Mounted with sterling silver ornaments. Each, ...**$1.89**



The Best for the Price

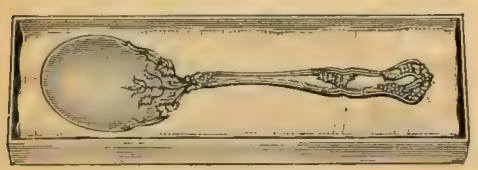
This fine single barrel, self shell ejector and breech loading shot gun, only, ...**$2.88**



Ladies' Rocker. Fine cane seat, beautifully designed back, full continuous roll arms and front; very fine as a sewing rocker, ...**$3.30**



Rambler Alarm. Artistic burnt wood case; Swedish carved decorations; handsomely colored and finished; fitted with the best 30-hr. alarm; Gilbert Clock Co. movement; decided contrast to the nickel alarm; height, 9 inches; width, 8 inches. Price, ...**$1.90**



Roger Bros.' 1847. Vintage Sugar Shell. French gray finish, **47c**
Butter knife to match, ...**54c**

We show on this page a few of the thousands of articles illustrated and described in our new catalogue. We can furnish you any article you want for young or old at **money-saving prices.** Remember we **guarantee every article** we sell to be exactly as illustrated and described. If when you receive the goods from us they are not as represented, return them at our expense and we will cheerfully refund your money. By our **freight and express refund plan we deliver the goods at your door without cost to you.**

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ONLY ONE HOUSE

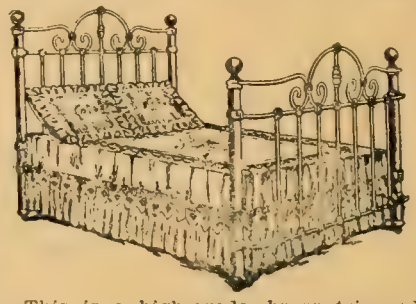
Now giving first attention to the Brethren trade. We are all united in one great Company and set before ourselves the task of building a great Mail Order House, which should at all times be owned by Christian people and stand as a model for all in honorable dealing. We ask no charity from anyone, but if we can make as low prices as any one, we are surely entitled to your orders. We know our prices are lower on most dependable articles. Write to-day.

ALBAUGH BROS. DOVER & CO.

Dept. C. S., CHICAGO, ILL.



Large Heavy Table for parlor, sitting room or library, with French legs and shaped shelf. Has a large 24x24-inch shaped top with deep heavy rim. A good sensible design and at an exceptionally low price. Price, ...**$2.85**



This is a high-grade, brass trimmed iron bed. Made entirely of iron, trimmed and ornamented with brass. This is the richest and cleanest design yet produced for the money. Pillars 1 1-16 inches; brass vases 1¾ inches; six brass rosettes, ornamental center spindles; furnished in white, pea green, apple green, blue or black enamel; top rods ⅜-inch; scrolls ⅜-inch; other rods, 5-16-inch; height of head, 56½ inches; height of foot, 44½ inches; made in three widths, 3-6, 4-0 and 4-6; shipping weight (wrapped), 95 pounds. Price, all sizes, ...**$3.95**



Shaving Case. Beautiful floral imitation celluloid, extension base, lithographed picture under transparent celluloid over top and front, full mirror under cover, sateen lining, fitted with razor, decorated mug and lather brush; size, 9½x7⅜x4⅛ in. Each, ...**$1.2**



Carving Set. 8½-inch, Turkish scimitar blade, solid forged bolsters, genuine stag handles, patent guard on fork. All in a fancy cloth-lined case. Price, ...**$1.7**

Toilet Case. Celluloid top, artistic shaped embossed bands on extension top, sateen lining; fitted with comb and decorated hair brush and beveled plate hand mirror; size 9½x5½x2⅞ in. Price, ...**$1.1**



Women's Hand Bag With braided leather handle, made of walrus leather in tan, brown or black, mercerized lining, 8½ inches long fitted with purse to correspond. Shipping weight 9 ounces. Price, each, ...**50c**

Our Most Famous Specialty. —The most delightful of any Oriental odor ever produced; so rich and lasting that one or two drops on the handkerchief will give the effect of the most wonderful Eastern mineral. Put up in genuine Roger & Gallet ground glass



stoppered bottles. Each in rich box of Oriental design. Sure to please. Sells everywhere for $1.25. Only, ...**70c**



Morris Chair.— Furnished in golden oak, spring seat, reversible cushions, felt top filling, brass rod and brass bracket, reclining attachment. This chair is made of 1-inch stock throughout. Wt. 50 lbs. Size 21 inches between the arms. Height of back above seat 28 inches. Price, upholstered in good velour (Mention color of velour), ...**$4.34**

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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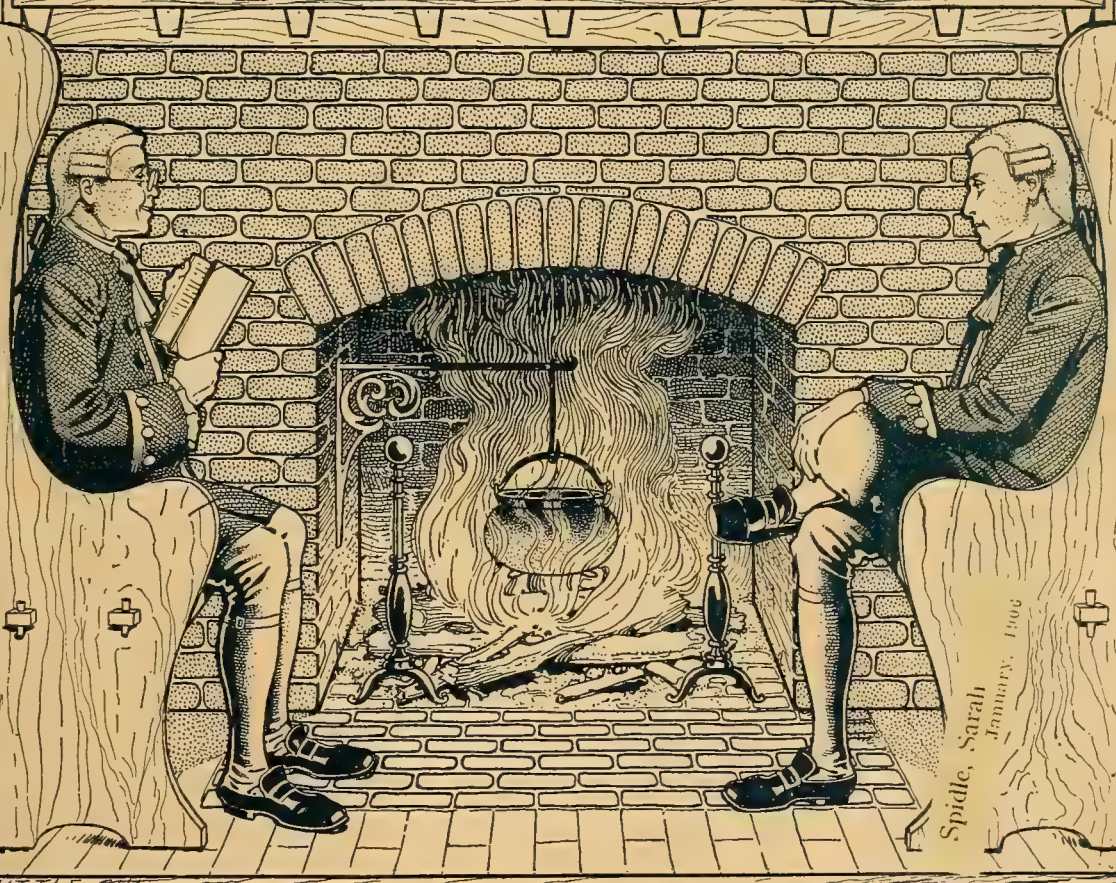
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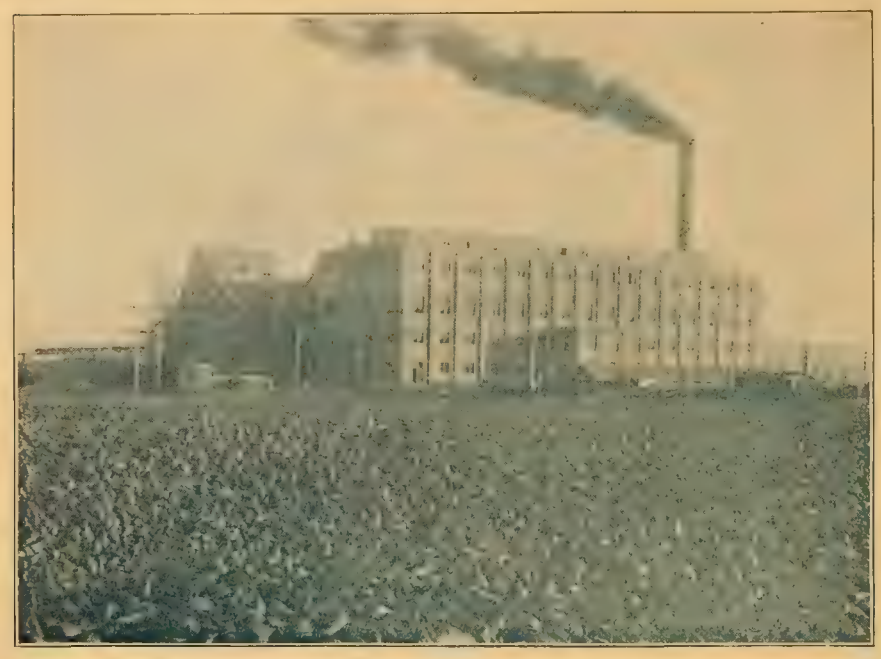
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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

December 19, 1905 PRICE, $1.00 PER ANNUM No. 51. Vol. VII



New Beet Sugar Factory, Sterling, Colorado.
10,000 Tons of Beets in Foreground.

CHEAP RATES

(To Sterling, Colorado,)

South Platte Valley

AND RETURN

First and Third Tuesdays Each Month

Proportionate rates from all points East.

Where you will see thousands of stacks of hay, thousands of fat cattle, thousands of fat sheep, thousands of acres of irrigated land that can be bought at from $30.00 to $40.00 per acre.

Only 24 hours' run to Chicago; only 12 hours' run to the Missouri River; only 4 hours' run to Denver. The only country that can make a good showing to the homeseeker in midwinter. Go and see for yourself—it need only take four or five days' time and you will be well repaid by what you see. Buy your ticket over

The Union Pacific Railroad

WHY RAISE CORN

in the East on land worth from $75.00 to $150.00 an acre, for which you receive only $15.00 to $30.00 an acre, when

YOU HAD BETTER RAISE SUGAR BEETS

in the South Platte Valley, Colorado, on land equally as good that you can buy at from $30.00 to $40.00 an acre, for which crop you will receive from $75.00 to $150.00 an acre.

THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,

as farmers in the South Platte Valley have demonstrated during the past five years that it is more profitable to raise sugar beets than any other farm crop, and

THERE ARE SEVEN BEET SUGAR FACTORIES IN THE SOUTH PLATTE VALLEY

out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE ERECTED IN 1906

to be owned by the same parties. Farmers can do most of the labor themselves without hiring any help except during the thinning season, and the sugar factories are always willing and glad to furnish additional laborers during the thinning season, advancing the money to pay their wages, taking it out of the returns from the sugar beet crop.

Write for information.

PRINTED MATTER FREE.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,

Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Nebraska.

ARE YOU GOING TO

California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho

Or Any Other Point?
Take the

Union Pacific Railroad

♦ ♦ ♦

Daily Tourist Car Line

BETWEEN

Chicago, Missouri River, Colorado, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and California Points.

♦ ♦ ♦

Stop Off at Reno Nevada,

And Investigate the Irrigated Government Land. Call on Mr. L. H. Taylor, U. S. Engineer, for information.

♦ ♦ ♦

For Rates Address Undersigned

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The Union Pacific Railroad

—Is Known As—

"The Overland Route"

And is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line. Çall on or address a postal card to your nearest ticket agent, or Geo. L. McDonaugh, Colonization Agent, Omaha, Nebr.

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.,
Omaha, Nebraska.

"No Old Men Wanted"

is the greeting frequently given to many worthy men, when looking for work. It is a harsh statement and calculated to drive the last bit of courage out of a sad heart. They are not so old that they cannot work, but young men are wanted and that settles it. What is to become of these men upon whom this ban has been placed, men who are yet able to labor and who are obliged to earn their bread? It opens up a serious problem of the social question.

It emphasizes strongly the necessity of a young man laying aside a little for old age. A man can, possibly by close economy, if his health is good, during the first forty years of his active life manage to save a little competence. If sickness comes, however, his little hoard is soon swept away and he faces the world penniless again.

How important that he should be careful of his health and strength—his main capital! Men are all apt to over estimate their endurance. They neglect themselves until practically worn out. A brief treatment now and then with a reliable remedy capable of toning up the system and purifying the blood, throwing off accumulated waste matter, will keep the system in proper repair.

ABLE TO WORK AGAIN.

Claremont, Minn., June 11, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I must write you a few words about my husband's sickness. He was unable to work and suffered with blood poison which affected especially his arms and legs. No remedies seemed to help him. One day we received a copy of your paper, "The Surprise." I sat down and commenced to read for him about the people who had been cured by the **Blood Vitalizer** and he said, "Send for some at once." I did so and after he had taken three bottles he was so much better that he went to work and has worked ever since. It is the best medicine we have ever come across. Yours respectfully,

Mrs. Jan Stachowaik.

LIKE A YOUNG MAN AGAIN.

Puyallup, Wash., Jan. 2, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I owe you my heartfelt thanks for the **Blood Vitalizer** which you sent me. I suffered for many years with dyspepsia and kidney trouble, but your **Blood Vitalizer** has completely restored me. I can now eat, sleep and work like a young man again. The **Blood Vitalizer** is certainly the best family medicine in existence. No one suffering from such or similar ailments will make any mistake in resorting to the **Blood Vitalizer.**

Respectfully yours,

J. Sandell.

Among remedies of this kind there is probably none that has met with the success and popularity of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. It is not a drugstore medicine, but is supplied to the people direct by the proprietors,

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.,

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue,

CHICAGO, ILL.

CAP GOODS!

Our business has almost doubled itself during the last year. We are sending goods by mail to thousands of permanent, satisfied customers throughout the United States. The reason is simple.

Our Goods are Reliable. Our Variety is Large. Our Prices are Low.

All orders filled promptly, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Send us a sample order and be convinced. Write us for a booklet of unsolicited testimonials and new line of samples, which will be furnished free. Send at once to

E. E. ARNOLD, Elgin, Ill.

FIFTEEN YEARS



In the watch business means that I sell all kinds of good watches cheaper than other dealers do. Watches from $8 cts. to $35 each. All kinds of cases and all sizes of Elgin, Waltham, Illinois and Hampden works. Write for free catalogue of watches and learn how to save money on watch orders. Address H. E. NEWCOMER, 41-13eow Mt. Morris, Ill.



FREE SAMPLE

Send letter or postal for free SAMPLE

HINDOO TOBACCO HABIT CURE

We cure you of chewing and smoking for 50c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford Indiana. We answer all letters.

Victor Liver Pills

The superior Family Liver Pills. Very mild in their action and act as a Laxative, by taking one before retiring. In larger doses they are antibilious Pills and cure Biliousness, Liver and Stomach troubles. A favorite among the Ladies. If your dealer does not have Victor Liver Pills you can get them for twelve 2 cent stamps by addressing

VICTOR REMEDIES CO.,
Frederick, Md.

Victor Headache Specific

Cures all Sick and Nervous Headaches, Neuralgia, Brain-Fag, Sea and Train Sickness. Eleven cures 10 cents. Mailed on receipt of price.

Victor Remedies Co., Frederick, Md

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE INGLENOOK.

Beautiful Bridgewater

AND THE

FAR-FAMED VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH

Are worth consideration in the choice of a school for your boy or girl. Bridgewater is a town without a saloon; the Shenandoah Valley is a district between the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies second to none in America for health and landscape beauty.

BRIDGEWATER COLLEGE

Is in the heart of the Shenandoah Valley, on the Chesapeake-Western Railway, and is therefore easily accessible via the C. & O., the B. & O., the N. & W., and the Southern trunk lines.

Bridgewater College has a record in the educational world, and stands for fixed principles in morals and religion. Besides the regular college curriculum, thorough and practical courses in English Bible, in Music, and in Commerce are offered. Rates of tuition and Board are low. Write for catalogue. Address:

BRIDGEWATER COLLEGE. Bridgewater, Va.

Matthew Henry Commentary on the Bible

Catalogue Price, $15.00
Our Special Price,
f. o. b. Elgin, Only;

$7.95

We have reduced the price of this commentary until it is within the reach of all. Every minister and Bible student who does not already have a set of these books ought to take advantage of this special offer. Better send your order at once. Address.

Brethren Publishing House,
ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

BRAWNTAWNS The Victor Tonic

Cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion by Building the Digestive Organs. Thirty Days' Treatment 50 cts. Sent by Mail on receipt of price.

Victor Remedies Company
FREDERICK, MD.

A Boon to Humanity

Three formulas that never fail to give quick and effective relief. **They should be in every home and in every traveler's pocket.**

One for **Neuralgia, Headache** and sharp pains, one for **Lagrippe** and one for a **General Tonic.** A health restorer without an equal.

Any one for 10 cents silver and 2 cents postage, or all three for 25 cents silver and 2 cents postage.

Send for them now. A single trial will convince you.

GEM CITY FORMULAE CO.,
Dept. A., Box 251, Frankfort, Ind.
6t

SEND TO-DAY

for catalog of Bonnet and Cap Goods showing eight shapes of **Bonnets,** and 12 different **Cap** materials.

CATALOG FREE.



Patterns 10c each



NEAT AND PLAIN.

Style B. Style C.

Style B.—The forepart of this bonnet is made of chenille and the crown and frill are of taffeta silk. It is made over a rice net foundation. Average cost of a **made-to-order** bonnet **like this one** $2.30. **For making only,** 75 cents.

Style C.—This bonnet is made of straw cloth over a rice net foundation. It has a chiffon lining and the ribbon is plaited so as to form the frill. Average cost of a **made-to-order** bonnet, $2.40. **For making only,** 85 cts. Either of the above made in chenille or silk for winter wear.

For One Bonnet we use 1 yd. Strawcloth, 1 yd. Rice Net, 2½ yds. Wire, 1½ to 2½ yds. Ribbon, ½ yd. Chiffon Lining, 1¼ yd. Braid for Trimming. Cost of material 98 cents to $2.25, depending on quality.



1st—Length over head.
2d—Width across back of neck.
3d—Width of forepart from where crown is set on, to the front edge.

Send us your measure and we will make you a Bonnet or Cap. We **guarantee satisfaction.**

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,
Dept. 9, CHICAGO, ILL.

500 Agents Wanted

To Sell Books. Good Books; Good Commissions. Write at once for part culars. Address,

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE.
Elgin, Illinois.

The Weeds will Continue to Grow

Ninety per cent of humanity are unconsciously breeding and nursing germs of disease in their systems, like neglected gardens growing weeds instead of flowers.

Don't be ignorant and unreasonable but believe the truth.

Your system is like a garden. It is the natural hot bed for breeding millions of germs of disease. How easily and effectively you can hinder the propagation of these disease germs with a little common sense precaution on your part and have good health. Air is the agency that carries the germs of disease into your head and it must be the agency to remove them.

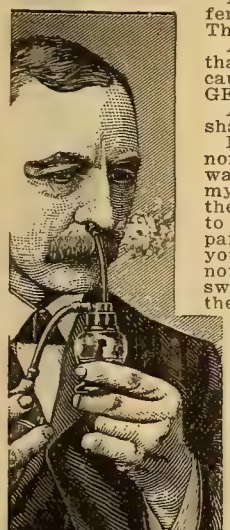
When you let the weeds grow in your garden, they choke and hinder the growth of all that is good. When you allow the germs of disease to accumulate in the air passages of your head, throat and lungs, you are doing far worse. They are undermining the foundation of a system of a noble human being worth more to you than all the gardens in the world.

We make the only common sense offer ever made to the readers of the Inglenook. Carefully read the following, ponder over it and then act quickly, confidently and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

I Can Cure Your CATARRH

I WILL PROVE IT, FREE!

Because I KNOW what my new and wonderful discovery has already done for hundreds– will do for YOU. I will cheerfully and willingly send a full treatment to you, prepaid, absolutely FREE, for TEN DAYS' TRIAL.



I offer what is really a GODSEND to sufferers from Catarrh—Head, Bronchial and Throat troubles.

A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking right at the root and cause of the disease—by KILLING THE GERMS.

A CURE for YOU, no matter what bad shape you are in.

Now I do not ask you to take my word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word, and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days treatment, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the treatment to me. You are nothing out. Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

My afflicted friend, do not suffer longer from this cruel disease, Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH.)

My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffing and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the mouth; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head CLEAR AS A BELL.



It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head.

Air was the agency that carried the germs of disease there, and it must be the agency to remove them.

My treatment positively cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, LaGrippe, and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you; may be used anywhere, at any time.

Read what grateful persons write:

"Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a life-time." J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.

"After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever."—REV. ALBERT EGLI, Elgin, Ill.

"I have been using your Medicator three weeks and would not take $1,000 for it if I could not get another. I can sing again, something I have not done for two years."—MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.

The E. J. Worst Catarrh Treatment, the only Successful Treatment for Catarrh. Endorsed by the UNITED STATES HEALTH REPORT.

Read What they Say

Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1900.

We are constantly receiving letters from all over the country asking for information on the subject of Catarrh and the air passages of the head. We have been asked time and again to recommend some remedy which can be used with good results, for these diseases.

To benefit the public at large, and to answer their questions, we have recently commissioned our Board of Experts to investigate the subject of Catarrh and its cure, to find some remedy, which would successfully meet the conditions and be easy and simple of application. The report of the Board of Experts has been handed in, and as a result, we are pleased to recommend a treatment which is manufactured by the E. J. Worst M'f'g. Co., Ashland, Ohio. Mr. Worst has developed the idea of Medicated air treatment very successfully, and has designed the neat and efficient little instrument which is becoming so well known as the E. J. Worst Catarrh Medicator. It conveys the true principle of forcing the medicated air as an agent into every air cavity of the head.

As a result of this investigation we are pleased to extend to E. J. Worst's Catarrh treatment, the unqualified endorsement of the United States Health Reports.

A. N. TALLEY, Jr., M. D.,
Washington, D. C.

Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Medicator on trial free. See special offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?
Do you have watery eyes?
Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?
Is there a dropping in the back part of the throat?
Does your nose discharge?
Does your nose feel full?
Do you sneeze a good deal?
Do crusts form in the nose?
Do you have pains across the front part of the head?
Do you have pains across the eyes?
Is your breath offensive?
Is your hearing impaired?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

A Perfect Treatment

It stands without a rival in the world for neatness and cheapness and in its effect upon people who are troubled with catarrh or any of the above named diseases. Any child can use it. The medicated air penetrates the obscure places which medicine taken into the stomach cannot reach. Every air cell of the head drinks in its life-giving properties; every inhalation weakens the disease and leaves in its stead new vital force.

If you have a COLD, try it.
If you have SORE THROAT, try it.
If you have BRONCHITIS, try it.
If you have a COUGH, try it.
If you have CATARRH, try it.

If you have buzzing or roaring in the head, try it. If you have headache, try it. If you are partially deaf from the closing of any of the tubes leading to the inner ear, try it. Hundreds have reported immediate good results and permanent cures.

My Special Trial Offer

If you will write me, even a mere postal card, mentioning the Inglenook I will send you, prepaid, my new Spray Medicator with full treatment of medicine, with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction, after ten days trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me $2. If you are NOT satisfied, mail me back the treatment (costs only 12 cents postage) and you still have your money. I deal with every one, and want no one's money unless benefited. Write THIS VERY DAY.

Address E. J. WORST, 45 Main Street, Ashland, Ohio

NOT Sold by Druggists. Big Money for Agents handling my Treatment. Write as Above

We Are Going to Make it Worth Your While to Read the

INGLENOOK

During the Year of 1906!

FIRST.—We Want You

to continue to be a member of the INGLENOOK family for the good that we can do you.

The following are only some of the things planned which we are sure you will appreciate.

ARTICLES from South Africa by ELDER D. L. MILLER.

A STORY "The Rending of the Chain," by OMA KARN, the author of "The Little White Meetin'house."

SEED-THOUGHTS by JOSEPHINE HANNA, the modern proverb writer.

POEMS by MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT, the Friend poetess.

SECOND—We Must Have You

to continue with us through the next year for the good you can do us. Every member of the family has his place. You are one. You can tell us what you like and what you don't like, thus helping us to make the paper better.

BUT MORE THAN THIS--

The INGLENOOK is published weekly at $1.00 per year. Anyone may have the paper and this FINE FOUNTAIN PEN for **$1.47**



It is fitted with a heavy gold pen and the barrel is perfectly turned. Although narrower than most other holders, it will hold a large quantity of ink, the capacity being obtained from the length rather than from the breadth. The taper cap gives it a pleasing, slender effect. This is a good pen, sells for $1.25 and is *fully warranted.*

Any pen proving to be imperfect will be exchanged free of charge.

Cash must accompany the order.

The Inglenook, 1 year,	$1.00
The Fountain Pen,	$1.25
Both for *Only*	$1.47

This offer is both to old and new subscribers.

THE INGLENOOK IS EQUAL TO MANY DOLLAR MONTHLIES.

Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois.

DO - YOU - READ?

IF YOU DO, BE SURE TO READ OUR

COMBINATION OFFER!

We have made arrangements so that during the months of December, January and February we can offer to our readers some splendid magazines at greatly reduced prices. Below we give the combination price for which we can furnish these magazines to *new* or *old subscribers.*

Combination No. 1.

One 96-page MONTHLY magazine, ...$1.00
One 16-page WEEKLY farm paper, ...$1.00
Our 24-page WEEKLY INGLENOOK, ...$1.00

$3.00

We furnish all three for $1.75

Combination No. 2.

INGLENOOK, ...$1.00
Prairie Farmer, ...$1.00

$2.00

We will furnish both for $1.25

Combination No. 3.

INGLENOOK, ...$1.00
Medical Talk, ...$1.00

$2.00

We will furnish both for $1.50

Medical Talk is a 96-page monthly filled with facts that everybody ought to know. It is one of the best edited journals of the day. The editor is not afraid to say what he thinks, no matter who it hits. He is fearless in his attack on bunco fads. There are 78 subjects treated in the December number, from which twelve are selected: A Barbarous Custom, Abscess on the Hand, Bright's Disease, Curing a Cold, Don't Peel Potatoes, Football a Barbarism, Married Business Women, Remedy for Constipation, The Nurse and the Doctor, The Effect of Hot Baths, Whole Wheat Bread, The Drug Humbug.

The Prairie Farmer contains from 16 to 24 big pages each issue, and has departments for every branch of farm life, each one conducted by experts who have a world-wide fame because of their knowledge of agricultural conditions, and their ability to give THE PRAIRIE FARMER readers practicable and profitable advice. Because it is a weekly its subscribers get timely and up-to-date advice—and not a month too early or too late. Queries can be answered right away by well-informed farmers, dairymen, stockmen, horticulturists, poultrymen and general scientific farmers listed as contributors.

To find out about the INGLENOOK read the journal you hold in your hand. Ask for sample copies of any of these. Address all communications to

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys
Along the

Oregon Short Line Railroad

IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming
is Done by Irrigation.

Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley also yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry.

The climate is healthy; winters short and mild.

BEET SUGAR FACTORIES

Three in Operation ——————— Three More Bui'ding

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

20 to 40 Tons of Beets Per Acre

The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of $50 to $100 per acre may be realized.

Seize the opportunity now, by going on the *Homeseekers'* round trip rates, and see and investigate these valleys and secure a home while land is cheap. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers and laborers of all kinds will find employment at good wages. *Write at once* for printed matter and full information.

S. BOCK, Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

J. E. HOOPER, Agent, Oakland, Kans.

D. E. BURLEY, G. P. & T. A.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VII DECEMBER 19, 1905. NO. 51.

ONE THOUSAND YEARS.

J. EMERSON COBB.

When trying struggles here are o'er,
And life's hard path leads to the shore,
None may turn back to see the world.
His race is run, and he is hurled
Amid the bitter waters. Life
Has been but one continuous strife.
But see, beyond this vale of tears,
That promise sweet, "One Thousand Years."

The weary pilgrim casts aside
His staff. 'Twas ever by his side
To guide him on his pilgrim way
O'er burning sands. From day to day
For many years he trudged along,
Sometimes with prayer, sometimes with song.
But now he sees through gath'ring tears
His throne. He reigns one thousand years.

The scoffing world still drifts along
In drunken revelry and song.
It mocks the pilgrim's warning plea;
It loves the easy life and free.
They near the river; in a breath
All sink into the jaws of death.
The sinner with the infidel,
To spend eternity,—in hell.

No gondolier awaits that throng
As for the pilgrim. With their wrong
They sink beneath the surging tide.
Their pomp dissolves, dissolves their pride.
Oh, angel boatman, launch the skiff,
To yonder shore put off. Be swift,
For I would leave this vale of tears
To reign with Christ one thousand years.

Elgin, Illinois.

SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

A king in his own right is Self-control.

We cannot jew Success down to our own price.

Prejudice defends itself against the advantages of Wisdom.

Success cannot be obtained by Purpose on credit.

Reason may appear Wisdom, but faith more becomes her.

The heart running over with wickedness produces profanity.

Give to others your confidence and it will at once become a part of both their strength, and your own; only do not let it become so great a part of your own strength that you will be shaken should its support fail.

If you go to the full depth of the gospel plow, you may turn up some bumblebees' nests; some avoid this, however, by resetting the plow. This is not the best, but a skilled bee man can often handle bees without getting stung.

While life but equals in value that which it accomplishes, no one will accomplish his work who allows it to hurry him to death before it is finished. Make life's object alone the consideration, then neither run ahead of nor fall behind it.

Is Discouragement standing in Endeavor's way? The wise man has said, "That which is wanting cannot be numbered," but he has said as truthfully that "he that observeth the wind shall not sow and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."

The greater our love, the smaller our indifference; have you a liking for your work? It is needless to say you have an interest in it. The farmer never studies his farm news with greater interest than a soul-winner studies his missionary magazine.

You belong to church? Altogether? Do your belongings belong to church? One must lean strongly toward his wealth who cannot consecrate it to God; and with feet upon the rock, and treasures on the sand, where will he fall when they go down?

Flora, Ind.

THE RENDING OF THE CHAIN

By OMA KARN, Covington, Ohio.

Part II.—Caught in the Trap.

"What does ail Mildred Windom here of late? Did you notice her to-day, Ida, how pale and sad she looked? She appears to have lost her cheerful spirits, and her eyes look as if they were full of unshed tears. Really it distresses one to look at her. Surely, with such ample means, an interesting little family, and above all, Ernest's almost idolatrous devotion, Mildred cannot have anything to make her unhappy. What can ail the girl?"

Mrs. Powers and her friend, Mrs. Callin, were walking home from church together, and the conversation had turned upon the altered appearance of their old schoolfellow. To all appearances Mildred had about her all that was conducive to the happiness of a true-hearted wife and mother. Small wonder, then, that these two lifelong friends felt surprised and concerned at the sudden change that had come over her.

"It puzzled me, too, at first," replied Mrs. Callin, in her slow, gentle tones. "I could not understand it. Mildred, for some time, has appeared to be bearing up under some heavy strain. But last night Phil told me something that enlightened me considerably, and causes me to have grave fears for Mildred's future welfare. You remember, Ruth, about the time Ernest graduated there was a smothered report got out about his getting in with some low associations and being almost ruined. It was for that reason old Mr. Harris opposed Mildred's marriage so bitterly. You remember Will Strayer, too, don't you? What a coarse, low character he was, and what an influence he had over Ernest! I often wondered how it could be so. They were so exactly the opposite of each other. Well, Will is back again. Phil says he has become a regular sot, utterly cast off by all his old acquaintances. But Ernest has such a genial, warm-hearted nature that it seems he could not turn against Will like the rest did, and the result is that Ernest bids fair to fall under the spell of Will's old fascinations again. If he is not already fast in their trap, he soon will be, for Will's gang is coiling their chains about him as rapidly as they can. Phil has seen them together frequently of late. I was hoping Mildred did not know it, but her altered appearance evidently tells the tale. What an atrocious shame it is when they both have so much to live for!"

"Ah, that explains what Vincent saw the other night," said Mrs. Powers. "I could not bring myself to believe it, but now I am obliged to. He had missed the evening train and had come in on the midnight express. Just as he passed Timball's billiard rooms the door opened and two men came out. While this is a very common occurrence, yet he said he could not help noticing the action of one of the two. He kept his face averted and evidently wanted to keep out of Vincent's sight. He said, if it were not utterly impossible to believe, he would have declared the figure was Ernest Windom. Vincent was all wrought up about it. He could not shake off the impression that something was wrong with Ernest. I kept my own counsel about Ernest's past mistakes, for you know Vincent did not know him until after we were married. I tried my best to put the idea that it was Ernest away from me. Why, Ida, what does the man mean? That place is the vilest of the vile in this city, even though it is cloaked with plate glass windows and showy surroundings. To go in there means eternal ruin. But here is home. Won't you come in, Ida?"

"Not this morning, Ruth, thank you. I think I will just keep on down to Wright street. There is a poor family down there who need looking after. They tell me the father has been drunk for a month, and the poor mother has broken down under it."

Mrs. Powers stood on the veranda of her elegant home and looked after the retreating figure of her friend whose good works were known both at home and abroad.

"She's an angel of light if ever there was one. Why can't there be more? Oh, this blight that has spread over our land! It cares not who it spoils. Its withering hand is laid upon the high as well as the low. I wonder sometimes who will be held responsible for allowing it to spread so. Are we, who claim to be our brother's keeper, trying to stamp it out as persistently and with as much activity as we should? But how can we overcome, when men like Ernest Windom are falling a willing prey into its clutches? Poor Mildred, I hope it is not as bad as we imagine. Surely Ernest will not come down to low, ordinary drinking."

Alas! It was even worse than they imagined. In an evil moment, while engaged in his business duties, Ernest had come in contact with some of his old companions. The life they had been leading was all too plainly written upon their bloated countenances. He had yielded again to the influence of his old school friend, and soon, very soon, he was caught again in their clutches, a victim to his old habits.

Mildred suspected, yet hoped it was not true. But

why was her husband absent from home so much of the time? Why was he neglecting his business duties? She grew pale and thin under the stress of this anxiety, and soon looked like the ghost of her former happy self.

At last one night while Mildred was watching at the bedside of their sick child suspicion became a certainty, when the husband and father was left at the door in a state of utter helplessness,—intoxicated!

Oh, the heartbreaking agony of that wife and mother as together they watched beside him! Over the scene that ensued when he came back to consciousness let us draw the curtain of silence. Thousands of heartbroken wives and mothers have passed through a similar one. Why should we repeat it?

Ernest was not yet utterly lost to all manhood and honor. But to their heartbroken entreaties he had the same answer of old, "I know I am not doing right, but I can't help myself."

The years came and went. The good old professor had long since passed to his reward. Ernest did not have his restraining influence to hold him back this time. But other friends gathered about him and for awhile he did better. Then came another season of debauchery, worse than the first had been. He had opened wide the door of the house he had so carefully swept and guarded, and the spirits that entered with him were far more terrible than the first ones had been, for now they had been steeped for years in crime.

I do not say that he did not try to overcome and draw away from these evil spirits. But the chain of Habit, that strangest of all things, stronger even than the fetters that bind the prisoner to his cell, had coiled its strong links about him. Habit had mastered the man. He soon lost his fine position. The doors of wealth and fashion were now closed to them.

This proud man of business soon became an ordinary grocery clerk. After this he went rapidly on the downward road. It was but a natural result. For when one born to wear the purple falls from his high estate, his downward impetus is more rapid, the fall far greater, than it is with those whose natures have been cast in a coarser mould. After losing his last position Ernest refused to try to do anything, and began to rapidly run through with their wealth. The home where they lived was in Mildred's name, and she wisely refused to give it up.

At the rate Ernest went it did not take him long to bring ruin and poverty upon them. In the interval his heartbroken mother died. "Ernest" was the last word she uttered, and for him she made her last prayer. As a last resort to try to save Ernest from the utter ruin into which he was so rapidly drifting, Mildred, with his consent, sold the home and bought a farm some distance from the city. It was a vain hope. He soon tired of farming and went on the road as a cattle dealer, a business that afforded him ample opportunity to go on in his downward career faster than ever. The broken-hearted wife, raised amidst all the refinement and conveniences of high-born life, was left to battle alone. She indignantly rebuked the efforts of friends to bring about a separation between them. For weeks at a time she did not see Ernest or know where he was. His home-coming had become a dread to both wife and children. But with woman's true constancy she clung to him even though indulgence had taken such a hold upon him that he became crazed under its effects, and more than once she and her children were obliged to flee from the house in terror for their lives at the hands of him who had promised "to honor and protect until death." Yet faithful and true, Mildred suffered and struggled alone, draining the cup of sorrow to its very dregs.

(To be continued.)

DRIVING BEHIND OXEN.

A Common Experience of Travelers in India, and an Agreeable One.

According to Dr. Francis E. Clark, who discusses "How the World Rides," in the August *Everybody's:* "Nowhere else in the world is bullock traveling so comfortable and so common, probably, as in some parts of India. The *bandy* is often fitted up in very comfortable style, and though the springs might be improved, the comparatively slow pace of the oxen makes them less important to one's comfort. The patient little white oxen trot along at a rate of three or four miles an hour, and, especially if it is the evening, and the refulgent Indian moon is shining down upon you, if the nightingales are singing, and the fragrant jasmine is blooming in the hedgerows, you think that India is not so far removed from Paradise after all. But, after a night of such travel, when you come out in the broad light of disillusioning day upon a collection of filthy mud cabins, and see the naked children, hungry and famished, the gaunt specters of men and women munching the uncooked grain dealt out to them by generous hands—in too much of a hurry even to cook the food which they crave—you revise your opinion, and make up your mind that India, in famine-time, is nearer the Inferno than any other country in the world."

A bright, joyous religion, filled with the radiance of God's love, kills despair, kindles hope, begets obedience, and creates a deathless devotion to Christ. —*Rev. M. McDana.*

Before it produces bark of commercial value a cork tree must be fifty years old.

SNOWBALLS AND ORANGES.

MILLARD R. MYERS.

A SNOWBALL is generally about the size of an orange, although the possibilities of the snowball are very much greater than those of the orange. This remark suggests a long line of philosophy, which I have neither time nor ability to follow to its logical conclusion. Either of them when eaten produces a certain effect upon the human being, generally delightful. Either of them when thrown forcibly produces a certain effect upon the human being who stops them—generally not delightful. Whether an orange is as necessary to civilization as a snowball remains an open question. Anyone who can answer in detail will confer a great favor upon me.



A Wagon Load of Oranges on the Way to the Packing House.

There is a great difference between snowballs and oranges in their method of production and their value as a commercial product, snowballs being more widely distributed and more valuable. In the broadest sense, snowballs stand for tasteless water and oranges for flavored water, thus having a different standard of measuring values. Some people do not like snowballs and some people do not like oranges. I like both. Because of a weakness for cold weather, I like *snowballs* better than *oranges*. I hope this point is now clear.

I think if my home were still out in the country on the farm, where I grew up, I would enjoy hauling wood and fodder and shoveling paths in the winter just as much as ever. Boys and girls who have the freedom of country life with plenty of fresh air are blest more than they know. It is only when they get older and memory looks back on the hillsides, down which they coasted, the ponds over which they skated, and the turnips they scraped around the kitchen fire in the evening that they can fully appreciate how many of the joys of life are passed forever, and the value of the old adage, "Have a good time while you're young, because when you get old, you can't."



J. S. Kuns on His Daily Round.

By people in middle life and older, the snowballs are not welcomed so gladly as by the children, and it has come to be quite the "proper thing" to lock up the house or leave it in charge of someone while the "thin bloods" seek the land of oranges beyond the mountains. The great "fad" of going to California to spend the winter is founded upon facts. It has not been produced by general advertising, but one person goes and receives so much benefit and comfort that he returns with a determination to go back again and take with him as many of his thin-blooded friends as possible.

I scarcely can tell whether I enjoyed the mountains, or the sea, or the balmy atmosphere, or the fruit, or the friends I met there, most. I have decided, however, that the combination was a good one and that some time in the future when circumstances will allow, I shall pack up enough household goods to furnish a



In Front of the Old Home on the Old Mission Farm.

couple of rooms, board one of the comfortable tourist cars and never stop until I reach the land beyond the mountains, where the roses bloom and the fruit hangs ready to be picked. The expense does not need to be large, for boarding there is almost as cheap as at home and the railroad companies always offer reduced rates. Since making the trip myself I am not surprised that towns of 1,200 people sometimes send several carloads annually to the Land of Sunshine.

There is a supreme comfort in sitting down in an open buggy, with your coat lying by your side, and wiping the perspiration from your brow, while you read in the daily paper that the thermometer back at home is 20 degrees below zero.

If you happen to note an item, which says dozens of people are freezing in Chicago and New York, you will first shudder, then feel an icy chill along your spine, then breathe a sigh of relief, and feel a greater respect for the "crank" who thinks California is "the only place on earth."

Among the friends whom I met there, I call your attention to the elderly gentleman in the above photograph. Some years ago he gave up the banking business and a very comfortable home in the State of Illinois in exchange for the old mission farm near Los Angeles, Cal. He now owns nearly four hundred acres of orange groves, has his own packing houses, besides many other interests. He rides in an open buggy, never carries an umbrella, says he is out every day in the year, and is twenty years younger than when he left the State of Illinois. He has as much snap as many men of twenty-five years and can be excused for any extravagant statement he may be led to make in favor of the country, which has meant *life* instead of *death* to him.

But I see I am drifting from my text, for I love the State of Illinois, and would not wish everybody to sell out and go to California, and I still like snowballs better than oranges, yet I am a much broader man from every standpoint than I was before I enjoyed the extensive trip through the great West, and actually ate oranges, picked by my own *dear hands*.

Chicago, Ill.

RUSSIAN ANARCHY AND CIVIL WAR.

It is a safe rule always to hope for the best, and to prepare for the worst. What the worst will be in Russia no one can say. But if we assume that from any cause Count Witte fails, and as a further result the dynasty perishes, the first immediate consequence would be civil war, as in the Caucasus and at Kronstadt to-day. The army would be divided against itself. There would be no one capable of appealing to the support of the whole nation. Russia would burst like one vast bomb. All the criminal and savage forces with which both parties have played in turn would be unloosed. The Russian is the most amiable and good-natured of men when sober. But when he is mad drunk, he is the most terrible engine of incarnate destruction in the world. What the Jews have suffered at Odessa the Jews will suffer everywhere. Nor will it stop with the Jews. The landlords and the bourgeoise—by which is meant every man who does not wear his shirt over his breeches,—will share their fate. The Russian peasants,—and all the workmen are peasant-born,—have not even a glimmering notion of the sanctity of private property. To take their neighbors' goods, and to steal their landlords' crops, and to cut down his woods,—now these things may be crimes, but no muzhik can be got to regard them as sins. It is the point of view of the English poacher with regard to game infinitely extended. Jacquerie, on a scale infinitely worse than France at her worst moments, will become universal. The flight of the landed proprietors will be followed by the exodus of foreigners. Among the contingencies, not by any means beyond the range of possibilities in the immediate future, if the Czar goes down, are the cessation of the payment of interest on the Russian debt, the German occupation of Poland and the Baltic provinces, the extension of the social revolution into Austria, an international expedition for the rescue of the embassies of St. Petersburg, and an international naval expedition to capture the Black Sea and restore order in the Caucasus. Even if these things may appear somewhat difficult to conceive, even the most sluggish imagination ought to realize the need for the immediate preparation on the part of all powers who have subjects in Russia to provide means for their safe exit before the time when the red cock crows and the revolutionary anarchy reigns throughout the land.

After a period of lawlessness and civil war, there will probably emerge some strong, capable man, soldier or civilian, who will carve his red corse-paven way to the dictatorship which will stand no nonsense about universal suffrage and fundamental liberties. Before he appears, and during the progress of his upheaval, Russia will resemble China during the Tai-Ping rebellion.

Between civilization and this scene of unexampled horror, there stands but the frail barrier of a reeling throne.—*From "The Russian Situation as It Was in November," by W. T. Stead, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for December.*

There are people who are afraid to give their hearts altogether to the Lord, for fear they will never again be allowed to have anything they want.

It is estimated that the number of Chinese outside of China is nearly eight million.

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

NANNIE BLAIN UNDERHILL.

Little Bud and Sis had a new mamma. Last year they lived at grandpa's house in the suburb of a city and when Christmas came they had a fine Christmas tree, all twinkling with candles, and loaded with beautiful gifts. Now, they were living with papa and mamma away off 'mong the Rocky mountains on a great big cattle ranch, where the only neighbors were the coyotes that howled about their home every night, and the mountain lions and bob-cats, and the little squirrels and chipmunks that frisked about the house every day.

There were very many cunning little rabbits, too, that liked to play hide-and-seek with the chickens; and the little doves would play about the door during the long summer and autumn evenings, never afraid that anyone would hurt them. There were hundreds of little birds among the trees, and Bud could tell you all about their nests and tiny eggs. Besides the little song birds, there were magpies, crows, hawks and eagles. One day Sammy, that's the little homeless boy who came to live with them, found a great big eagle in the canyon, eating a piece of meat, and he killed it with a rock. At least, he knocked it over with a rock, and then he dispatched it somehow. Aunt Nancy has one of its great wings yet.

Sometimes the gentle deer would come down to the trough at the well to get a drink. Bud's papa never allowed anyone to frighten them; so they were as tame as the cattle.

All day long little Bud and Sis played; and such good times as they did have; but as it began to draw toward Christmas time and the nights were cold, they began to wish for grandpa's house and their fine Christmas tree. Mamma tried to comfort them, though she could not promise them a tree laden with gifts, for they had decided that it would not be advisable to go to the city. She told them that Sammy's brother, Berry, should come, and they might all play "lucky bag." But what that was they could not understand. They did not think it would be as nice as a Christmas tree. However, as the day drew nearer, there was much whispering and planning and hiding things away in safe places. Mamma was very busy, so she let the children help. They stoned the raisins, for the cake and pudding, and many a raisin found its way down a little red lane.

The day before Christmas Sammy's brother Berry came. He was a big boy, almost as big as *papa.* While they were eating supper in the kitchen they heard a noise on the roof. Now, they knew there was no such person as Santa Claus, because their mamma did not wish to deceive her children, so she never told them any tales about such a person. But it did sound rather mysterious, and the kitchen roof was very low, so that anyone could easily climb up onto it and from there upon the main roof. Mamma went into the front room, and they heard her talking to someone. She said, "Why, good evening, Mr. Santa Claus," and then they could not catch the words any more.

Hastening from the supper table, they went into the front room, which was dimly lighted. Sure enough! There stood a man, near the door. He was so bundled in scarf and muffler that the children could not see his face, and mamma was saying, "Please allow me to relieve you of your bundle." Then they noticed a great white pack thrown over the man's shoulder. "Poor man! He must be nearly frozen," mamma was saying, and then she called Berry to help her put him to bed in the spare room, where they could get him warmed up good with blankets and other warm things.

All this time the children had been speechless with wonder, and they crowded around the stranger as mamma and Berry carried him off to bed. Drop! There was a boot fell off, and another. Ah! Now the children shouted with delight, as they saw their Santa Claus was only papa's old crutches tied onto a pillow, and stuck into a pair of papa's old boots, with Berry's big overcoat fastened around the pillow, and papa's old hat on top, with Berry's muffler and papa's old scarf to complete the ruse.

What fun they had with Santa Claus then! But mamma soon reminded them that it was time to play "lucky bag." Taking the large bag which had been fastened to Santa's back, she hung it upon a strong nail in the wall. Now she blindfolded Berry, and made him guess how many fingers she held before him. When he couldn't guess, then she put a broom across his head, with the brush part behind, and told him how to hold it so the handle would point forward. Then she had him to turn around three times, counting as he turned, and then try to touch the bag with his broomstick. It was funny enough to make everyone laugh, as he would turn slowly half way around and confidently say, "One." Then, another partial turn, and "Two!" he would shout; then, having turned clear past the bag, he would call out, "Three," and make for the bedroom door or the heating stove or the corner of the room, thinking he would surely hit the bag in the middle. After a third trial, if he hit the bag, he was allowed to draw something out of it—being still blindfold.

Then Sammy had his turn, and Sis and Bud, and mamma, and even papa. It was more fun to watch papa trying to hit the bag, and like as not, making straight for our heads, so we'd have to dodge, and then maybe he'd hit the door. Well, after everybody had tried it once, they just kept on, till everything was

out of the bag: and then they opened their parcels to see what they were.

Berry got a fine doll, but he didn't care for dolls, so he traded it to Sis for a nice new pocketknife which she had drawn. Bud drew a menagerie vase, which was in the shape of a glass jar, with pictures of all kinds of animals glued to the inside of it. There may have been a crack across the bottom, but that didn't show a bit. And then there was the loveliest vase for Sis, made in the shape of a molasses pitcher with gilt bands and green stripes around the bottom and a lovely fringed edge at the top, with a ribbon tied around its neck, and a beautiful picture on one side. There might have been a tiny crack under the picture and a little chip out of the spout, where the fringe was fastened with a ribbon bow, but no one ever saw a more beautiful vase. Sammy got a silk muffler, and he was so greedy he thought he'd reach away down to the bottom and draw the biggest parcel. So he did, and when it was unrolled it was—what do you think? *An old shoe.* Bud got an onion, all wrapped up in a lot of paper, and then the laugh was on him. Berry drew a biscuit, and they said it was Santa Claus' supper. Papa got a potato, and Sis thought she'd draw a nice soft parcel, like a silk handkerchief—maybe. So she drew a soft parcel, and it contained *a dishrag.* And then they laughed at her. But she didn't care, for she got a tiny parcel which proved to be a cracker, and when she was eating it a little round piece of gold was discovered, wrapped into a bit of tissue paper and baked in the cracker. And Berry got a nice book and Bud a pair of skates, and papa a nice present, and mamma two; and they all had the nicest time they ever had, on that merry Christmas eve. They found apples and candy and nuts and oranges and ever so many nice things as well as a few funny ones in their "lucky bag." So after that, every Christmas eve, they wanted to stay at home with papa and mamma and play "lucky bag."

And when papa said to mamma, next day, "I thought we were not going to have anything, and you made us have the nicest Christmas we ever had," there was a glad place in the new mamma's heart, because she knew that it was the dear Savior who had made them all glad by teaching them to love each other and be kind to everyone around them.

Collbran, Colo.

INDIAN SUMMER.

It is so ordered that in these latitudes winter does not come upon us suddenly like a wolf in the night. It comes by gradual approaches. There is a film of ice in the pail on some fine November morning, but by noon the day is scarcely distinguishable from summer. There may be a succession of genial, balmy days, half autumn and half summer. "The warm late days of Indian summer come in, dreamy and calm, with just frost enough to crisp the ground, but with warm trances of benignant sunny hours at noon." Some authorities convey the impression that the interludes of enticing weather falling in late autumn are peculiar to North America. Others declare that the Indian summer is not an exclusively American phenomenon. It appears in China and elsewhere in Asia, as well as in Europe.

It is not very definitely explained how it happened that the delightful season was originally associated with the North American Indians. It is asserted by one writer that the first European arrivals in America imagined that the haze, with its smoky color, peculiar to the Indian summer atmosphere, was actual smoke from the burning of the western prairies by the aborigines. Another author attributes the name to the circumstances that the phenomenon was more distinctly noticed in that portion of the continent which was exclusively, or chiefly, inhabited by the Indians than it was in the eastern portions of the continent, to which the white settlements were confined in early Colonial times. The origin of the term remains obscure. Albert Matthews is authority for the statement that the expression, "Indian Summer," did not appear in any printed book or manuscript until 1794, though it was in common use throughout the country.

"The popular belief that the Indian summer weather was predicted by the native Indians, in conversation with the first European settlers, finds no documentary corroboration, and the idea that the term 'Indian summer' was employed by the early settlers is a myth."

The phenomenon is designated as "old woman's summer" in Germany, and in England as "All Hallows," or "St. Martin's summer." There are several Indian summers in the fall, so that the weather wiseacres who confine the genial summer to a particular period in November are wide of the mark. The scientific explanation of the peculiar haze of Indian summer is simple. The air is still, there is no wind, and the dust and smoke in the atmosphere are held in suspension near the earth's surface. The general definition of Indian summer in this country is, "A period of autumn characterized by calm and the absence of rain."—*Public Ledger.*

Grow tall—tall enough to look over Mount Difficulty into Hope City. Grow broad—broad enough to bear with the people whom God has made different from ourselves. Grow deep, sending roots down into perpetual springs. Come to know God. Grow straight, measuring right up to the line of duty. Grow stout, ready for burdens, and ready for fruit.—*Christian Observer.*

With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

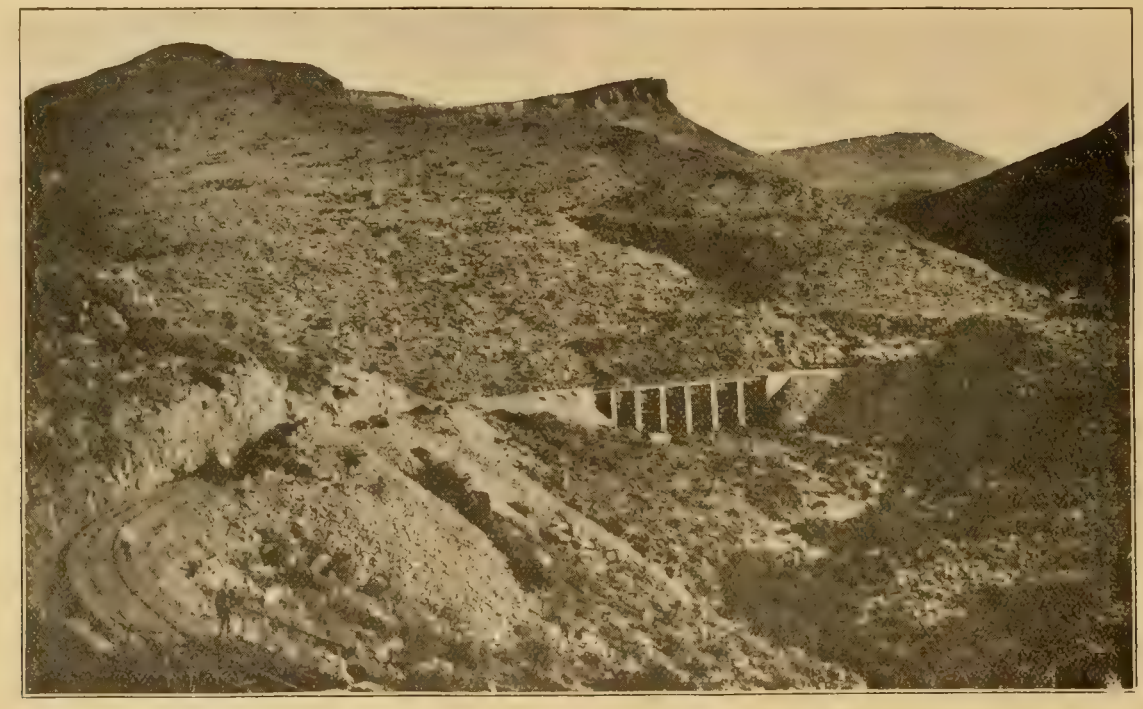
By D. L. MILLER.

Rough Riding

No. 12

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has made the name "Rough Riders" a household word at home and abroad, but it is the candid opinion of the writer that if he and his gallant followers, who won fame in the Spanish-American war, were to ride from Johannesburg to Ladysmith on the Central South African Railway they would have an experience in rough riding not afforded in the late war nor in the cowboy days of the Wild West. Up to the time of making the trip I could not have been induced to believe that there was even a possibility of a train of cars remaining on the track and at the same time be thrown so violently from side to side by compound curves and uneven roadbed as I found was the case on board the fast express train from the Rand to Natal. You engage your seats several days ahead of the time of starting and they are reserved for you as are berths on sleeping cars at home. When the train pulls into the station you will find your name and the number of your seat posted on the side of the compartment you are to occupy. Four persons are accommodated in each compartment, and when arrangements are made for the night there are four comfortable sleeping berths. The two seats afford two of these and by lowering two nicely-cushioned shelves which are securely folded in to and against the sides of the compartment two more equally comfortable beds are provided. If you wish special bedding, pillows, sheets and blanket you pay fifty cents and it is provided at one of the stations reached after nightfall and is removed from the compartment in the morning.

Immediately after leaving Johannesburg the trouble began. The curving in and out, simple and compound, the jolting of the car over the rough roadbed,



On the Railway from Durham to Johannesburg. Sharp Curve.

the sudden jerking of the engine as the speed increased, and beyond all previous experiences, accentuated a dozen times over, I had the roughest railroading of my life. The ox-cart trip to the Dangs was a pleasure-jaunt as compared with what the Central South African Railway can do when it works itself aright. I have had transportation on construction trains, passed over the English Channel in the great storm of 1891 and crossed the Atlantic Ocean in severe gales, but have never been tossed and pitched and thrown from side to side as on this railway. It was really a frightful experience and I pitied the nervous people who were going down with us on that long night. Sleep was entirely out of the question. A sudden lurch would send you to the opposite end of the seat and then another would drive you

back again. And so the long, weary night passed and at last we reached the fertile plains of Natal and were done with the curves. If I had a desire to inflict punishment for wrong-doing I would sentence the culprit to make a score of trips from Johannesburg to Pietermaritsburg on the South African Railway.

The fertile fields, the vegetable gardens, the fruit orchards and the fine plantations of Natal are enjoyed all the more when approaching them from the Rand, for you have the barren, treeless veldt in contrast with them. And we enjoy things in this world by contrast. When after eight months of continual sunshine how gratefully are the clouds welcomed that presage the coming of the life-giving rain in India. After the barren plains how beautiful are the gardens and orange groves of Natal.



Bridge over the Beautiful Omgeni River, Natal, The Central South African Ry.

Traveling inland from Durban, after crossing the Vaal River and entering the Transvaal, I noticed thousands of little mound-shaped hillocks, at places almost covering the plain. At first sight one concludes that these are so many partly buried boulders strewn over the veldt. But if the traveler approaches one of them he soon finds his mistake. They are the home of the ant and each dome is an ant hill, and there are millions of them, not ants but ant hills. As each hill contains a multitudinous family of the little people no one has even ventured to guess at the number of their innumerable hosts. The mounds are alive with the little hurrying insect and these make it exceedingly uncomfortable for the individual who invades their precincts. They are armed with a pair of strong, sharp mandibiles which they easily bury in the flesh. They also possess an interior chemical laboratory in which formic acid is manufactured and kept in a small sack in the abdomen for use. When the mandibles are buried in the flesh a small syringe, part of the insect's anatomy, is brought into service and a very small portion of the acid is injected into the wound, causing a burning sensation.

In the aard-vark, or ant-eater, the insects find their greatest enemy. I noticed that many of the ant hills had holes broken into one side. It was the work of the ant-bear. With his sharp snout and strong claws he easily tunnels to the center of the mound, and then thrusting his long, slender, slimy tongue into the principal thoroughfare of the industrious insects, which is coated with a glue-like substance; he then waits until it is thickly coated with a mass of struggling victims. It is then quickly drawn into the mouth and the toothsome morsel disposed of and the tongue again thrust in among the ants. This is repeated until the entire colony has gone to serve the aard-vark as an appetizer for his meal. Other ant hills are attacked in the same way until the animal has feasted to repletion, when he rests from his labors for the time being.

Were it not for the fact that the ant multiplies so rapidly their enemy would soon annihilate them. But the destruction of a few hundred thousand million only incites the survivors to greater activity in their efforts to renew their thinned ranks. Like the honey bee there are workers, neuters, drones, and females, but while the bees have but a single queen the ants have a large number in each colony. These are constantly dropping tiny eggs scarcely visible to the naked eye which are gathered up by the workers and placed together where there is proper heat for their growth. In an incredible short time the ravages of the ant-eater are repaired and a lively colony awaits another visit from the enemy.

A friend who joined us from the Zambesi near Victoria Falls told us of the ants marching across the country in great armies and driving away or destroying everything on their line of march. It brought to mind the descent of the ants made upon the island of Grenada. "They descended from the hills like torrents, the face of the earth was covered with them. Rats, mice and reptiles became an easy prey to them; and even the birds, which they attacked whenever they alighted on the ground in search of food, were so harassed as to be unable to resist them. Streams of water were crossed and every obstacle was overcome by them. Fire was tried, but failed to remove the plague. Finally a hurricane tore up the roots of the sugar cane where they made their nests, and a heavy rain rid the people of a plague which the gov-

ernment vainly offered a hundred thousand dollars to have accomplished; but this only after great damage had been inflicted."

OLDTIME HOMES OF WEST VIRGINIA.

MAGGIE WINESBURG.

THE oldtime homes of West Virginia have almost become a memory of the past. But I still have a keen recollection of one of these oldtime houses, the home of my grandfather.

The old low, rambling, half-log and the half-frame farmhouse and crooked sheds and roomy log barn, with their numerous shade trees, frame such a picture of homely comfort that one does not care to forget it; then there are the friendly ducks, geese, turkeys and chickens that roamed around the yard and barn at their own sweet will and pleasure. The old-fashioned garden, too, was something to be remembered, where rows of stately hollyhocks, sunflowers, beds of sweet williams and pinks neighbored with the homely but useful vegetables; a symbol of the lives of the people then, when the families of the rich, the well-to-do, and the still poorer farmer, all neighbored together. Then, to belong to a respectable family, carried one along better than money will do now. The old-fashioned garden, with its flowers, vegetables, currant and gooseberry bushes, also recalls nights of pain after a visit back to the old homestead. The old orchard on the hillside was a storehouse of treasures; not that the fruit was the finest, for it was not; but what it lacked in fineness it made up in juiciness. The finer grafted and budded fruit in the orchard at home never tasted one-half as good as the fruit did from the old crooked, knotty, moss-grown trees on the hillside.

The main charm in the orchard lay in the variety of fruits one could find in it, for we went to the orchard for berries as well as for apples, peaches and pears. And in the autumn days we went to the orchard for nuts, and found them too.

The garret of the old farmhouse, too, held treasures dear to childhood; there were the old spinning wheels, reels, cards and looms, that had passed their day of usefulness and were stored away with other cast-off furniture. When the cool days of the fall and winter came, what a pleasure it was to sit around the wide open fireplace and watch the flames creep over the logs and gather up the dead coals and make black marks with them on the broad stone hearth; or listen to grandpa, and some everybody's uncle as they smoked their pipes and told stories of days that were past and gone.

How I used to sit open-mouthed and listen to the stories of the oldtime customs, that were then almost out of vogue; the log rolling, the wood chopping, the barn raising, the apple cutting and husking bees that were the fashion in grandpa's young days. Those kind of frolics almost always wound up with a dance at night, in which everyone took part, and these dances went by such classic names as hoe-downs and brak-downs. At such times an invitation to a party of any kind included the whole family, and any stranger that might be within its gates, and the strangers were always given the most attention so that they would feel at home.

Not many of the West Virginians in our section of the country had been slaveholders, but still there were enough blacks to always have a fiddler for those toil-rewarding parties.

The Civil war swept away many of those oldtime customs, and a large emigration of foreigners soon killed out what had survived the war, for a native born Virginian does not, as a rule, care to associate with the alien element. The foreigners do not work for fun, neither do they open their doors to the wayfarer, and the name of a Virginian seems to always be associated with hospitality. I well remember that one night a stranger hailed our house late in the night, and when a member of the family went to the door and asked what was wanted, he said he was looking for a native Virginian, as he wished a night's lodging. Of course we were Virginians.

Even if those oldtime hoe-downs had passed away with the slaves, we still had surprise parties, sled ridings and taffy pullings, with an occasional husking bee among the older families, and the reunions at Thanksgiving and Christmas times, when the teachers, college youths and maidens, all flocked back to the old home and the clans would all gather at one home to partake of the feast; then in the evening enjoy the oldtime customs which still linger, in some measure, around the holiday times.

It seems a pity that those neighborly parties and helping-hand habits should have gone out of date, but they did, and the oldtime farmhouses and barns have given away to the more modern buildings; and the Virginian worm fence has been turned into a wire one now.

Within a few miles of Wheeling there is still standing one of those oldtime log houses, which rejoices in the legend of being built in seventy-seven. Just opposite it, on the other side of the road, is the barn of an up-to-date motor line, the old and the new nodding to one another. But the roof of the old house is bent beneath its weight of years, and, like the oldtime customs, it will soon be only a memory.

Where my grandfather's house once stood, a large modern dwelling now stands, but it does not look as home-like to me as the old-fashioned, half-log and half-frame farmhouse did.

Glen Easton, W. Va.

THORVALDSEN'S FIRST LOVE.

Some fifty years ago a young woman of prepossessing appearance was seated in a small back room of a house in Copenhagen, weeping bitterly. In her lap lay a few trinkets and other small articles, evidently keepsakes, which she had received from time to time. She took up one after the other, and turned them over, but she could scarcely distinguish them through her blinding tears. Then she buried her face in her hands and rocked to and fro in her agony.

"Oh," moaned she, "and is it come to this! All my dreams of happiness are vanished—all my hopes are dead! He will even go without bidding me farewell. Ah, Himlen, that I have lived to see this bitter day! Love vare God!"

At this moment a hasty tap at the door was followed by the entrance of the object of her grief. He was a young man about twenty-five years of age, his person undersized and strongly built, his features massive, regular and attractive, his long hair flaxen, his eyes blue. This was Bertel Thorvaldsen—a name which has since been sounded throughout the world as that of the most illustrious sculptor of modern times. His step was firm and quick, his eye bright, and his features glowing, as he entered the room; but when he beheld the attitude of the weeping female, a shade passed over his countenance as he gently murmured, "Amelia!"

"Bertel!"

The young Dane drew a chair to her side, and silently took her tear-bedewed hands. "Amelia!" said he, after a pause broken only by her quivering sobs, "I am come to bid thee farewell; I go in the morning."

She ceased weeping, raised her face and released her hands, pushed back her disheveled hair. Then she wiped her eyes, and gazed on him in a way that made his own droop. "Bertel, why did you lead me to hope that I should become the wife of your bosom?"

"I—I always meant it; I mean it now."

She shook her head mournfully and taking up her trinkets continued. "Do you remember what you said when you gave me this—and this—and this?"

"What would you have, Amelia? I said I love you; I love you still—but—"

"But you love ambition, fame, the praise of men far better?" added she, bitterly.

Thorvaldsen started, for he felt actually the truth of her words.

"Yes, you will leave gamle Denmark—you will leave your poor fond old father and mother, whose only hope and only earthly joy is in you—you will leave me, and all who love the sound of your footsteps, and go to distant land and forget us all!"

"Min Pige! you are cruel and unjust. I shall come back to my old father and mother—come back to thee and we shall be happy again."

"Never, Bertel, never! When once you have gone there is no happiness for us. In heaven we may all meet again; on earth never! Oh, no, never will you see in this life either your parents or your poor, brokenhearted Amelia!" and again her sobs burst forth.

Thorvaldsen abruptly rose from his seat and paced the room in agitation. He was much distressed, and once or twice he glanced at Amelia with evident hesitation. His past life, the pleasures of his youth, the endeared friends and scenes of his childhood, the affection of Amelia, the anguish of his parents at the approaching separation, all vividly passed in review and whispered him to stay and be happy in the city of his birth. But a vision of Rome rose also and beckoned him thither to earn renown, wealth, and immortality. The pride of conscious genius swelled his soul and he felt that the die was cast forever.

He reseated himself by the side of Amelia, and once more took her hand. She looked up, and in one glance read his inmost thoughts. "Go," said she, "go and fulfill your destiny—God's will be done. You will become a great man, you will become the companion of kings and princes, and your name will extend the fame of your country to the uttermost parts of the earth. I see it all; and let my selfish love perish. Only promise this; when you are hereafter in full blaze of your triumph, sometimes turn aside from the highborn, lovely dames who are thronging around, and drop one tear in memory of the Danish girl who loved you better than herself. Bertel, farewell!"

The next day Thorvaldsen quitted Copenhagen for Rome, where he resided nearly the whole remainder of his long life, and more than realized his own wild aspirations for fame. But the prophecy of poor Amelia was literally fulfilled—he never more beheld his parents; nor her, his first true love!

Nearly half a century had elapsed, and again the scene was Copenhagen. The streets were densely crowded with eager, sorrowing spectators, and every window of every house was filled with sadly expectant faces. At length a cry, "They come!" was echoed from group to group; and the crowds swayed to and fro under the sympathetic swell of common emotion.

A withered old woman was seated at the upper window of a house. When the cry was taken up, she raised her wrinkled countenance and passed her hands over her eyes, as if to clear away the mist of more than seventy winters. An immense procession drew nigh. Appropriate military music preceded the corpse being conveyed to its last earthly place. The king of the land, the royal family, the nobility, the clergy, the learned, the brave, the gifted, the renowned, walked after it. The banners of mourning were waved, the trumpets wailed, and ten thousand sobs broke alike from stern and gentle breasts, and tears

from the eyes of warriors as well as lovely women showered like rain. It was the funeral of Bertel Thorvaldsen, with the Danish nation for mourners! And she, the old woman who gazed at it as it slowly wound by—she was Amelia, his first love. Thorvaldsen had never married, neither had she.

"Ah, Himlen!" murmured the old woman, wiping away tears from a source which for many long years had been dry. "How marvelous is the will of God! To think that I should live to behold this sight! Poor, poor Bertel! All that I predicted came to pass; but, ah, me! who knows whether you might not have enjoyed a happier life after all had you stayed with your old father and mother and married me. Ah, Himlen, there is only One can tell! Poor Bertel!"

Four years more sped on and on one fine Sabbath morning an aged and decrepit female painfully dragged her weary limbs through the crowded rooms of that wondrous building known as Thorvaldsen's museum. She paused not to glance at the matchless works of the sculptor, but crept to an open doorway leading into an inner quadrangle, in the center of which a low tomb of grey marble encloses the mortal remains of him whose hand created the works which fill the edifice. Step by step she drew closer to the tomb, and sank on the pavement by its side. Then she laid down her crutch, and pressed her bony hands tightly over her skinny brow, "Ja, ja!" murmured she; "they told me he lay here and I prayed to God to grant me strength to crawl to the spot—and he has heard me. Ah, Himlen, I can die happy now."

She withdrew her hands and peered at the simple but all comprehensive inscription of "Bertel Thorvaldsen." Then she raised her forefinger, and earnestly traced with it every letter to the end. Smiling feebly she let fall her hand, and complacently smiled, while an evanescent gleam of subtle emotion lighted up her lineaments. "'Tis true; he moulders here. Poor Bertel, we shall meet again—in heaven!"

Her eyes closed and her hands slowly sank on her breast, in which attitude she remained until one of the officers of the museum, who had noticed her singular behavior, came up. "Gammel kone (old wife)" said he, "what are you doing?"

She answered not; and he slightly touched her shoulder, thinking she was asleep. Her body gently slid to the ground at the touch, and he then saw that she slept the sleep of death.—*Musical Million.*

OSTEOPATHY.

[Here is a private letter to a friend which was written without the least idea in the world of its ever being published and it may be that is what makes it good for print. To say the least it gives a splendid view of the new school of healing by one of its loyal devotees to her own sister. We thought the readers of the Inglenook would hardly get a fairer view of it; hence its appearance.—Ed.]

804 W. Pierce St., Kirksville, Mo.

My Dear Sister:—

Your kind letter was received and much enjoyed. The work of the Junior term keeps one so busy that letters are not answered as promptly as aforetime. As to your queries concerning Osteopathy, I will quote from your letter and then try to answer in the plainest terms possible. "Ever since Mrs. Cartwryht went away I have wanted to ask some one who knew if this is the theory of the Osteopaths. This is what she told me, that in every ailment that flesh is heir to, there is a bone out of place somewhere which is the cause of such ailment. For the sore vertebræ in the middle of my back she said the cause was some rib had slipped out of place. I laughed and asked, 'How about a common cold?' She answered soberly, 'Oh, there is a little bone out in the neck.' It does not seem as though anyone could hold such a doctrine as this."

It is not necessary in every ailment for a person to find a bone out of place, as may be instanced in, say, a cold attacking certain muscles after sitting in some draughty place. You well know a congestion and an enlargement of these muscles would follow and should they press upon or crowd any vein, artery or nerve, as much trouble would result as though a bone were out of place. Should the drainage of your house become obstructed the waste water would back up, overflow or burst the pipes, get stagnant and smell bad; this is also the exact condition in the body if in any manner the veins are hindered in their perfect drainage, only, that you have added thereunto pain and fever and a long list of ailments. Should the water supply be shut off from your household your family will get thirsty, continue the shut-off, they die; just so with the arteries of the body, let them by pressure or injury be shut off from the normal supply to some part, death of the part must in time follow. You would almost need to take a good course in dissection in order to see how slight a misplacement of muscle, rib or vertebræ it takes to bring about far-reaching troubles. The pressure upon the vein will hinder perfect drainage, upon the artery the necessary supply of good, rich blood, upon the nerve paralysis and an interruption of normal function. The pain and suffering is the cry of nature, for pure blood and perfect drainage. To illustrate this more clearly I will cite you my own case which as you well know was the severe throat affection with the loss of hearing, and the great effort made for restoration, how difficult it was to hear the lectures during the Freshman and Sophomore terms. Dr. Still (or as he is familiarly known in Kirksville as "Old Dr.") diagnosed my case at once, saying, "The upper ribs on the right side are out of place, hindering good blood supply to the ears and head, as well as drainage from same"; then he gave instructions for

adjustment of ribs and vertebræ, the result of which is, I am happy to tell you, such an improvement in the hearing as to make it unnecessary to sit on the front seat in the lecture room. After my ailment, except the parts have degenerated, by adjusting the structure and bringing about a normal circulation of all the fluids of the body, normal function returns. To give you a brief definition will say, Osteopathy is the science of structural adjustment of the human body, based upon the principle, normal structure, normal function; this is what it means to me, and structure means the whole anatomy, not alone the bony man.

Just think for a moment, the opening in the neck circumscribed by one vertebra and the first two ribs has passing through it into the thorax (or body) below not less than forty separate structures (muscles, nerves, veins, arteries, etc.,), each with its own special work to perform, arranged with infinite wisdom and perfect harmony, carrying on a perfect work until through ignorance, overwork, injury or abuse, vertebra, or rib is thrown out of its proper place, then trouble enters the rank of the forty, and it is the Osteopath's work to readjust the misplaced structure, and nature's work to repair the damage done, which, if slight, the cure is instantaneous, or practically so; if far reaching then a longer time is needed; for nearly all parts of the body repair is possible. One of the impossibles is where nerve cells have degenerated; in such cases no others can be grown to take their place, the degeneration started may be stopped by Osteopathic measures with improvement in the general condition, but always impaired function in the part affected, as in some of the paralyses. For the "sore vertebræ in the middle of your back" with "the slipped rib," well, my good sister, if you were only here for ever so short a period, we could show you, with the aid of the Dr's. "little Monitor," the "Thoracic Brace," against which you would lean while the Osteopath would raise and set your rib back to its natural position, that the soreness you write of would disappear almost like magic; having had this experience I can assure you it is no fairy tale but an actual fact. You asked also about the "common cold," one in which you get a sore throat, you well know what happens, the muscles in your neck enlarge, thicken and become painful, every muscle is attached to one, two or more bones, hence if it thickens it must be at the expense of its length and if each end is attached to a different bone it is surely the most certain result in the world that the bones are pulled toward each other and out of line; out between these bones in the neck come veins, arteries and nerves, supplying many parts of your body, these if impinged upon hinder or obstruct both supply and drainage. Take this simple instance, you hit your "crazy bone" (or rather you press the nerve there) and realize a tingling to your finger tips, just imagine that pressure continuous and the consequent result. Then carry your thought up to where that nerve leaves the spinal cord and passes out between the openings in the vertebræ in your neck, pinched there, by and because the bones are drawn out of place by the contraction of the muscles; surely the result is plain to be seen, when you realize that veins and arteries are pinched also. When obstructions occur in your house drains and water supply, you do not let the sun go down to rest till the plumber is brought to right the trouble, but the physical body, the house of the immortal soul, can worry out or wear out its obstructions. The old idea that the ailments of the human family must have their run, is now an exploded theory; the run for a human plumber should be made a matter of greater speed than for the house plumber. The day may come when the human plumber can receive wage only when the human body is kept in order, then the "common cold" and influenza will be practically unknown, because if taken into the hands of the Osteopath at once, one or two treatments will be all sufficient for a speedy cure.

If you should not find herewith that which clears the questions in your mind, phrase them some other way and will answer as best I can.

Trusting you believe the old adage "that the proof of the pudding is in the eating," and are willing to give some good Osteopath a chance to show you the truth of the above, I am, with love to all the family,

Your sister,

Nov. 11, 1905. ELLA B. VEAZIE.

REVISED WISDOM AGAIN.

THE wages of gin is debt.

You may lead an ass to knowledge—but you can not make him think.

Actresses will happen in the best regulated families.

Imagination makes cowards of us all.

He that is down need not fear plucking.

Let him that standeth pat take heed lest they call.

The doors of Opportunity are marked "Push" and "Pull."

Nothing succeeds like—failure.

Pleasant company always accepted.

Charity is the sterilized milk of human kindness.

Only the young die good.

What can't be cured must be insured.

He who fights and runs away will live to write about the fray.

Never too old to yearn.

The pension is mightier than the sword.

A fellow-failing makes us wondrous unkind.

Society covers a multitude of sins.

—From "The Entirely New Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom, for 1905."

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

TO THE TEN THOUSAND.

This week we are printing nearly ten thousand extra Inglenooks and sending them to people who are not subscribers. There will be about that many people receive the Inglenook, who have not seen the magazine for a long while, and maybe never. It is this class of people to whom we wish to speak. Our regular subscribers will notice that we have one article on the editorial page that was in the magazine last week; it is that long list of contributors who are to write for the Inglenook next year. We wanted to print this article again this week, so that these ten thousand new ones may have an opportunity to see how interesting the magazine is going to be next year.

Some of these contributors have written for the *Messenger* in times past, and of course the people are more or less acquainted with them. The names that appear in the list have all promised articles, and of course there are many others who will write, but have not yet promised.

We ask you now to take a few minutes of your time and sit down and look over the magazine from one cover to the other and notice the quality of the paper, and how the magazine is made; notice the little poem that always appears on the first page, then these seed-thoughts or proverbs, for which kind of material space is always given. Now take up the essays and articles one by one, give them a fair and unbiased reading, and see how you like the tenor of them. When you have done with this department you will have reached the news column; and no matter if you have been taking a daily paper, you will see at a glance that the news of the week has been thoroughly boiled down all ready for you to read at a glance. These pages are a great time saver for the busy man. Instead of spending half an hour each day, through the week, fifteen minutes on these two pages gives him the gist of the week's news from the most reliable sources.

The Home Department you will find particularly helpful to character building in the home; and we would think that our magazine would not be complete without devoting at least two pages especially to this material. When you have read to the last page, just compare the twenty-four clean pages of reading matter that you have read without a single word of advertising in them, without any trash, or stuff that you don't care to read, with any other magazine you may have in the house. Then notice the subscription price; you see it is only ONE DOLLAR a year, and then it comes every week. That's the novel part of it, how we can print twenty-four pages a week of this high-classed matter for one dollar. Most of the magazines which are half advertisements come once a month, and yet are much higher in price; but this magazine is not costing you two cents a copy, and is certainly very hard to equal.

The circulation in the last eighteen months has nearly doubled itself, showing, beyond question, how it has gained favor with the public. To you who have read this issue, we extend a cordial invitation to join our family this coming year. As we have said before, we expect to give you something good. Besides, you will notice in the fly-leaves of the magazine a long list of premiums which we offer as an encouragement to you to speak to your neighbor and tell him about our paper. Hoping that you will be sufficiently pleased with this short acquaintance to become a permanent subscriber, we leave the matter entirely at your disposal.

NEARING THE END.

We are nearing the end of another year. The milestone is almost in sight. So far as the nation is concerned, the people have been looking after the history of that. All the great events and many of the small ones have been carefully reported and will go down on the pages of history to be read and recapitulated by the generations that follow us.

But what has been your history? What record have you kept of the last year? Where have you been and what have you been doing? Have you yet taken an invoice and squared accounts? How do you stand with yourself, with your neighbor and with God? What per cent of your opportunities have you let go by unheeded? What class of opportunities are they which have been embraced, and what class have been turned down? If you will take account of these two classes you can pretty nearly judge as to the real characteristics. If you have been fishing only after the larger opportunities, we can pretty nearly tell from here that you have not made a decided success

of nineteen hundred and five. But if the class of opportunities sought and improved were little ones, it is merely safe to calculate that the year has not by any means been a failure.

Before the year ends we will celebrate the great event for Christmas. All over this world, where Christianity has gone, the people know the meaning of this welcome term. The birth of our Christ, which Christmas celebrates, makes Christianity possible; that is why we rejoice; that is why the world recognizes the B. C. and A. D. which is commonly fixed to dates. Christianity has gained such a foothold in spite of all antagonism to it that the world uses the birth of our Lord as a basis from which to calculate time.

How have your plans changed this year from your usual method of celebrating Christmas? As you think of it now, does it more and more impress you with the fact that another year is just about to be classed as history? Do you realize that the year book is being closed? Someone has said that the first half of a man's life is spent in anticipation of the second, and the second in regret of the first. When you were younger you probably looked towards Christmas in fond anticipation of a gala day; no doubt now you look towards the coming event as a sort of monument in memory of the past and a guideboard warning you of the future. In many instances this day serves as a sort of monitor of resolutions rather than a sacred commemoration of deliverance from benighted bondage. If the year's work has not been satisfactory, it is all right to resolve to change it next year, remembering that it is a very dangerous thing to break a resolution.

SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO WILL CONTRIBUTE TO THE INGLENOOK IN 1906.

Arnold, Rilla, Milford, Ind.
Angle, D. Z., R. F. D. No. 7, Mt. Vernon, Ill.
Barwick, H. M., McPherson, Kans.
Brubaker, Charity, 3736 Kenwood Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
Baker, Adah, Hollansburg, Ohio.
Burkholder, Wealthy A., Newberg, Pa.
Bixler, Marguerite, East Akron, Ohio.
Bollinger, Mrs. M. M., Vestaburg, Mich.
Evans, Etha A., Buford, N. Dak.
Figley, J. G., Bryan, Ohio.
Furrey, Prof. G. W., Mt. Morris, Ill.
Howe, W. M., 5901 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hanna, Josephine, Flora, Ind.
Hathaway, F. E., Chicago, Ill., care Albaugh Bros.
Hawkins, Maud, Towanda, Pa.
Hoke, Georgiana, 188 Hastings St., Chicago, Ill.
Holler, Ettie, Hagerstown, Ind.
Karn, Miss Oma, Covington, Ohio.
Koons, Adelaide McKee, 502 E. High St., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.
Lippincott, Martha Shepard, Box 3, Moorestown, N. J.
Longanecker, Grace, Hartville, Ohio.
Murray, Ma Belle, 2522 Stevens Ave., Parsons, Kans.
Murray, M. Roy, Gen. Del., St. Joseph, Mo.
Miller, Dr. S. B., 1060 3rd Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Myers, M. R., 26 Carlisle Place, Chicago, Ill.
Mohler, Jesse D., Warrensburg, Mo.
Miller, W. R., 466 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Miller, J. Kurtz, 5901 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mohler, H. B., Dillsburg, Pa.
Neff, Agnes, Milford, Ind.
Nolan, John, Mulberry Grove, Ill.
Puterbaugh, Roy, North Manchester, Ind.
Rider, Hattie Preston, 418 Algona Ave., Elgin, Ill.
Shick, Martha B., Waterloo, Iowa.
Stauffer, Hettie, Arcanum, Ohio.
Senseman, Mary I., Covington, Ohio.
Sharp, S. Z., Fruita, Colo.
Stoner, Mary C., Ladoga, Ind.
Thomas, D. D., Harrod, Ohio.
Underhill, Nancy D., Collbran, Colo.
Vaniman, A. W., Denver, Colo.
Winesburg, Maggie, Glen Easton, W. Va.

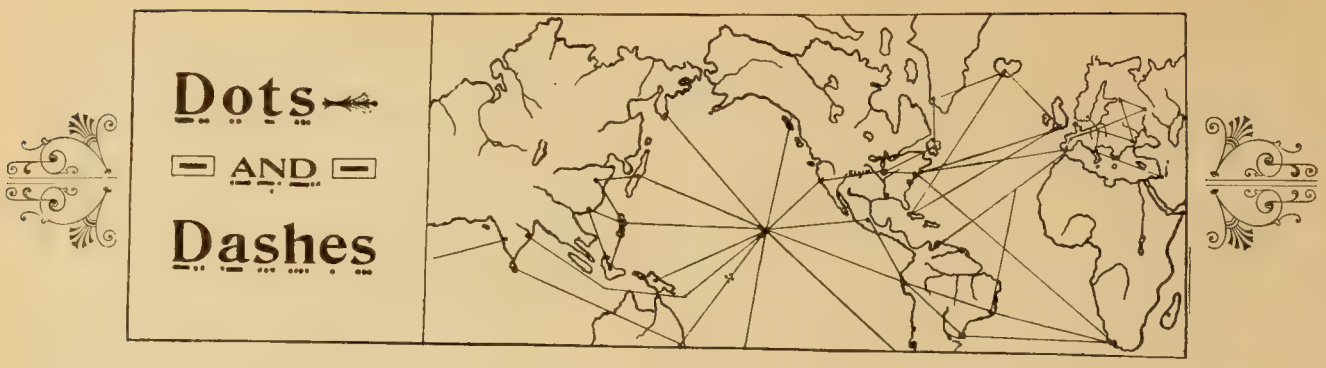
These are not all who will write for the magazine next year. They are only the ones with whom we have made special arrangements. Oftentimes inspiration moves others to write of whom we know nothing. We oftentimes get splendid articles from a new source altogether, and of course we cannot tell how many articles of this kind we may receive during the season.

Three or four of these names you will recognize as those who have been writing poetry for us the past season, and they are to continue in that department. Five or six of the above-named are booked for serial stories. Of course everybody will depend on illustrated articles from Bro. D. L. Miller on "South Africa" and "The Boers." We have arranged for one or two symposiums during the year. So, all things considered, we expect to have a very profitable year, and we shall regret it if any reader should miss a single number. The way to avoid that is to hand your subscription to the agent, if you have one, and if not, send it direct to the Brethren Publishing House.

A CONSOLIDATION.

For a long time two mail order houses of Chicago have been advertising in the columns of the Inglenook. A great many readers may wonder why one of them has been discontinued. It is due our constituency that we make the following explanation:

It was a plain business proposition when the Equity Manufacturing Supply Company offered to consolidate with Albaugh Bros., Dover & Company. The matter was talked over by the officials of both companies and the plan did not carry. In another session, however, Albaugh Bros., Dover & Company literally bought outright the stock, mailing list and good will of the Equity Manufacturing Supply Company. The stockholders of this last named company were visited and the majority of the stock transferred to the other company, under which name all business will be transacted henceforth, and whose advertisement appears on the last page of this issue.



THE Russian Mohammedans are rapidly preparing to erect a million-dollar mosque in the great city of London. We are to understand by such a move as this that ere long Mohammedanism will also be a foe in the midst of our beloved, free America. If Christ's followers do not quickly start eastward with a greater army than ever before, using the Sword of the Spirit as their weapon of defense, Mohammed will come in and take possession.

WILLIAM DWYER, who met with an accident about two years ago, having his skull crushed, underwent a surgical operation at the University of Michigan Hospital, quite recently, and from all appearances is restored to apparent sanity. He had become a raving maniac, which was due to an abscess on the brain. This was removed, and a silver plate was fitted into the hole in the skull.

SPAIN is to have a new cabinet, headed by Senor Moret, who took office Dec. 2, King Alphonso presiding. After passing the budget, the Cortes was expected to adjourn until March. King Alphonso, in his message, relieved the military tension by promising to safeguard the army's honor.

THE Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad, which was purchased last week by J. Pierpont Morgan, has been turned into the hands of a receiver. Attorney General Harmon was appointed to act in that capacity. Of course this includes the Pere Marquette, which was bought by the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton in 1904. The outstanding debts of this road are more than four millions. It is supposed that it will be sold again within the next six months.

THE latest news from Constantinople is regarded as practically certain, that the controversy between the Powers and Turkey will be settled without further resort to force. The Sultan has agreed to accept the modified proposals of the Powers for the financial control of Macedonia. He has, as usual, promised them that he would be good; he always does; this is his way out. He may be preparing to commit another depredation next week and at the same time instruct his private secretary to write out another promise to be good. That's his plan of baffling justice.

BE sure and read our combination offer this week.

THE people of Colorado, in order to demonstrate to the President how much they appreciated his work of reconcilation between Russia and Japan, purchased, by a contribution of pennies, a heart of pure gold, and instructed Representative Bonynge to present it to the chief magistrate, with their compliments.

TIFFANY & COMPANY, of New York, have had in their possession the celebrated excelsior diamond, which was found in the Orange Free State in the year 1898, weighing about seven and one-fourth ounces avoirdupois. It was valued at $1,000,000 and has been divided into ten stones, with a total value of $4,000,000.

THE New York Central Railroad will likely be the means of inducing all the railroads in the eastern part of the country, especially those entering New York and Jersey City, to decide upon a uniform third rail for general adoption. This action shows the anticipation of the general introduction of electricity as a motive power on all of the great railroads.

THE London secretary of the Hebrew Relief Committee says that two and a half million has been contributed for the relief of the Jews living within the area of the Russian massacres. More than one-third of this has come from the United States, one-fifth from Germany and the rest from Great Britain. Great demonstrations of gratitude are being made by the Jews everywhere.

THE Fifty-ninth Congress promises to be one of the most interesting of recent years. Great care has been used in the selection of officers and committees, realizing the importance of the great national questions at issue.

A BIG contract has recently been let in the State of Wyoming for the completion of the railroad grade from Walcott to Saratoga, also a contract from Saratoga to Encampment is practically closed. It will require at least two hundred horses, which the contractors have already promised, and, if the weather is not too severe that outdoor work can be done, the grade will be completed by next April.

EDWARD ATKINSON, the famous writer who has discussed every topic from cookery to bimetallism, passed away at his home in Boston last Monday, aged 78 years. During forty years of his life he was not only prominently identified with the economical affairs of Boston but of the entire nation. He was a self-educated man. He was looked upon as authority on economic questions, and was called upon frequently to perform many important public duties, among them being an appointment by President Cleveland in 1887 as special commissioner on the status of bimetallism in Europe. One of his pet hobbies was cooking. For twelve years he studied the problem of the right method of applying heat to food. He positively discarded the cooking stove, but instead invented an oven—simply a tin box covered with a nonconducting material and heated by a kerosene lamp. With his stove he claimed that one could live on a dollar a week for food and fuel.

THE coasting steamer *Lunenburg* was wrecked off the coast of Cape Breton, last week, and eleven of the crew were drowned.

STATISTICS issued by the British Admiralty announce the navy estimates for 1906 at $160,000,000, a reduction of over $10,000,000 as compared with 1905.

MEXICO is fighting the trusts. President Diaz has recently caused the Mexican Congress to consider an anti-trust bill whose terms are extremely drastic. Under this no sort of monopoly can hope to do business in Mexico, least of all any of the American trust organizations which operate across the border.

THE Chicago Limited over the Erie Railroad has seen fit to pay closer attention to the laws of health and purity. A deodorizing apparatus has been perfected by Chemist Landon, of the mechanical department, and has recently been attached to this train and so arranged that every part of the interior may be thoroughly sterilized and cleansed. This is the first Eastern road, leaving Jersey City, to anticipate the passage of laws requiring sterilization. Such laws, however, already exist in a few of the Western and Southwestern cities.

DON'T fail to look over the PREMIUM LIST.

IT was reported at Havana, last week, by the government, that the last of the so-called revolutionists had surrendered or been captured. From the condition of some things, however, it is not believed that rest is so soon to be found among the rural districts of the island.

THE public is loath to believe the reports concerning crime and cruel slavery on the Chesapeake Bay oyster boats; but upon investigation by the President these reports were confirmed. It is hard to believe that such conditions exist in a free and civilized country. The President is determined to deal with the offenders with severity.

WHILE the telegraph and postal strikes in Russia are doing much to cut off the country from the world and paralyze the industries, there are demonstrations in the interior, showing the heat to which the revolts have come. St. Petersburg was shocked by the assassination of former minister of war, Sakahroff. He was assassinated by a lady who was identified with the revolutionary movement. She entered the building and asked for an interview with the officer, and upon being admitted, shot the general three times. Other assassinations will no doubt follow. Nine thousand Jews have been slain in Odessa within the last few days. Reports also have it that one of the Grand Dukes is seeking an opportunity to assassinate the Czar. German warships have already appeared ready to take the imperial family out of danger, whenever they think it is necessary to go.

THE Emperor of Japan and Admiral Togo have recently made a visit to the great Temple of Ise. The public have been wondering as to the real purpose of the visit of these two distinguished personages, but the Tokio correspondent to the London *Times* interprets it to mean that they have given their official endorsement to the ancient Shinto belief, which is really an ancestor worship. The Emperor therefore went to report the success in the late war and the termination of it to his first imperial ancestor. The Temple of Ise is to the Jap what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, and Jerusalem to the Jews.

THE society of Naval Architects, at its annual meeting, received from Anson Stokes the news of a coast battery, to be known as the Ultima. It is to be a floating spheroid of immense size; it will carry sixteen fifteen-inch guns; it will carry an armor which cannot be pierced by any modern guns. Its displacement will probably reach thirty thousand tons.

HOME DEPARTMENT

GRANNY'S PUMPKIN PIE.

At grandma's house Thanksgiving Day
We have the mostest fun.
We watch her stirrin' punkin pies
An' bake 'em till they're done.
We're sure to see her sprinkle in
The queerest kinds of stuff,
Till Joey shouts, "Oh, Granny, dear,
I'm sure that's more than 'nuff."

She makes us each a saucer pie,
An' curls 'em 'round the edge,
An', oh, it most makes Janey cry
To eat a tiny wedge.
She'd like to keep her punkin pie
Forever 'n a day,
But for a strappin' boy like me
I know a better way.

It don't take long, you just can bet,
For me to eat the turk,
To stuff myself with cranberry
An' 'nen to get to work.
Those punkin pies of Granny's make
I tell you can't be beat.
I'd like to eat at Granny's house
An' eat, an' eat, an' eat.

—Isabelle Morton.

TWO NOBLE GIRLS.

A BUSTLING, energetic woman was Mrs. Horn. She was always busy herself, and she loved to see every one about her busy. Evidently a thought had just occurred to her, for she dropped her work and stepped briskly to a room across the hall from her own. Two girls were within. One was sewing as if for a living, and the other, with a puzzled, anxious expression on her face, was looking earnestly at a piece of paper which she held in one hand, while she twirled a pencil with the other.

Mrs. Horn paused a moment at the door. She seemed sorry to disturb them. But she was not one to hesitate long.

"Girls, are you very busy?"

"Not if you want me," said Bella.

"I am busy, mother, but can put off my work if you have anything you wish me to do," replied Della, more deliberately, but just as cheerfully as her sister.

"I want one of you to go to market for me this afternoon, and to the bakery. Either will do, but whoever goes must set out at once, so that you can go around by Mrs. Harold's and ask her if she can send the boys' jackets home this evening."

"I will go," and down went pencil and paper.

"No, no, Bell. I expect I can spare the time better. You have to read that composition on Monday afternoon, and you have not much more than commenced on it."

"And you, Del, want that dress to wear to school Monday morning, and it looks as if there's an hour's work or more on it yet."

"Yes, but I can wear another, or I can sew to-night. I know my Sunday-school lesson."

"So do I. And more than that, I can think about my composition as I walk along, and lay it up in my head and write it down when I return. But you cannot sew as you walk along. Your work will stop when you put it down, and wait for you to come back to it. You see, Del, I am in a muddle with my composition, anyhow; got to the end of my ideas; for my life, I don't know what to say next. The walk in the open air will enliven my brain, and perhaps I may see something that will suggest an idea. So, you see, it will be real charity to let me go; don't you think so, mother?"

Mrs. Horn laughed heartily. "Perhaps so; but if you fulfill all the directions I shall give, you will not have time to do much thinking on your own account. When you have decided the matter, come to my room; and don't be long about it, for there is no time to lose." She went back to her work perfectly satisfied that they would settle it pleasantly.

"I tell you what we can do, Bell. You can go; but let me know the subject of your composition, and the drift of what you have already written, and while I sew, I'll try to think up a sentence or so and help you out."

"So do; here's the article," laying a paper on the table before her. "Read it and think for me, and to-night I will help you with your sewing."

In a few minutes she was off on her mother's errand with a brisk step and a light heart.

There is no need to tell you that these girls have kind hearts, that they are ready to assist anyone who needs assistance, willing to set aside their own plans to accommodate others, for they have shown it in this one instance. It was a small affair, it is true, but it is in little things that people show what they are.—*Kind Words.*

THE greater part of our life is made up of our relations to other people, and to idealize our lives we must idealize our relations with others.—*Selected.*

GETTING INFORMATION OUT OF PA.

My pa, he didn't go down town
  Last evening after tea,
But got a book an' settled down
  As comf'y as could be.
I'll tell you I was offul glad
  To have my pa about
To answer all the things I had
  Been tryin' to find out.

And so I asked him why the world
  Is round, instead of square,
And why the piggies' tails are curled,
  And why don't fish breathe air?
And why the moon don't hit a star
  And why the dark is black,
And jest how many birds there are,
  And will the wind come back?

And why does water stay in wells,
  And why do June bugs hum,
And what's the roar I hear in shells,
  And when will Christmas come?
And why the grass is always green,
  Instead of sometimes blue?
And why a bean will grow a bean,
  And not an apple, too?

And why a horse can't learn to moo,
  And why a cow can't neigh?
And do the fairies live on dew
  And what makes hair grow gray?
And then my pa got up, an' gee!
  The offul words he said.
I hadn't done a thing, but he
  Jest sent me off to bed.

—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

WHAT THE DINING ROOM TEACHES.

Every one likes to have her children spoken of as being well brought up and mannerly; but we forget—some of us—that the everyday home life is responsible in a very large measure for the way in which our children deport themselves when in company. In fact, the home manners "show through," no matter how we try to hide them. In a moment of forgetfulness we show ourselves as we are, not what we would be thought to be. This is particularly true of children. If children are taught by example as well as precept, at the everyday table, to properly use their spoons, knives and forks, napkins, cups, etc., and to be cleanly in handling their dishes, drinking properly, chewing with the mouth shut, and not allowed to pick and pull over the victuals served in the family dishes, they will usually respect the proprieties when at the table of others. In no other way can a child make itself more disagreeable than by showing a disregard for the decorum and delicacy of the table. If parents would only remember this, and insist kindly but firmly on obedience to these rules, they would spare themselves many humiliating experiences.

But these lessons cannot be taught by precept alone; there must be examples as well. If the adults of the family—and especially the father—allow themselves unseemly latitude in this direction, be assured the bright little eyes will see it, and sometime, when one is particularly anxious to have things at their best, these imitations of home methods will flash out, to our intense mortification. Recently, at a table where everything was in the daintiest order, we saw a "young hopeful," most handsomely dressed and seemingly one of a family of refinement and wealth, grasp his portion of pie in his two hands, lifting it to his teeth, which were widely exposed, literally "gobbling" it down, dropping the filling on the tablecloth, and, in fact, making such a mess of it that his lady mother audibly remonstrated with him, to which he replied: "I ain't a-goin' to eat it with my fork; this is the way my papa eats pie at home." Do you wonder that the mortified mother lost all appetite for her dinner, and with an embarrassed little laugh said the child knew better, but took advantage of being where he did not fear punishment for disobedience?

TEACH INTENSIVE FARMING.

The greatest good that can be done to the American farmer to-day is to teach him to make the largest possible profit from the smallest tract of land from which a family can be supported in comfort. A great influence operating to-day against keeping the boys in the country is that the boy does not have enough money to buy a farm. It is unfortunately true that there is a trend in the direction of the absorbing of farms into still larger farms, with a consequent diminution of population, as in Iowa and other farming sections. The remedy for this is to demonstrate that if the value is in the boy rather than in the farm, and the boy is taught that by intensive, diversified, scientific farming a good living with a surplus profit that will provide amply for old age, may be made from a comparatively small tract of land—say ten acres—with ample cultivation, irrigation and fertilization—or even without irrigation, because a hoe and a cultivator in the hands of a scientific farmer may bring as good and better results in providing moisture for growing plants than a ditch and unlimited water in the hands of a lazy farmer.

The Christian faith is a grand cathedral with dimly lighted windows. Standing without, one sees no glory, nor can ever imagine any possible. Standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendor.—*Hawthorne.*

We all dread bodily paralysis and would make use of every contrivance to avoid it, but none of us is troubled about a paralysis of the soul.—*Epictetus.*

Reading Circle and Christian Workers' Topics

By ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

THE MASTER'S CALL.—John 11: 28.

For Sunday, December 31, 1905.

I. Former Method—"Sundry Times and Divers Manners."
1. Consider the Call of Samuel, ...1 Sam. 3: 1-11
2. Joseph to Potiphar's House, ...Gen. 39: 1-7
3. David to Israel's Throne, ...2 Sam. 5: 1-6
4. Moses as Leader of the Oppressed, ...Ex. 3

II. New Testament Methods.
1. "Gifts and Calling of God," .....Rom. 11: 29
2. Matthew from Receipt of Custom, ...Luke 5: 27
3. Paul into Macedonia, ...Acts 16: 9-14

III. Modern Methods.
1. By Spirit of Conviction.
2. Through the Preached Word, ...Rom. 10: 17
3. By Special Providences, ...Rom. 2: 4
4. By Sickness.
5. By Death.

IV. The Last Call.
1. "Time Shall be no Longer."
2. "Come to Judgment."

Text.—The master is come and calleth for thee.—John 11: 28.

References.—Isa. 55: 5; Rom. 1: 6; Rev. 22: 17; Psa. 19: 23; Jer. 35: 15; 2 Cor. 5: 20; 2 Thess. 2: 14; 1 Peter 2: 9; 2 Peter 1: 3; Heb. 3: 1; Acts 9: 4-6; 13: 2; Mark 10: 21, 22; 2: 14; John 15: 16; 2 Tim. 1: 9; Judges 6: 11-16; Ex. 28: 1.

He Called Mary.

MARTHA went to meet Jesus; she was glad to see him, glad to tell him of the trouble that had come to them. Did not Jesus always help the troubled and distressed? Martha talked with him, and told him of her grief. Then she went and told Mary that the Master was come. And Mary went to him at once with the one thought that had been uppermost in her mind all these days, and while she prostrated herself at his feet, she said, "If thou hadst been here my brother would not have died." Jesus calls you and me as he called for Mary; are we as anxious to see him as she was? Do we go as willingly as she did?

How Does the Master Call Us?

He is our rightful Lord and Master, so he has the authority to call us, and we should listen for his call. He calls us by his Word; there are many invitations in the Gospel, given by Christ himself, and we should not resist his "Come unto me," or his "Follow me." Just as Matthew left his desk and Andrew left his nets and came to him, so we must come. We should say, "Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." He calls us by the invitations of our friends who are urging us to come to Jesus. Every Sunday in the Sunday school and at church the Master calls you to come now. The lesson, and the sermon, and the Holy Spirit urge you to come, and whosoever will let him come. And now, if you turn away from all these pleading invitations and refuse to come, whose fault is it? You would willingly cross the ocean to put yourself under the instruction of some master in music, art, or science. Oh, if you only knew what a blessed thing it is to be a pupil of *the Master*.

If We Do Not Come at His Call.

We are learning. Time was when men and women came to Christ during a revival after living in sin for years. Occasionally some of these come back yet; but more often it is the boys and girls who have been taught in our Sunday schools who heed the call and come to Jesus. We hear the call more clearly when we are young. As we grow older the noises of this world shut out the voice of Jesus. The Persian poet, Saadi, tells of how when he was a boy he had a golden seal ring. A knavish peddler who came along easily persuaded him to exchange the ring for a date. Something sweet seemed of more value to the child than something golden. Men who refuse to come to Christ act as unwisely as this Persian boy, because they turn away from the one thing that makes life worth living—the love of Christ.

"O sorrowful children! rebels still,
Who stay in the gloom of your little faith,
Return with these from the desert's chill
To the better life, from the shade of death."

The More Convenient Season.

We are not told that it ever came to the ruler Agrippa. Why should you put off coming into an inheritance of joy and peace and love, the like of which this world cannot give? If you put it off you will think less about it as time goes on. You will grow hard and worldly; you may forget God because his Spirit will not always strive with man. There may easily come a time when you can no longer repent. Such a time comes to every sinner if he persists long enough in sin. Whittier pictures his terrible plight in this verse:

"Forever round the mercy seat
The guiding lights of love shall burn;
But what if, habit-bound, thy feet
Shall lack the will to turn?"

Following Jesus.

A church is dedicated but once, but every day of our lives we should give ourselves to God. We say, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; he leadeth me beside the still waters in green pastures," and he does lead us there if we are following him. "Only a goat will eat hay or circus posters when he might eat grass." Life grows sultry and barren and hard to bear. If we are willing to be led; we can follow Jesus into green oases every day.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Medical Missionary Work a Necessity.

We were glad when Dr. Yereman was sent to India, because as a Circle we knew something of the great good that a medical missionary is prepared to do among the heathen. Since he has been at work he has had more patients than he could possibly attend to. Several years ago Dr. Yereman spent some time among the churches of Southern Ohio. His labors here were much appreciated, and ever since the members of our Missionary Reading Circles in this district have been especially interested in his work. He was hampered at first by the lack of medical books, surgical instruments, and many other things which a successful physician must have. By the efforts of the Circle at Covington, Pleasant Hill and Union, some special collections were taken for his work. At our harvest meeting we decided to send that money to Bro. Galen Royer with instructions that it be given to Bro. Yereman. Because the many needs of a medical missionary are not fully understood by our people, we felt that we might aid a little in sharing the heavy burden of Bro. Yereman. And our efforts were much appreciated. Better accommodations for the sick are needed. Those who cannot be treated at their homes should have a hospital to go to. They are doing all they can, with inadequate resources, but we appeal to our Circle members to do something towards making this medical mission the success it should be. Dr. Yereman prescribes for more than forty patients a day; his bills for remedies alone must be large. Shall we not do something towards bearing these additional expenses? The cause is worthy of our best efforts. What can you do for our brother and his work in 1906?

The medical missionary opens the way; he has unrivalled opportunities for preaching the Gospel. Those who know say, "We have seen a city opened, a community opened, and many souls won to Christ as the result of medical missionary work." Of a Methodist mission it was said, "We have two women in the hospital every day, speaking and preaching the Gospel and teaching those who are in the waiting-room. And it was not long until there were nineteen native Bible women in different villages round about, all of whose work had been begun in the dispensary." Pray earnestly for our medical missionaries and give of your abundance that they may not fail through lack of means.

"First of All, to thine Own Self be True."

"Christian workers" should be true to their name. Ambitious boys and girls plan to do great things. They want to become famous, and they grow excited thinking of the noble deeds, the heroic daring which shall win for them public applause, or the marvelous invention which shall bring them into prominence. Of course, they are going to make a great deal of money; it is easy to dream of being a millionaire in these days. But stop just a moment and think. In a little book published to-day, the biographies of men and women who have become famous in recent years are given; the number is small, in proportion to the entire population, only about seven thousand names. Now the chances are that your name will not be found on that list in future years. But that should not deter you from making every effort to carry out some ambitious plan.

Some things are splendidly worth while. You have studied and discussed a number of them in these meetings. It is worth while to build up a staunch Christian character. The man who can be depended upon to live the Christian life as Paul lived it is eminently successful though his fame may not extend beyond his own community. If he be honest, loyal, broad in his sympathies and his charities his good influence will be felt far and wide.

We would like to see each Christian Worker adopt Paul's motto: "This one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." In the coming year we want to be true to our name. We want to do some Christian work that is worth while. The lessons studied at our meetings must be put into practice. Let each society find some special work to do. Then never fear but that your names will be recorded and when at the last day the books shall be opened, you will find that God has made no mistake in his estimates. His "Well done, good and faithful servant," will be worth more than the applause of earth.

New Names.

2942 Mary Sell, Fredonia, Kans.
2943 Rachel A. Ulrey, Timberville, Va.
2944 Lizzie U. Grim, Timberville, Va.
2945 Arthur B. Miller, Timberville, Va.
2946 Orley Davis, Oakley, Ill.
2947 Verna Blickenstaff, Oakley, Ill.
2948 Levi Blickenstaff, Oakley, Ill.
2949 Guy Connard, Cerrogordo, Ill.
2950 Ida Flickinger, Carleton, Nebr.
2951 A. E. Myers, R. R. No. 1, Paola, Kans.

(Continued on Page 1223.)

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LIX.

Nazareth, Palestine.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

In the last letter I was cut short for the want of time, so I will begin this one at Mt. Tabor. I do think this is the finest mountain in all Palestine. It stands out in the plain all alone and rises up very symmetrically from all sides. It is the only mountain we have seen upon which any timber is found; but this one is well covered with native oak, olive orchards and vineyards. Oscar and Roscoe nearly went wild with delight as Miss Merritt read for us the Canaanite oppression from the book of Judges. You remember that Mt. Tabor is the place where Deborah and Barak fought the Canaanites, and how Sisera's army fled and he himself sought refuge in the tent of Heber the Kennite, and how Jael drove him fast to the ground with a tent-pin. Oh, it just reads like a novel when you are here on the ground. This place is also noted as the great battlefield during the campaign of Napoleon.

The road to Cana is short. We enjoyed rest under an olive tree by the well. In America it is quite common for each family to have a well of their own. In fact, as a rule, it is uncommon not to have one, but in this country there is one well, and sometimes two, found in a village. It is the property of the village, and the people are all expected to draw water there. There is but one well at Cana. Without a doubt this is the one that was there in the time of Jesus, and from which the water was drawn to fill the waterpots the night of the wedding in Cana. In an old Maronite church we were shown three stone water jars, said to be the original ones. Of course we cannot tell, but we do know this, that these jars that are here would hold three firkins each. They were very thick, perhaps the sides of the jar are two and one-half or three inches thick, and so heavy that the boys could hardly lift one of them.

We allowed the horses to rest for almost an hour while we studied the village. The shepherds were watering their flocks at the well. The boys made a very careful estimate of the number of goats that were watered there, and they calculate that a conservative estimate would be twenty thousand. As the different flocks intermingled at the well we wondered how it would be possible for the shepherds to separate them; but this was soon solved, for when one shepherd thought his goats were done drinking he would start away and call them, and without exception they would follow him. Roscoe said that evidently the Bible was not written in America, for in America sheep are driven and not led, and that by dogs, clubs and boys.

Just before we entered Nazareth, from the hilltop overlooking the city, we could see Mt. Gilboa, Mt. Carmel, Little Hermon and the Mediterranean Sea. What a magnificent view of central Palestine! We had not seen the Mediterranean for several days, and we were glad to see her blue waters again. From this imposing position we can see the German hospital, Russian school, and the famous English school for girls that has made modern Nazareth what it is to-day. The people of Nazareth are better looking, more intelligent and more cleanly than any others we have seen in Palestine. Miss Merritt thinks it is on account of the mothers being educated when they were girls.

Nazareth is full of tradition. They show you the carpenter shop where Jesus played among the shavings, and the hill of precipitation where they were going to throw him over, and many other things in which we had but very little faith. But there are some things of which we are very certain. We know that he lived here almost all of his life, except the last three years, and we know that he must have been acquainted with every foot of the ground near here. It seems very queer to be walking on the street where we know the feet of the Savior trod in his boyhood days. Agnes said that it made her think of that portion of the story of "Ben-Hur" where Jesus stooped and gave him a drink. A visit to this city makes it possible to live over a good many Bible events. The next morning the boys arose early and went out for a walk, soon returning to the hotel for the party, interpreter and the camera. They had found the water girls at the Virgin's fountain. Thirty-two of them had already collected and were waiting their turn at the pipe that they might fill their water jars with water. Policemen were always near by to make them respect their numbers that the stronger ones do not drive the weaker ones away. Roscoe gave one of them a büshlech to let him take her photograph. She was very highly pleased because it would take her a couple of days to earn the twelve cents that he gave her, for they get only a metaleek (a cent and a quarter) for carrying a jar of water a mile or so, and of course they cannot make many trips in a day.

From Nazareth it is easy to overlook the Plain of Esdraelon, which is the garden spot of Palestine. The boys say that the soil in some places is fifteen feet deep and is of a dark rich chocolate color. With some of our modern machinery and highly cultivated grain it would be possible for men to grow rich in a few years; but what is the use to talk about that, for as long as Abdul Hamid sits on the throne of Turkey, conditions will be no better than they are, for he positively will not allow any improvements to be made. Some years ago a French syndicate contracted with him to build a railroad from Haifa to Damascus via the Sea of Galilee. When they had built twenty-six miles he ordered them to stop. They produced the contract, bearing his signature, whereupon he drew a line across the signature, assuring them that he had the power to make contracts and to break them. He will not allow a typewriter in his realm, for he cannot tell whose handwriting it is. He will not allow any telephones in the country because he cannot see the speaker. Other improvements are treated very much in the same manner.

A little incident occurred yesterday that made an impression on our party that was almost worth the trip. As we were making a turn in the road we heard the cries of anguish coming from an overhanging cliff above us. We could not exactly locate it. It seemed to be the voice

of a woman. A man was hoeing in a field near by but paid no attention whatever. We searched some little time for the one in distress, and presently far up on the side of the rock we saw a maiden who was almost wild with grief, and nearly ready to take her own life. She could not tell us her troubles or the burden of her sorrow. Finally she managed to explain to the dragoman that she had broken her water bottle. It was the only one she had, and of course that was what she used to make a living for herself and mother. Her little sister with her was endeavoring to share her grief. What made it worse than ever was the fact that this was a borrowed water jar. She had broken her own a few weeks before and now this borrowed one was gone. She knew the results only too well. She knew that she would have to go to jail until she paid the debt, and she also knew that her mother had nothing to live upon except what she made. We asked her what a new one would cost, and she said "a büshlech," so we each gave her a quarter of a medjidie (twenty cents, making $1.00), with which she could buy half a dozen water bottles. The sun never broke through a dark cloud so quickly in all the world to my knowledge. Bitter tears were turned to tears of joy. They both wanted to kiss our hands and feet, and we wondered why people do not oftener do little deeds of kindness and scatter sunshine in the world when it costs so little to do it.

It was not long until we came to the cactus orchards near Shunem. In the book of Kings is recorded the miracle of raising to life the son of the Shunammite woman, when the prophet lived with her. It is now a miserable, low, dirty Mohammedan village. There are some nice lemon orchards here full of fruit.

We also passed the little village of Nain where the Master raised the widow's son to life. Luke 7: 11. Three times in the life of Christ he raised persons from the dead. The first was the daughter of Jarius, who had just died. The second was this widow's son, whose body was on the road to the cemetery. The third was Lazarus, who had been dead and buried four days. I never before noticed the steps of progression in the resurrection that led the public mind up to the great event that was to take place at his own resurrection. But here I must close this letter. Yours sincerely,

Marie.

(To be Continued.)

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

(New names concluded from page 1221.)

2952 Ella Buckingham, Oakley, Ill.
2953 Anna Miller, Versailles, Ohio.
2954 Letta Bahney, Lintner, Ill.
2955 Ida Blough, Waterloo, Iowa.
2956 Etta M. Arnold, Lintner, Ill.
2957 Bertha Cripe, Lintner, Ill.
2958 Dalton Miller, Secor, Ill.
2959 Charles Bryant, Benson, Ill.
2960 Roy Roberts, Lintner, Ill.
2961 Viola Frantz, Cerrogordo, Ill.
2962 Lydia Mohler, Cerrogordo, Ill.
2963 Mr. B. F. Wampler, Elizabethtown, Pa.
2964 Mrs. B. F. Wampler, Elizabethtown, Pa.
2965 Mr. J. F. Graybill, Elizabethtown, Pa.
2966 Mrs. J. F. Graybill, Elizabethtown, Pa.

Received Certificates.

So far thirty-two of our members have been given certificates in this year. We are glad for the interest taken in the study of missions.

THE RURAL SANCTUM

THE RURAL SANCTUM.

[This department is to be devoted entirely to short essays, stories, etc., from our junior Inglenookers from all parts of the United States. We have promises from quite a number already, and we hereby earnestly solicit same from those who read this notice to contribute to its pages. There will be a list of subjects given and you may select one of these subjects upon which to write, or furnish one yourself, and bring the article between the compass of three hundred words and submit it for publication. The best essays will be printed. If you want yours printed, write a good one.—Ed.]

LIST OF SUBJECTS FROM WHICH YOU MAY WRITE.

The Greatest Hero I Know.
A Country Store.
My First Corn Plowing.
The Russian Persecution.
My First Bread Baking.
Spiders.
The United States Flag.
My Kind of Pie.
The Increase of the Navy.
A Trip I Would Like to Make.
The Proper Way to Harness a Team.
A Model House.
The Kind of a Teacher I Like.
The Value of a Lecture Course.
Should the English Sparrow be Exterminated?

ESCAPE FROM CHARLESTON.

KATHREN ROYER.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS., June 20, 1775.

My Dear Patience:—

I am coming to see you. Papa has to go to Philadelphia to the Continental Congress, and is going to bring me with him. We are in Charlestown now. You can't guess how we got here. You know that the British soldiers do not allow anyone to go out of Boston, so two or three weeks ago we got ready to go the first chance we got.

But before I go any further I must tell you that there are two soldiers in our house, and they don't like to have me around at all. For instance, when I go out in the yard to read, they come out and say,

"Now, you get right out of here; don't you know

we don't want you tagging around after us." I would be too afraid to say I was there first.

But one day I made up my mind to find out what the matter was, for they had been acting that way for quite a while. So I went up stairs and sat down by the window and listened to what they said. I soon found out what they were going to do. There was going to be an expedition sent up to Lexington and Concord to capture John Hancock and Samuel Adams, and to secure the stores and ammunition there. What should I do? I knew if the people were not told all the ammunition and stores the people had worked so hard to get would all be taken away. I ran downstairs to tell my mother, when in came those soldiers, of course. I put on my hood and told my mother I was going over to see Constance a little while, and ran off.

I didn't go to see Constance, but went straight to General Warren and told him all that I had heard. I went straight home and told my mother, but she said, "Oh, you just misunderstood them." When I told father he said he thought the same thing, but he had not said anything. And sure enough the next night the British started for Lexington and Concord, for I saw them from my window, and at the same time I saw two lights in the belfry tower of the Old North Church, and I knew that Paul Revere had been sent to spread the news all over the country.

I tell you it was a pitiful sight to see those British soldiers come hurrying into Boston, so tired from running they could hardly stand up.

But now I will go back to where I left off. We had to think of some way to get out of Boston. On the 18th of June, just two days ago, we saw there was going to be a battle fought and so papa said we should get ready to go. The next day, as we expected, the "Battle of Bunker Hill" was fought, and a great many British soldiers were killed, among others our dear General Warren, and so they were rather short on night guards, needing some to nurse the wounded.

About eight or nine o'clock my father and I started out. We had to go very quietly, or the guards would hear us. We were hurrying along when all of a sudden we came right up to a guard. There was a mistake, for the guards were only every two blocks and we had just passed one or we would have been more careful. He started to chase us. I tell you we ran and got away too, because he had to go back to his post.

We hadn't gone far when we ran into another guard; he mistook us for British soldiers and so we went onto our boat,—we had gotten some one to have one ready at the northwest corner of Boston and were soon rowed over to Charlestown, and we've been here ever since.

Papa has been telling me about the Congress. I wish they had just written a letter right to the king and told him we were going to be free colonies. Papa said he guessed it would be done at the next Congress.

I don't think we will come to your house right away. Papa has some business in Albany and Trenton. Won't we have lots of fun when I get to your house?

I will have to close now, for papa wants me to go down town with him. Hoping to be at your house in a few months, I am

Your cousin,

PRUDENCE GERRY.

P. S.—Mamma is going to stay with Constance. I almost wished I were going to be there too, I always have so much fun with her, but I guess I will have more traveling.

"THE ROYAL TWINS."

Boodle and Booze are royal twins,
Willing to serve the "outs" and the "ins,"
Ready to manage the state and nation,
Taking a hand in legislation.

The patriot's birthright can't be bought,
Yet the patriot's ballot counts for naught;
The decree's gone forth from Boodle and Booze,
To vote their will or your vote you lose.

Ballot reform is the lawmaker's hobby,
Boodle and Booze rule the lawmaker's lobby;
To the lawmaker's heart the people are dear,
But Boodle and Booze have the lawmaker's ear.

Ye monarchs and tyrants of other lands,
With serfs and slaves to obey your commands,
Our plainness of speech you'll excuse,
But you're nowhere with Boodle and Booze.

From over the hills and far away,
There breaks the gleam of another day,
When men shall be men and longer refuse
To be ruled and damned by Boodle and Booze.

—Rev. Harry M. Chalfant.

LOCOMOTIVE.

A tilting knight across the fields and plains
With waving smoke plume in his helmet bright—
The ranked forests fall before his might,
The mountain's heart is pierced,
And prostrate 'neath his conquering tread
The pallid waters spread.
Nor was a paladin of old, perchance,
More puissant in the realm of high romance.

—Mary Floyd McMullen, in Everybody's Magazine for August.

HAD Job been a man who run his shoes down at the heel, and never had any opinions of his own, the devil wouldn't have bothered him.

The Following PREMIUMS

are offered in payment to our subscribers for the time they spend in securing new subscriptions in households where the **Inglenook** is not already taken. These, however, are subject to the following conditions:

1. They are made to **Inglenook** subscribers **ONLY,** that is, to receive a premium one must pay for one full year's subscription himself.

2. A subscription cannot be considered new unless it actually increases the number of our subscribers and introduces the **Inglenook** to a household where it has not been received the past year.

3. A premium cannot be given to any one for sending his own subscription or that of any member of his own household, since neither time nor effort is required to secure such subscription; but as soon as one has become a subscriber himself he can receive a premium for every other new **yearly** subscription he may send us under these conditions.

4. When we say **new subscription** we mean one full year's subscription at full price, **$1.00.**

5. Premiums cannot be allowed for subscriptions to reading rooms, libraries, and other public institutions.

6. Transferring the subscription from one member of a household to another is considered a renewal.

7. If one member of a household is a subscriber for the **Inglenook,** any member of that household may work for a premium, but when such a worker writes us, the name printed on the margin or wrapper of paper coming to the household must be mentioned.

8. Our premium offer will stand good to May 1, 1906.

9. Any one desiring to work for a premium after May 1 should confer with the Brethren Publishing House.

10. Don't hold subscriptions. Send them to us promptly, accompanied with the money, and if you are going to work for a club we will give you credit and the premium may be selected any time before May 1, 1906.

11. If you want to work for a premium, be sure your own subscription is paid in advance.

12. Two new subscriptions for six months at 50 cents each will be counted as one subscription on premium.

13. Upon articles sent by mail we prepay postage. Upon articles sent by express or freight the receiver must pay carriage. It is best to send us the money and let us prepay transportation charges. If too much is sent, it will be returned to the sender.

14. If you do not want any of these premiums in pay for securing new subscriptions to the **Inglenook** we will extend the time of your subscription three months for each new yearly subscription sent us by you.

15. The subscription price of the **Inglenook** is **$1.00** a year in advance.

16. Send money by post office money order, express money order, bank draft, or registered letter at our risk; otherwise it will be at the risk of the sender. Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for subscriptions.

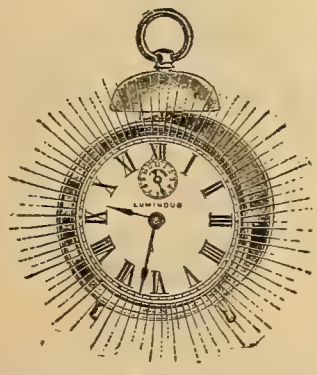
Always address:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.



This is a well-known make of Clock, nickel case, dial is 4 inches in diameter. It will give satisfaction.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions. Value, **$1.20.**



Wake-up Nickel Alarm Clock with luminous dial. You can read this dial in the dark; height, 6¼ inches; width, 4¼ inches. 4-inch dial.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions and 20 cents extra. Value, **$1.50.**



This Mantle or Kitchen Clock is made in oak or walnut artistically carved. It is a good timekeeper. Eight day movement and strikes the hours and half hours on a gong. 24 inches high and has 6-inch dial with gilt morocco border.

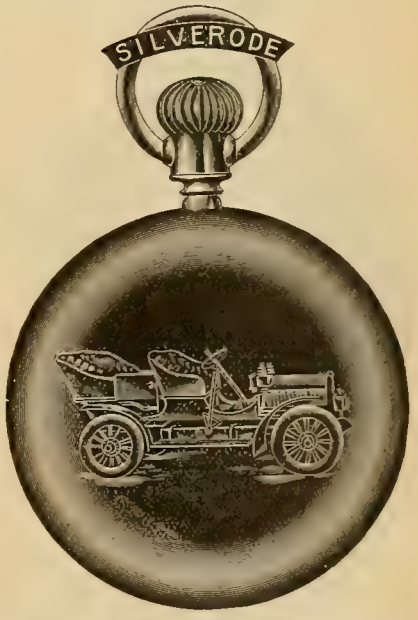
Given for **7 new** subscriptions and 34 cents extra. Value, **$4.00.**

Open-face Watch, silveroid case, screw back and bezel, dust proof, 7 jewel, stem wind, nickel damaskeened, cut expansion balance, safety pinions, screw bankings, hardened and tempered Breguet hairspring, handsome white enamel dial, with depressed second hand, lever setting. This is a good watch and will keep good time.

Given for **9 new** subscriptions and 30 cents extra, postage prepaid. Value, **$5.00.**

Keratol Suit Case. Imitation leather covered, brown shade, grain finish, wide lid, extra deep case, leather corners, anchor handle, brassed bolts and lock straps in body, cloth lined. Length, 22 inches; weight, 5 lbs.

Given for **5 new** subscriptions and 20 cents extra. Value, **$3.00.**

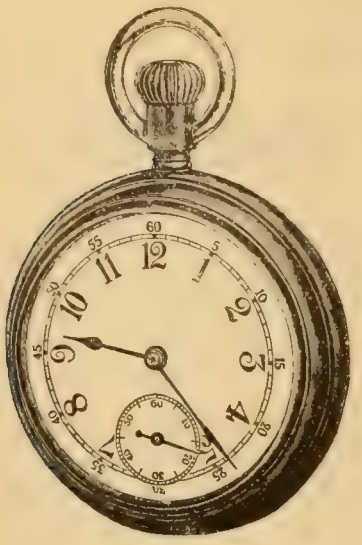


Open-faced style, screw back and bezel, made of solid silveroid, harder than silver and wears just as bright. Back engraved with automobile, locomotive or landscape as desired. **15 jewels. This** is an Elgin movement with the value practically all inside the case and is fully guaranteed. Here is a chance to earn a good watch that will last for 20 years.

Given for **16 new** subscriptions, with $1.00 extra.

Suit Case. Real Keratol cover, grain finish, brown color, looks like leather, 6 inches deep, wide English top, sole leather corners with large head rivets, round swing handle, steel frame, brassed bolts and lock, cloth lined, straps in body. 24 inches long. Weight, 5½ lbs.

Given for **7 new** subscriptions and 34 cents extra. Value, **$3.50.**



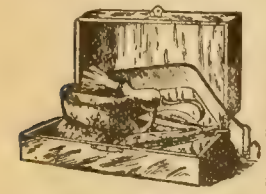
This watch is made by a reliable manufacturer. It is a good watch. The illustration is the exact size of the watch. It is stem wind and stem set. Open face case, plain polished, snap back and front. Guaranteed to keep good time.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions and 31 cents extra. **Value, $1.60.**



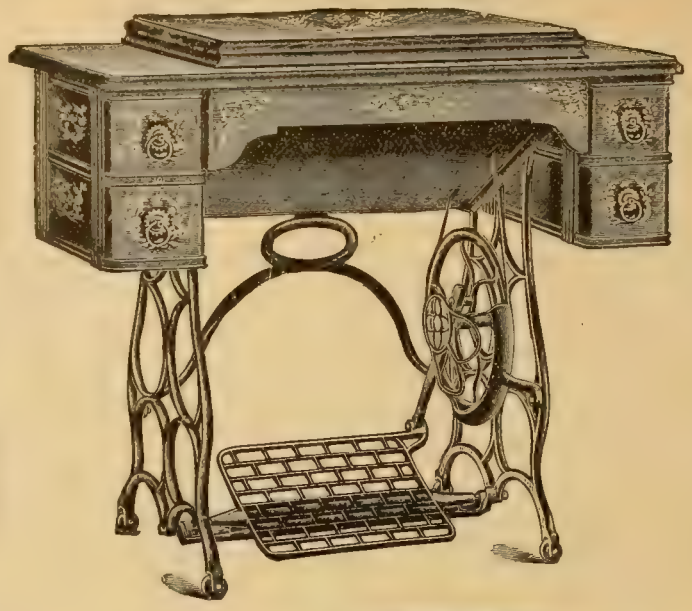
This is an American nickel movement, solid 3 oz. nickel case, open face, screw back and bezel, either plain polished or engraved with stag and locomotive designs; will hold its color and wear a lifetime, seven jewel, stem wind and set, train bearings in metal settings damaskeened, hard enamel dial. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Given for **6 new** subscriptions and 20 cents extra. Value, **$5.00.**



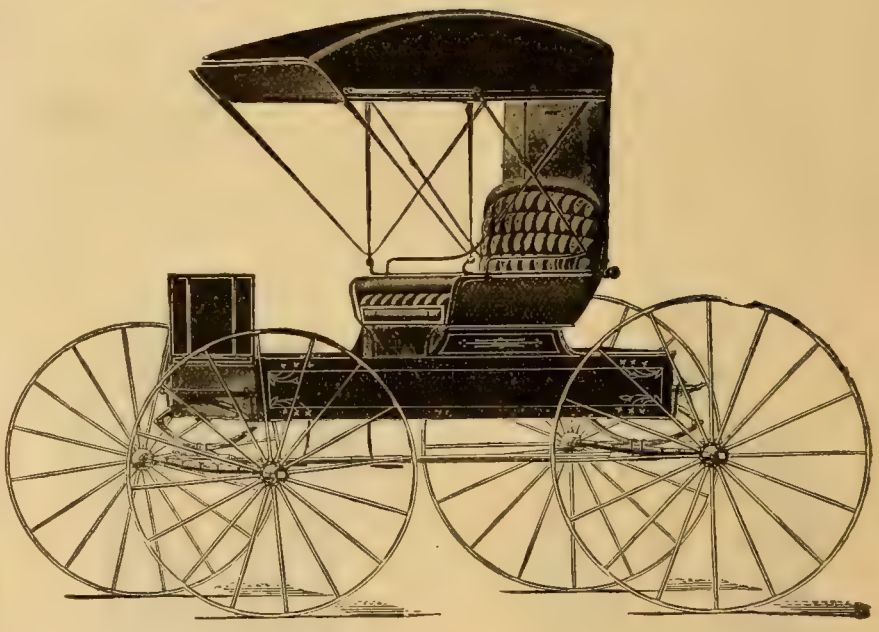
Our Amateur Shaving Outfit consists of a fair grade, medium hollow ground razor, a double swing strop, a China shaving mug, a cake of shaving soap and a bristle shaving brush, bristles well set in cement.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions. Value, **$1.25.**



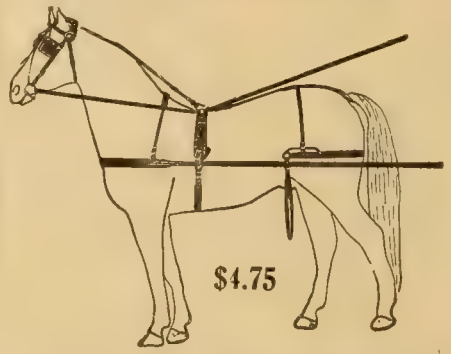
Drop head Sewing Machine, either walnut or oak. Neatly designed, easy running. A complete set of accessories and attachments accompanies this machine. They are made of steel, nickel plated. The machine is guaranteed for ten years.

Given for **40 new** subscriptions and 75cts. extra. Value, **$25.00.**



We put this buggy in our premium list because we are assured it is a good buggy and worth working for. It is just as represented, leather trimmings with good hickory shafts. Upholstering imitation leather, plain black or striped, storm apron, whip socket, wrench and anti-rattlers.

It will be given for **100 new** Inglenook subscriptions.



Double and stitched, single buggy harness, complete, bridle, ⅝ inch. Saddle, 2½ inch; iron jockey. Lines three-quarter inch to loop in bit. Breast collar folded. Traces, 1 inch, double and stitched.

Given for **8 new** subscriptions.



This ladies' nickel case watch is guaranteed for one year. It will wear for years. Stem wind and set, quick train lever escapement, well finished throughout, will keep good time.

Given for **4 new** subscriptions and 30 cents extra, postage prepaid. Value, **$2.75.**

This is a plain straight gun that can be depended upon for safety and accuracy in shooting. We feel sure this gun will give good service, and for that reason we place it among our premiums. The barrel is made from blue welded steel, choke bored, 12-gauge, with 30-in. barrel and weighs about seven lbs. Has top lever action and case-hardened frame, with center-rebounding hammer.

Given for **18 new** subscriptions and 40 cents extra. Value, **$5.50.**





Heavy Jack Knife. Two blades, Ebony or cocobolo handle. German silver shield, cap and bolster. Length, 3¾ inches.

Given for **1 new** subscription. Value, **45 cents.**



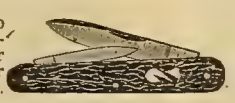
Cattle Knife. Two blades. Stag, ebony, or cocobolo handle. Length, 3-½ inches. Brass lined. German silver tips and shield. Highly polished.

Given for **1 new** subscription. Value, **50 cents.**



Pearl handle pen knife. Two blades. Brass lined. Highly polished blades. Length, 3½ inches.

Given for **1 new** subscription and 10 cents extra. Value, **75 cents.**



Pen Knife. Two blades. Brass lined. German silver shield. Stag or buff handle. Length, 2½ inches.

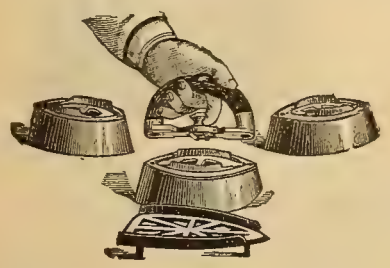
Given for **1 new** subscription. Value, **40 cents.**



Our High Grade Four Blade Congress Knife. German silver shield and bolster. Brass lined. Two spear and two sheep foot blades highly polished. Length, 4 inches.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions. Value, **$1.10.**

MRS. POTTS' SAD IRONS.



A full set of three Irons, one stand and one detachable walnut handle, nickel plated.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions and 10 cents extra. Value, **$1.25.**

Straight trimmer. This pattern of shear is a universal favorite and is adapted to all kinds of work. It is made from the very best of stock, is finely finished. Every pair warranted. Finished in full nickel plate. 7½ inches long.

Given for **1 new** subscription. Value, **75 cents.**



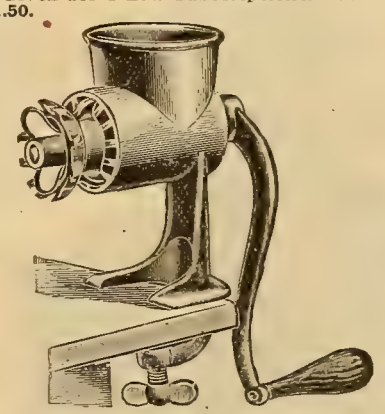
Ladies' scissors, fine grade of German steel, full nickel plated. 3½ inches long.

Given for **1 new** subscription. Value, **50 cents.**



This **Slanting Dial Household Scale** is handsomely enameled, always accurate and weighs 24 pounds. Shipping weight, 4 lbs.

Given for **3 new** subscriptions. Value, **$1.50.**



Universal Meat Chopper is a machine that will chop all kinds of meats, raw or cooked and all kinds of vegetables, nuts, horseradish, fish, clams, bread, crackers, etc. In fact everything ordinarily chopped in a chopping bowl. Easily operated. Cuts coarse, fine or medium. Can be taken apart easily. Diameter of hopper, 2½x2¾ inches; diameter of barrel, 1½ inches. Weight, 3 lbs.

Given for **3 new** subscriptions. Value, **$1.50.**

THREE POPULAR RAZORS.

Medium hollow ground Razor, ⅞-inch blade, square or hollow point, black rubber handle.

This razor given for **1 new** subscription and 5 cents extra. Worth, **75 cents.**



Medium hollow ground Razor, ⅝-inch blade, square point, file tang, single heel, black rubber handle.

This razor given for **1 new** subscription and 25 cents extra. Worth, **$1.00.**



Our Leader Razor. Full hollow ground, ⅝-inch blade, square point, double heel, fancy black rubber handle. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

This one given for **2 new** subscriptions and 20 cents extra. Worth, **$1.75.**



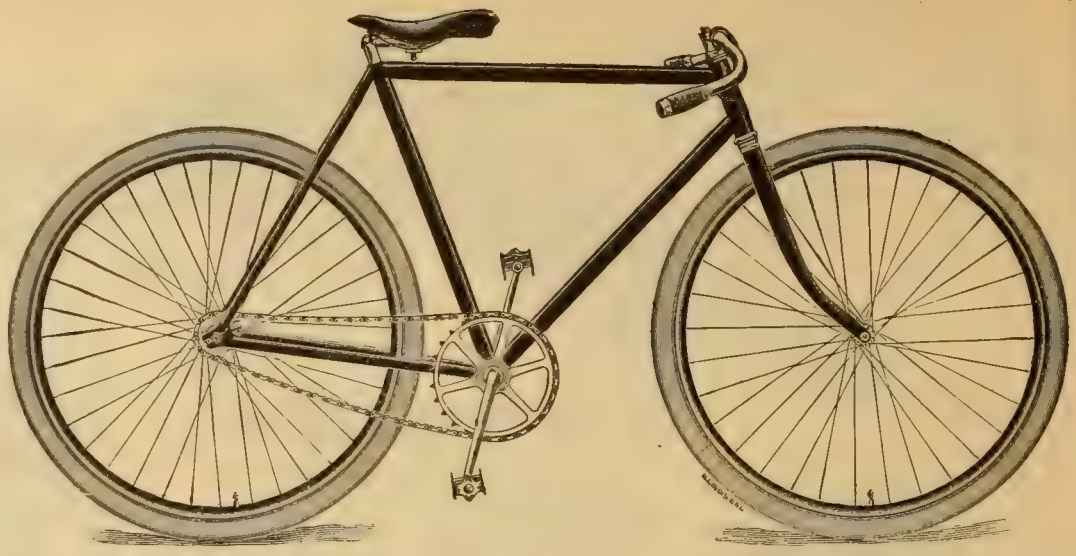
Gem Safety Razor Outfits contain one Gem Safety Razor, Strop and Stropping Machine, together with one blade. A very desirable outfit expressly designed in compact form for traveling.

Given for **8 new** subscriptions and 29 cents extra. Value, **$4.50.**

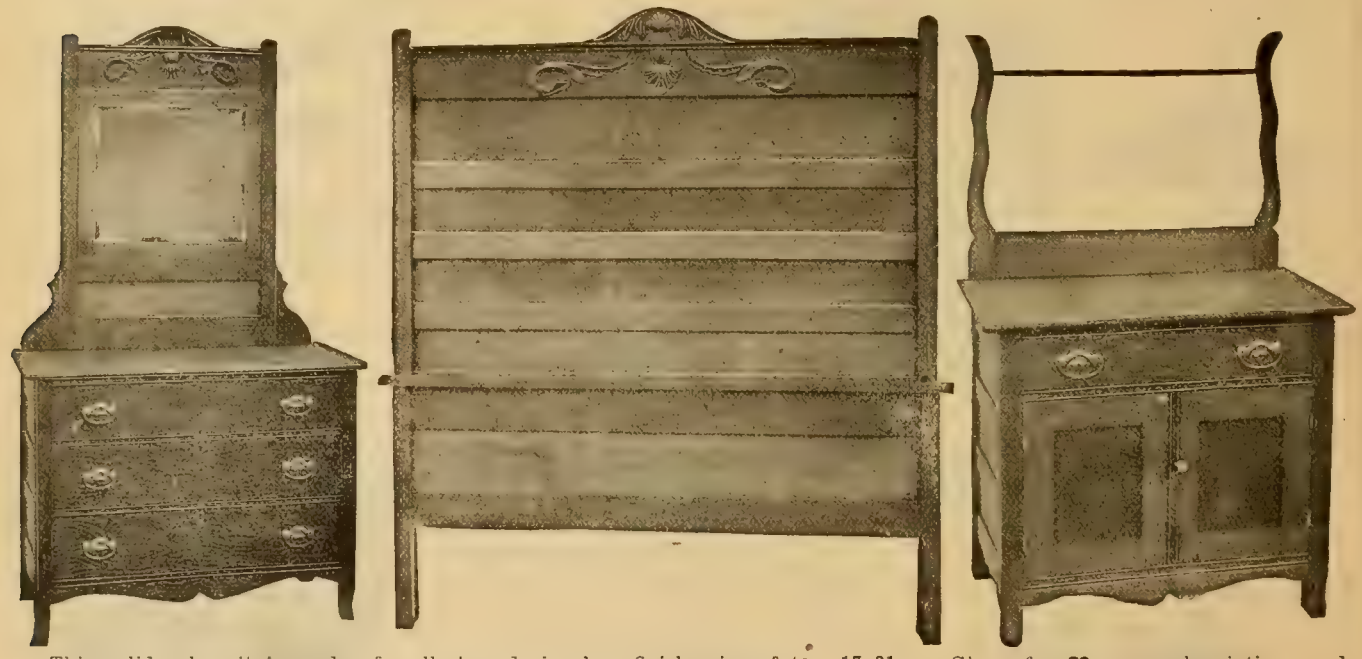


High grade three blade. One pen, one file and one spear blade. Brass lined stag handle with German silver shield and bolsters Length, 3¾ inches.

Given for **one new** subscription and 20 cents extra. Value, **$1.00.**

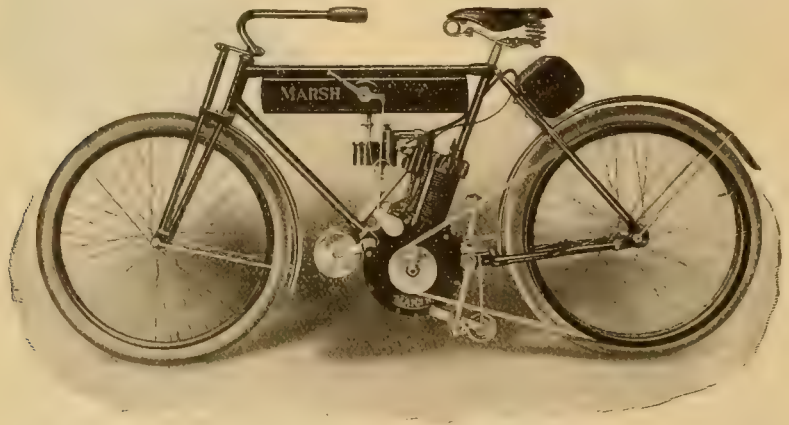


This bicycle has all the improvements. It is one of the finest bicycles ever constructed for the money. Of the best material and finest workmanship. We guarantee this bicycle for one year; we give you a written guarantee with every one of these wheels. Here are a few special features of Sidder's No. 2, Model 1905: it has a square, nickel plated crown, one-piece hanger with oval cranks and new pattern six straight arm sprockets, improved turned hubs, adjustable handle bars with wound leather grips, padded Garford saddle and many other new features. Sidder's No. 2, Model 1905, is in every way, shape and manner first class. Frame is 22 and 24 inches, 22 inches being regular; **28-inch wheel.** Swaged spokes, 15-17 gauge, 32 in front wheel and 36 in hind. Ball bearings, black, tool bag, wrench, oiler and pump. Weight about 23 lbs. This wheel can be earned in a very short time by the persevering youth. Given for **50 new** subscriptions and 50 cents extra. Value, **$30.00.**



This solid oak suit is made of well-seasoned wood composed of bed, dresser and commode.. Bed is 5 ft. 8 inches high and 4 ft. 6 inches wide. The commode is gloss finish; size of top, 17x21 inches. Dresser is finely finished, size of top, 19-21 inches. American plate mirror 18x20 inches, mounted on casters.

Given for **32 new** subscriptions and $1.00 extra. Value, **$18.00.**



The Marsh Motor Cycle, fitted with three horsepower motor. Has a guaranteed speed of forty miles an hour. Handsome in design, perfect in every detail. Easy to operate and control.

Given for **300 new** subscriptions and $15.00 extra. Value, **$175.00.**



Women's Black Walrus Leather Hand Bag, gun metal frame, spring catch, black sateen lining, coin purse to match, length, 9½ inches. This is a very pretty shaped bag.

Given for **1 new** subscription and 10 cents extra. Value, **85 cents.**

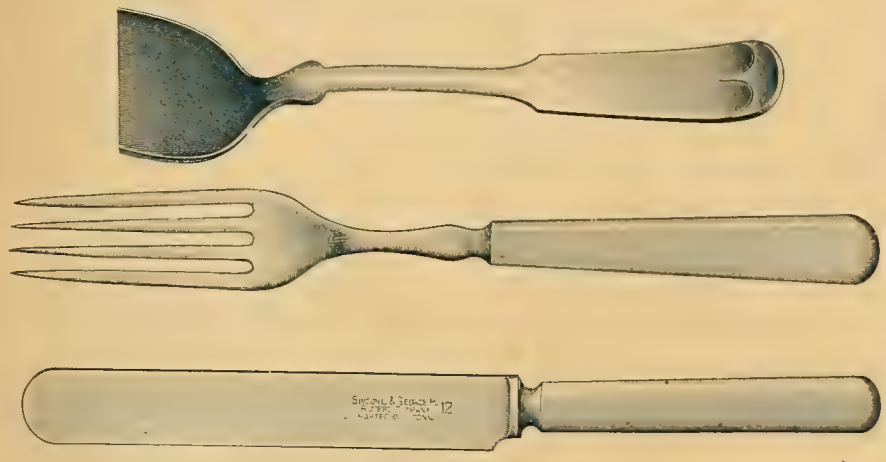
Women's new style Hand Bag, with leather handle, made from walrus leather, in black or brown, fancy gilt frame, ball fastener, moirene lining, fitted with coin purse to match, length, 9¾ inches.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions. Value, **$1.25.**



Is the "Hohners" New Style Up-to-Date Harmonica. It is well made, with strong new style nickel plated cover, has 10 single holes, 20 reeds and extra strong nickel plated cover, the tone is very strong, easy to blow.

Given for **1 new** subscription. Value, **$.35.**



Medium size knives and forks, satin finished, round end handles, 12 dwt., silver plate on crucible steel. Made by Simon L. and Geo. H. Rogers. These are thoroughly reliable, or we should not have placed them in premium list.

Six knives and six forks given for **8 new** subscriptions and 38 cents extra.

Our Tea Spoons extra plated, full size, tipped, plated on 18 per cent solid nickel silver, guaranteed.

Set of six spoons given with **2 new** subscriptions and 14 cents extra. Value, **$1.25.**

Table Spoon **extra plate** same quality as tea spoons.

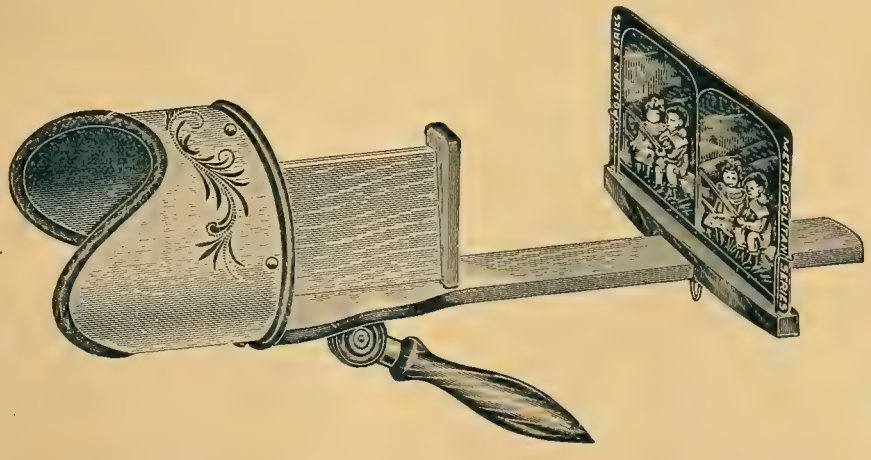
Six spoons given for **5 new** subscriptions and 3 cents extra. Value, **$2.50.**

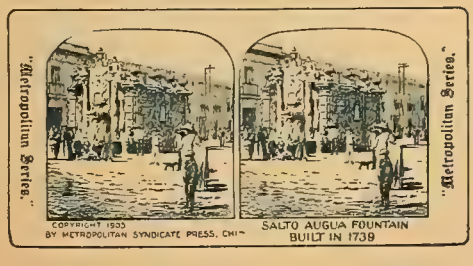
The same spoon only triple plated, value, **$2.00,** set of six spoons.

Given for **3 new** subscriptions and 21 cents extra.

Table Spoon, triple plated, same quality as tea spoons.

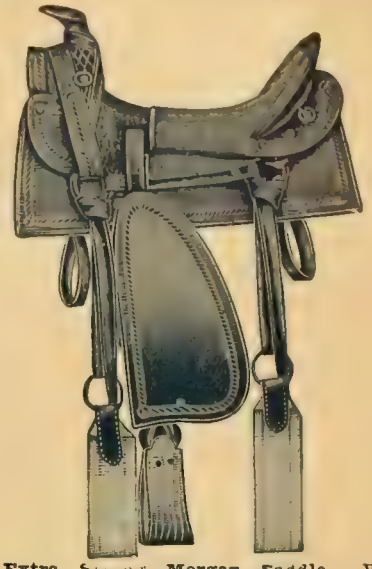
Six spoons given for **6 new** subscriptions and 32 cents extra. Value, **$3.50.**





This stereoscope is made of selected hardwood with adjustable slide to focus for any range of eyesight, hood of pressboard finished in imitation of mahogany, 1 inch lens. A good serviceable instrument, with 100 views finished in colors, artistic in finish and appearance. The subjects are all interesting and up-to-date including views from all over the world.

This Stereoscope and 100 views given for **5 new** subscriptions and 19 cents extra. Value, $5.00.



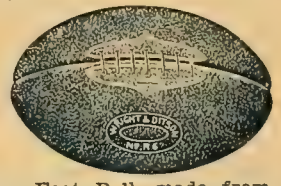
Extra Strong Morgan Saddle. We fully guarantee every saddle. Made on a 13½ or 14-inch hide covered tree, heavy stirrup straps and 3-inch wood stirrups. Long latigoe straps, 1 inch wide; 2-inch soft hair cinches. Made of extra fine russet skirting leather.

Given for **18 new** subscriptions and 65 cents extra. Value, **$10.00.**



This Student Lamp is nickel plated, has center draft burner, with removable fount and perfect wick attachments, Junior Rochester wick and chimney, 7-in. dome and shade. It will burn 9 hours with one filling. Height to top of rod 21 inches. Is perfectly safe and reliable. Packed complete in a box for shipment. Weight, 16 lbs. with white shade.

Given for **8 new** subscriptions and 40 cents extra, receiver paying carriage. Value, **$4.75.**



Rugby Foot Ball, made from Handsomely Grained Cowhide of excellent quality; a very substantial practice ball in every way, regulation size.

Given for **4 new** subscriptions and 21 cents extra. Value, **$2.50.**



Association Foot Ball, made from best Pebble Grained Leather case. Packed complete with pure Para Rubber guaranteed Bladder.

Given for **4 new** subscriptions and 9 cents extra. Value, **$2.25.**



Runners of best cold rolled steel. Entire skate bright finish. Each pair paper wrapped. Sizes, 8 to 12 inches.

Given for **1 new** subscription and 10 cents extra. Value, **90 cents.**



English Style. Easy Riding. Tree, 15-inch, Somerset. **Skirts,** Imitation hogskin. **Seat,** Skirting leather. **Stirrup Straps,** ⅞-inch. **Stirrups,** 3-inch, 2 rivets, wood. **Billets,** 1-inch. **Pad,** Drill. **Girth,** Corded cotton.

Given for **7 new** subscriptions and 30 cents extra. Worth, **$4.00.**



Boys' Saddle, Russet. Note the graceful shape. **Tree,** Morgan, 11-inch. **Seat,** All over covered. **Stirrup Leathers,** 1-inch to buckle. **Tie Strap** one inch. **Cinch,** 4-inch, soft woven hair.

Given for **16 new** subscriptions and 90 cents extra. Worth, **$9.50.**



Hair Clippers, good quality, made of fine steel, finely tempered, finished and nickel plated, spring between handles.

Given for **1 new** subscription and 12 cents extra. Value, **85 cents.**

Same as above only better quality, well made of fine steel finely tempered, finished and nickel plated, concealed spring.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions and 5 cents extra, Value, **$1.25.**



SHAVING MUG AND BRUSH. Carlsbad China Shaving Mug with floral decorations and Brush enameled handle bristles well set in cement.

Both for **1 new** subscription. Value, **50 cents.**



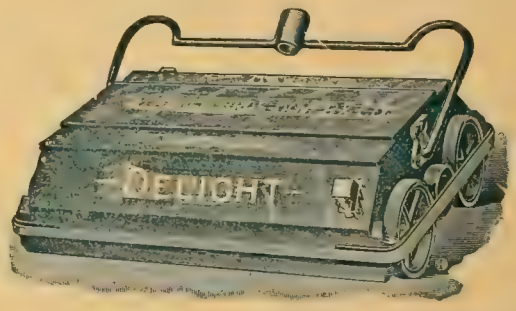
Open weave hammock, three-quarter color, concealed spreader, wood bar at foot. Size, 36x78 inches. All pure dyes are used in these hammocks, they are full size and full weight.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions and 10 cents extra.



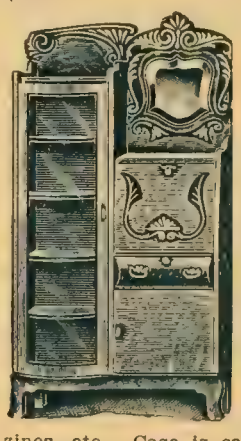
This Parlor Stand has a 24x24-inch top, made of highly figured quartered oak, golden finish, highly polished. Has neat beaded edge around the top. Has turned legs with brass feet and glass balls. Has a shaped shelf all firmly framed into the legs.

Given for **6 new** subscriptions. Value, **$3.00.**



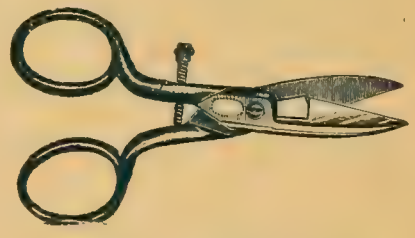
This Carpet Sweeper is nickel plated, and has perfect friction. The dust pans are easily opened and cleaned. The band around the sweeper will keep it from marring furniture or walls. Light running and guaranteed.

Given for **6 new** subscriptions and 4 cents extra. Value, **$2.75.**



Combination Bookcase and Writing Desk. A very artistic design and high grade construction throughout. Made of solid oak, carved and highly polished. Height, 5 ft. 10 in.; width, 3 ft. Has a large door with shaped bent glass, and adjustable shelves. The desk is partitioned with drawer and pigeonholes and has drop leaf with lock and key, and 10x12 French mirror. Also has a cupboard below for books, magazines, etc. Case is carved and is very ornamental.

Given for **35 new** subscriptions and $1.45 extra. Value, **$20.00.** Receiver pays carriage.



Button hole scissors, will cut any size button hole uniformly; nickel plated; These are good scissors.

Given for **1 new** subscription. Value, **40 cents.**



Large Bill Book in red calf finished leather, canvas faced, has four full sized gusseted pockets. Size, 4½x9¾ inches. A very convenient book for notes, receipts and papers.

Given for **1 new** subscription and 20 cents extra. Worth, **75 cents.**

Address all Orders for Premiums and Subscriptions to

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

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THE LAST WEST

You are familiar with the saying of Horace Greeley: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." The land now available in the Western States at a reasonable price is not worth while. We come to you with something that is worth while. "Save the best for the last" is an old saying, but we are proving it to you to-day, when we talk about the last "West."



A Harvest Scene in Canada.

For three years we have called to your attention Western Canada, where there are broad acres of fertile land ready for the plow. Many of the Brethren have heard our call, and are now enjoying the harvests.

We own and offer for sale thousands of acres of land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our prices range from $5.00 to $20.00 per acre on easy terms. In some of our districts homesteads of 160 acres each can be obtained for $10.00 and three years' residence.

Is this worth while to you? If so, write to-day for particulars.

PIONEER REALTY COMPANY,

R. R. STONER, President.

231 Boston Block. **Minneapolis, Minn.**

People in Ohio and Eastern Indiana will address

DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio,

for **Particulars.**

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS



Hall Hat Racks. Made of quartered golden oak, polished; has 4 large double hat hooks; is fitted with an 8x8-in. French bevel plate mirror. Price, ...$2.35



Ladies' Chatelaine Watch, 13 ligne, solid silver jointed hunting case with solid silver cap, antique bow, engraved in handsome assorted patterns, fitted with a jeweled nickel movement, stem wind and set. Each,..$3.50

Same size as above. Sterling silver case 925-1000 fine, jointed Sterling silver inside cap, fancy engraved, extra jeweled movement, fancy decorated dial and gilt hands, stem wind and set. This fine watch only $5



Manicure Set. Ebenoid; contains cuticle, corn knife, file, polisher and pomade; put up in a white satin-lined, leatherette, hinged box; size, 5x8x2 in. Mounted with sterling silver ornaments. Each, ...$1.89



The Best for the Price

This fine single barrel, self shell ejector and breech loading shot gun, only, ...$2.98



Ladies' Rocker. Fine cane seat, beautifully designed back, full continuous roll arms and front; very fine as a sewing rocker, ...$3.30



Rambler Alarm. Artistic burnt wood case; Swedish carved decorations; handsomely colored and finished; fitted with the best 30-hr. alarm; Gilbert Clock Co. movement; decided contrast to the nickel alarm; height, 9 inches; width, 8 inches. Price, ...$1.90



Roger Bros.' 1847.
Vintage Sugar Shell. French gray finish, 47c
Butter knife to match, ...54c

We show on this page a few of the thousands of articles illustrated and described in our new catalogue. We can furnish you any article you want for young or old at **money-saving prices.** Remember we **guarantee every article** we sell to be exactly as illustrated and described. If when you receive the goods from us they are not as represented, return them at our expense and we will cheerfully refund your money. By our **freight and express refund plan we deliver the goods at your door without cost to you.**

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ONLY ONE HOUSE

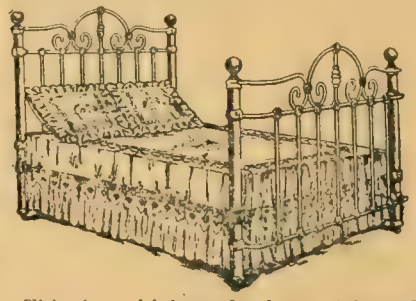
Now giving first attention to the Brethren trade. We are all united in one great Company and set before ourselves the task of building a great Mail Order House, which should at all times be owned by Christian people and stand as a model for all in honorable dealing. We ask no charity from anyone, but if we can make as low prices as any one, we are surely entitled to your orders. We know our prices are lower on most dependable articles. Write to-day.

ALBAUGH BROS. DOVER & CO.

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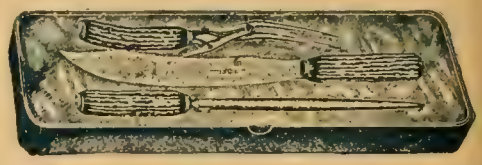
Large Heavy Table for parlor, sitting room or library, with French legs and shaped shelf. Has a large 24x24-inch shaped top with deep heavy rim. A good sensible design and at an exceptionally low price. Price, ...$2.85



This is a high-grade, brass trimmed iron bed. Made entirely of iron, trimmed and ornamented with brass. This is the richest and cleanest design yet produced for the money. Pillars 1 1-16 inches; brass vases 1¾ inches; six brass rosettes, ornamental center spindles; furnished in white, pea green, apple green, blue or black enamel; top rods ⅜-inch; scrolls ⅜-inch; other rods, 5-16-inch; height of head, 56½ inches; height of foot, 44½ inches; made in three widths, 3-6, 4-0 and 4-6; shipping weight (wrapped), 95 pounds. Price, all sizes, ...$3.95



Shaving Case. Beautiful floral imitation celluloid, extension base, lithographed picture under transparent celluloid over top and front, full mirror under cover, sateen lining; fitted with razor, decorated mug and lather brush; size, 9½x7⅞x4⅛ in. Each, ...$1.25



Carving Set. 8½-inch. Turkish scimitar blade, solid forged bolsters, genuine stag handles, patent guard on fork. All in a fancy cloth-lined case. Price, ...$1.75

Toilet Case. Celluloid top, artistic shape, embossed bands on extension top, sateen lining; fitted with comb and decorated hair brush and beveled plate hand mirror; size, 9½x5½x2⅞ in. Price, ...$1.10



Women's Hand Bag With braided leather handle, made of walrus leather in tan, brown or black, mercerized lining, 8½ inches long fitted with purse to correspond. Shipping weight 9 ounces. Price, each, ...50c

Our Most Famous Specialty. —The most delightful of any Oriental odor ever produced; so rich and lasting that one or two drops on the handkerchief will give the effect of the most wonderful Eastern mineral. Put up in genuine Roger & Gallet ground glass



stoppered bottles. Each in rich box of Oriental design. Sure to please. Sells everywhere for $1.25. Only, ...70c

Morris Chair.— Furnished in golden oak, spring seat, reversible cushions, felt top filling, brass rod and brass bracket, reclining attachment. This chair is made of 1-inch stock throughout. Wt. 50 lbs. Size 21 inches between the arms. Height of back above seat 28 inches. Price, upholstered in good velour (Mention color of velour), ...$4.34



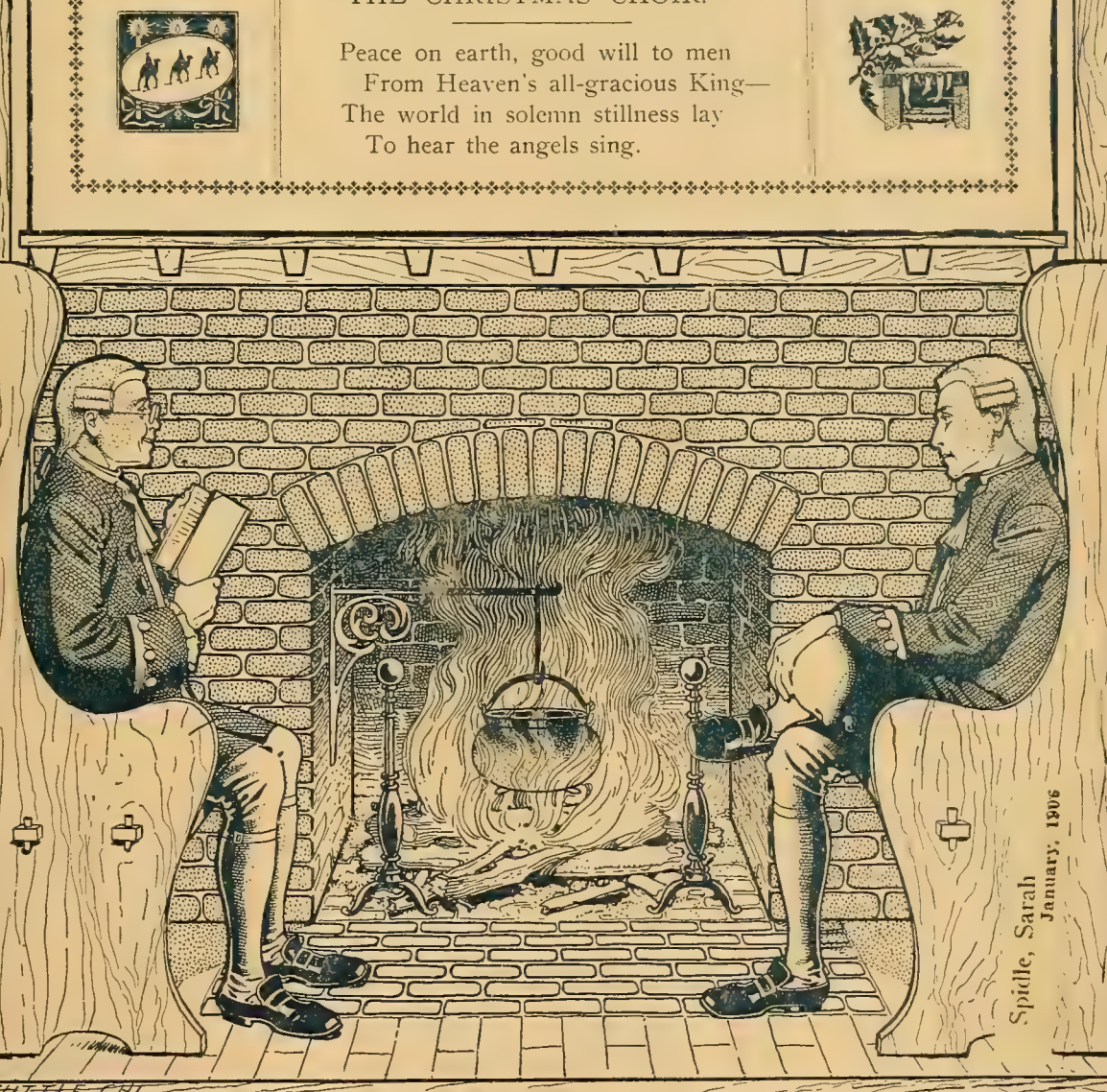
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THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

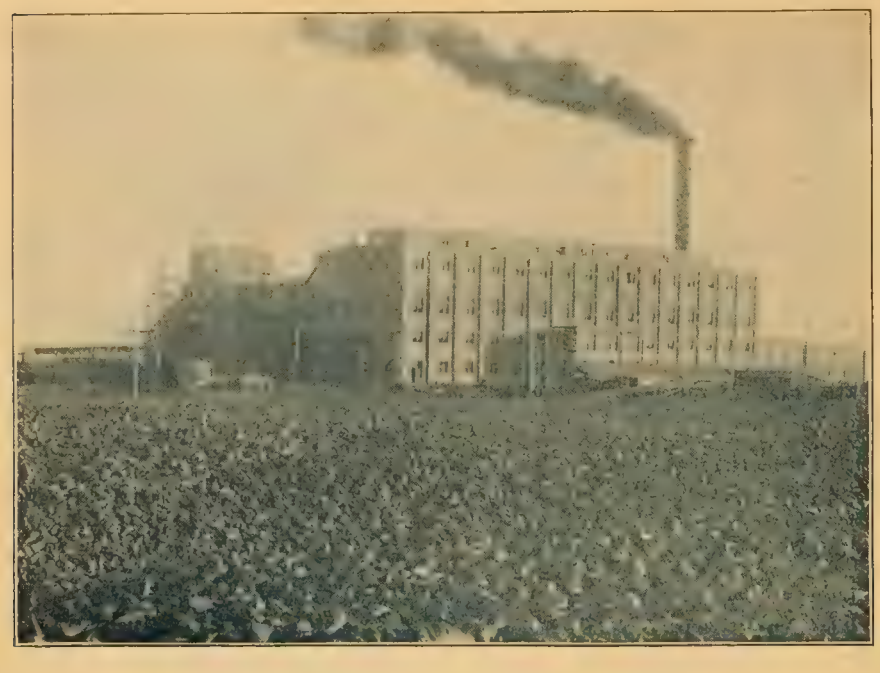
THE CHRISTMAS CHOIR.

Peace on earth, good will to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King—
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

December 26, 1905 PRICE, $1.00 PER ANNUM No. 52. Vol. VII



New Beet Sugar Factory, Sterling, Colorado.
10,000 Tons of Beets in Foreground.

CHEAP RATES

(To Sterling, Colorado,)

South Platte Valley

AND RETURN

First and Third Tuesdays Each Month

Proportionate rates from all points East.

Where you will see thousands of stacks of hay, thousands of fat cattle, thousands of fat sheep, thousands of acres of irrigated land that can be bought at from $30.00 to $40.00 per acre.

Only 24 hours' run to Chicago; only 12 hours' run to the Missouri River; only 4 hours' run to Denver. The only country that can make a good showing to the homeseeker in mid-winter. Go and see for yourself—it need only take four or five days' time and you will be well repaid by what you see. Buy your ticket over

The Union Pacific Railroad

WHY RAISE CORN

in the East on land worth from $75.00 to $150.00 an acre, for which you receive only $15.00 to $30.00 an acre, when

YOU HAD BETTER RAISE SUGAR BEETS

in the South Platte Valley, Colorado, on land equally as good that you can buy at from $30.00 to $40.00 an acre, for which crop you will receive from $75.00 to $150.00 an acre.

THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,

as farmers in the South Platte Valley have demonstrated during the past five years that it is more profitable to raise sugar beets than any other farm crop, and

THERE ARE SEVEN BEET SUGAR FACTORIES IN THE SOUTH PLATTE VALLEY

out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE ERECTED IN 1906

to be owned by the same parties. Farmers can do most of the labor themselves without hiring any help except during the thinning season, and the sugar factories are always willing and glad to furnish additional laborers during the thinning season, advancing the money to pay their wages, taking it out of the returns from the sugar beet crop.

Write for information.

PRINTED MATTER FREE.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Nebraska.

ARE YOU GOING TO

California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho

Or Any Other Point?
Take the

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ONE-WAY COLONISTS' RATES

To Pacific Coast Every Day, Feb. 15 to April 7

From Chicago, ...$33.00
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Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over

The Union Pacific Railroad

known as the "OVERLAND ROUTE," and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

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Farming Lands in California can be Bought from $25.00 to $40.00 per Acre.

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Write to

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,
COLONIZATION AGENT

Union Pacific Railroad

Omaha, Neb.

He Was an Old Man;

his broken English indicated that he was a native of distant Sweden and that he had not been in this country very long. His heart was, however, in the right place and his sympathies went out to those in distress. He had evidently learned from experience what might prove to be of incalculable value to others around him. It was with some difficulty that he made himself understood to Mrs. H. A. Brown, of West Boyleston, Mass., but the information she gained proved a source of comfort and happiness in her home. She says, "My little girl, when 18 months old, became very sick. We had doctors in attendance and, in fact, tried everything, but she failed to get any better. She would sometimes go four days without a movement of the bowels. We spent large sums of money on her, but all for nothing. One day I happened to meet an old Swedish man at a neighbor's house and he heard me say that I was afraid my baby was going to die. He commenced in broken English to tell me about the BLOOD VITALIZER, saying he believed it would cure her. He kindly sent me a bottle to try, which I did, and my little girl commenced to get better at once. I obtained some more of the medicine and, after using it, my baby got well and started to grow as she had never grown before. I can truly say that the BLOOD VITALIZER is worth its weight in gold."

THE SORES DISAPPEARED.

Lake Clair, Mich., July 7, 1905.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I take particular pleasure is writing to you in regard to your splendid medicines, which we have used in our family with so much benefit. One of my daughters was taken sick. Sores appeared on her limbs, the latter swelling up causing us much alarm and worry. I gave her the **Blood Vitalizer** and bathed her limbs with **Oleum** in diluted form and in about two weeks she was entirely well again. Our neighbors have also used the medicine with much success. Yours truly,

Mrs. Mark Oman.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Mankato, Kans., March 6, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—About thirty years ago, I used your **Blood Vitalizer** with splendid results. I can recommend it as being all you claim. My father, Thomas Berry, of Otes, Tenn., was your agent for many years. Everybody who used the medicine was more than satisfied. Words would fail me were I to attempt ot tell you the good your medicine did me. I should like to introduce the **Blood Vitalizer** in this locality, as I have not heard of it here. Please send me your terms to agents.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Christine Price.

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer

is prepared exclusively of vegetable ingredients,—containing nothing but what will do the system good. It is a comfort to mothers in the care of their little ones. Being a mild, yet active remedy, is is especially adapted for their needs. Not a drugstore medicine. Supplied to the people direct through local agents by the proprietors,

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.,

112=118 South Hoyne Avenue,

CHICAGO, ILL.

The Weeds will Continue to Grow

Ninety per cent of humanity are unconsciously breeding and nursing germs of disease in their systems, like neglected gardens growing weeds instead of flowers.

Don't be ignorant and unreasonable but believe the truth. Your system is like a garden. It is the natural hot bed for breeding millions of germs of disease. How easily and effectively you can hinder the propagation of these disease germs with a little common sense precaution on your part and have good health. Air is the agency that carries the germs of disease into your head and it must be the agency to remove them.

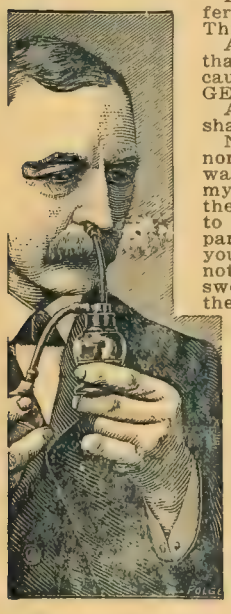
When you let the weeds grow in your garden, they choke and hinder the growth of all that is good. When you allow the germs of disease to accumulate in the air passages of your head, throat and lungs, you are doing far worse. They are undermining the foundation of a system of a noble human being worth more to you than all the gardens in the world.

We make the only common sense offer ever made to the readers of the Inglenook. Carefully read the following, ponder over it and then act quickly, confidently and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

I Can Cure Your CATARRH

I WILL PROVE IT, FREE!

Because I KNOW what my new and wonderful discovery has already done for hundreds—will do for YOU. I will cheerfully and willingly send a full treatment to you, prepaid, absolutely FREE, for TEN DAYS' TRIAL.



I offer what is really a GODSEND to sufferers from Catarrh—Head, Bronchial and Throat troubles.

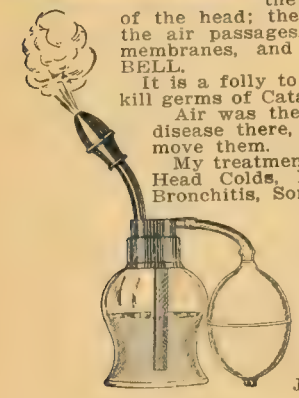
A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking right at the root and cause of the disease—by KILLING THE GERMS.

A CURE for YOU, no matter what bad shape you are in.

Now I do not ask you to take my word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word, and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days treatment, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the treatment to me. You are nothing out. Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

My afflicted friend, do not suffer longer from this cruel disease, Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH.)

My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffing and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the mouth; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head CLEAR AS A BELL.



It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill germs of Catarrh in the head.

Air was the agency that carried the germs of disease there, and it must be the agency to remove them.

My treatment positively cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, LaGrippe, and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you; may be used anywhere, at any time.

Read what grateful persons write:

"Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a life-time."
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"After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever."—REV. ALBERT EGLI, Elgin, Ill.

"I have been using your Medicator three weeks and would not take $1,000 for it if I could not get another. I can sing again, something I have not done for two years."—MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.

The E. J. Worst Catarrh Treatment, the only Successful Treatment for Catarrh. Endorsed by the UNITED STATES HEALTH REPORT.

Read What they Say

Washington, D. C., Oct. 13, 1900.

We are constantly receiving letters from all over the country asking for information on the subject of Catarrh and the air passages of the head. We have been asked time and again to recommend some remedy which can be used with good results, for these diseases.

To benefit the public at large, and to answer their questions, we have recently commissioned our Board of Experts to investigate the subject of Catarrh and its cure, to find some remedy, which would successfully meet the conditions and be easy and simple of application. The report of the Board of Experts has been handed in, and as a result, we are pleased to recommend a treatment which is manufactured by the E. J. Worst M'f'g. Co., Ashland, Ohio. Mr. Worst has developed the idea of Medicated air treatment very successfully, and has designed the neat and efficient little instrument which is becoming so well known as the E. J. Worst Catarrh Medicator. It conveys the true principle of forcing the medicated air as an agent into every air cavity of the head.

As a result of this investigation we are pleased to extend to E. J. Worst's Catarrh treatment, the unqualified endorsement of the United States Health Reports.

A. N. TALLEY, Jr., M. D.,
Washington, D. C.

Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Medicator on trial free. See special offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?
Do you have watery eyes?
Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?
Is there a dropping in the back part of the throat?
Does your nose discharge?
Does your nose feel full?
Do you sneeze a good deal?
Do crusts form in the nose?
Do you have pains across the front part of the head?
Do you have pains across the eyes?
Is your breath offensive?
Is your hearing impaired?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

A Perfect Treatment

It stands without a rival in the world for neatness and cheapness and in its effect upon people who are troubled with catarrh or any of the above named diseases. Any child can use it. The medicated air penetrates the obscure places which medicine taken into the stomach cannot reach. Every air cell of the head drinks in its life-giving properties; every inhalation weakens the disease and leaves in its stead new vital force.

If you have a COLD, try it.
If you have SORE THROAT, try it.
If you have BRONCHITIS, try it.
If you have a COUGH, try it.
If you have CATARRH, try it.

If you have buzzing or roaring in the head, try it. If you have headache, try it. If you are partially deaf from the closing of any of the tubes leading to the inner ear, try it. Hundreds have reported immediate good results and permanent cures.

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If you will write me, even a mere postal card, mentioning the Inglenook I will send you, prepaid, my new Spray Medicator with full treatment of medicine, with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction, after ten days trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me $2. If you are NOT satisfied, mail me back the treatment (costs only 12 cents postage) and you still have your money. I deal with every one, and want no one's money unless benefited. Write THIS VERY DAY.

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A STORY "The Rending of the Chain," by OMA KARN, the author of "The Little White Meetin'house."

SEED-THOUGHTS by JOSEPHINE HANNA, the modern proverb writer.

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The Prairie Farmer contains from 16 to 24 big pages each issue, and has departments for every branch of farm life, each one conducted by experts who have a world-wide fame because of their knowledge of agricultural conditions, and their ability to give THE PRAIRIE FARMER readers practicable and profitable advice. Because it is a weekly its subscribers get timely and up-to-date advice—and not a month too early or too late. Queries can be answered right away by well-informed farmers, dairymen, stockmen, horticulturists, poultrymen and general scientific farmers listed as contributors.

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Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley also yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry.

The climate is healthy; winters short and mild.

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The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of $50 to $100 per acre may be realized.

Seize the opportunity now, by going on the *Homeseekers'* round trip rates, and see and investigate these valleys and secure a home while land is cheap. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers and laborers of all kinds will find employment at good wages. *Write at once* for printed matter and full information.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

THE INGLENOOK

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CHRISTMAS BLESSINGS.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

'Tis Christmas time and let us all
Give happiness unto mankind;
While following Christ's Golden Rule,
Life's sweetest blessings we shall find.
Make all the little children glad,
Remembering Christ loved them all,
And teach them of the Savior's love;
How blessings on their hearts shall fall,
If they will live as Jesus did,
For love of God and all mankind,
Teach them how blessed 'tis to give,
What pleasure in it they will find;
Have them upon the giving count
More than on what they will receive,
Then we can make them understand,
Christ's mission, too, sooner believe.
Teach them to think of other's needs,
And how they joy to them can bring,
And Christ will then appreciate,
When we his joyous praises sing.
Make Christmas day as he would wish,
A perfect blessing to mankind,
When all remember Christ's great love,
And his example keep in mind.

Moorestown, N. J.

SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

Reason seeks a cause in Revelation, as in nature. Faith accepts the Cause of the cause in Revelation as in nature; for back of all of nature's laws we have to find the great Cause still.

Idleness we would love did she not condemn us to ourselves, and send us to bed hungry; and we would despise Industry did she not commend our own judgment and pay us well besides.

God uses empty vessels in a wonderful way. Has adversity emptied your cup of earth's blessings? Do not return it to the world for refilling, but hold it up to him, and, fresh from his fountain of grace, quench therewith the thirst of the world—itself famishing.

Sincerity doesn't fade, and an accident will not change its color; it is alike on both sides of the goods, and cheap at any price, if it is good quality; of course sincerity cannot make poor goods otherwise.

The sides of the ladder of acquisition are patience and perseverance, its strength endurance, and its summit, anything from a bundle of earth to the riches of heaven, according to its foundation and our purpose.

To try that which seems beyond your sphere may be called impudence, so let it be; thus, infant greatness learns to walk. Modesty, however, is a prime virtue of youth, and one of the marks of true greatness.

Not far from God, when all the sermons you have heard, all the persuasions, prayers, and tears of friends, have failed to reach you? Isn't Satan making you believe you haven't gone far with him, for a purpose?

If we have capacity for enough ordinary opportunity, we may boil it down to success, providing we have enough zeal to kindle a fire, and enough hard-wood perseverance corded up to keep the fire going.

"Not my will, but thine be done" was the prayer preceding the crucifixion. Is the prayer preceding crucifixion still? The desire for vain show crucified is not equal to that desire gratified; do not think for a moment that it is.

Were the Present strictly true, all would be well; for besides its own wealth, it has handled all that of the Past, and into its hands must fall all the treasures of the Future.

Many disclaim Fear who were warned by her to seek ground which Fear does not occupy—that of perfect love. Such should allow her to warn others by means of the gospel warnings committed to her and required of faithful teachers.

Flora, Ind.

THE RENDING OF THE CHAIN

By OMA KARN, Covington, Ohio.

Part III. The Chain Tightens.

"IT'S an awful night," said Tom Martin, as he poured a fresh bucketful of coal into the already glowing stove. "You'll have to haul down on your notions for once, Mittie, for I put the dog in the kitchen."

Mittie, who was already snugly ensconced between the warm blankets, raised herself up on one elbow with a decided bounce, and stared out at Tom in wide-eyed surprise.

"Now, Tom Martin, I just won't have that. You go straight and put that dog—" but here Mittie's head disappeared beneath the blankets so suddenly that Tom, with the half empty bucket suspended in mid-air, turned and peered into the next room in so much surprise that he again outraged Mittie's housewifely care, and added a double burden to the cross she had just shouldered by letting a dense cloud of smoke ascend toward the spotless ceiling.

"I know you don't like it, Mittie," responded Tom, kindly, "but I couldn't rest to have even a dog out in such a blizzard as this is. Heaven help the poor! I don't see how they live."

"It's all right, Tom. Leave Dingle in if you want to. I know it is a dreadful night. And, Tom, pull that shade down at the north window before you come to bed."

"All right." Tom shut the stove with a snap. But he forgot all about the shade the next minute, through pure surprise at Mittie's ready concession about the dog. He had expected decided opposition. But, with his great heart filled to overflowing with the milk of human kindness, ever ready to reach out and relieve suffering, whether it be man or beast, always patient and considerate, yet Tom could be firm, too, and he had decided the dog would stay in the house that night.

Mittie was not a hard-hearted woman at all. She had a warm, loving heart in her small body, sympathetic and tender, and ever ready to feel for any form of suffering. But like so many she allowed the unalterable rules and regulations of super-excellent housekeeping to dim her many good qualities of mind and heart. She admired and respected Tom's soft heartedness, and had many times mentally made up her mind that she would never cross him again in such matters, or even get impatient, even if it did go "against the grain."

The dog had been a bone of contention between them before, and her first impulse had been not to allow it. But certain words she had read just that very day in a good old book, "The righteous man hath mercy on his beast," came across her mind just then, together with certain promises she had made to herself, about opposing Tom's kind-hearted proclivities, and caused her to retire from the field so precipitately.

"I'm glad Ray came home yesterday, and we have our all gathered about us. But I feel uneasy about old Warren Quillen. I wonder if he has any coal, Mittie. Did you see any go there to-day? I could have rested better if I'd have gone down to-night and seen how the poor old chap is making it," said Tom, as he came to bed.

Mittie's rebellious spirit rose again. "Why doesn't he work like the rest of us, then?"—but just here, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor"—words from the same old book, came piping in between, and Mittie turned over with a sigh of resignation and was soon sleeping the sleep of the righteous, leaving Tom still wondering what queer streak had struck her.

* * * * * *

"Get off here, you drunken dog."

The car from the south was an hour behind time. A furious blizzard was raging, and the few passengers looked cold and miserable. The conductor, who had all day been warring with the different elements of nature, was impatient and cross.

On they sped past the snowy fields, halting every little while by some formidable looking drift that confronted them with its dazzling front.

Suddenly the intense stillness that had settled down over the occupants of the car was broken by the sound of loud, angry words, followed by blows and the breaking of glass.

The conductor hurried forward, catching on his arm, as he went, a half-filled whiskey bottle that was hurled at his head by some one who was mixed up in the confusion.

A drunken fight was going on between two men who had got on at Dayton. The conductor did not waste any words in trying to quell the disturbance. Seizing hold of the uppermost figure, he dragged him unresisting to the rear of the car, and with the above words hurled him forcibly out onto the snowy wayside, where he lay, a black inert mass, the wind sweeping and howling over him.

It was the wreck of Ernest Windom's once prom-

ising manhood that lay there. The chain had drawn tighter about him, until now he lay there, a mockery of God's perfect workmanship, a low, common drunkard, far from home and friends, perishing in the inclement weather, helpless, degraded, intoxicated.

For a few minutes he lay there helplessly, stupefied by whiskey and stunned by the fall. Then the intense cold began to sober him, and he staggered to his feet. He had been put off the car at a strange place, and was too much under the influence of the fiery liquid he had drank to know one direction from the other.

On he staggered, here and there, often falling in the deep drifts, and knocking at door after door as he passed. Yes, there he stood, this once bright and ambitious boy; this once keen man of business; this one-time social favorite, standing outside of these humble doorways, just like an ordinary tramp, begging for shelter. "Let me in, I'm freezing!" was his cry. If the inmates heard it they made no response. Perhaps some of them may have peeped from their shuttered windows. If they did, it was only to see a staggering form standing there. "I'm not going down in the cold. Why should I worry myself to do so? It's only a half-frozen, drunken tramp. Besides, it might be a robber and he might hurt me and mine. I will just keep quiet"—and they turned again to their comfortable beds, deaf to the voice that whispers to them, "Yes, but a human soul is perishing." Heedless of the condemning voice that says, "Yes, but he whom you profess to serve came to seek and to save just such souls."

Be carefull, all you who cast aside with scorn these erring ones. You know not but that the time may come when your own loved ones may stand before some closed door and vainly beg for shelter.

On and on he wandered. He was thoroughly sober now, but the intense cold was rapidly doing its deadly work. An unusually deep snowdrift at last overcame him, and he fell exhausted, while that fatal feeling of numbness began to steal over his frame.

Ernest realized now fully his critical situation. He staggered to his feet again and made an effort to go forward, But another and larger drift confronted him and he sank into it in hopeless despair. "Heaven have mercy upon me," burst from his lips. "Is this to be my end?"

And then,—ah, the infinite love, the divine compassion of our heavenly Father! How wonderful it is! Past all our comprehension. Even though we may have wandered far from his tender care, yet how willing he is to lead us if we but show a willingness to be led.

He who had for a time hidden the light of his countenance from this poor wanderer, drew nigh now, and with infinite love and mercy answered the cry. With courage born of desperation, and an almost superhuman effort, Ernest arose and wandered on a few steps. A driveway left the main road here and into this he turned. Ah, what was that away there in the distance? A light! A light! Yes, thank heaven, a light. Not the clear soft light of a lamp, but a warm glow, gleaming like a great fiery eye through the darkness. The steady glow from a base-burner stove.

"Fire," muttered Ernest as he staggered towards it. "Fire, fire, or I'll die."

Nearer and nearer came the shining beacon. Ernest fell again. But again he tottered to his feet. The beacon was gone. "Fire! Fire! Give me fire," he said again, but this time the words were almost a delirious moan.

* * * * * *

Twelve o'clock, that mystic hour. Mittie Martin awoke with a start. The blizzard had stopped raging and the soft moonlight lay like a shining cloud over the white-robed earth. There was a feeling of intense cold even in that comfortable room.

"Tom, Tom," said Mittie giving her spouse an energetic shaking. "Get up and put some more coal on the fire, else it will get so cold upstairs, I'm afraid the children will freeze."

"Eh'h', what," said Tom, whose sonorous breathing showed that he was utterly oblivious to cold and everything else. "Don't be silly, Mittie, the house ain't afire."

"I didn't say it was afire," replied Mittie, "but it will surely be afreeze if these isn't some fire in it now pretty soon. And mind, pull that shade down this time, Tom. No wonder the room seems cold."

Tom did not forget the shade this time. "'Tis a bitter night," he said, as he sought his resting place again. "I pity those who are obliged to be out in it. I wonder if Branton's down here have covers enough to keep them warm."

Mittie was wondering, too. She could not go to sleep again for the thought of it. "Why am I so thoughtless?" she asked herself. "I could have helped them so easily and never missed it."

One. Again the little mantel clock pealed forth its warning voice, ever telling us that time is passing.

Mittie started up in terror. Hark! What was that? Footsteps. Yes, she was not mistaken; slow, heavy footsteps were coming across the long porch. Who could it be on such a night as this? For the second time that night Tom Martin got a vigorous shaking. "Tom, Tom, get up," whispered Mittie in terror. "Some one is trying to get in the house. Listen. Do you hear that?" as a half human, almost inarticulate cry came from the outside.

"Don't you open the door, Tom, they might shoot," said Mittie, making a frantic grab at her husband as he sprang for the door. For once her words were unheeded. Tom was already at the door. The tender and the brave go ever hand in hand, governed by the

dictates of a heart that "thinketh no evil." Tom did not stop to think of possible evil. A human soul was perishing. "Let me in, I'm freezing," was the cry he had heard, and without a moment's hesitation Tom threw open the door.

And now this wanderer was received into the shelter of this Christian home. All that kind hearts and willing hands could do for him was done for this waif that had come to them out of the storm, and Ernest, warmed up and fed, was soon sleeping off the effects of his debauch in a comfortable bed.

In the morning his host, struck by his guest's still fine appearance and gentlemanly ways, with a prayer in heart that words of wisdom might be granted him, talked seriously to him upon the errors of his way. "Don't you realize, my friend, what the end of all this will be?" asked this honest, God-fearing Christian.

Ernest listened respectfully, saying that he fully realized what the end would be. Then walking to the window, he looked out across the snowy landscape, saying, in tones that will forever ring in the ears of those who heard them, so pitiful were they in their utter helplessness, "I thank you, my friend, for your kind words. I know I am not doing right. But I can't help myself."

With a courteous farewell he went on his way. Tom and Mittie watched him pass out of their sight with swelling hearts and eyes from which fell mute witnesses of feeling. "What will the end be?" said Mittie. "And who will be responsible for it? I wonder if we as individuals, as Christians, oppose the evil that has caused this wreck with as much energy as we might. But what can we do against such an army?"

"Nothing," said Tom, "so long as we sit still and fold our hands. But what a pity for that poor fellow. I wonder if no one ever tried to save him."

Up to that ever-listening ear went a petition, the fervent prayer of an honest heart, in behalf of the stranger that had been within their gates. Who will say it was not heard at a throne of grace?

(To be continued.)

With Kodak and Pencil South of the Equator.

By D. L. MILLER.

The Home Life of the Zulus and Kaffirs.—No. 13.

IN crossing the Transvaal by rail it occurred more than once to the writer that the natives, when they first began house-building and home-making must have gone to the ant for a model of their huts. The veldt is covered with dome-shaped ant-hills and all the native huts are likewise dome-shaped. They are for the most part well proportioned and their shapely domes present a pleasing appearance to the eye. The skeleton, or framework, is made of poles bent and securely fastened in the required shape. This is covered with a coarse grass common to the country which is impervious to the water. It is braided and platted so that it forms a strong and endurable outside covering as well as an excellent roofing for the dome. When finished the houses turn the rain readily and exclude both heat and cold.

A native kraal or village, viewed from a distance, has the appearance of a group of great ant-hills. The huts are built around an open space in the center of which is placed the corral in which the few sheep or cattle belonging to the natives are gathered for the night to save them from the prowlers of the darkness. Lions are still to be found and these are very destructive to cattle and sheep. Around about the village the ground is farmed, corn is planted and at-

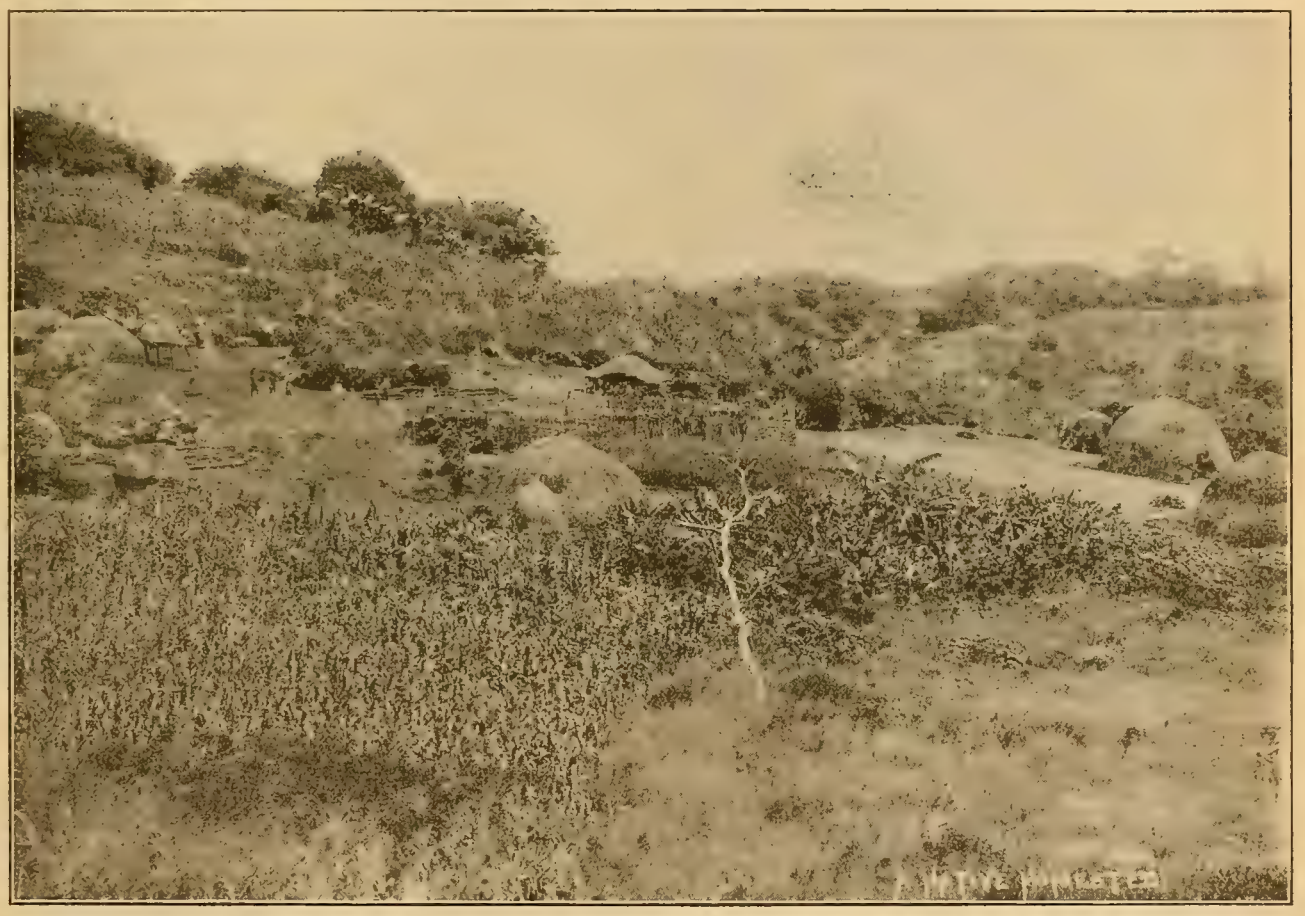


Women Pounding Corn in a Mortar.

tended when the native is not working in the fields of the white man. Vegetables are also grown and as the needs of the black man are not many he manages to get on in a poor way from year to year.

The finest specimen of native South African house-building is found in the accompanying photograph, and is really a handsome structure according to architectural taste in this country. It is the home of the noted Zulu Chief Chingwayo, or Cetewayo, who is seated in the center, with four of his principal headsmen standing. The outer covering of the dome-shaped building is carefully and skillfully plaited and inter-

The old-time slavery does not exist in British South Africa as it once did among the Boers. But a system of servitude has taken the place of slavery that is not many removes from it. The natives are compelled to work for the whites a certain number of months, when called upon, and the pay received for their labor is the privilege of living on the owner's land and of farming a small patch of corn or vegetables and of raising a few cattle or sheep and a flock of chickens. The work is done on their patches at such times as they are not needed by the white boss. The system is unfair and places a great hardship on the black man.



A Native Village in South Africa.

woven so that it presents a pleasing appearance to the eye. The door opens into a square court closed on four sides, except a narrow opening at one side of the house, where entrance is gained to the court. The door of the structure opens into the inclosed square so that the inmates of the house are entirely hidden from outer view when the door is open and privacy is thus secured. The headmen form a kind of cabinet to the chief and are his principal advisers in matters of state. Each one is armed with a stout club with a ball on one end and a shield made of rawhide which becomes so hard when thoroughly dried that it cannot be penetrated with spear or arrowhead unless these are driven with tremendous force.

It would seem that wherever the white comes into contact with the black the latter is looked upon as an inferior being having no rights that the white man is bound to regard. Kipling should revise his "White Man's Burden" and tell us of the burden-bearers of South Africa.

A volume might be written on the care of children by the different races of the world without exhausting the subject, and one of the most interesting topics would be the different methods of carrying children. Among our people the little ones are carried in the arms, a most inconvenient method when the mother has household duties to perform. The Hindus carry the youngsters astride the hip, while the Egyptian mother

places her child astride her shoulder. In South Africa the mother has a comfortable fold in her blanket at her back where pickaninny rests and is carried about with ease to the mother and with some degree of comfort to itself. The little one seems to enjoy its snug quarters and the hands of the mother are free to do such work as falls to her lot to perform. Her cooking, corn grinding, water carrying, hoeing and weeding among the vegetables and laundry work can all be carried on to good advantage with her babe at her back. Then, too, she always knows where to find little ebony. This plan has some advantages not to be despised by our more civilized peoples.



Zulu Chief Chingwayo.

Instead of two women grinding at a mill, a sight so common in Palestine a score of years ago as to excite no comment, here we have two women pounding in the mortar. In both cases the object is the same, to reduce the grain to meal. A wooden mortar, the one seen in the illustration is a type for all that are made, is provided, also two heavy pounding sticks four feet in length and two and a half inches in diameter, with ends slightly ovaled. The corn is thrown into the mortar, a little water poured on it to loosen the outer hull, and then the pounding sticks are brought into active use. The work of pounding is the work of the women, and as a rule the supply for the day is all that is prepared at one time. Sufficient unto the day is meal and pounding thereof. Occasionally men take a turn at the pounding, but only on rare occasions. By personal experience the writer found wielding the heavy pounding sticks hard and tiresome work and that it requires a good deal of physical exertion to reduce the hard, flint Kaffir corn to a sufficient degree of fineness so that it would pass for meal.

AN INDIAN PETITION.

A. W. ROSS.

[Below we give an extract from a personal letter from Brother Ross. Enclosed in his letter is a petition made by a gentleman in his state to the king of that province. We thought best to print the petition in full, so that our boys and girls might get an idea of the vanity of formality that we do not have to suffer under Republican form of government.—Ed.]

GRADUALLY we are making friends of the people and getting into their good graces. Especially is this good with the officials as they can do you more hurt in a day than you can build up in a week. The magistrate of the taluka or county is seemingly a good fellow and seems to enjoy being with us. The other day he sent me a copy of a petition to the king of the State, asking me to typewrite it for him. This is not

my business here, but I considered it good means to an end and so I gladly did it. I reserved a copy for myself. I thought it might be of interest to the Nook, so I send it to you and if you can use it all right. This is in the Baroda State under the most powerful and enlightened native ruler in India. He is one of the wealthiest men in the world, is introducing social reforms in his State and is urging his people to give



Mother and Child.

up some of their bad practices, but as yet he has not given up his religion for the better and true religion. Here at this place he has established a free boarding school for the children of out villages. The parents deposit five rupees and at the end of the course this is given back. However, if the boy runs off then the money does not go back. At the town east of this he has a carpenter class. India is gradually wakening up to Western progress. It is surprising how many people take advantage of the trains here. Here there are several good pikes built by the government showing that they are making some advancement.

I have been some feverish for some days, but this morning am feeling good again. Bro. Lichty has had it very hard and so has Bro. Enoch Eby. This is the worst month of the year. The days are very hot and then the nights are very cool. I am inclined to think that the wide difference between the two is not at all good for health.

Hope this finds you well and enjoying the work. May the Lord bless you in it. There is so much to do and so few doing it. Plenty that could but are not.

To His Highness the Maharaja Sayajeerao Gaikwar Senakaaskhel Samsher Bahadoor Baroda.

May it please Your Highness,

Your Highness' petitioner most humbly and respectfully begs to submit the following lines for Your Highness' favorable consideration.

1. Short History of the Service.

Your Highness' petitioner was employed in the State Service in the year 1893, and subsequently in the year 1895, soon after his passing the B. A. Examination, he was sent to the Revenue Department as a probationer on Rs. 75 Babashai per mensem. He passed his Higher Standard Examination in the same year and was deputed after some months experience of the Revenue work to work as a Wahivatdar at Vellachha in the year 1897. Since that time he has worked as a Wahivatdar at Vellachha Novsari, and Palsana. While at Novsari he had a very arduous task before him in as much as he had to work both at Wahivatdar and Sudharai Kamdar, as the Novsari Wibhag Subhas post was done away with.

2. How His Rights are Superseded.

Your Highness' humble petitioner now draws Rs. 100 per mensem, though several others employed along with or even after him have been drawing good salaries and that his rights are thus superseded from time to time. Moreover Your Highness' petitioner begs to draw Your Highness' attention to the fact that looking to the way in which men from outside of the Department are thrust into the Revenue Department, Your Highness' petitioner fears that if the same course is allowed to go on unchecked he will hardly have any chance of promotion. Moreover there are about half a dozen probationers in the Department who are likely to supersede him. Your Highness' petitioner's name now stands 13th in the 4th grade Wahivatdars rank. But as a rule Your Highness' petitioner ought to have been permanently drawing Rs. 130 per mensem, provided now hands had been forced upon the Department.

3. Opinion of Superiors.

Your Highness' petitioner has never failed in discharging his duties to the entire satisfaction of several officials under whom he had to serve during the period of seven years and he is sure that all of them if consulted would speak highly of him. He begs to add herewith a copy of the certificate given by R. B. Sampatrao as the Suha Navsari Division.

4. Prayer.

Your Highness' petitioner, therefore, begs to approach Your Highness with a fervent hope that Your Highness will take his case into Your Highness' kind consideration and be graciously pleased to grant him his due for which act of kindness Your Highness' petitioner shall ever pray for Your Highness' long life and prosperity.

I beg to remain

Your Highness' most obedient and loyal servant.

Palsana dated
October 1905.

AN IMPROMPTU SANTA CLAUS.

ADELAIDE M'KEE KOONS.



IT was Christmas eve—cold and white, with the stars shining above in a heaven remote and crystalline. The pine trees bent under their weight of frozen snow and every now and then a bough snapped and fell crackling to the ground. It was very still and all the earth seemed to be listening—lest it should miss the first glad note of that wondrous song that would again ring over the world in a few hours, as it had done these hundred years and will continue to do, until "faith is lost in sight and patient hope is crowned."

The fireplace glowed with cheerful light in the living room of the McClain homestead, and the McClain children, big and little, were gathered around the hearth, with the gentle little mother in their midst, but for some reason, they were not discussing the joys of Christmas, as one would expect. A moody silence seemed to brood upon them, and every face, save "Mother's," was gloomy, lowering and scowling, or sullen, as their temperament might be.

"Are any of ye goin' to give dad anything?" said Tom, who was sitting, listlessly hammering the blazing logs with the poker and sending up a shower of smoky sparks. "Don't speak so of your father, Tom, dear," said Mrs. McClain, but her rebuke was unheeded. Her children loved her well, but her mild and peace-loving character had been so long shadowed by the more forceful one of her husband, that they had come unconsciously to look upon her with the eyes of their stern, domineering father, and to think that "Mother" wasn't very competent, which meant that "Mother" never blustered and never stormed.

"Naw, I ain't goin' to give him anything. I've bought somethin' for ary one of us though, and what extra I had I bought somethin' for Amy,"—John's big features softened in expression, and he blushed, but he was not ashamed of this tribute to his "girl."

"He don't deserve anything," said Nancy, the oldest daughter, "but I've got something for him. Jake said I should." Jake was her "steady" and she could afford to look philosophically upon the discomforts of her present life, since her mind was already fixed upon a future in which her father would have little part, save that of an outsider.

Not that Alexander McClain was a cruel man—he was simply mean and hard. Those who had known him in his younger days, when life seemed a gracious gift to be accepted graciously, would scarcely have recognized him now. And yet he had done well. He had prospered, but there seems sometimes to be a subtle poison in the touch of gold that corrodes those who handle it, unless they possess the charm that guards against its poison—a love of their fellows exceeding their love of the precious metal. His eyes once so blue and hopeful, had the dull grey of worn silver, and his voice grated like the harsh clank of ill-gotten gains. And not that he abused his children. He fed and housed and clothed them—and starved their spirits as he had his own.

How the mother's heart yearned over her turbulent brood! How she longed to give them the things they craved. John wanted to marry, but could not, because his father had forced from him the labor of his hands and given him no wage. She knew that the father would never have missed the little "corner piece" and she knew with a mother's keen divination that John had more than once measured it off and planned with a sore and aching heart just where the little house should stand—if only it were his, and Amy's.

Nancy, the little housewife, "Mother's help and comfort," had gathered together with infinite pains, out of the proceeds of eggs and butter—the country woman's never-failing source in time of need—her little store of household furnishings, against the time of her own flitting, but she still needed many things, and her proud heart suffered to think that she would have to go to her husband dowerless, when her father's bank account could so well afford the modest sum she needed.

Tom was at the age when he did not know just what he wanted, but he was at swords' points with his father at present, over the purchase of a saddle horse, which his father opposed, and which Tom was sure was absolutely necessary for his happiness, if not for his very existence.

As for the twins, Ted and Molly, Mrs. McClain knew that they were gifted, that any father ought to have been proud to give them the education that would make of them a blessing to the world; for Molly's voice was a source of pure delight, and Ted's long thin fingers—poor little chap, he had never been strong—were artistic and instinctive with music to their very tips. She had often heard them planning—talking over everything together, as was their wont—hark, they were at it now.

"When we're older, Teddy, boy, we'll go to the city and get work, and when we've saved enough we'll go to school and learn the things we want, and we'll be too busy to ever come back here, and when we are rich we'll go out into the country and find boys and girls like us who want to do something besides just be farm hands and servants all their lives, and we'll give them money and help them."

"Yes, and by the time we've worked here a few years longer, we won't be fit for anything better,—

what's the use of planning? Father's got us here, like as if we was prisoners, and here we've got to stay. We can't run away—I *might,* but the world ain't a fit place for little girls."

"Well, we'll never get a start here, Ted, for father won't give us enough decent clothes so we can belong to the School Club, and I *won't* go looking shabby. And look at Mother; she ain't had a new dress, 'cept gingham ones, for ever so long, and her old coat looks awful. It ain't as if father was poor—I know he ain't—he's got loads of money—I just *hate* him!" Molly's eyes flashed, but the mother had not the heart to scold her, for the father's dictum, "If them children wants a better education than the country school can give 'em, let 'em get it; if they amount to anything, they will," had seemed harsh to her. She knew without being able to put it into words, that genius is of many kinds and is often of a delicacy that needs fostering, although she had never heard of Pope, that twisted poet, whose ignorant old mother always spoke the word of praise to her sensitive boy, whether the world smiled or frowned upon him, nor of Chatterton, whom the world let starve, nor of Keats —slain by the barbed arrows of the critics.

"Listen, children, you mustn't talk so of your father—for he *is* your father, remember, and we must all give him something. He hasn't given me any Christmas money, but I've got something for him. I always give him a gift every Christmas, although he has forgotten to give me any for years—it's just his way, you know." And a Herald Angel—one of that band who, for the great service they did mankind nineteen hundred years ago, are allowed at the blessed Christmas time to have us especially in their charge—bent and crowned her as one of themselves, an earthly messenger of peace and good will.

* * * * * *

Alexander McClain had finished the trading that had taken him to town that day before Christmas, but there was not a Christmas present or package among the many that filled his wagon,—bundles of twine, cans of sheep dip, a barrel of salt, and other articles needed about the farm, for he was wise enough to realize the necessity of caring for his stock and property, lest they depreciate in value, while his children grew up with hearts and minds like a brier-choked garden.

It was after dark when the last purchase was made and he drove up before the hotel on the corner, and got out and tied his horses. He always stopped at the hotel a moment to get the latest bit of news, for he was too stingy to take the paper, and it was worth while to know that Joe Trimble's stock would be put up at forced sale the next Saturday, or that the new trader over at Stockton was buying up colts by the dozen for a foreign shipment.

"Aleck," said the proprietor of the hotel, one Andy Hardy, "there's a man been here asking for you today. He's settin' in the kitchen now, chaffin' old Sal, the cook. Says he used to know her when she was a gal. He says he knows you will be around some time 'fore the day is over, that you and him used to loaf here when you was boys, and he knows you ain't the man to go back on a habit—big, bluff-looking feller, looks like a cattle drover, or one of them western fellers. Says he's going to spend Christmas with you," and Andy chuckled, for he well knew that it had been long since any knowing one had had the hardihood to chance the rigors of Alexander McClain's hospitality.

McClain thought the stranger might have a disappointment in store for him, but, when they stood face to face, the "big, bluff fellow" proved to be his boyhood's friend, the "little tad" with whom he had played and fought in the years that were long since gone—when Abe Wright had wound himself around his heartstrings and swayed him as a lover is swayed by his sweetheart—for Abe was sunny-natured and loving, and the very lightness of his nature had held a charm for McClain's more rigid one.

Abe seemed to hold no doubts of his welcome—indeed there was no room for doubt in his heart—and came forward with an expansive smile on his good-natured face. "How-d'y, Aleck! Lord, but it's good to see ye, man! I've been a wanderer on the face of the earth for more than thirty years, I guess, and never come back to the old home once, but I've always kept the thought of ye in my heart, and I've said to myself a thousand times, 'When I get enough to set up housekeeping in the old homestead, I'm goin' back home and live neighbor to Aleck, and swap yarns with him—I know he'll be glad to see me—and I've been lonesome, some, boy, and now I'm here, and it's Christmas time, Aleck—do you remember the Christmas, the time the Swanson boys stole all the turkeys in every barnyard for miles around and left us with nary so much as a feather to tell 'twas Christmas by?"

Aleck remembered and smiled rather dryly at the remembrance. He and Abe had sworn vengeance on those boys, but it had been deferred and would never now be paid out to them, for the Swanson boys, mischievous set that they were, had enlisted every one of them in the army during the war, and two of them had died at Vicksburg, and another had rotted in a southern prison.

"I've got a heap of things to ask ye, Aleck, but it's getting late and I can ask them after we get started—I expect ye're anxious to get home. Hev ye got a good strong wagon? Ye see, I've got all my worldly goods with me, and a good-sized trunk—it's pretty heavy—knowing 'twas Christmas time and not know

ing the size of your family, I laid in a good supply of presents, so's there'd be enough to go around, no matter how many there was."

His host submitted to the proposed visit with as good grace as could be mustered by a man long unused to social courtesies,—Abe always had a winning way with him,—and went out to load Abe's trunk on the wagon. He felt somewhat dazed. He had not counted on a Christmas guest, but then never before had he had one invite himself with such assurance of welcome, and if Abe wanted to settle down, maybe he could sell him that swampy piece over on the Pike, next to the old Wright homestead—he had long wanted to turn that land into money.

They started homeward to the steady flow of Abe's conversation, punctuated by an occasional remark from Aleck, and Abe did not seem to notice that he was doing most of the talking.

"Ye've prospered, Aleck—that's good—I'm glad—I always thought ye would. So hev I—some;" he laughed a little to himself. "And—" for the first time he faltered—"how's Mary? I couldn't hev give Mary up to anybody but ye, Aleck, but I knew ye'd be good to her. And then, she seemed to like ye best, somehow." His rough voice was suddenly tender as a girl's.

Aleck felt an uncomfortable flush burn his cheeks. "Mary's changed some; ye know, Abe, how much work there is on a farm, and I've not always been able to hire as much help as she needed. Mary don't look quite the same as when ye left—ye mustn't expect that, but she'll be glad to see ye."

"I know she will, and I to see her, and I've got a crackerjack of a present for her—something the other ladies around here won't git the mate to in any of these here department stores."

Again Aleck felt that uncomfortable red burn his weather-beaten cheek. This stranger—this alien—to come back here after all these years and bring gifts for Mary and Mary's children, while his hands were empty! He wished now he had bought her something—something she needed—a pair of shoes maybe—then the money would not be wasted.

And so, as they rode along side by side—these two so at variance in their view of life and its chief end—talking together in friendly fashion, yet with that veil between them, behind which each human soul shrouds itself from its fellows, a Herald Angel, more persistent than its fellows, hovering near McClain in the faint, faint hope that it might yet be able to touch his heart into life before it was forever too late, suddenly knew that his heart was opening a little way, as a frost-blighted flower may sometimes unfold under the touch of the ardent sun, and quick the watchful angel bent and slipped into his heart a tiny, tiny blessing—there was not room for much—and then went jubilantly up to heaven to report what it had done.

"Hev ye cut your Christmas tree yet, Aleck?"

"No, there'll be time enough for that in the morning," Aleck temporized, wondering if there wasn't a stunted pine somewhere that might just as well come down, and while he turned the matter over in his mind, they drove in the big lane and the horses stopped of their own accord before the big front door.

Aleck hastened his guest into the warm living room, and left him to the care of the family, while he went out to unload the contents of the wagon and see that the boys had done the "chores" right in his absence—and also to get back his old accustomed grip on himself. Everything seemed to be whirling round; he felt as though the firm ground had upheaved beneath his feet—Abe had wakened in him so many thoughts of the past, thoughts and memories long since forgotten and blotted out of his busy life. It was all nonsense, of course, this taking Christmas so seriously—so much for granted, but he wished that he had not been quite so hard about it, he sort of wished that he had bought a present or two in town for the children—he could well afford to do so, and maybe he would get it all back again in their increased willingness to work for him,—the Herald Angel almost gave him up in despair at that thought. And Mary—his wife—she certainly deserved something; she had been a good wife to him, faithful and uncomplaining, and he had really forgotten all about Abe's wanting her,—and she had preferred him. Had he been good to her? And there in the cold and darkness of the stable, while he unhitched and bedded down his horses, his mind wrestled painfully with the conviction that all these years he had been on the wrong course, that the things for which he had toiled and struggled, were after all but dust and ashes—had been dust and ashes from the first—and he had not understood.

He went into the house and stood warming his numbed hands at the kitchen stove. The door leading into the living room was ajar, and through it he could see the familiar family group—but how transformed! The big, jovial stranger had made friends with every one of them. He had an arm around each twin, and Molly's eyes shone like stars, while Ted, with his mop of curls against the shoulder of his new-found friend, lifted his thin, eager face and drank in inspiration with a look, such as his father owned to himself, he had never surprised on it for him. Abe was talking with the two "big boys," Tom and John, talking with them as man to man—as he had never thought to talk with them—and every trace of sullenness was gone from their faces; never had he seen them show to finer advantage. But the greatest change was in "Mother." She was not saying much, but she was listening with the pleased delight of a child—and yes, with a fine

intelligence—how long it had been since he had seen such a look of interest on her worn face, and on the heels of this reflection came another more bitter, that it had been long since he had tried to win her interest.

He dropped into a chair by the stove and buried his face in his hands and sat there, dumbly suffering—realizing that the times were out of joint, but not knowing how to alter them. Only he knew that that happy fireside group in there was not for him—he had no right there. This stranger, this man who had come among them scarcely an hour ago, had won from them such tribute as the father had never even thought of winning. Aleck had gone on in his blind way, impatient of the sloth and wastefulness of his friends, thinking himself the salt of the earth, and lo, now he saw that Abe and his kind were the leaven that leaveneth the whole world, because such as he bear in their hearts the true secret of life, the thing that cannot be put into words—the generosity of souls which is the essence of the Spirit of Christ—the Sacrifice.

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That night when all was still and the whole household seemed asleep, Aleck raised himself on his elbow and gazed at his wife, who lay in the deep slumber of weariness. Satisfied that she was sleeping too soundly to waken, he stole out of bed and dressed hastily. Quietly he went down the stairway and let himself out of the back door. He disappeared in the woodshed, for a moment, and when he reappeared, the moonlight shone on something that glittered—a long-handled ax. Had he suddenly gone daft? No, his purpose was soon made plain. He contemplated no deed more violent than the felling of a Christmas tree. He found one that suited him, and with a few quick strokes severed the slender stem. He dragged it back to the house and propped it up clumsily in the corner by the fireplace. Then he stood and looked at it—a Christmas tree, and bare, empty—Good Lord, what had he to put on it? It must have something—but what? Some sardonic imp whispered in his ear that he might hang on it the bundles he had purchased that afternoon—his Christmas shopping—the sheep dip, the cans of paint, the twine—he wondered if he were losing his mind that such thoughts stung him and tortured him with this new sense of his selfishness and hardness of heart. Then an idea came to him. He got out his pen and ink and check book and went laboriously at the business of writing checks—each with a little note attached, saying what was to be purchased with the money. He knew well enough what each one wanted—what parent does not know the yearning, unspoken desires of his own household? Five hundred dollars for Nancy, a deed for the corner piece of ground to John, a piano and music lessons for the twins—each and every one of them should be remembered; and Mother—what should he give her that would outshine the "crackerjack" present that Abe had for her? He felt a strange sensation of jealousy toward Abe, or, rather, jealousy of the thing that he had left undone, for Abe to do.

At last it was all finished. It looked indeed as though a post office had suddenly mistaken itself for a beehive and swarmed on the tree; but it seemed beautiful to Aleck, who knew that the trimmings, though simple, were costlier than much tinsel, and with the resolve never to let Christmas catch him so unprepared again, he went quietly to bed.

It did not seem that the household slept very well that night, for it was but a few moments until the guest stole into the room—a ludicrous figure in a long bath robe and nightcap. Time after time he made the trip from the tree to his room and back again, bearing packages innumerable from the depths of the seemingly inexhaustible trunk, until at last the tree groaned beneath its burdens. Then the wearied guest went chuckling to bed, and as he crept back with a sigh of content between the sheets, his lips expanded in a cherubic grin. "I guess Aleck ain't beyond saving yet, even if the folks in town did seem to think so, and even if I had to become an impromptu Santa Claus to teach him a lesson. I wonder what he'd think if he knew that every dollar that I brought with me from Alaska went into that trunkful of presents for his and Mary's children. It'll be kind of hard on a man of my age to go back and start all over, just for one Christmas spree, but I guess it'll be worth it—for Mary," and thus he fell asleep and dreamed happily until the morn.

And such a morning—never had the McClains known anything like it. Big and little, they looked upon that surprising Christmas tree with awe, and even twenty-one-year-old John had to catch himself up to keep from wondering if after all there wasn't such a thing as Santa Claus, since no other explanation was forthcoming, for Aleck kept a grim silence, and Abe turned all questions aside with a chuckle and each looked sheepishly at the other and wondered just how much the other knew of his midnight performances. If "Mother" was wiser than she seemed, she kept a discreet silence, but she could not help wondering how Abe had guessed that there would be a Christmas tree, and what would so well become it. Also, secretly, she did not think half so much of Abe's "crackerjack" present, as she did of the little note, in Aleck's crabbed handwriting, which she read and reread a dozen times with dimmed eyes, until she knew it by heart from the "Dear and Beloved Wife" to "Your loving husband,"—such is the way of women.

502 E. High St., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

HALF A BILLION ACRES WORTH WHILE.

GUY E. MITCHELL.

IT has been estimated from official reports and compilations that at least half a billion acres of the national domain have passed from the hands of the government, since its organization, into private and corporate holdings for purposes other than home-building.

In the early history of the government, when our population was small and the lands were looked upon as a source of revenue for running the national machinery, there may have been some excuse for disposing of them in large tracts, but a rapidly growing sentiment soon indicated the advisability of securing a permanent population on all lands disposed of, finally culminating in the passage of the homestead act.

While the operation of this general policy has been to satisfactorily settle up much of the United States, along with it has flourished a practice of fraud and evasion of laws which has consolidated enormous tracts into single ownerships. Could the government be repossessed of this great area acquired largely for speculative purposes, what a safety valve it would form to-day against the dangers of centralization in the East with which we are coming face to face. There is little use, however, in theorizing upon what might have been. It is worth while, though, to pay some attention to the remaining half-billion acres of the public domain and to put a stop to the present practice of squandering this national resource, and holding it until it is wanted for actual settlement, if not now, ten or twenty or thirty years, maybe.

The strong sentiment which is impatient of delay in the government's disposal of its lands and desires to see it put into private hands as rapidly as possible, comes mostly from an interested class which is pecuniarily benefiting by this policy.

If the plans which the government is now vigorously pushing, including the irrigation of the seventy odd million acres of land susceptible of that development and the regeneration of even a greater amount of arid and semi-arid lands which can not be irrigated, through the introduction of desert plants from the Old World and "dry land" methods of agriculture, are allowed to proceed, and the lands meanwhile held against speculation, opportunities for homemaking by millions of people will be created in the west where there is now only waste desert or but scant forage growth supporting wandering herds of cattle and sheep.

The time will come, possibly sooner than the country imagines in its present headlong race after money, when such an agricultural population, firmly rooted to the fertile western acres, will be a welcome sheet anchor to the nation.

Railroads to Stimulate Farming.

That the western railroads are recognizing the advisability of stimulating settlement and agricultural production along their lines in order to increase their traffic is evidenced by several significant moves which have been made during the year, radically different from the methods heretofore practiced by all transcontinental roads of disposing of their large land holdings in the most rapid manner possible without regard to the size of the tracts sold or whether settlement is to follow or not.

One of the big lines is considering the advisability of providing a homestead for all its employés, limiting disposals to small tracts and requiring actual settlement and improvement. The Burlington System has been conducting a series of farm experiments and establishing model farms, under the so-called Campbell Soil Culture system, in the semi-arid region, which have already demonstrated that lands heretofore supposed to be fit only for grazing are capable of intensive agriculture. The Union Pacific and the Santa Fe lines have also recently followed this lead and taken up the subject and it is expected that they will carry into operation similar projects for the development of their tributary country.

Better Agricultural Education.

Our present system of national education takes little if any account of practical agriculture, yet the successful farmer of to-day, as is coming to be more and more generally recognized, must possess some technical knowledge of his business, more than his father or his grandfather knew. The keen competition which has invaded farming, as well as commercial occupations, makes imperative the introduction into our educational system of practical farm studies if American farmers are to maintain their supremacy in competition with other classes, or if American agriculture is to continue to lead the world.

Washington, D. C.

IS IMMORTALITY WITHOUT MEMORY DESIRABLE?

MR. J. ELLIS MCTAGGART, of Trinity College, Cambridge, contributes an article on "Human Preëxistence" to *The International Journal of Ethics* (Philadelphia), in which he maintains that "the belief in human preëxistence is a more probable doctrine than any other form of belief in immortality." In support of this contention, he advances the familiar arguments that the continuity of the universe involves past, as well as future, existence, and that what we call inborn characteristics bear a great resemblance to characteristics which, in other cases, we know to be due to the condensed results of experience. The state-

ment of these arguments leads to a recognition of the fact that reincarnation means immortality without memory (since we have no memory of previous lives), and to a consideration of the question: Is immortality on such terms desirable? This question is answered in the affirmative:

"The value of memory is that by its means the past may serve the wisdom, the virtue, and the love of the present. If the past could help the present in a like manner without the aid of memory, the absence of memory need not remove the value from a succession of lives.

"Let us consider wisdom first. Can we be wiser by reason of something which we have forgotten? Unquestionably we can. Wisdom is not merely, or chiefly, amassed facts, or even recorded judgments. It depends primarily on a mind competent to deal with facts and to form judgments. Now the acquisition of knowledge and experience, if wisely conducted, may strengthen the mind. Of that we have sufficient evidence in this life. And so a man who dies after acquiring knowledge—and all men acquire some—might enter his new life, deprived, indeed, of his knowledge, but not deprived of the increased strength and delicacy of mind which he had gained in acquiring the knowledge. And, if so, he will be wiser in the second life because of what has happened in the first. Progress, therefore, has not perished with memory.

"So, again, with virtue. And here the point is perhaps clearer. For it is obvious that the memory of moral vicissitudes is of no moral value except in so far as it helps to form the moral character, and that, if this is done, the memory could be discarded without loss. Now we can not doubt that a character may remain determined by an event which has been forgotten. I have forgotten the greater number of the good and evil acts which I have done in this life. And yet each must have left a trace on my character. And so, if a man carries over into his next life the dispositions and tendencies which he has gained by the moral contests of this life, the value of those contests has not been destroyed by the death which has destroyed the memory of them.

"There remains love. And here the problem is, I admit, more difficult. Firstly, because it is more important, for it is here, and not in wisdom or virtue, that I think we find, not only the supreme value of life, but also the sole reality of life, and, indeed, of the universe. And then particular loves do not submit to be taken as means, in the same way as particular cases of cognition or volition do. . . . It would be better to look forward to annihilation for both of us than to be forced into a view which would add squalor to misery.

"But if we look farther, we shall find, I think, that . . . people who love one another can not be dependent for their proximity to each other—and consequently for the possibility of their love—on some chance or mechanical arrangement whose recurrence we could have no reason to expect. Their love is not the effect of proximity, but its cause. For their love is the expression of the ultimate fact that each of them is more closely connected with the other than he is with people in general. And proximity in a particular life, like everything else, is the effect—or, rather, the manifestation under particular circumstances—of those relations which make up the eternal nature of the universe.

"If, therefore, two people love one another in this life, we have, on the assumption that they are immortal, good reason for believing that their lives are bound up with one another, not for one life only, but forever. This would not involve their meeting in every life, any more than it would involve that they should meet every day of each life. Love can survive occasional absences, and is often even stronger for them. And the universe is on a large scale, and might admit or require long absences. What we are entitled to believe is that, while time remains, their eternal nearness must continually find its temporal expression in proximity. . . .

"Death is thus the most perfect example of the 'collapse into immediacy'—that mysterious phrase of Hegel's—where all that was before a mass of hard-won acquisitions has been merged in the unity of a developed character. . . . And surely death acquires a new and deeper significance when we regard it no longer as a single and unexplained break in an unending life, but as part of the continually recurring rhythm of progress—as inevitable, as natural, and as benevolent as sleep. We have only left youth behind us as we have left, this evening, the sunrise. They will both come back, and they do not grow old."

LEND A HAND.

Lend a hand to the tempted.

Lend a hand to souls in the shadow.

Lend a hand to the student at school.

Lend a hand to those who are often misjudged.

Lend a hand to the soul crushed with unspeakable loss.

Lend a hand to young people whose homes are cold and repelling.

Lend a hand to those whose surroundings are steadily pulling themselves down.

Lend a hand to the poor fighting the wolf from the door.

Lend a hand to those whose lives are narrow and cramped.

Lend a hand to the prodigal sister—her life is as precious as that of the prodigal brother.—*Brethren Evangelist.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

OUR INDEX.

ON the back pages of this issue is to be found the index for the year. This will be a very helpful thing to that class of readers who keep a file of their INGLENOOKS. We are surprised to know that many lay their magazines away and either bind them or have them bound at the end of the year. And it is a pleasing thought, not only for the sake of preserving the magazines, but for making for yourself a reliable encyclopedia of information.

Will you take a few minutes and review the contents of this volume? Notice, first, there are twelve hundred and forty-eight pages of solid, clean reading matter. There are more than one hundred and ten fine little poems; none of them are long, none of them are trashy, but every one of them helpful and inspiring, in fact, only that class has been used. A little book of one hundred and ten poems is worth the price of a dollar that is paid for the subscription.

Next, notice there are in the neighborhood of one hundred and thirty editorials, or short sermons made from common, everyday texts that were designed to help the INGLENOOK family in their everyday life. By the ordinary way of calculating, a hundred sermons for a dollar is coming pretty cheap. You would hardly get your pastor to preach two sermons each Sunday for a year for a dollar, and yet some of them never get a dollar for it.

You might look over that list of editorials and see how the subjects strike you. It may be that you would like to have some of those sermons another year.

Leaving what has been said, let us figure on a basis of more than six hundred essays which have been written by friends of the INGLENOOK and sent here for publication in the last twelve months. The whole six hundred only cost you one dollar; that means you got six of them for one cent. How is that for price? Would you write six of those articles for a cent? And, then, the quality of them! Just run your finger down a column and take special notice of a few of them simply to admire the quality and tone of the articles that have been contributed by our own writers.

Each week there come to our desk a dozen or more up-to-date, wide-awake magazines and periodicals, full of live topics for the American people. Occasionally we find one that is specially adapted to the wants of the INGLENOOK family, and almost every week we give a few of these to you as go-betweens. We notice that they aggregate nearly five hundred, short and long. So you see this splendid reading matter has not cost you to the amount of five for one cent.

The next to the last page of each issue has been devoted to the answering of the questions that were brought into the minds of our youthful Nookers. Should this Q. & A. page be clipped from each issue and sewed together at the end of the year, it would make quite a little compendium of useful knowledge. These did not cost you two cents a page, if there was nothing else in the INGLENOOK. So it is evident, in looking over this index, that the dollar which you invested in the INGLENOOK was spent in a much better way than many other dollars which might have slipped through your hands. If you think the dollar was really spent to your profit, why not invest another one right away for the INGLENOOK and induce your neighbor to do the same? If you have saved your NOOKS, and have them in good condition and want us to put a cover on them for you, so they will be convenient and useful for the library, we will be glad to bind them for you.

OUR PREMIUM LIST.

ON another page of this issue will be found a long list of premiums to be offered as an encouragement to our INGLENOOK friends to enlarge the family. You see our family is increasing very rapidly, and we want it to continue to do so, and the way to accomplish this is to secure the coöperation of every subscriber. We do not want you to spend your time for us for nothing. We are willing to pay you for it, and hence our circulation manager has exercised a great deal of care and has spent not a little time in obtaining the very best grade of premiums to be had on the market. Every single one of these premiums is worth the money value placed upon them, and are well worth the effort that we ask you to make to secure them.

Notice there are a number of premiums to be had for securing just one new subscriber. Take your choice from among them; not everything suits the same person. Possibly some of the premiums are

articles which you already have. There may be in the list others that you have wanted for a long time, but have not had an opportunity to obtain them. Now is your chance. If it is a good top buggy that you have been wanting, a hundred new subscribers to the INGLENOOK will bring you this buggy. It is not a toy buggy either; it is a good, strong, neat, serviceable road buggy, such as you have to pay a good price for in the home market. A hundred new subscribers would mean a great deal to the INGLENOOK. Not for the immediate worth of the one hundred readers, only, but for the influence they would wield in their various communities. A hundred people are not going to sit down and read the INGLENOOK for a year and say nothing about it. By this method we would gain, the second year, a large number of new subscribers. These are some of the reasons why we can afford to pay you for introducing the magazine. When a person sees a copy of the INGLENOOK, who has not seen one for a long while, or, perhaps who has never seen one, he is not willing to lay it down without some consideration; and when once people become subscribers a very small per cent of them fall away at the end of the year. Of course there is once in a while one who thinks his circumstances will positively not allow the expenditure of the subscription price.

On the other hand many are so enthusiastic over its merits that they donate several copies to their friends. This premium list will also assist a great deal in that way. Taken altogether we think the list readily classifies itself to suit the tastes of the public, and almost every one can find what he wants somewhere in the list.

Now get right to work at this business and secure your subscribers right away. Select the particular article you want to gain and then work to that end. It is to be hoped that a sufficient number of you will get a hundred subscribers each that we will be compelled to buy a carload of buggies to supply the demand. Just figure a minute. How long would it take you to get a hundred subscribers for a twenty-four page magazine that does not cost two cents a week? With any reasonable kind of luck you ought to be able to convince a reasonable man in an hour that the INGLENOOK is worth a dollar a year; in ten hours, which is a day's work, you would have ten subscribers. Inside of two weeks your buggy will be earned, and it will be on the road from the factory in a short time. If you do not want to run the buggy out in the mud this winter, set it in the barn, throw something over it to keep the dust off, and wait till the roads settle in the spring.

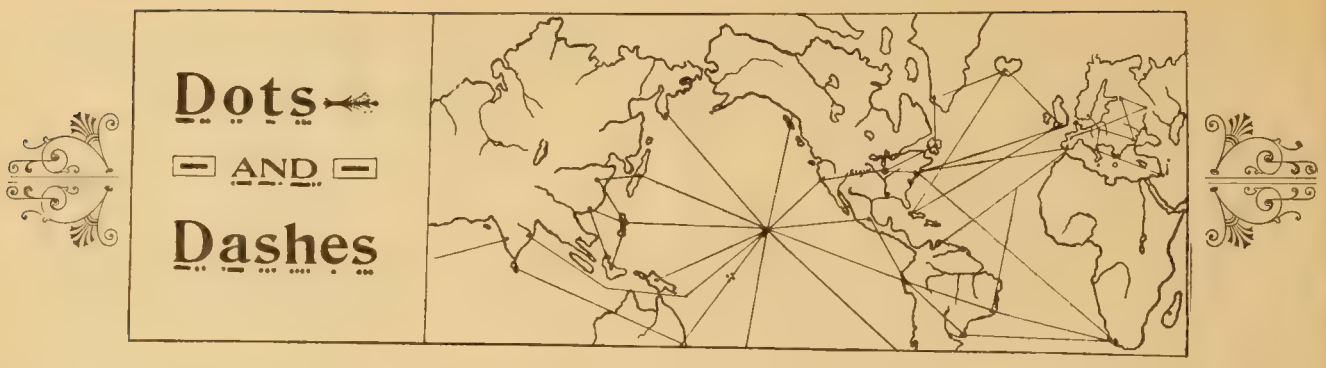
So far we have figured on the financial side. The best side is yet to figure on. You would, in that case, have one hundred new families reading the magazine. What this would mean to those families in the course of a year can never be estimated. We might be able to find among that number three or four people who would make good contributors for the magazine. Not everybody will get a hundred subscribers; but suppose you only get ten. Look over the list and see what you can get for ten, or even five. Now look again.

SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO WILL CONTRIBUTE TO THE INGLENOOK IN 1906.

Arnold, Rilla, Milford, Ind.
Angle, D. Z., R. F. D. No. 7, Mt, Vernon, Ill.
Barwick, H. M., McPherson, Kans.
Brubaker, Charity, 3736 Kenwood Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
Baker, Adah, Hollansburg, Ohio.
Burkholder, Wealthy A., Newburg, Pa.
Bixler, Marguerite, East Akron, Ohio.
Bollinger, Mrs. M. M., Vestaburg, Mich.
Evans, Etha A., Buford, N. Dak.
Figley, J. G., Bryan, Ohio.
Furrey, Prof. G. W., Mt. Morris, Ill.
Howe, W. M., 5901 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hathaway, F. E., Chicago, Ill., care Albaugh Bros.
Hawkins, Maud, Towanda, Pa.
Hoke, Georgiana, 188 Hastings St., Chicago, Ill.
Holler, Ettie, Hagerstown, Ind.
Karn, Miss Oma, Covington, Ohio.
Koons, Adelaide McKee., 509 E. High St., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.
Lippincott, Martha Shepard, Box. 3, Moorestown, N. J.
Longenecker, Grace, Hartville, Ohio.
Murray, Ma Belle, 2522 Stevens Ave., Parsons, Kans.
Murray, M. Roy, Gen. Del., St. Joseph, Mo.
Miller, Dr. S. B., 1060 3rd Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Myers, M. R., 26 Carlisle Place, Chicago, Ill.
Mohler, Jesse D., Warrensburg, Mo.
Miller, W. R., 466 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Miller, J. Kurtz, 5901 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mohler, H. B., Dillsburg, Pa.
Neff, Agnes, Milford, Ind.
Nolan, John, Mulberry Grove, Ill.
Puterbaugh, Roy, North Manchester, Ind.
Rider, Hattie Preston, 418 Algona Ave., Elgin, Ill.
Shick, Martha B., Waterloo, Iowa.
Stauffer, Hettie, Arcanum, Ohio.
Senseman, Mary I., Covington, Ohio.
Sharp, S. Z., Fruita, Colo.
Stoner, Mary C., Ladoga, Ind.
Thomas, D. D., Harrod, Ohio.
Underhill, Nancy D., Collbran, Colo.
Vaniman, A. W., Denver, Colo.
Winesburg, Maggie, Glen Easton, W. Va.

THE soul is a garden that can not safely be left untended; for weeds grow much faster than wholesome plants, and there is no beauty of holiness that can be expected to come up of itself and keep itself free from contamination and evil contact.

We wish all the Inglenook family a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



THE mixing house of the Eastern Dynamite Company, at Marquette, Mich., was recently blown up. Five men were killed, whose bodies were literally blown to pieces and scattered in every direction. Sixty-five men were employed on the day shift at the time of the explosion, a number of whom were injured. The machinery was not in operation, but one thousand pounds of dynamite had just been mixed. There is no trace whatever of the building or machinery. The plant covered eighty acres, A nitroglycerine factory and a number of other buildings, used as packing houses, were also wrecked. Over two hundred houses in the business section of the city were shaken and windows were broken. The financial loss sustained is $20,000. The plant is to be rebuilt.

THE greatest run of codfish ever known on the Atlantic coast struck the East Hampton, L. I., shore. One fisherman, with a seine, made a haul weighing six tons.

MAY SNOW, a Kansas City (Mo.) young woman, was fined $10 in police court a few days ago, because she drank carbolic acid to scare her friends.

CHARLES M. BRYCE, of the firm of Bryce, Higbee & Co., of Pittsburg, Pa., is accused of pay roll stuffing and the alleged embezzlement may reach $75,000.

ON Dec. 16 there were 27,248 money orders sent to King Edward and his realm, representing $292,988.71; the greater part of the sum, however, went to Ireland, where, for more than half a century, the landlords have been paid their rents out of the money earned in the United States. Italy received $91,263.20, Germany $73,310.96. Russia was remembered with $60,399.05, and the Swedes sent home for Christmas $74,998.29.

IN fourteen days' time there has been sent, in money orders, to Europe the sum of $4,142,699.94. Dec. 16, the steamship *Philadelphia* alone carried $785,505.43 in money orders. This represents 60,331 orders. The grand total of orders for the fortnight was 269,879.

IN Ogdenburg, N. Y., at a recent meeting of the city council, an ordinance was passed prohibiting the playing of football in that town until the rules governing the game are so modified as to eliminate brutality. Would that other cities would have some conscientious scruples along this line too.

IN a head-on collision on the electric line near North Attleboro, Mass., a vestibuled car was smashed to pieces and six persons seriously injured.

THE Atlantic *Daily News* is the latest addition to newspapers printed at sea and is printed on the new Hamburg-American liner *Amerika*.

THE big steamers of the People's Line, New York to Albany, have stopped running for the winter on account of the ice.

LEVI P. MORTON is having trouble with his son-in-law. The Count, who married his daughter, proves to be a worthless jade, who succeeded in getting hold of a good slice of the ex-President's property and, strange as it may seem, he refuses to give it back to him. He is so mean to his wife that she cannot live with him, and yet the Count seems to have a hold on her fortune if she leaves him.

Do not pass that Christmas story by in this issue, entitled, "An Impromptu Santa Claus" because it is a little lengthy. You will miss a great deal if you do not read it.

TRAINS out of Chicago west are usually loaded to the limit, of late, with people going to the coast to spend the winter, or to take advantage of the cheap railroad rates and the low prices which have been made on the fine agricultural lands of California.

IF you keep these two news pages each week for 1906 you will have a pretty good current history for the year.

Thomas A. Edison, in an interview with James Creelman, recently said that he believed the era of electricity had only dawned. There could be no question in his mind but that wireless telegraphy would make any ship at sea thoroughly conversant with any city on the land. He expects to see the airship used as a vehicle of commerce before he dies. He also believes that the steam locomotive is nearing the end of its usefulness, and will be supplanted by an electrical device, which will do the same work with much less expense. He thinks that power houses should be located at the mouth of the mines so that coal could be obtained at a nominal figure instead of paying the railroads so much money to transport the energy. Energy can be transported on top of wires for a smaller figure than on freight cars. The United States, especially, and perhaps the world, for the most part, have waterfalls that might be utilized as power with which to create electricity. It is also conjectured that the present generation will not pass away until water itself may be used as fuel, which will be inexpensive in the extreme. When these things come to pass, the poor and the rich alike will enjoy these blessings which will cost but a trifle.

The passenger department of the Santa Fe railroad announces that the Secretary of the Interior has conditionally approved of an expenditure of $600,000 for the reclamation of 20,000 acres of fertile land in the Pecos Valley, about Carlsbad, N. M.

In Hungary, to-day, there are a number of exiles, and their Christmas presents for this year amount to $66,116.86, while $6,053.06 was taken for Switzerland. Austria was sent $63,227.46, Greece $1,655.06, Belgium $2,381.91 and Denmark $13,026.27.

It is highly fashionable, at present, for banks to fail. This is a new wrinkle in financial circles. Chicago never likes to be behind, and in one day of last week three of her banks were reported as going to the wall. Of course the bankers needed a little money for private investment.

In London eight hundred thousand men, women and children, or about one-sixth of her population, is said to be actually in a starving condition. The people are out of work and have appealed to the authorities, saying they do not want charity, but a chance to work. The city has one of the most difficult problems before her that she has ever had to solve.

Chicago has a new postmaster, Fred A. Busse. Many of the politicians were disappointed in not hearing of the reappointment of the former official. Mr. Busse has rapidly risen and is a young man, but when he assumes his new responsibilities he may find them greater than what he is looking for. He will have under him forty-seven hundred men. The annual business transacted by the post office in Chicago amounts to $160,000,000. The salaries and expenses aggregate nearly four million. Under his supervision there will be two hundred and twenty-five sub-post offices. It evidently requires some gray matter to keep all these in operation.

Reports claim that the Sultan has forgotten his promise to be good, and he now contemplates arming fifty million Mussulmans for the purpose of exterminating Christianity; and he expects to begin the task by commencing on those powers who have been dictating as to what he should do. Some who claim to know say that while the Turkish navy is a little better than so many tubs, yet the fighting land force is in good order, and will put up a stubborn fight. Others think that when he once begins this work the end of his existence will be in sight. Predictions on war, however, are much the same as they are on the weather—a little uncertain. It is easier to guess on the results after the battle is over.

Dowie's official announcement of his proposed retirement and the appointment of his successors has been made public. His physical condition is the reason given for the change in contemplation. Apostles will be chosen from those next in office, and all along the line promotions will be made to fill the vacancy made by the promotions in the rank above. So far Dowie, himself, has been the only apostle, so-called, in the Christian Catholic church. The newspapers claim a great deal of dissatisfaction exists among the Zionists. Dr. Dowie thinks he has made his last speech in public.

Governor Hoch, of Kansas, said he would rather resign his position, however high, than to execute a death sentence on a condemned person, whether it be a man or a woman. But he would have no hesitation in locking up a murderer or one dangerous to society. The governor is right; we ought to have ten thousand more just such officials. Hanging is wrong because it takes life which cannot be given. If it is wrong for the murderer to kill his victim, it is wrong for the government to murder by license. Besides, instant death is no punishment for crime. As long as people willfully commit suicide, a similar death will be no punishment to that class of people. A term of imprisonment, subject to hard labor, would be a great deal more. Two wrongs never make one right. The guillotine, the gallows and the electric chair are all relics of barbarism.

HOME DEPARTMENT

THE WANING YEAR.

D. D. THOMAS.

The winds rush wildly o'er the plain
Where once the stately timber stood,
And creep thro' crevices and chink
And rattle door and windowpane.
They chant an evil song, I think,
And scarcely bring the living good;
For 'tis the requiem of the year,
The aged servant did his best,
And filled our hearts with love and fear,
But he is dying with the rest.
Look nobly forward to the new,
And let him, and let him die,
Our days on earth may be but few,
O, live them nobly as they fly.

And colder yet the raging wind
Makes midnight darkness trebly wild
And shakes the dwelling where I sit.
And 'twere not for my hearth most kind,
And 'twere not for my lamplight mild,
This page would be to-night unwrit.
Ah, 'tis the requiem of the year.
The moaning winds, they seem to know,
O, faithful form, that thou wert here
To cheer as two decades ago.
Then wind and rain, then sleet and snow
Might come unheeded by us two.
The year is dying, dying slow,
Have we but truly lived it thro'?

A weird spirit gives it voice,
The voice of death it seems to me.
The wind's loud raging o'er the plain
Hints, come it must without our choice,
And dim the eyes that now do see
And ease the heavy heart of pain,—
The requiem of the year, ah, yes,
The surging knell I hear, I hear,
And pallid mortals in distress
Are saddened by their ringing drear.
But to the healthy they are joy,
A hailing to the glad new year.
The evils of the past destroy
By buoyant hopes of good things near.

God knows, the naked night wind's cry
Is not the herald of the tomb,
Is but the emblem of a life,
To those the earthy have passed by,
To those passed thro' the shadowed gloom,
To gloried victors in the strife.
The requiem sounds shortsightedness.
They measure not the years above,
The passing years the angels bless,
They bring us nearer to his love.
The year is dying with the rest.
Then let them die, then let them die,
Are urging us to heaven blest,
O, live them nobly as they fly.

Harrod, Ohio.

THE MOP.—1 Cor. 12.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

"And God hath set some in the church."

THERE is a little meetinghouse—you've all seen it; it's furnished with seats, pulpit or desk, a stove, perhaps some tables and various other articles of usefulness. Even a bell may hang in the steeple to call people to their spiritual meals. All these things are useful. There may be, also, some dishes, a vase or two and some flowers. All these things occupy prominent places and we are not ashamed to have them seen, any more than we are ashamed of the hymn books and other furniture which we use in every service. If we were to pry around we might find, hidden away in some nook or closet, a broom, a dust rag and even a mop. These are useful articles, too, but we keep them out of sight, as much as possible. I wonder if they care.

In our homes we have a great many things to complete the furniture, which we find necessary for our happiness. In the spare room, there are the pretty pillow-shams, perhaps. How nice they look! Are they of any use? Yes, they are just the things needed to hide slightly soiled pillow cases. They are like the quiet church member who never takes any definite part in the services of the church. This member can not teach a class in Sunday school, or speak in prayer meeting, or do anything of importance, seemingly. Yet she is *always in her place.* Why? She couldn't tell you. But let some young member, or old one either, make a misstep and the eyes of everybody are upon them for criticism and this saint just thinks of something good the unhappy member has done; and by mentioning the good qualities, the critical eyes are diverted from the questionable conduct, and the offense which might have produced much harm is avoided. That quiet member, like the beautiful pillow-shams, is the smile upon the countenance. It might be considered by some a useless member. But it has a place of usefulness and we could hardly get along without it.

In the parlor we have a lot of pretty sofa pillows. We sometimes think they are of no value; but wait till some one has a headache or lagrippe, or gets crippled: then see how comforting those pretty cushions are. They are like the pretty member who never learned how to do anything useful. Can't cook, sew, wash, teach—can't do anything. Of what use are they? A few girls—yes, I am sorry to say, a

few *women,*—are that sort of members. They never care to try to do anything but keep their hands white and soft, their bodies tastefully arrayed, and themselves looking pretty. Poor dolls! Those who have nearly worn themselves out in service to others sometimes feel inclined to ask what such members are good for. But they, too, are useful. They are very attractive to a certain class of men who greatly need the services of the church, and who would not attend were it not for the pretty things which they see there. These men—tho' they may be crippled—are certainly worth saving, and if it takes a cluster of pretty sofa-pillows to entice a weary soul to the couch, it is well to have them.

We do not question the value of stove, tables and chairs. In the body we do not question the value of head, hands and heart. Christ is head of the church; without a head the body dies. There is no question in regard to the need of our Head. But the head has many parts. The ear never tells anything, neither does it do work, yet it is necessary. Without the audience, where would be the service? The brain may represent the minister. We all need him. He may be faulty, may make many mistakes; even forget many things and neglect others. But regardless of all his faults, we still *need him.* Then there is the minister's helper, the eye: the person who sees into things, who is capable of discerning the faint signs of dissatisfaction, of danger, and who can see where the remedy should be applied to avert harm, and keep the machinery running smoothly. The ear, sometimes, moved with jealousy, may intimate that the church could get along quite well without that far-seeing member. But let the eye be put out, and the result is soon manifest.

We, the church, are the temple—the house—wherein God's Spirit dwells. In our houses we have the pretty things where they can be seen at all times, but there are a few homely articles of furniture which we use frequently, yet keep hidden away, all that we possibly can. One of these is the floor-mop. Poor old rag! It was a useful garment when new; we kept it close to us then, and received much comfort from its usefulness. But now it has ceased to be beautiful in appearance, so we just use it to clean the floors with, and hide it away as soon as possible. It has never been so very pretty—never was a sofa pillow, but all its life long it has been in constant use and will be until worn out. We could not very well get along without the mop, although we could do without the sofa pillows.

The mop is like the homely church member who never had time to keep looking pretty, but was always ready to do anything that might be of real use to the church. If company were expected, the mop was never too nice to wash dishes, nor too indolent to cook, sweep and make beds; or to stable and feed horses, go to the train, take people around, handle baggage, etc. The mop could do it—and it was always left for that generous, useful soul to do. That is what he's for. If he were needed to light the lamps and build the fires when the janitor could not do it, he gladly took upon himself that menial duty. If a teacher were absent from Sunday school or a leader from prayer meeting, this general utility member could teach a class or lead a meeting. If supplies were needed and no one knew how to obtain them, the "mop" could find a way to get them. If the pastor must be absent, the "mop" could dismiss or conduct the service. But if there were to be any *company,* such a poor old article of usefulness must be kept in the background. Too common, too poor and old, and too homely for a place of prominence. Only fit to mop the floor with in time of need. Only fit to help the church in time of difficulty. Poor old mop! Yet it is a useful member, and one that we could not keep house without.

Put the pretty, attractive members forward. They are just for that purpose: hide the poor old mop: he will be just as useful whenever needed as if you hung him up in the parlor to be looked at. He doesn't care for such a position anyway. He would rather rest awhile in a secluded spot until needed again. He does not live for the adoration of shallow minds, but only lives to serve.

Collbran, Colo.

HOW DANES MAKE BUTTER.

If a cow is sick she is at once separated from the other animals and taken to the hospital. It is a crime in Denmark to use or sell milk from a sick cow.

The milking is done by women, who are not allowed to wear sleeves below the elbow. They wear white linen caps and aprons, and must not only wash the bag of the cow, but also wash their own hands before milking each time.

Everything fed the cows is prepared with great care—the quality and quantity is known, as nearly as possible. In the pastures every weed is pulled and the cow is not permitted to eat anything that will in any way taint the milk.

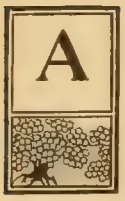
The cream is carefully Pasteurized.

In short, the secret of Danish buttermaking is perfect cleanliness and eternal vigilance: but the result is a product that will go through the tropics or the circumpolar region and come out standing up.

The heavens declare the glory of God, but when they have done that they have to stop. They cannot say a word about his love.

A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY.

MRS. M. M. BOLLINGER.



AT this season of the year the thoughts of old and young, but most especially the little folks, go forward to Christmas and its pleasures.

While it is one of our most sacred holidays, too little attention is given to teaching the real meaning of it, or the reason for keeping it; it is shadowed with too much mystery or myths; by idolatrous customs which foster a love for external enjoyment and kindle in the heart a fire of envy, hatred, jealousy, selfishness, extravagance, and a wish to outdo others of a poorer station in life; instead of love, kindness, charity and sacrifice in order to relieve suffering and give pleasure to others.

All true gifts are made through sacrifice and it seems to me that even the little folks should be taught to give up some pleasure or toy to give pleasure to others, and in giving pleasure to others they will receive pleasure, hence will learn its true meaning.

A great many of our little folks who could, do not give because they do not understand, but only look for presents for themselves, because of the false story of Santa Claus coming down the chimney to fill their stockings which they leave for him; some even write letters to him telling him what they want and parents encourage this by promising to mail them, hence making the false story doubly real, and in later years when it is explained that there is no Santa Claus and it is the birthday of Christ, they believe that the real story is a myth also, and who can blame them? We, parents, have deceived them in the first, how can they believe the second story? And how are we going to answer our Father in heaven as to the falsehood told to the little ones he has entrusted to our care and guidance? How will he judge us? We are told that he who loveth and maketh a lie cannot enter the holy city. We all know that the story of Santa Claus is false; then why can we not just as well tell the true story of the sinless Christ and impress it on their minds at this time when they are most easily impressed.

With this thought in mind I wish my readers, especially the little folks, to get ready to take a mind journey with me and in our imagination we will travel across the ocean, back a period of time equal to nineteen hundred and six years, to a country called Palestine, and as we journey from one place to another we find the people making ready to pay their taxes. We will go with some of them to a small town called Bethlehem, between five and six miles south of Jerusalem and standing on a lofty, rocky hill with valleys on two sides.

As it is nearly night we see many of the people moving toward the inn, or hotel we call it in this country, to seek lodging for the night; among them we notice two persons, a man called Joseph, and his wife, Mary, seated upon an ass, who seem to be poorer than some of the rest. They too have paid their taxes and seek lodging at the inn for the night, but are told that there is no room for them, but that they may have a manger in the barn.

That night a little baby boy was born to them and they dressed him in long clothes and laid him in the manger. Now, I know that most of my little readers like babies, and as we go to our nice, warm bed, can we not see that little baby lying in the hard manger?

Now, as we look across the plain, we see men called shepherds watching their flocks by night, and an angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord caused a great light to shine about them and it made them afraid, but the angel said, "Be not afraid, for, behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." Then they heard music of many voices singing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good will toward men."

Now we see these shepherds coming to Joseph and Mary to see if the angel of the Lord had told them truly and they found everything as had been told them and they went and told all the people, who wondered much about it, and the shepherds returned to their work, praising God for what they had seen and heard. And they called the baby Jesus because the Lord had said it should be. Now about this time wise men of the east came to Jerusalem to Herod the king, and said, "Where is he (the baby) that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him." This question troubled Herod and all his people in Jerusalem, and he gathered all the people together and asked where Christ was born, and they answered, "Bethlehem of Judea." Then Herod asked the wise men when the star appeared and told them to go and find him and when they had found him to come and let the king know that he might also worship him.

The wise men came from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, led by the star in the east, and saw the baby Christ Jesus, and because they loved him they gave him gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. So on Christmas night Christ was born and it is his birthday we keep, and as we cannot make him material presents, we send presents to the poor and needy and those we love, because the wise men loved Jesus and gave him gifts, so love should prompt all our presents.

Now, some of us may not have money so that we can give presents, but we can show our love, willing service, kindness, cheerful encouragement and messages of love through letters and this day of all others should be truly joyful and peaceful and we should

endeavor to make all around us happy and then we ourselves will truly have a merry Christmas.

Vestaburg, Mich.

"ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS."

MARGUERITE BIXLER.

In gathering material for my forthcoming work, "Origin of Hymns," I find that many of our popular hymns have associated with them very amusing incidents. Here is one connected with probably the greatest processional hymn that has ever been written, Baring-Gould's "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

On one occasion, when it was yet in vogue for an entire school to visit another, the children of a certain vicar's school were to march in procession, and the hymn selected to be sung while they were marching was "Onward, Christian Soldiers." To be sure, the choir master was desirous to make the exercise as impressive as possible, and wished to have a cross carried in front of the band of children. Now the vicar was very much opposed to outward manifestations or symbols of any kind, and therefore refused to grant the request. It might have been a case of "diamond cut diamond," anyway, the choir master desired to give a *truthful interpretation,* and so changed the last verse of the first stanza, and no doubt with a self-satisfying command started the children off singing, as only children know how and can sing:

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Left behind the door."

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—Chapter LX.

Shechem, Palestine.

Dear Mr. Maxwell:—

About an hour from Shunem we came to Jezreel. You see we do not count the distance here as we do at home. If you ask a man how far it is to the next town, instead of saying five or six miles, he will tell you an hour; or, if you are in the city and ask how far it is to the post office, he will tell you five or ten minutes, as the case may be.

I was going to say this Jezreel is where Ahab and Jezebel lived, when she caused Elijah to flee for his life, and right near here is Mt. Carmel where Elijah made such a successful test of his religion and the power of God. Mt. Carmel is different from all the other mountains in Palestine. The other ranges extend from north to south, but this one extends transversely across the country and projects into the Mediterranean Sea. We have just found out to-day why that little hook always has to be on the west side of the map of Palestine. It is because Mt. Carmel extends into the sea a little, which makes the Bay of Acre possible. Of all the difficult places to ride on horseback this is one of them. Many times our horses would place their hind feet on a bench of rocks and, with the strength of their backs, lift their fore feet down to the bench below without throwing one from the saddle. Roscoe thought he would walk down, but gave it up and was glad enough to climb back on his horse. He said the reason he liked his horse so well was that he could always see the rest of us without turning around. This was a charitable way of saying that his horse was lazy.

I have heard of the story of Joseph and his brethren ever since I can remember, but to-day we were at the pit into which his brethren cast him and from which they took him to sell him to the Ishmaelites. It is still called Dothan. Many flocks and herds are feeding in the plain near by. The old pit is about eight feet in diameter and about twelve feet deep. Of course it was much deeper than that in ancient times. At least it would be very hard for a boy of seventeen to get out by himself.

Perhaps one of the most delightful visits of the journey, to the boys, was the one to Samaria, the old capital of Israel. The mountain which we climbed into the city was so very steep that we could hardly stay in our seats, and the horses could hardly carry our weight; and when we finally did reach the top, one of the men wanted to run us out of the wheatfield with a gun because he thought we were destroying his crop. Around the mountain are hundreds of columns, pillars, walls and terraces. We concluded that it must have been a wonderful city once. The ruins of the amphitheaters, temples and palaces are to be seen, but Ahab's ivory palace is gone and nothing is left to mark the spot. Herod's hippodrome can be easily traced by the broken shafts of marble and granite. Some are still standing, some have fallen and are partly buried, some are used for stringers for bridges. We said to-day that if our party had what marble and granite was going to waste we could travel the rest of our days. The little village that stands here now is one of the poorest in all Palestine. The houses, on the average, are about eight by ten feet, with openings so low that one must crawl on hands and knees to enter. The houses are built of mud and covered with camel dung to protect the people from the excessive heat. Inside of these houses there are no chairs, no beds, no furniture of any sort; just lice, flies, dust, children and sore-eyed dogs. We felt quite relieved when we were out of sight of the miserable hamlet which was once the proud mistress of all Israel.

We had a beautiful ride from here to Shechem. It was the first level piece of road we had covered except the Plain of Esdraelon, and we spent the most of the time in racing. We said a good deal to Roscoe about his poor old horse. He said he was going to name him Baalbek, and when we asked him why, he said because he reminded him of the greatest ruins in Palestine.

Shechem is a city full of interest and history. It

stands between Mt. Ebal and Mt. Gerizim. Here is where Joshua brought the people and read the Bible to them after they had finished their battles; and you remember that a great many people, who are a little skeptical on Bible questions, claim that this could not be done, for no man could read to all those people. Although the tops of the mountains are nearly a mile apart, we demonstrated that this could be easily done. We girls remained in the valley and sent one of the boys to each of the mountain tops, and we could hear each other very plainly. The natural acoustic properties of the mountains made it possible.

There is a sect of people living here called the Samaritans; they are of the ancient stock of the Samaritans. They observe the Jewish passover just as it was originally given, and they are the only people in the world that do. They have an old Bible that is about three thousand years old, written in the fourth generation from Aaron, by a man by the name of Noe. Of course it contains nothing but the Pentateuch, for they believe in nothing more. We attended their services, and the high priest invited us into his home. If we can get a photograph of that old Bible we will send you one.

It was after dark last night when we got to the city, and we found soldiers stationed at all entrances of the city, but Jameel hustled us through and landed us safely at the hotel. Upon inquiry as to why they wanted to arrest us, we found that the city had been quarantined on account of cholera. We heard that a man had dropped dead at Tiberias, in the hotel where we had been staying. Nazareth had also been quarantined and so our guide said we would have to start very early the next morning. By sunrise we were at Jacob's well, about a mile east of the city. The old well is preserved and there can be no doubt as to its identity. The Samaritan woman said it was quite deep, and it is. We guessed that it was about eighty-three feet deep. Oscar lighted a piece of paper and threw it into the well. It went down and down, and round and round until it struck the bottom. We could see the wall plainly all the way down. There is no water in the well. At present there is a building over it and travelers are charged ten cents to see the well.

Nearly half a mile away is the little village of Sychar, where the woman lived to whom Jesus talked; and Joseph's tomb is there unto this day. You remember he asked in his will that his bones should not be buried in Egypt.

About ten o'clock we came to Shiloh, where the temple of Jehovah stood, containing the ark of the covenant. Jer. 7: 12. Here is where the daughters of Shiloh celebrated occasionally. Judges 21: 19. It was also the residence of Eli when Hannah gave little Samuel to the Lord, and where Eli fell dead at the sad news of the death of his two sons. The defeat of his sons meant the defeat of Israel and the capture of the ark of the Lord. Here we were arrested for certain. The soldiers surrounded us and told us to dismount, but after about an hour and a half of scheming, bargaining and quarreling the guide gave us instructions to ride on. The soldiers wanted a bribe of five dollars each, but we found out they finally accepted sixteen cents apiece.

The next place of interest is Bethel. Here is where Jacob had a stone for a pillow, on his road to Padan-aram. This is another thing that I have heard contradicted a good many times, but I now understand it all well enough. When I see the customs of the people and see what kind of caps they wear I find it is no uncommon thing for them to place their cap between their head and the stone and rest quite comfortably.

Here, too, is where Joshua's army encamped when he came up to fight against Ai. He was defeated the first time because Achan had stolen a Babylonish garment and the wedge of gold at Jericho. The Lord soon exposed the guilty party, and he was accordingly stoned to death, after which the city was easily taken. I think this is the last letter I will write before we reach Jerusalem. We are only about twelve miles from there now. When we reach there we hope to find some good fat letters from home.

Yours sincerely,

Marie.

(To be Continued.)

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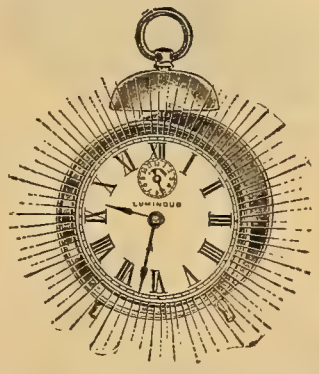
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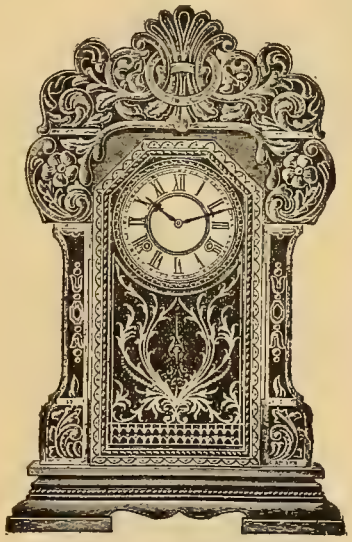
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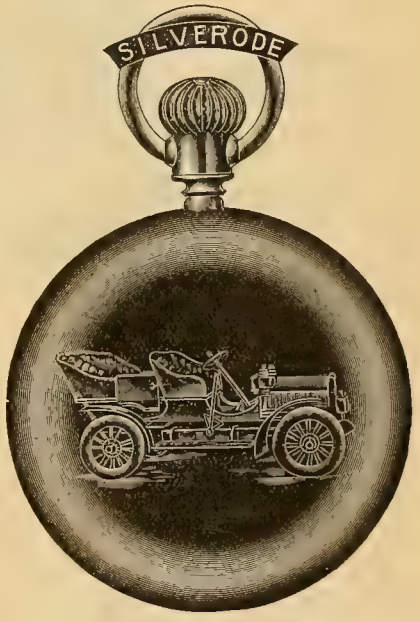
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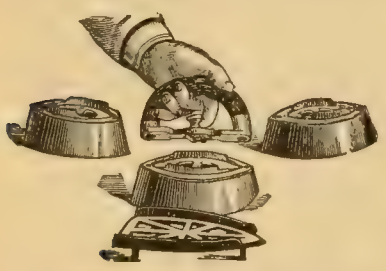
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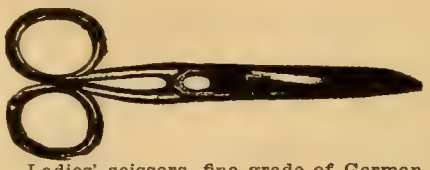


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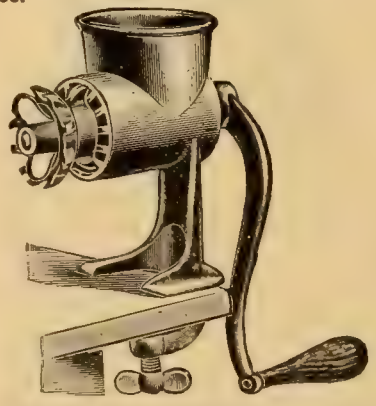
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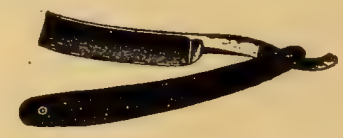
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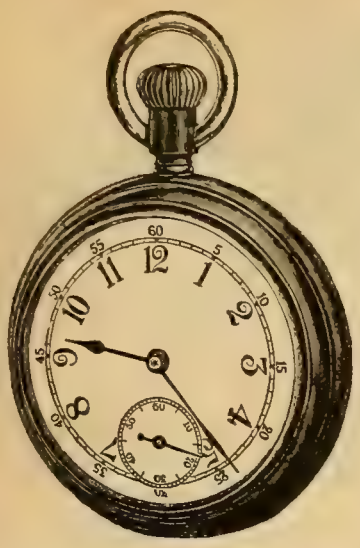
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Given for **one new** subscription and 20 cents extra. Value, **$1.00.**



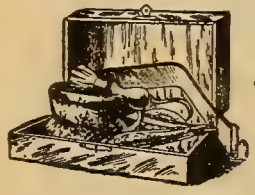
This watch is made by a reliable manufacturer. It is a good watch. The illustration is the exact size of the watch. It is stem wind and stem set. Open face case, plain polished, snap back and front. Guaranteed to keep good time.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions and 31 cents extra. **Value, $1.60.**



This is an American nickel movement, solid 3 oz. nickel case, open face, screw back and bezel, either plain polished or engraved with stag and locomotive designs; will hold its color and wear a lifetime, seven jewel, stem wind and set, train bearings in metal settings damaskeened, hard enamel dial. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Given for **6 new** subscriptions and 20 cents extra. Value, **$5.00.**



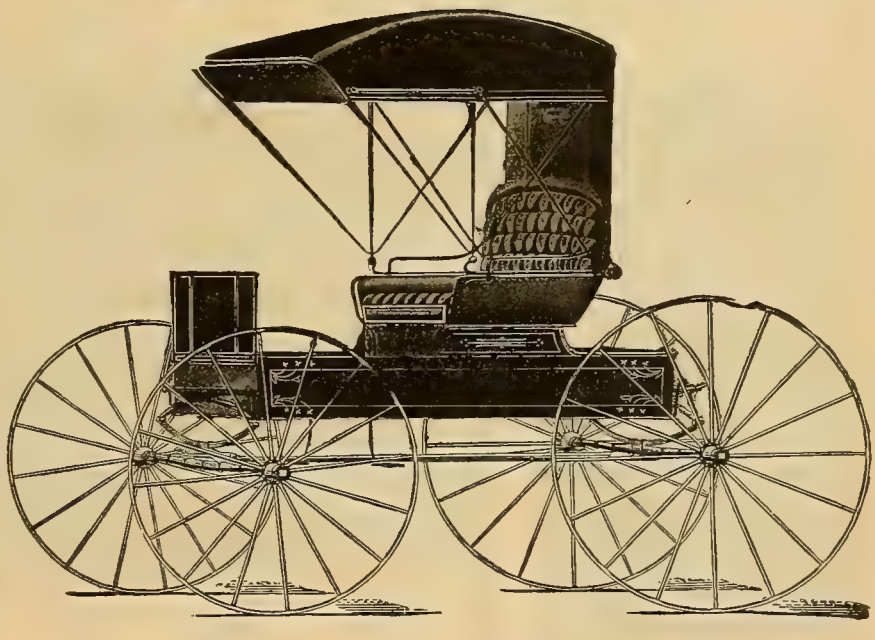
Our Amateur Shaving Outfit consists of a fair grade, medium hollow ground razor, a double swing strop, a China shaving mug, a cake of shaving soap and a bristle shaving brush, bristles well set in cement.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions. Value, **$1.25.**



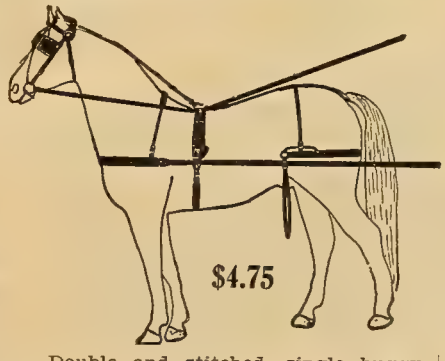
Drop head Sewing Machine, either walnut or oak. Neatly designed, easy running. A complete set of accessories and attachments accompanies this machine. They are made of steel, nickel plated. The machine is guaranteed for ten years.

Given for **40 new** subscriptions and 75cts. extra. Value, **$25.00.**



We put this buggy in our premium list because we are assured it is a good buggy and worth working for. It is just as represented, leather trimmings with good hickory shafts. Upholstering imitation leather, plain black or striped, storm apron, whip socket, wrench and anti-rattlers.

It will be given for **100 new** Inglenook subscriptions.



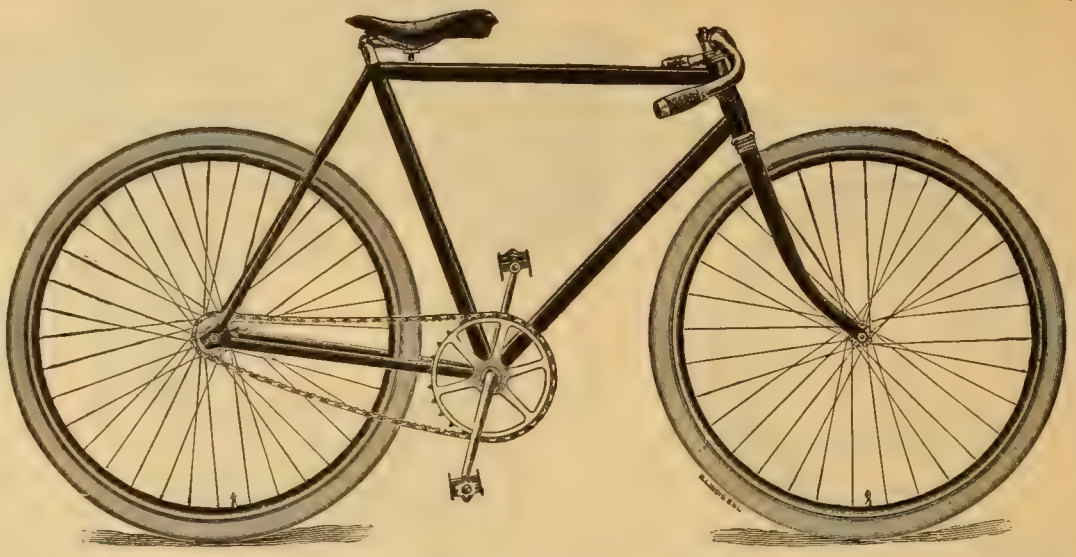
Double and stitched, single buggy harness, complete, bridle, ⅝ inch. Saddle, 2½ inch; iron jockey. Lines three-quarter inch to loop in bit. Breast collar folded. Traces, 1 inch, double and stitched.

Given for **8 new** subscriptions.

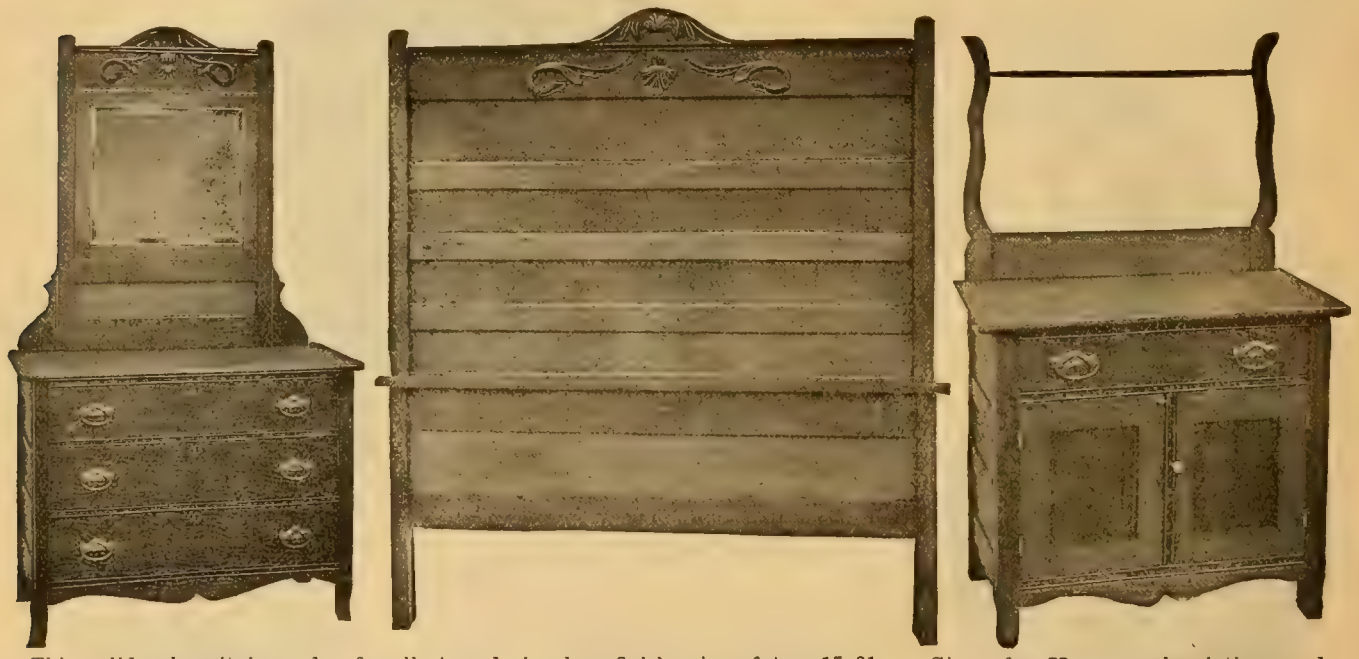


This ladies' nickel case watch is guaranteed for one year. It will wear for years. Stem wind and set, quick train lever escapement, well finished throughout, will keep good time.

Given for **4 new** subscriptions and 30 cents extra, postage prepaid. Value, **$2.75.**

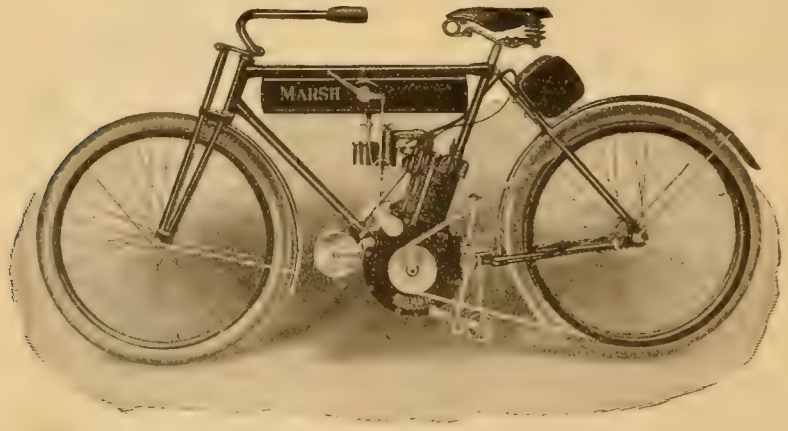


This bicycle has all the improvements. It is one of the finest bicycles ever constructed for the money. Of the best material and finest workmanship. We guarantee this bicycle for one year; we give you a written guarantee with every one of these wheels. Here are a few special features of Sidder's No. 2, Model 1905: it has a square, nickel plated crown, one-piece hanger with oval cranks and new pattern six straight arm sprockets, improved turned hubs, adjustable handle bars with wound leather grips, padded Garford saddle and many other new features. Sidder's No. 2, Model 1905, is in every way, shape and manner first class. Frame is 22 and 24 inches, 22 inches being regular; 28-inch wheel. Swaged spokes, 15-17 gauge, 32 in front wheel and 36 in hind. Ball bearings, black, tool bag, wrench, oiler and pump. Weight about 23 lbs. This wheel can be earned in a very short time by the persevering youth. Given for **50 new** subscriptions and 50 cents extra. Value, **$30.00.**



This solid oak suit is made of well-seasoned wood composed of bed, dresser and commode.. Bed is 5 ft. 8 inches high and 4 ft. 6 inches wide. The commode is gloss finish; size of top, 17x21 inches. Dresser is finely finished, size of top, 19-21 inches. American plate mirror 18x20 inches, mounted on casters.

Given for **32 new** subscriptions and $1.00 extra. Value, **$18.00.**



The Marsh Motor Cycle, fitted with three horsepower motor. Has a guaranteed speed of forty miles an hour. Handsome in design, perfect in every detail. Easy to operate and control.

Given for **300 new** subscriptions and $15.00 extra. Value, **$175.00.**

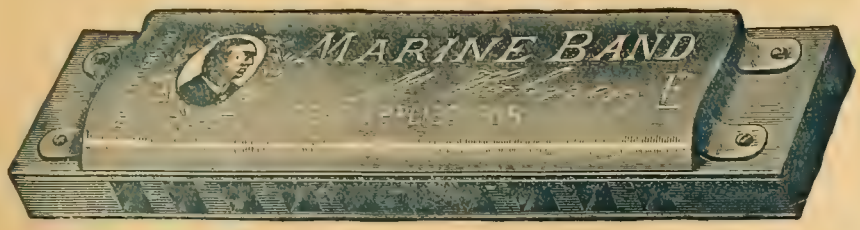


Women's black walrus Leather Hand Bag, gun metal frame, spring catch, black sateen lining, coin purse to match, length, 9½ inches. This is a very pretty shaped bag.

Given for **1 new** subscription and 10 cents extra. Value, **85 cents.**

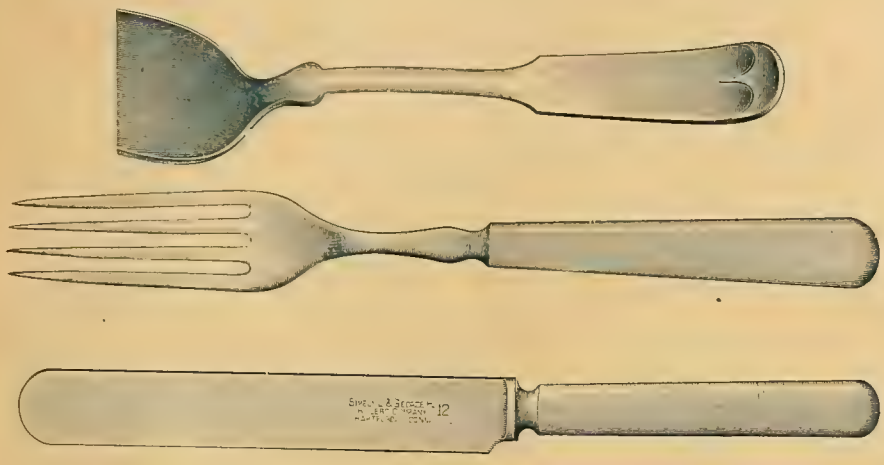
Women's new style Hand Bag, with leather handle, made from walrus leather, in black or brown, fancy gilt frame, ball fastener, moirene lining, fitted with coin purse to match, length, 9¾ inches.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions. Value, **$1.25.**



Is the "Hohners" New Style Up-to-Date Harmonica. It is well made, with strong new style nickel plated cover, has 10 single holes, 20 reeds and extra strong nickel plated cover, the tone is very strong, easy to blow.

Given for **1 new** subscription. Value, **$.35.**



Medium size knives and forks, satin finished, round end handles, 12 dwt., silver plate on crucible steel. Made by Simon L. and Geo. H. Rogers. These are thoroughly reliable, or we should not have placed them in premium list.

Six knives and six forks given for **8 new** subscriptions and 38 cents extra.

Our Tea Spoons extra plated, full size, tipped, plated on 18 per cent solid nickel silver, guaranteed.

Set of six spoons given with **2 new** subscriptions and 14 cents extra. Value, **$1.25.**

Table Spoon **extra plate** same quality as tea spoons.

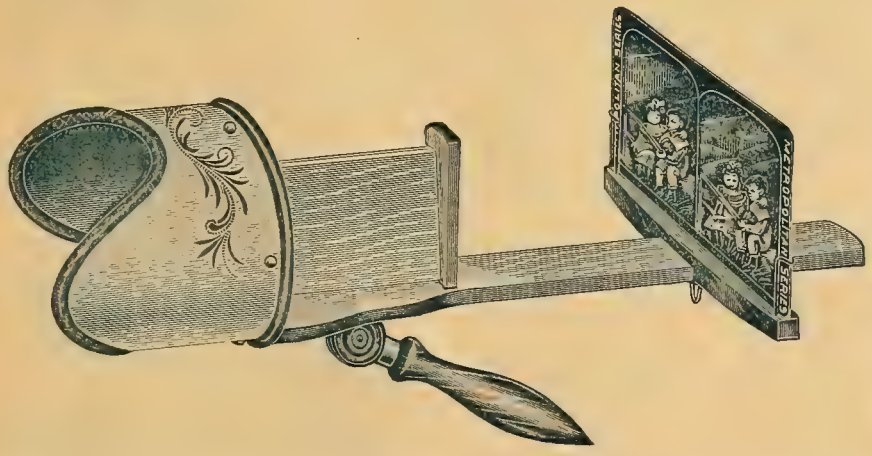
Six spoons given for **5 new** subscriptions and 3 cents extra. Value, **$2.50.**

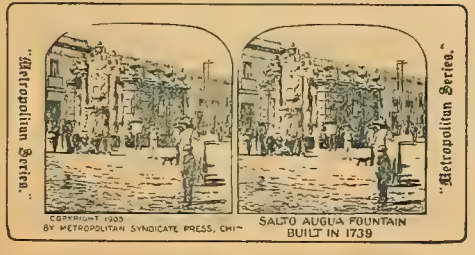
The same spoon only triple plated, value, **$2.00,** set of six spoons.

Given for **3 new** subscriptions and 21 cents extra.

Table Spoon, triple plated, same quality as tea spoons.

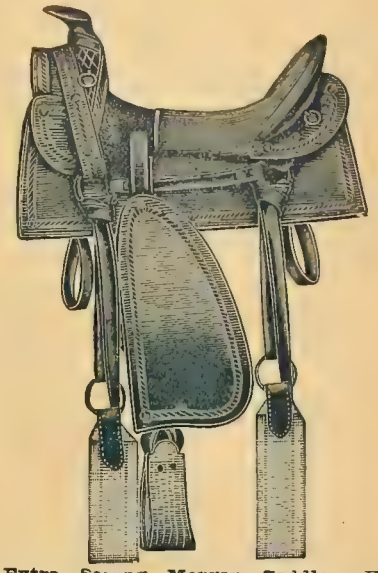
Six spoons given for **6 new** subscriptions and 32 cents extra. Value, **$3.50.**





This stereoscope is made of selected hardwood with adjustable slide to focus for any range of eyesight, hood of pressboard finished in imitation of mahogany, 1 inch lens. A good serviceable instrument, with 100 views finished in colors, artistic in finish and appearance. The subjects are all interesting and up-to-date including views from all over the world.

This Stereoscope and 100 views given for **5 new** subscriptions and 19 cents extra. Value, **$5.00.**



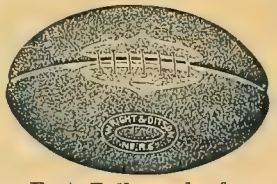
Extra Strong Morgan Saddle. We fully guarantee every saddle. Made on a 13½ or 14-inch hide covered tree, heavy stirrup straps and 3-inch wood stirrups. Long latigoe straps, 1 inch wide; 2-inch soft hair cinches. Made of extra fine russet skirting leather.

Given for **18 new** subscriptions and 65 cents extra. Value, **$10.00.**



This Student Lamp is nickel plated, has center draft burner, with removable fount and perfect wick attachments, Junior Rochester wick and chimney, 7-in. dome and shade. It will burn 9 hours with one filling. Height to top of rod 21 inches. Is perfectly safe and reliable. Packed complete in a box for shipment. Weight, 16 lbs. with white shade.

Given for **8 new** subscriptions and 40 cents extra, receiver paying carriage. Value, **$4.75.**



Rugby Foot Ball, made from Handsomely Grained Cowhide of excellent quality; a very substantial practice ball in every way, regulation size.

Given for **4 new** subscriptions and 21 cents extra. Value, **$2.50.**



Association Foot Ball, made from best Pebble Grained Leather case. Packed complete with pure Para Rubber guaranteed Bladder.

Given for **4 new** subscriptions and 9 cents extra. Value, **$2.25.**



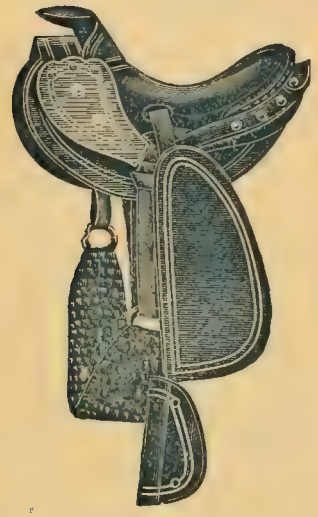
Runners of best cold rolled steel. Entire skate bright finish. Each pair paper wrapped. Sizes, 8 to 12 inches.

Given for **1 new** subscription and 10 cents extra. Value, **90 cents.**



English Style. Easy Riding. Tree, 15-inch, Somerset. **Skirts,** Imitation hogskin. **Seat,** Skirting leather. **Stirrup Straps,** ⅞-inch. **Stirrups,** 3-inch, 2 rivets, wood. **Billets,** 1-inch. **Pad,** Drill. **Girth,** Corded cotton.

Given for **7 new** subscriptions and 30 cents extra. Worth, **$4.00.**



Boys' Saddle, Russet. Note the graceful shape. **Tree,** Morgan, 11-inch. **Seat,** All over covered. **Stirrup Leathers,** 1-inch to buckle. **Tie Strap** one inch. **Cinch,** 4-inch, soft woven hair.

Given for **16 new** subscriptions and 90 cents extra. Worth, **$9.50.**

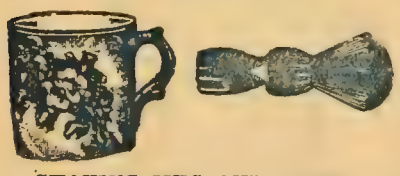


Hair Clippers, good quality, made of fine steel, finely tempered, finished and nickel plated, spring between handles.

Given for **1 new** subscription and 12 cents extra. Value, **85 cents.**

Same as above only better quality, well made of fine steel finely tempered, finished and nickel plated, concealed spring.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions and 5 cents extra. Value, **$1.25.**



SHAVING MUG AND BRUSH. Carlsbad China Shaving Mug with floral decorations and Brush enameled handle, bristles well set in cement.

Both for **1 new** subscription. Value, **50 cents.**



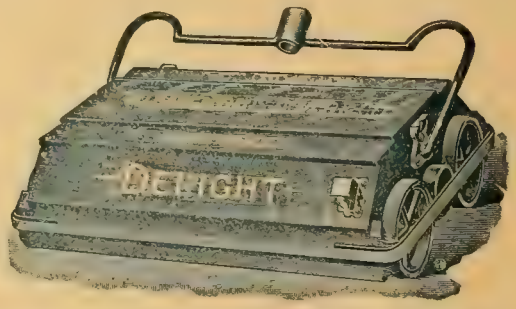
Open weave hammock, three-quarter color, concealed spreader, wood bar at foot. Size, 36x78 inches. All pure dyes are used in these hammocks, they are full size and full weight.

Given for **2 new** subscriptions and 10 cents extra.



This Parlor Stand has a 24x24-inch top, made of highly figured quartered oak, golden finish, highly polished. Has neat beaded edge around the top. Has turned legs with brass feet and glass balls. Has a shaped shelf all firmly framed into the legs.

Given for **6 new** subscriptions. Value, **$3.00.**



This Carpet Sweeper is nickel plated, and has perfect friction. The dust pans are easily opened and cleaned. The band around the sweeper will keep it from marring furniture or walls. Light running and guaranteed.

Given for **6 new** subscriptions and 4 cents extra. Value, **$2.75.**



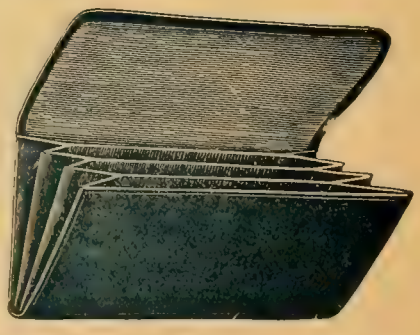
Combination Bookcase and Writing Desk. A very artistic design and high grade construction throughout. Made of solid oak, carved and highly polished. Height, 5 ft. 10 in.; width, 3 ft. Has a large door with shaped bent glass, and adjustable shelves. The desk is partitioned with drawer and pigeonholes and has drop leaf with lock and key, and 10x12 French mirror. Also has a cupboard below for books, magazines, etc. Case is carved and is very ornamental.

Given for **35 new** subscriptions and $1.45 extra. Value, **$20.00.** Receiver pays carriage.



Button hole scissors, will cut any size button hole uniformly; nickel plated; These are good scissors.

Given for **1 new** subscription. Value, **40 cents.**



Large Bill Book in red calf finished leather, canvas faced, has four full sized gusseted pockets. Size, 4½x9¾ inches. A very convenient book for notes, receipts and papers.

Given for **1 new** subscription and 20 cents extra. Worth, **75 cents.**

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You are familiar with the saying of Horace Greeley: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." The land now available in the Western States at a reasonable price is not worth while. We come to you with something that is worth while. "Save the best for the last" is an old saying, but we are proving it to you to-day, when we talk about the last "West."



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For three years we have called to your attention Western Canada, where there are broad acres of fertile land ready for the plow. Many of the Brethren have heard our call, and are now enjoying the harvests.

We own and offer for sale thousands of acres of land in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our prices range from $5.00 to $20.00 per acre on easy terms. In some of our districts homesteads of 160 acres each can be obtained for $10.00 and three years' residence.

Is this worth while to you? If so, write to-day for particulars.

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231 Boston Block. **Minneapolis, Minn.**

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for Particulars.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS



Hall Hat Racks. Made of quartered golden oak, polished; has 4 large double hat hooks; is fitted with an 8x8-in. French bevel plate mirror. Price, ...$2.35



Ladies' Chatelaine Watch, 13 ligne, solid silver jointed hunting case with solid silver cap, antique bow, engraved in handsome assorted patterns, fitted with a jeweled nickel movement, stem wind and set. Each,..$3.50

Same size as above. Sterling silver case 925-1000 fine, jointed Sterling silver inside cap, fancy engraved, extra jeweled movement, fancy decorated dial and gilt hands, stem wind and set. This fine watch only, ...$5



Manicure Set. Ebenoid; contains cuticle, corn knife, file, polisher and pomade; put up in a white satin-lined, leatherette, hinged box; size, 5x8x2 in. Mounted with sterling silver ornaments. Each, ...$1.89



The Best for the Price

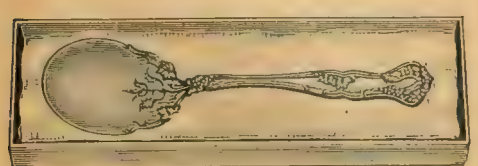
This fine single barrel, self shell ejector and breech loading shot gun, only, ...$2.98



Ladies' Rocker. Fine cane seat, beautifully designed back, full continuous roll arms and front; very fine as a sewing rocker, ...$3.30



Rambler Alarm. Artistic burnt wood case; Swedish carved decorations; handsomely colored and finished; fitted with the best 30-hr. alarm; Gilbert Clock Co. movement; decided contrast to the nickel alarm; height, 9 inches; width, 8 inches. Price, ...$1.90



Roger Bros.' 1847. Vintage Sugar Shell. French gray finish, 47c
Butter knife to match, ...$4c

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Dept. B. I., CHICAGO, ILL.



Large Heavy Table for parlor, sitting room or library, with French legs and shaped shelf. Has a large 24x24-inch shaped top with deep heavy rim. A good sensible design and at an exceptionally low price. Price, ...$2.65



This is a high-grade, brass trimmed iron bed. Made entirely of iron, trimmed and ornamented with brass. This is the richest and cleanest design yet produced for the money. Pillars 1 1-16 inches; brass vases 1¾ inches; six brass rosettes, ornamental center spindles; furnished in white, pea green, apple green, blue or black enamel; top rods ⅝-inch; scrolls ⅝-inch; other rods, 5-16-inch; height of head, 56½ inches; height of foot, 44½ inches; made in three widths, 3-6, 4-0 and 4-6; shipping weight (wrapped), 95 pounds. Price, all sizes, ...$3.95



Shaving Case. Beautiful floral imitati celluloid, extension base, lithographed pictu under transparent celluloid over top a front, full mirror under cover, sateen linin fitted with razor, decorated mug and lath brush; size, 9½x7⅜x4⅛ in. Each, ...$1.



Carving Set. 8½-inch. Turkish scimit blade, solid forged bolsters, genuine stag ha dles, patent guard on fork. All in a fanc cloth-lined case. Price, ...$1.7

Toilet Case. Celluloid top, artistic shap embossed bands on extension top, sateen li ing; fitted with comb and decorated ha brush and beveled plate hand mirror; siz 9½x5½x2⅞ in. Price, ...$1.1



Women's Hand Bag With braided leather handle, made of walrus leather in tan, brown or black, mercerized lining, 8½ inches long fitted with purse to correspond. Shipping weight 9 ounces Price, each, ...50c

Our Most Famous Specialty.—The most delightful of any Oriental odor ever produced so rich and lasting that one or two drop on the handkerchief will give the effect o the most wonderful Eastern mineral. Put u in genuine Roger & Gallet ground glas



stoppered bottles. Each in rich box of Orient al design. Sure to please. Sells everywher for $1.25. Only, ...70



Morris Chair.—Furnished in golden oak, spring seat, reversible cushions, felt top filling, brass rod and brass bracket, reclining attachment. This chair is made of 1-inch stock throughout. Wt. 50 lbs. Size 21 inches between the arms. Height of back above seat 28 inches. Price, upholstered in good velour (Mention color of velour), ...$4.34